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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5V

"Logopolis"

by

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TRANSMISSION:

DOCTOR WHO: "LOGOPOLIS" EPISODE ONE

CAST:

DOCTOR
ADRIC
TEGAN

THE MASTER (chuckle v/o only)

AUNT VANESSA
POLICE INSPECTOR

N/S

THE WATCHER
2 UNIFORMED POLICEMEN
POLICE CONSTABLE (WITH BICYCLE)

FILM:

Ext. A By-Pass with Police Box
Ext. Aunt Vanessa's House & Village Street

STUDIO:

THE TARDIS CLOISTERS
TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM AND CORRIDOR
TARDIS CONSOLE SIMULACRA 1 and 2 (above set relit)

MODEL SHOTS

Pyramid with door

TELECINE 35mm

Opening Titles

END TELECINE 35mm

TELECINE 1:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

A real Police Box stands by the verge, a bicycle leaning against it.

We see that a Police Constable has the small telephone door open and is finishing dialling through a call -- a quaintly old-fashioned vignette amid the rush of passing traffic.

The Constable is in a jovial mood, obviously embarking on a lengthy friendly chat with a colleague.

But as we approach, the sound of the conversation is drowned out by a, familiar whirring sound, distinguishable from, but not unlike, the materialising TARDIS.

The baffled Constable looks at the telephone, and then bangs it on his helmet to try to improve the sound.

Perhaps it is this that

distracts him from
seeing:

A distinct wobble coming
over the Police Box. The
whirring sound stops.

But the Constable has
been cut off. He looks
ruefully at the telephone
and hangs up.

But something inside the
box seems to have grabbed
his hand, as he is
suddenly pulled up hard
against the blue door,
his arm disappearing up
to the shoulder.

His head lolls back, and
his eyes stare.

A throttled, terminal
gasp bubbles in his
throat, and from inside
the box we hear the
faintest chuckle.

END TELECINE 1.

1. INT/EXT. THE TARDIS CLOISTERS.
NO TIME.

(LARGE, OPEN-AIR EFFECT
ANCIENT CLOISTERS,
COMPRISING A ROOFED
PATHWAY AROUND THE
PERIMETER OF A
STONEFLAGGED QUADRANGLE.
A FEW TREES GROW UP AMONG
THE FLAGSTONES.

THE WALLS ARE TEXTURED
WITH CIRCULAR ILLUMINATED
INDENTATIONS, TESTIFYING
THAT WE ARE INSIDE THE
TARDIS.

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE
CLOISTERS THE FIGURE OF
THE DOCTOR PACES
THOUGHTFULLY BACKWARDS
AND FORWARDS. EVEN AT
THIS DISTANCE WE CAN SEE
HE IS DEEPLY TROUBLED.

ADRIC IS WATCHING THE
DOCTOR FROM OUR SIDE OF
THE CLOISTERS.

AS IF SENSING ADRIC'S
PRESENCE THE DOCTOR STOPS
AND LOOKS UP.

THE DOCTOR TAKES A STEP
TOWARDS ADRIC AND WITH
UNCHARACTERISTIC
SOLEMNITY BECKONS HIM
ACROSS THE QUAD.

ADRIC GOES OVER TO HIM)

ADRIC: Doctor....

DOCTOR: Whenever you see me in here pacing up and down like this, be a good chap and don't interrupt. Unless it's terribly urgent. It's not, is it?

ADRIC: No...

DOCTOR: Well, now you know. In fact there's no need to come barging in here at all. If it is terribly urgent you can always ring the Cloister Bell.

ADRIC: Cloister Bell? What's that?

DOCTOR: It's a sort of communications device reserved for wild catastrophes and sudden calls to man the battle stations.

ADRIC: The Tardis doesn't have battle stations, does it.

DOCTOR: No, nothing along those lines. I sometimes wonder whether I shouldn't be running a tighter ship.

(HE SCRATCHES AT A NEARBY
PILLAR: A SMALL PIECE OF
THE MASONRY CRUMBLES
AWAY)

DOCTOR: I'm afraid the second law of thermodynamics is taking its toll of the old thing.

ADRIC: Entropy increases?

DOCTOR: Daily. The more you put things together the more they keep falling to bits. That's the essence of the second law of thermodynamics, and I never heard a truer word spoken. Have you seen the state of the Time column lately. Wheezing like a grampus.

ADRIC: It will get us to Gallifrey, won't it?

DOCTOR: Gallifrey? Oh yes... Are you really set on visiting Gallifrey?

ADRIC: Yes, I would like to. That is where we're going, isn't it?

DOCTOR: That was the very question I was pondering, in a general way. There's bound to be a lot of fuss about Romana... Why she stayed in E-Space, official investigations, all that sort of thing.

ADRIC: The Time Lords won't approve?

DOCTOR: She's broken the cardinal rule of Gallifrey -- she's become involved, and in a pretty permanent sort of way. Perhaps we should let a few oceans go under the bridge before heading back home.

ADRIC: That's all right with me. And see Gallifrey later.

DOCTOR: (STILL NOT KEEN)
Ye-es... Let me put another idea to you... Would you mind closing that door. There's quite a draught.

(ADRIC DOES SO)

DOCTOR: The place I have in mind is on the way. Well, sort of, give or take a parsec or two. It's my home from home.

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Aunt Vanessa's
House. Day.

A cottage house in a quiet village-like street.

Aunt VANESSA, a spindly grey-haired woman, sits behind the steering wheel of the elderly sports car parked outside the house.

TEGAN, a young woman of about twenty, comes haring out of the house. She is wearing air stewardess uniform and carries a flightbag.

TEGAN: OK, Aunt Vanessa. Let's go.

Aunt VANESSA pulls the starter. The engine fires, then splutters out.

TEGAN: More choke. And easy on the throttle as you turn her over.

VANESSA: (NODDING TOWARDS THE HOUSE) While I do that, dear, I wonder if you'd mind shutting the front door.

TEGAN: Oh, rabbits.
(AS SHE GOES BACK TO THE HOUSE) I promise I'll get organised one day...

VANESSA: Calm down, Tegan. We're in plenty of time. Really, you're so excitable. (CONFIDING TO THE CAR AS SHE TRIES AGAIN ON THE STARTER) But I wish you and I had half her energy.

TEGAN returns back down the path again

TEGAN: Sorry, Aunt Vanessa. First Flight nerves, I guess.

Aunt VANESSA tries the starter again. TEGAN goes round to the driver's seat and gestures to Aunt VANESSA to move over.

TEGAN: Here, let me do that. I've got the touch.

She gets into the driver's seat and pulls the starter. The engine ignites immediately.

TEGAN: (REHEARSING)
Good evening, passengers.
You may now release your
safety belts and smoke if
you wish. To ensure
continued safety on this
flight it will be
necessary to draw your
attention to the oxygen
apparatus situated above
each seating
position....

During this, TEGAN is
fastening her safety
belt.

TEGAN: This is
brought into operation by
gently pulling the orange
tag and placing the
mouthpiece over the nose
and mouth. Disposable
paper bags, together with
our flight magazine, may
be found in the recess in
the seat immediately in
front of you....

And we watch them drive
off down the street.

END TELECINE 2.

2. INT/EXT. THE TARDIS CLOISTERS.
NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC ARE
STROLLING SIDE BY SIDE
AROUND THE CLOISTERS)

ADRIC: Earth's the planet with
all the oceans, isn't it?

DOCTOR: That's the chap.

ADRIC: It sounds wet.

DOCTOR: Oh, it is. At least,
where we're going is. And that's
the one place on this planet where
we can find these blue boxes.

ADRIC: That look more or less
like the Tardis?

DOCTOR: But aren't. No spacious
accommodation, no viewer screens,
they don't time travel....

ADRIC: What're they for, then?

DOCTOR: They're more or less
obsolete at the time we'll be
arriving there. There are some up
in the Northern part that are still
in use. They're a sort of
elementary communications device.

ADRIC: But we've got communications devices. We don't need one for that.

DOCTOR: This one's called a Police Box. It's what the mathematical model of the Tardis exterior is based on.

ADRIC: I'd like to see the Earth. But why do we have to go all that way just to visit something that looks like the Tardis but doesn't really do anything.

DOCTOR: I want to measure it.

ADRIC: Whatever for?

DOCTOR: Block Transfer Computation.

ADRIC: I've never heard of that.

DOCTOR: I don't expect you have. Logopolis is a quiet little place -- keeps itself to itself.

ADRIC: Logopolis? But I thought we were going to Earth.

DOCTOR: No, Logopolis is the other place. We take the measurements there afterwards?

ADRIC: We're going to measure Logopolis too?

DOCTOR: We measure the Police Box on Earth and then take the measurements to Logopolis... I'm afraid I'm not explaining this very well. (HEADING FOR THE DOOR THAT LEADS OUT OF THE CLOISTERS) It's all to do with the problem of the Chameleon circuit... Come on, I'll show you.

(ADRIC IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW WHEN SEEMINGLY FROM FAR OFF COMES THE SOUND OF WHAT MIGHT BE A CLOCK BELL, DEEP-TONED AND STATELY, MATCHING THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE CLOISTERS)

ADRIC: What's that?

DOCTOR: (FROZEN TO THE SPOT) Communication device. The Cloister Bell.

TELECINE 3:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

Traffic passes on the road upstream of the police box we have already seen.

We notice one car travelling slowly, the somewhat battered open sports car valiantly driven by Aunt VANESSA, with TEGAN in the passenger seat.

The car passes the Police Box and we notice that one of its tyres is very flat.

As it goes flap-flapping past us out of shot, we CLOSE upon the Police Box and see:

The Police Constable's abandoned bicycle leaning against it. Beside the bicycle the telephone receiver dangles on its cord.

END TELECINE 3.

3. INT. CORRIDOR IN THE TARDIS. NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC ARE HURRYING ALONG TOWARDS THE CONSOLE ROOM.

BUT THE DOCTOR PAUSES TO LISTEN)

ADRIC: It's stopped.

DOCTOR: So it has.

ADRIC: What does it mean?

DOCTOR: Nothing very much when it's not sounding.

ADRIC: But it did sound. Is there a wild catastrophe?

DOCTOR: Apparently not.

ADRIC: But something must have made it ring.

DOCTOR: Somebody trying to get in touch with us, perhaps? Or our old friend entropy crumbling away at the systems circuitry? (MOVING OFF WITH LESS URGENCY) Come on, we'd better take a look.

15 (ep.1)

ADRIC: (FOLLOWING HIM) You
were telling me about the Chameleon
circuit...

TELECINE 4:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

The sports car has ground
to a halt a few yards
beyond the Police Box.

TEGAN is inspecting the
tyre.

TEGAN: Hell's teeth,
Aunt Vanessa. It's a
flat tyre.

VANESSA: I said there
was something funny with
the steering. But you
would insist.

END TELECINE 4.

4. INT. A TARDIS CORRIDOR. NO
TIME.

(THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC
ARRIVE AT A T-JUNCTION.)

THE DOCTOR IS LAUNCHED
INTO AN EXPLANATION OF
TRANSCENDENTAL
DIMENSIONING)

DOCTOR: ...whereas the exterior
of the Tardis only exists as a real
space/time event....

ADRIC: But mapped on to one of
the interior continuums?

DOCTOR: Precisely. Very
good...

ADRIC: So you can turn it into
anything you like?

DOCTOR: Ah... a very sore
point. Yes -- according to the
handbook -- the outer plasmic shell
of the Tardis is driven by the
Chameleon circuit.

ADRIC: So it can change its
appearance?

DOCTOR: More or less infinitely
-- or so runs the theory. In
practise, however...

(THE DOCTOR BREAKS OFF IN
FRONT OF THE DOOR
IMMEDIATELY AHEAD OF THEM
-- ROMANA'S ROOM)

DOCTOR: I always meant to get
Romana to help me fix it one day.
(AS IF THE THOUGHT HAS ONLY JUST
STRUCK HIM) I suppose we're going
to miss her and K9?

(RATHER ODDLY, ALMOST AS
A RITUAL, HE PUSHES THE
DOOR OPEN AND PUTS HIS
HEAD ROUND INTO THE
ROOM.

THROUGH THE HALF-OPEN
DOOR WE GLIMPSE SOME OF
THE FAMILIAR
FURNISHINGS)

ADRIC: I know I am.

DOCTOR: (AS HIS HEAD REAPPEARS)
So am I. But... the future lies...

(HE PONDERES FOR A MOMENT,
LOOKING ALONG THE
CORRIDORS... AND BACK AT
ROMANA'S ROOM.

HE DRAWS THE DOOR FIRMLY
TO AND POINTS TO THE
BRANCH OFF TO THE RIGHT
OF ROMANA'S DOOR)

DOCTOR: ...this way.

TELECINE 5:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

TEGAN and Aunt VANESSA
are looking at the flat
tyre.

TEGAN: Come on, we've
got to do something.

VANESSA: Telephone for
help.

TEGAN: Absolutely
not. Cars! I hate
them.

VANESSA: That's not
what you said when I
offered you a lift.

TEGAN: I'm sorry,
Aunt Vanessa. But you
just don't get this sort
of silly aggravation with
aircraft.

VANESSA: If we sit here
and look helpless,
perhaps someone will take
pity on us.

TEGAN: Feeble. We'll
crack this ourselves,
Aunt Vanessa. Now then,
where's the wheel
spanner.

END TELECINE 5.

5. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. NO
TIME.

(THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC
ENTER THE CONSOLE ROOM,
WHERE THE TIME COLUMN IS
OSCILLATING UNEASILY.

THE DOCTOR GOES OVER TO
THE CONSOLE)

DOCTOR: ...because this
Chameleon circuit's stuck. In a
totter's yard, years ago. She was
in for repairs on Gallifrey at the
very beginning of things. When I
first... borrowed her.

ADRIC: I thought the Tardis was
yours?

DOCTOR: On a sort of finder's
keeper's basis. I should have
waited until they fitted the new
version of the Chameleon circuit.
But there were pressing reasons at
the time.

(THE DOCTOR HAS DUCKED
UNDER THE CONSOLE, AND IS
FIDDLING ABOUT THERE.

A LARGE PANEL RISES
VERTICALLY UP OUT OF THE
CONSOLE UNDER ADRIC'S
NOSE, A KEYBOARD WITH
NUMBERS AND LETTERS.

ADRIC IS STARTLED, AND

THEN CURIOUS)

DOCTOR: (FROM UNDERNEATH)
Anything happening up there?

ADRIC: (INSPECTING THE PANEL)
What do these numbers and letters mean?

DOCTOR: (RE-EMERGING) This is an early version -- the instructions have to be entered in machine code.

ADRIC: That's rather boring.

DOCTOR: Boring, but bearable... it if worked.

(THE DOCTOR HINGES THE PANEL FORWARDS, SO THAT IT FORMS A HORIZONTAL TABLE, COVERED WITH KEYS.

HE OPERATES A BUTTON AND THE VIEWER SCREEN OPENS, DISPLAYING:

A PICTURE OF THE TARDIS EXTERIOR)

DOCTOR: Now in theory, you should be able to do things like this...

(HE KEYS IN SOME NUMBERS AND THE PICTURE ON THE SCREEN SLOWLY TRANSFORMS INTO AN EGYPTIAN

PYRAMID)

DOCTOR: And we could have the door here...

(HE KEYS IN SOME MORE NUMBERS. A DOOR APPEARS IN THE PYRAMID, AND OPENS)

ADRIC: (DOUBTFULLY) Yes, I suppose that's useful.

DOCTOR: We've got to be able to get in and out.

ADRIC: No, I mean being able to change like that.

DOCTOR: It was how the Master hid from us on Traken. Now if this was working, I'd only have to pull this lever... (HE DOES SO) ... and we'd be a pyramid.

(THE PICTURE ON THE SCREEN REVERTS TO THE POLICE BOX SHAPE)

DOCTOR: Can't get away from it, you see.

ADRIC: But why do you want to? It's sort of distinctive. A friendly sight, to look at.

DOCTOR: And a sight too easy to look for. I'm not sure we should be distinctive.

ADRIC: Why? Who's looking for us. You've disposed of the Master now.

DOCTOR: (WITH A CERTAIN UNEASE)
Yes... I did, didn't I. It may just be nonsense, but since we left Traken I've been feeling rather... And then when the Cloister Bell rang...

(HE CASTS A GLANCE AT THE
TIME COLUMN, AND SHAKES
OFF THE MOOD THAT HAS
GRIPPED HIM)

DOCTOR: Ah, Earth. Nearly there.

ADRIC: Why? Who's looking for us. You've disposed of the Master now.

DOCTOR: (WITH A CERTAIN UNEASE)
Yes... I did, didn't I. It may just be nonsense, but since we left Traken I been feeling rather... And then when the Cloister Bell rang...

(HE CASTS A GLANCE AT THE
TIME COLUMN, AND SHAKES
OFF THE MOOD THAT HAS
GRIPPED HIM)

DOCTOR: Ah, Earth. Nearly there.

TELECINE 6:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

TEGAN is working at the
dud wheel with the wheel
spanner while Aunt
VANESSA stands by.

A plane goes by overhead.
TEGAN stops and looks
up.

TEGAN: 747. Now
that's what I call
travelling.

VANESSA: You and your
aeroplanes. I sometimes
think you should have
been born with wings!

Behind them we see the
Police Box, and notice,
as they do not:

The Tardis gently
materialising beside it.

VANESSA: By the way,
dear -- don't you think
we should put a jack
under there before you
take the wheel off?

END TELECINE 6.

6. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

(THE TIME COLUMN HAS STOPPED OSCILLATING, INDICATING THAT THE TARDIS HAS COME TO THE END OF ITS JOURNEY.)

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM, CLEARLY DISSATISFIED)

DOCTOR: We've missed.

ADRIC: What's supposed to happen?

DOCTOR: I usually suppose we're going to miss. (WITH A NOTE OF PLEADING; TO THE TARDIS CONSOLE) But I thought just for once we might materialise on the right co-ordinates.

INSET:

(THE SCREEN SHOWS THE BY-PASS SCENE, WITH THE REAL POLICE BOX IN THE FOREGROUND AND THE TEGAN/VANESSA SCENE CONTINUING IN THE BACKGROUND)

DOCTOR: (VOICE OVER) Two point six metres off target. What a landing.

RESUME:

ADRIC: That's not bad for the Tardis.

DOCTOR: That's what I said -- What a landing! (AS ADRIC MOVES TO THE DOOR LEVER) No, don't open the door.

ADRIC: Aren't we going out there to measure it?

DOCTOR: No need to draw attention to ourselves. There's a simpler way, if I can just organise it. The Tardis and I are getting rather better at these short hops.

(AND THE DOCTOR LEANS OVER THE CONSOLE AND GINGERLY RESETS THE CO-ORDINATES)

TELECINE 7:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

The two Police Boxes side by side fill the screen. On one of the the telephone receiver still dangles loosely.

The other one dematerialises.

After a moment or two the remaining Police Box seems to become unstable for an instant. We hear the familiar whirring sound of the TARDIS, and its light begins to flash faintly.

And the dangling phone has vanished.

END TELECINE 7.

7. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.
DAY.

(THE REAL POLICE BOX IS
MATERIALISING INSIDE THE
CONSOLE ROOM, ITS PHONE
STILL DANGLING.)

THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC
INSPECT IT: THE DOCTOR
WITH SOME SATISFACTION,
ADRIC WITH ALARM)

ADRIC: It's another Tardis.

DOCTOR: I hope not. That would
produce some very unpleasant
dimensional anomalies. No, it's
just an ordinary police box.

ADRIC: And we've materialised
around it?

DOCTOR: With considerable
finesse, as I hope you noticed.

ADRIC: (READING THE OFFICIAL
WORDING ON THE DOOR) "Police
telephone free for use of public.
Advice and assistance obtainable
immediately. Officers and cars
respond to urgent calls. Pull to
open."

(ADRIC GOES TO PUT THE
PHONE BACK, BUT THE
DOCTOR TAKES IT FROM
HIM)

DOCTOR: Best not to touch.

(HE LOOKS AT THE PHONE IN HIS HAND, REALISING THAT HE'S DISTURBED TO POLICE BOX ALREADY. SHOULD HE LEAVE IT AS IT WAS, OR HANG UP?

HE DELICATELY HANGS UP AND SHUTS THE DOOR)

DOCTOR: We must give the thing a fair chance.

(HE TAKES A FOLDING STEEL RULER FROM HIS POCKET AND BEGINS TO MEASURE THE POLICEBOX)

DOCTOR: Get something to write with and take these dimensions down. I've been meaning to do this for centuries.

TELECINE 8:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

Aunt VANESSA is struggling valiantly with the handle of the jack as she elevates the car.

TEGAN is heaving the spare tyre out of the boot.

VANESSA: I'm so sorry. What a thing to happen on your first day. (TAKING A REST FROM HER EFFORTS) Nearly done.

TEGAN: I don't really belong at ground level, Aunt Vanessa. I didn't mean to be rude about your car. And it really is nice of you to give me a lift to the airport.

VANESSA: Oh, my little runabout's used to being insulted by now.

TEGAN: Car's are OK, but I guess I'm just spoiled with having our own plane back home.

TEGAN has the tyre out on the verge now, and is inspecting it.

TEGAN: (LOOKING
ACCUSINGLY UP FROM THE
TYRE) What kind of a
maintenance schedule are
you running here, Aunt
Vanessa! This tyre's
completely flat too.

We notice that across the
road a shadowy and
faintly translucent
figure is watching, his
interest seemingly
centred on the TARDIS,
though we cannot see his
face.

END TELECINE 8.

8. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE
ROOM. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS EARNESTLY
MEASURING THE POLICE BOX
WHILE ADRIC STANDS BY
WITH HIS NOTE BOOK)

DOCTOR: Three point seven six
meters normal to the front
surface...

ADRIC: Is there much more of
this?

DOCTOR: It has to be measured in
every dimension.

ADRIC: It can't have...
(COUNTING HIS ENTRIES) ...37
dimensions. You said it was an
ordinary Earth object.

DOCTOR: Every dimension and in
every detail. The Logopolitans
convert this into a precise
mathematical model.

ADRIC: Of the Police Box? I
still don't understand why?

DOCTOR: To overlay it on the
Tardis. The dimensional
interference patterns will shake
the thing loose.

ADRIC: And that's Block Transfer Computation?

DOCTOR: Part of it. It's a way of modelling space/time events through pure calculation.

ADRIC: Really?

DOCTOR: No, transcendently. It's not easy to explain in a word...

ADRIC: But they use it to create objects through pure computation?

(THE DOCTOR APPEARS TO BE A LITTLE UNSURE OF THE SUBJECT)

DOCTOR: It's not that simple, of course... I went into it all when they first offered to do the Chameleon conversion for me... of course, it's highly specialised...

ADRIC: It sounds very useful.

DOCTOR: (SHAKING HIS HEAD)
Academic interest. Very few uses.

ADRIC: Lucky that the reconfiguration of the Tardis is one of them.

DOCTOR: Well, they say it will work.

TELECINE 9:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

We glimpse the distant
WATCHER still standing
across the road from the
Police Box and the
disabled sports car.

Aunt VANESSA is working
the foot pump, trying to
blow up the spare tyre.

TEGAN is wrestling with
the socket wrench,
getting the wheel off.

VANESSA: Please,
dear... Do let's get a
man from the garage.

TEGAN: Not likely.
The stories I've read
about the way they
exploit helpless women.
If you want a job done
well, do it yourself.
That's what dad used to
say.

VANESSA: Perhaps some
knight errant will stop
for us.

TEGAN: Mind you, you
have to learn to fend for
yourself when you're
living in the outback,
miles from the nearest
town.

VANESSA: Your father's farm is hardly the outback, my dear... And neither is this. I can see a garage not a quarter of a mile away.

TEGAN: Industry and application, Aunt Vanessa. Air stewardesses are supposed to be resourceful.

VANESSA: You're not a proper one yet, dear.

TEGAN: After today I will be.

VANESSA: If we ever get to the airport.

TEGAN: We will -- just as soon as I've got this wheel off.

VANESSA: I thought I saw a man hovering over there. (SHE LOWERS HER GLASSES AND PEERS ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD). Perhaps he needs a wave of encouragement.

TEGAN interrupts her labours to look in the same direction.

But the WATCHER has gone.
TEGAN shakes her head.

TEGAN: It's the
nineteen-eighties, Aunt
Vanessa. No knight
errants.

END TELECINE 9.

9. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC ARE
COMPLETING THEIR
MEASUREMENTS OF THE
POLICE BOX)

ADRIC: Then why do we have to
go to Logopolis? If the theory's
as simple as you say.

(THE DOCTOR FOLDS THE
STEEL RULER AND MOVES TO
THE CONSOLE)

DOCTOR: It's not just a matter
of understanding distributed
cluster algebra. The actual
working out's very tedious, lots of
fiddly computations. (HE IS
RESETTING THE CO-ORDINATES) Much
better to leave it to the
Logopolitans. They can do it
standing on their heads.

ADRIC: Not with a computer?

DOCTOR: Standing on their
heads... it's an expression.

ADRIC: Oh, I see.

DOCTOR: But actually... they
don't use computers. It's all done
by word of mouth.

ADRIC: Is that another expression?

(THE DOCTOR SHAKES HIS HEAD, CONCENTRATING ON THE CONSOLE)

ADRIC: (SURPRISED) They speak it?

DOCTOR: Mutter. Intone.

ADRIC: Intone the computations? Why?

DOCTOR: I wondered that too. Never quite had the nerve to ask them.

(HE IS ABOUT TO PULL THE DEMATERIALISATION LEVER WHEN HE NOTICES SOMETHING ON ON OF THE INDICATOR PANELS)

DOCTOR: You've got a lively enquiring mind, Adric. Explain this.

(HE POINTS AT THE CONSOLE.)

ADRIC COMES OVER TO HAVE A LOOK)

ADRIC: A gravity bubble?

DOCTOR: Or another instrumentation fault. (HE HITS THE CONSOLE AND LOOKS AGAIN). No, definitely a gravity bubble. And fairly local, too.

ADRIC: Is that dangerous?

DOCTOR: These things often sort themselves out. But we'd better not dematerialise till we've investigated. (HE RAPS ABSENTLY ON IT). I think I'm probably overlooking the obvious again. Back in two shakes.

(THE DOCTOR OPERATES THE DOOR LEVER AND CROSSES TO THE DOUBLE DOORS AS THEY OPEN)

TELECINE 10:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

The TARDIS door opens a fraction. The DOCTOR peeps out and looks around.

He takes in the procession of passing traffic and the nearby sports car undergoing impromptu repairs. He is about to duck back in again, when his eye fastens on:

The vague figure of the WATCHER across the road.

The two seem to stare at each other for a moment.

The DOCTOR looks away, blinking. When he looks back the WATCHER has gone.

The DOCTOR leans against the TARDIS door, almost white-faced, his two hearts beating a little faster.

Something quite extraordinary seems to have happened to him.

END TELECINE 10.

10. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.
DAY.

(IN THE DOCTOR'S
TEMPORARY ABSENCE,
ADRIC'S CURIOSITY HAS
DRAWN HIM TOWARDS THE
POLICE BOX.

HE IS WORKING ON THE LOCK
WITH A SMALL TOOL,
WHEN:)

DOCTOR: (ENTERING; URGENTLY)
Don't touch that!

ADRIC: Yes, I know --
Heisenberg. I just thought it
might have something to do with the
gravity bubble.

(AS HE TURNS TO THE
DOCTOR ONE OF THE DOORS
SWINGS OPEN AS IF OF ITS
OWN ACCORD)

DOCTOR: I'm afraid you're right.
(STEPPING UP TO THE POLICE BOX)
But I think you'd better leave this
to me.

(HE REACHES OUT FOR THE
SECOND DOOR HANDLE, AND
BEGINS TO TURN IT WITH
TREMENDOUS CARE)

11. INT. THE CONSOLE ROOM SIMULACRUM
NUMBER ONE. DAY.

(A ROOM IDENTICAL TO THE
TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

PERHAPS IT IS THE
YELLOWISH TINGE TO THE
LIGHT THAT MAKES IT FEEL
INHOSPITABLE, SOMEHOW
STERILE AND DANGEROUS
TERRITORY.

WITH EXTREME CAUTION, THE
DOCTOR IS STEPPING IN
THROUGH THE DOUBLE DOORS.
ADRIC FOLLOWS)

DOCTOR: (OVER HIS SHOULDER;
URGENTLY) Get back to the Tardis.

ADRIC: But this is the Tardis.

DOCTOR: A Tardis, perhaps.

ADRIC: It looks just like
yours...

DOCTOR: Down to the last
detail...

(ADRIC FOLLOWS THE
DOCTOR'S GAZE AND SEES:

A POLICE BOX STANDING BY
THE CONSOLE.

ITS SMALL TELEPHONE DOOR
IS OPEN, AND FROM IT DANGLES THE
RECEIVER)

TELECINE 11:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

TEGAN and AUNT VANESSA
have swapped tasks.

Aunt VANESSA straightens
up from the wheel she has
been removing.

VANESSA: There you are,
Tegan dear. It's just a
matter of knowing the
knack.

TEGAN despairingly kicks
the wheel she has been
trying to pump up.

TEGAN: I wish there
was a knack to blowing up
a tyre with a hole in it.
Really, Aunt Vanessa --
what's the point of
driving around with a dud
spare tyre. Oh, it's
hopeless...

Her confident
self-sufficiency seems to
have evaporated into thin
air.

VANESSA: It's the
garage, then. Don't
worry, there's still
plenty of time.

TEGAN: Garage!
Swindlers and crooks...
(RECOVERING A LITTLE)
But there's not much else
we can do.

VANESSA: Unless we wait
for a knight errant.

TEGAN: No thank you.
(LOOKING IN THE DIRECTION
OF THE GARAGE) Look,
I'll go. You stay here
and get your breath
back.

TEGAN sets out for the
garage, rolling the tyre
in front of her.

But she has only gone a
few paces before she
notices:

the TARDIS.

TEGAN: (READING THE
DOOR) "Police telephone
free for use of public.
Advice and assistance
obtainable immediately.
Officers and cars respond
to urgent calls. Pull to
open."

She reaches out for the
small telephone door
indicated, but as she
leans on one of the
double doors swings open
inwards.

She peers inside.

TEGAN: That's
funny... That's very
peculiar indeed...

And she steps inside.

END TELECINE 11.

12. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.
DAY.

(THE POLICE BOX IN THE
CONSOLE ROOM
DEMATERIALISES.

TEGAN STEPS INTO THE ROOM
THROUGH THE DOUBLE
DOORS)

TEGAN: It's some kind of...
flying saucer!

(THE DOUBLE DOORS OF THE
TARDIS SWING CLOSED.

SHE RUNS TO THEM...

AND REALISES SHE IS
TRAPPED)

13. INT. THE CONSOLE ROOM SIMULACRUM
NUMBER ONE. DAY.

(ADRIC IS ABOUT TO GO
BACK THROUGH THE DOUBLE
DOORS)

DOCTOR: No, wait. This could be
very dangerous for you either way.
You'd better stay with me.

(THE DOCTOR APPROACHES
THE POLICE BOX, PICKS UP
THE RECEIVER, HANGS UP
AND GENTLY CLOSSES THE
SMALL DOOR)

ADRIC: But if this is another
Tardis...!

DOCTOR: (SHAKING HIS HEAD) Too
early to tell. Other things can
produce this sort of dimensional
anomaly. (INDICATING THE POLICE
BOX DOOR) See if you can do it
again.

(ADRIC APPROACHES THE
LOCK)

14. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.
DAY.

(TEGAN IS TORN BETWEEN
IMMENSE CURIOSITY ABOUT
THE CRAFT AND HER FEAR OF
THE UNEXPECTED.

SHE IS INVESTIGATING THE
CONSOLE AND CALLING)

TEGAN: Hello. Is anybody
there? (SHE LOOKS AT THE ARRAY OF
SWITCHES, BUTTONS AND LEVERS)
There must be intelligent life at
the end of this lot. (PRESSING A
BUTTON) Hello, anybody receiving
me?

(SHE TRIES SOME MORE
BUTTONS ON THE CONSOLE)

TEGAN: Hello? Come in,
anybody... My name is Tegan
Jovanka, and I'd like to talk to
the pilot.

(SEEMINGLY FROM BEHIND
THE DOOR THAT LEADS
DEEPER INTO THE TARDIS WE
HEAR THE DISTANT TOLLING
OF THE CLOISTER BELL.

TEGAN RUNS TO THE DOOR)

TEGAN: Hello? Is that the crew
in there?

(SHE EASES THE DOOR OPEN
AND GOES THROUGH)

TELECINE 12:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

Aunt VANESSA has come to find TEGAN, but stops on the way, noticing the tyre leaning against the TARDIS.

She pushes the door and looks inside.

VANESSA: Tegan....?
Goodness me....

And she goes into the Police Box.

END TELECINE 12.

15. INT. THE CONSOLE ROOM SIMULACRUM
NUMBER TWO. DAY.

(THE LIGHT IN THE
INNERMOST SIMULACRUM IS
EVEN YELLOWER.

ADRIC AND THE DOCTOR
ENTER, LOOKING ROUND.

A POLICE BOX STANDS BY
THE CONSOLE, ITS
TELEPHONE DANGLING)

ADRIC: How many more of these
are there? (ANXIOUSLY) It
couldn't be an infinite regression,
could it?

(THE DOCTOR APPROACHES
THE POLICE BOX, PICKS UP
THE RECEIVER, HANGS UP
AND GENTLY CLOSSES THE
SMALL DOOR)

DOCTOR: Let's hope not. Because
if it is, we'll never get rid of
it.

(HE GESTURES TO ADRIC TO
OPEN THE NEXT POLICE BOX
DOOR)

TELECINE 13:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

The terrified figure of Aunt VANESSA is backing away from us out of the TARDIS.

VANESSA: No... No...
keep away.

We advance on her,
holding the POINT OF VIEW
of something emerging
from the TARDIS.

We hear a low chuckle.

Aunt VANESSA almost
stumbles over the tyre.
She picks it up to defend
herself.

The chuckle is frankly
derisive now, as we CLOSE
on the frail retreating
creature.

The traffic on the road
passes by unheeding.

We hear a throttled cry,
a chuckle -- and a spare
tyre rolls out into the
road among the passing
cars.

END TELECINE 13.

16. INT. THE CONSOLE ROOM SIMULACRUM
NUMBER TWO. DAY.

(ADRIC PAUSES IN THE ACT
OF UNLOCKING THE POLICE
BOX DOOR)

ADRIC: I can hear it.

(DISTORTED NOW, AS IF
COMING FROM ANOTHER
DIMENSION, WE HEARD THE
DISTANT TOLLING OF THE
CLOISTER BELL.

THE DOCTOR EXCHANGES A
GRIM LOOK WITH ADRIC)

DOCTOR: Someone is trying to get
in touch with us! But we can't go
back now.

(ADRIC GIVES THE LOCK A
FINAL TAP)

ADRIC: Done it. These locks
are all identical.

(HE IS JUST ABOUT TO OPEN
THE POLICE BOX DOOR)

DOCTOR: You'd better let me go
first.

ADRIC: Is it really dangerous?

DOCTOR: We're getting closer into the nucleus of the bubble. There could be anything in there.

ADRIC: What do you think's causing it?

DOCTOR: With this many images there's only one thing it could be. When we materialised round the Police Box -- someone had been here before us.

ADRIC: Another Tardis?

DOCTOR: Exactly. Materialising round the Police Box just as we planned to do. He anticipated we'd come here...

ADRIC: He?

(THE DOCTOR PUTS HIS FINGER TO HIS LIPS AND CAREFULLY PULLS OPEN THE DOOR. ASTONISHED, HE STEPS OUT INTO:)

TELECINE 14:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

A Police car has pulled
up on the hard shoulder.

Two uniformed policemen
are investigating the
sports car. One of the
policemen is holding the
spare tyre.

The DOCTOR steps out from
behind the Police Box and
walks straight into:

The DETECTIVE INSPECTOR.

DETECTIVE: Good morning,
sir. Is this your
vehicle over here?

He indicates the sports
car.

DOCTOR: No, I don't
drive. Not a car, that
is.

DETECTIVE: I wonder how
you come to be here,
then. There's not much
else here but the road.

DOCTOR: I... well,
it's not very easy to
explain.

DETECTIVE: While you're working that one out, sir, perhaps you could also have a go at explaining this.

They have walked over to the car. The DETECTIVE INSPECTOR indicates the back seat.

The DOCTOR stares at the back seat, his face frozen into an expression of horror.

DOCTOR: So he did escape from Traken...

END TELECINE 14.

17. INT. A TARDIS CORRIDOR. DAY.

(TEGAN IS LOST IN THE
CORRIDORS OF THE TARDIS,
AND BEGINNING TO PANIC.

HER STATE OF MIND IS NOT
HELPED BY THE FACT THAT
THE CLOISTER BELL IS
TOLLING VERY LOUDLY NOW)

TELECINE 15:

Ext. A By-Pass with
Police Box. Day.

From across the road the translucent figure of the WATCHER looks on, as:

DOCTOR: (VOICE OVER)
He is still around here
somewhere!

DETECTIVE: (VOICE OVER)
He, sir?

DOCTOR: (VOICE OVER)
The Master.

The DOCTOR looks down, and for the first time we see the gruesome sight in the back seat -- the bicycling CONSTABLE's inert body, shrunken down to the size of a large doll, the eyes staring in terror!

Beside it, similarly diminished, is the body of Aunt VANESSA

DETECTIVE: I think you'd
better come with us.

The three policemen close
in on the DOCTOR.

END TELECINE 15.

TELECINE 35mm

Closing Titles

END TELECINE 35mm