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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5V

"Logopolis"

by

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TRANSMISSION:

DOCTOR WHO: "LOGOPOLIS" EPISODE THREE

CAST:

DOCTOR  
ADRIC  
TEGAN  
NYSSA

THE MONITOR  
THE MASTER

N/S

THE WATCHER  
LOGOPOLITANS

FILM:

STUDIO:

LOGOPOLIS: LANDING AREA  
LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET ( x 3, AND WRECKED)  
LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER  
LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL REGISTER ( x 2 )  
TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

MODEL SHOTS

Logopolis with antenna

TELECINE 35mm

Opening Titles

END TELECINE 35mm

1. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: THE LANDING  
AREA. DAY.

(REPRISE, THEN)

(TEGAN ROUNDS ON THE  
MONITOR)

TEGAN: It's your numbers that  
are doing this. You must be able  
to do something to put it right.

ADRIC: (TO THE MONITOR) How  
can we get him out of this?

MONITOR: (STILL DAZED) This is  
unheard of... A fault in the  
computations?

(RECOVERING HIS  
AUTHORITY, THE MONITOR  
TURNS TO THE  
LOGOPOLITANS, URGENTLY  
ADDRESSING THEM)

MONITOR: Collect the machine.  
The honour of Logopolis is at  
stake.

(AS THE FRIGHTENED  
LOGOPOLITANS MOVE TO OBEY  
WE CLOSE ON THE MONITOR'S  
FACE, ILLUMINATED BY THE

FLUORESCENCE FROM THE  
TARDIS)

MONITOR: (TO HIMSELF) And more  
than our honour... much more.

NYSSA: (TO THE MONITOR) What  
are you going to do with the  
Doctor.

MONITOR: Our best. That is all  
we can do. (TO THE LOGOPOLITANS)  
The Central Register. Quickly --  
there may still be time.

2. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

(A DISTORTED HIGH-ANGLE  
VIEW.)

AN INSIDIOUS BUZZING  
SOUND FILLS THE ROOM.

THE DOCTOR IS SLUMPED ON  
THE FLOOR. HE STIRS AND  
TRIES TO STRUGGLE TO HIS  
FEET, BUT IT IS AS IF  
SOME TERRIFIC PRESSURE IS  
BEARING DOWN ON HIM)

DOCTOR: Dematerialise...

(IN AGONISING SLOW-MOTION  
HE LURCHES TOWARDS THE  
CONSOLE AND MANAGES TO  
PRESS A BUTTON. NOTHING  
HAPPENS. HE TRIES OTHER  
BUTTONS)

DOCTOR: Nothing. Nothing  
working.

(HE PRESSES SEVERAL MORE  
BUTTONS. EVENTUALLY:

THE SCREEN ILLUMINATES,  
SHOWING:

A JOLTING VIEW OF A  
LOGOPOLIS STREET, HUGELY  
MAGNIFIED.

THE BUZZING SOUND BECOMES  
LOUDER AND HIGHER IN  
PITCH.

THE DOCTOR STAGGERS AND  
COLLAPSES ON THE FLOOR)

3. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

(THE LOGOPOLITANS, LEAD  
BY THE MONITOR AND TEGAN  
AND FOLLOWED BY ADRIC AND  
NYSSA, ARE RUSHING THE  
DIMINISHED TARDIS TOWARDS  
THE CENTRAL REGISTER)

TEGAN: He's got a chance,  
hasn't he, Monitor?

MONITOR: If we can trace the  
error in time.

(AS THE PROCESSION  
HURRIES PAST WE CLOSE IN  
ON ONE OF THE CELLS.

FROM BEHIND A YELLOWING,  
FLUTED CORINTHIAN COLUMN  
A FACE APPEARS, DARK AND  
SPIKILY BEARDED, AND WE  
HEAR A CHUCKLE WE NOW  
KNOW WELL)

MASTER: At last, Doctor. At  
last I've cut you down to size.

4. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.  
DAY.

(THE BUZZING SOUND  
CONTINUES TO RISE IN  
PITCH.

THE SCREEN SHOWS A  
JOLTING PICTURE OF SOME  
BUILDING WHICH WE APPEAR  
TO BE ENTERING.

GARGANTUAN IN PROPORTION  
TO THE DOCTOR, ADRIC'S  
FACE LOOMS IN, FILLING  
THE VIEWER SCREEN.

AS ADRIC STEPS BACK, WE  
SEE THE ENORMOUS FACES OF  
TEGAN AND NYSSA BESIDE  
HIM.

THE PICTURE IS STEADY  
NOW. NYSSA STEPS IN,  
TALKING URGENTLY TO THE  
DOCTOR, THOUGH WE HEAR NO  
SOUND.

WE WIDEN TO SHOW THE  
DOCTOR INERT BENEATH THE  
SCREEN)

5. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE LOGOPOLITANS HAVE SET THE MINIATURE TARDIS ON THE FLOOR BY THE CONSOLE, AND ARE NOW STANDING WELL BACK.)

NYSSA KNEELS IN FRONT OF IT, WITH ADRIC AND TEGAN BEHIND HER)

NYSSA: Hold on, Doctor. The Monitor is going to help us.

ADRIC: He can't hear you. The Tardis screen doesn't carry sound.

(A BIG DIGITAL TAPE MACHINE, PART OF THE EQUIPMENT WE NOTICED IN EPISODE TWO, IS TURNING OVER, PASSING CODE TO A PRINTER WHICH CHATTERS OUT ROWS OF FIGURES.)

THE MONITOR IS SITTING AT THE CONSOLE, RUNNING THROUGH A STREAM OF LOGOPOLITAN NUMBERS, SPEAKING INTO THE CONSOLE APERTURE)

MONITOR: Etra secque secque eram nol. Etra secque kayrie gorrock gorrock kayrie zel. Kayrie nerus nerus kayrie zel...

(HE STOPS AS ADRIC JOINS  
HIM)

MONITOR: It's somewhere in the  
dimensioning routine. We can trace  
it, if there's time.

ADRIC: Perhaps I can help?

MONITOR: Perhaps you can.

(HE GETS UP AND CROSSES  
TO THE PRINTER)

MONITOR: This is the machine code  
dump of the routine that's caused  
the trouble. Can you read Earth  
numbering?

(HE TEARS OFF THE PRINT  
OUT AND HANDS IT TO  
ADRIC)

ADRIC: Yes, the Doctor taught  
me.

MONITOR: It's a copy of an Earth  
machine, so I'm afraid we have to  
make do with their clumsy symbols.  
I must check the External  
Registers. Read it to me as we  
go.

(THE MONITOR AND ADRIC  
MOVE TOWARDS THE DOOR,  
BUT THEY ARE INTERCEPTED  
BY TEGAN)

8 (ep.3)

TEGAN: Where are you off to.  
There's work to be done.

ADRIC: We're doing it. See you  
later.

(HE FOLLOWS THE MONITOR  
THROUGH TO:)

6. INT. LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL REGISTER. DAY.

(A LONG ROOM, A WALL OF WHICH IS LINED WITH SEATED LOGOPOLITANS, THEIR BACKS TO US AS THEY SIT BEFORE CONSOLES SIMILAR TO BUT SMALLER THAN THE MONITOR'S IN THE ADJOINING ROOM.

EACH LOGOPOLITAN SPEAKS INTO THE APERTURE IN FRONT OF HIM, AND THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH THE SOUND OF THEIR RHYTHMIC INCANTATION OF THE NUMBERS.

THE MONITOR MOVES FROM WORKSTATION TO WORKSTATION, LOOKING OVER THEIR SHOULDERS AND LISTENING IN.

ADRIC TRAILS BEHIND HIM, READING ALOUD FROM THE PRINTOUT)

ADRIC: Zero-A,  
Zero-four, Zero-Zero, nine-two,  
two-C, eight-seven...

(AND SO ON, IN HEXADECIMAL NOTATION.

AS THEY PASS ON DOWN THE ROOM, TEGAN APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY THEY ENTERED BY.

SHE SURVEYS THE ROWS OF WORKERS, APPARENTLY APPALLED AT WHAT SHE SEES)

7. INT. LOGOPOLIS: ANOTHER EXTERNAL  
REGISTRY. DAY.

(ADRIC AND THE MONITOR  
ENTER A VERY SIMILAR  
ROOM.)

THE MONITOR SURVEYS A  
COUPLE OF THE WORKERS,  
THEN HOLDS UP HIS HAND TO  
INTERRUPT ADRIC AS HE  
LEANS OVER THE THIRD.

HE EXCHANGES A FEW  
WHISPERED WORDS WITH THE  
THIRD LOGOPOLITAN, BEFORE  
STRAIGHTENING UP AND  
SHAKING HIS HEAD)

MONITOR: (TO ADRIC) I'm sorry, I  
thought we had found something.

(THE MONITOR LOOKS UP AND  
DOWN THE ROOM)

MONITOR: It's somewhere in this  
subroutine... somewhere.

ADRIC: But Monitor, why do you  
need so many people? I still don't  
understand why all this can't be  
done with machinery?

MONITOR: For many uses machinery  
is unsurpassed. But Logopolis is  
not interested in those uses.  
Block Transfer Computations cannot  
be run on computers.

ADRIC: Why not?

MONITOR: Our manipulations of numbers directly change the physical world. There is no other Maths like ours.

ADRIC: You mean the computations themselves would affect a computer?

MONITOR: Change its nature and cause it to malfunction. Only the living brain is immune.

ADRIC: But you have a computer out there. You were using it.

MONITOR: To record the code, and prepare new algorithms, yes. But we must never run our programs on it.

(ADRIC LOOKS AT THE PRINT  
OUT IN HIS HAND WITH NEW  
RESPECT)

MONITOR: Perhaps we can  
continue...?

(ADRIC IS MOMENTARILY  
FLURRIED: HE'S LOST HIS  
PLACE)

MONITOR: (GENTLY, WITHOUT  
CONSULTING THE PRINTOUT) We had  
reached zero-seven, zero-four,  
A-zero, three-zero, three-eight.  
We should be somewhere towards the  
end of the third block.

(ADRIC'S RESPECT FOR THE  
MONITOR VISIBLY  
INCREASES. HE FINDS THE  
PLACE AND RESUMES.

TOGETHER THEY MOVE ON  
DOWN THE ROW OF SEATED  
WORKERS)

8. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE LOGOPOLITANS HAVE RIGGED UP A COUPLE OF LARGE FLAT DEVICES THAT LOOK LIKE PORTABLE SCREENS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE TARDIS.)

THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE WHISPER OF LOGOPOLITAN NUMBERS)

NYSSA: They seem to be some sort of loudspeakers.

TEGAN: What's the good of that?

NYSSA: I suppose they must be creating a temporary zone of stasis around the Tardis. But I'm afraid I don't understand their science.

TEGAN: That goes double for me. (MOVING NYSSA TOWARDS THE EXTERNAL REGISTER) But one thing is clear as daylight. Come and take a peek in this room here...

9. INT. LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL REGISTER. DAY.

(TEGAN AND NYSSA APPEAR AT THE DOOR OF THE ROOM, PEEPING IN)

TEGAN: Rows and rows of them hard at it.

NYSSA: They all seem very dedicated.

TEGAN: Dedicated! That's one way of looking at it. You know what I think? I think it's sheer exploitation. Looks to me like the Monitor's running some sort of slave colony!

9a. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.  
DAY.

(THE BUZZING SOUND SEEMS  
LOUDER THAN EVER NOW.

ON THE FLOOR BENEATH THE  
CONSOLE THE DOCTOR TRIES  
TO LIFT HIS HEAD.

WITH SUPREME EFFORT HE  
TURNS HIS HEAD TOWARDS US  
AS HE LOOKS FOR THE  
SOURCE OF THE SOUND.

BUT THE STRAIN IS TOO  
MUCH. HE SLUMPS BACK  
AGAINST THE FLOOR.

SLOWLY WE CLOSE IN ON THE  
TARDIS VIEWER, AND SEE IN  
IT THE LOGOPOLITAN SONIC  
SCREENS.

AS WE APPROACH THE  
BUZZING SOUND SEEMS TO  
FADE.

SUDDENLY IT STOPS  
ALTOGETHER)

10. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY!

(LIKE THE OTHER STREETS  
WE HAVE SEEN, THIS ONE IS  
ALIVE WITH WHISPERS AND  
THE CLICK OF ABACUS  
BEADS.

ADRIC IS STILL READING  
FROM THE PRINTOUT, BUT  
NOTICEABLY FLAGGING NOW)

ADRIC: ...Eight-three,  
zero-three, A-three, three-seven.  
That's the end of the third block.

MONITOR: There are no errors to  
be found in the registers, and  
there are too many of these streets  
for us to check in time. The work  
is wearying to those unused to it,  
but we must continue.

(ADRIC TAKES A DEEP  
BREATH AND BEGINS AGAIN)

ADRIC: Fourth block begins...  
Zero-three, zero-two, zero-zero,  
F-eight...

MONITOR: (CORRECTING) zero-zero,  
E-eight, I think.

ADRIC: Sorry, E-eight.

16 (ep.3)

MONITOR: It is difficult, I know.  
But accuracy is of vital  
importance...

(THEY MOVE ON DOWN THE  
STREET)

11. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE STABILISED MINIATURE TARDIS STANDS BEFORE THE SCREENS.

THE SILENT LOGOPOLITANS WATCH OVER IT.

TEGAN AND NYSSA RETURN TO IT)

TEGAN: You can tell they're exploited -- just look at their faces.

NYSSA: They certainly all look very serious. But I've seen that look on my father's face -- intense dedication. These people are scientists.

TEGAN: If you ask me they must be under some huge threat to keep them so hard at work? Not that it seems to be doing any good.

NYSSA: (POINTING TO THE TARDIS) They have done something. Look, the dimensions have stabilised.

12. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

(ANOTHER SIMILAR STREET.)

ADRIC'S THROAT IS VERY  
DRY NOW, AND HE SPEAKS  
WITH OBVIOUS EFFORT)

ADRIC: ....eight-nine, nine-A,  
zero-A, one-one, E-seven...

MONITOR: (A LITTLE TESTILY)  
E-nine.

ADRIC: Sorry. E-nine,  
three-three... (HE BREAKS OFF)  
Did you say "E-nine"? It says  
E-seven here.

(THE MONITOR SEIZES THE  
PAPER FROM ADRIC)

MONITOR: You're right, E-seven.  
And the next three numbers are  
wrong... (HE SURVEYS THE STREET AND  
ASSESSES THE DIRECTION) This  
way...

(HE MOVES OFF QUICKLY,  
FOLLOWED BY ADRIC)

13. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE TWO GIRLS ARE  
KNEELING DOWN IN FRONT OF  
THE TARDIS)

TEGAN: The Tardis isn't much  
use to anybody that size, stable or  
not.

NYSSA: Perhaps it gives us some  
time.

TEGAN: Time to do what? We  
don't even know if he's alive in  
there.

(THEY LEAN IN TOWARDS THE  
TARDIS)

14. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.  
DAY.

(THE BUZZING SOUND HAS  
STOPPED.)

ON THE FLOOR BENEATH THE  
CONSOLE THE DOCTOR  
STIRS.

HE SITS UP, HOLDING HIS  
HEAD IN HIS HANDS, AND  
LISTENS)

DOCTOR: They've arrested the  
dimension spiral. Things are  
looking up.

15. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

(A SIMILAR STREET, THOUGH  
THE SOUNDS ARE QUIETER  
HERE.

THE MONITOR AND ADRIC  
HURRY IN)

MONITOR: This is the street. The  
error should be somewhere here....

(HE AND ADRIC PASS TWO  
CELLS IN WHICH CHANTING  
LOGOPOLITANS SIT.

BUT THE THIRD CELL IS  
EMPTY -- AT FIRST  
GLANCE.

AND THEN THEY NOTICE THE  
DOLL-LIKE BODY OF THE  
LOGOPOLITAN.

THE NEXT CELL IS THE  
SAME...

AND THE NEXT.

THE HORRIFIED MONITOR  
LOOKS AT ADRIC)

MONITOR: Sabotage.

ADRIC: Murder. That's far  
worse.

MONITOR: Interference with the workings of Logopolis. That could be the most dangerous crime in the universe.

16. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.  
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS LOOKING AT  
THE GIRLS' FACES, HUGE ON  
THE SCREEN.

ENCOURAGED BY THE SIGHT  
HE STRAIGHTENS UP AND  
SMOOTHS OUT THE PAPER THE  
MONITOR GAVE HIM)

DOCTOR: An error in the  
dimensioning subroutine.  
Somewhere... here. I won't be  
beaten. I simply.... will not be  
beaten.

(FIGHTING TO MOVE TOWARDS  
THE CONSOLE AS IF UNDER  
WATER, THE DOCTOR TACKLES  
THE CONSOLE AGAIN)

DOCTOR: But I could certainly do  
with a little more help from out  
there.

17. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

(THE MONITOR IS CHECKING ONE OF THE LOGOPOLITANS' ABACUSSES, AND MAKING AMENDMENTS TO THE PRINTOUT.

ADRIC IS LOOKING PAST THE MONITOR, HAVING SEEN AT THE FAR END OF THE STREET:

THE VAGUE FIGURE OF THE WATCHER.

THE MONITOR LAYS ASIDE THE ABACUS AND ROLLS UP THE PRINTOUT)

MONITOR: Quickly! We must return to the Central Register.

(ADRIC LOOKS AGAIN -- AND THE WATCHER HAS GONE.

HE TURNS AND FOLLOWS THE MONITOR OFF IN THE OTHER DIRECTION)

18. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

(TEGAN AND NYSSA ARE CROUCHING IN FRONT OF THE MINIATURE TARDIS.

TEGAN STANDS UP IMPATIENTLY)

TEGAN: I just feel so helpless.

NYSSA: How do you think the Doctor feels?

(ADRIC RUSHES IN, FOLLOWED BY THE MONITOR)

ADRIC: The Monitor's done it. He's found the error.

MONITOR: The Doctor must reprogram block four of the dimensioning routine.

TEGAN: Let's hope we can get through to him. Here, give me that...

(SHE TAKES THE PRINTOUT FROM ADRIC)

ADRIC: These numbers have to be changed.

(HE POINTS OUT THE  
MONITOR'S CORRECTIONS)

TEGAN: The best we can do is  
show this to him and hope he knows  
what to do.

ADRIC: He will.

TEGAN: Leave it to me.

(SHE UNROLLS THE PAPER)

ADRIC: Good. I've got to go  
back. The Master's out there  
somewhere.

NYSSA: The Master? I'm coming  
with you.

ADRIC: No, this could be very  
dangerous.

NYSSA: I came here to find the  
Master. I must know what's  
happened to my father.

19. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.  
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS SITTING  
UNDER THE CONSOLE, A  
SMALL COMPONENT IN HIS  
HAND)

DOCTOR: The cheese-board is the  
world, the pieces are the phenomena  
of the universe, as my old friend  
Huxley used to say. Or was it  
chess-board. Yes, chess-board, of  
course... And the opponent never  
overlooks a mistake, or makes the  
smallest allowance for ignorance.

(HE PUTS THE COMPONENT  
BACK INTO PLACE)

DOCTOR: I am an ignorant old  
Doctor, and I have made a mistake

(HE LOOKS UP AT THE  
SCREEN)

DOCTOR: There's only one  
direction help can come from now.  
We'll just have to wait.

(ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THE  
MONITOR'S PRINTOUT,  
HAND-CORRECTED BY THE  
MONITOR, APPEARS ON THE  
SCREEN)

DOCTOR: Yes, something along  
those lines...

20. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

(THE SUSURATIONS AND  
CLACK OF BEADS CONTINUE,  
THOUGH LESS OBTRUSIVELY  
THAN BEFORE.)

ADRIC AND NYSSA ARE  
SURVEYING THE DOLL-LIKE  
DEAD LOGOPOLITANS)

ADRIC: The mark of the Master.

NYSSA: He must have added his  
own voice to the Numbers, and  
corrupted the Doctor's code.

ADRIC: And he's still here  
somewhere.

NYSSA: What does he looks  
like?

ADRIC: I don't know. (THEY  
BEGIN TO MOVE DOWN THE STREET) I  
saw somebody... someone who's been  
following us.

NYSSA: The Master.

ADRIC: The Doctor said he  
wasn't. Something worse than the  
Master... At the end there.

(ADRIC MOVES QUICKLY TO  
THE END OF THE STREET, A  
T-JUNCTION, AND LOOKS  
BOTH WAYS BEFORE RUNNING  
OFF IN ONE DIRECTION)

ADRIC: This way... Come on.

21. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

(TEGAN IS KNEELING IN FRONT OF THE MINIATURE TARDIS.)

THE MONITOR STANDS BESIDE HER)

TEGAN: I hope he's seen it.

(TEGAN STANDS UP)

MONITOR: I'm sure he has. And with those figures he should be able to restore the Tardis. It won't take long.

TEGAN: While he's sorting that out, would you mind explaining something to me. (LEADING HIM TOWARDS THE EXTERNAL REGISTER) Come on... I want to know what's behind all this.

(SHE OPENS TO DOOR TO THE EXTERNAL REGISTRY AND SHOWS THE MONITOR THE LOGOPOLITAN WORKERS)

TEGAN: Back home in Brisbane we'd call a place like that -- a sweat-shop. What's going on?

22. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: ANOTHER STREET.  
DAY.

(THE WHISPERS ARE QUIETER  
HERE, AND FEWER  
LOGOPOLITANS ARE  
VISIBLE.)

NYSSA AND ADRIC ENTER,  
RUNNING)

ADRIC: Down there... I saw  
him.

NYSSA: Where?

ADRIC: Never mind -- follow  
me.

(NYSSA IS ABOUT TO COMPLY  
WHEN SHE NOTICES IN ONE  
OF THE CELLS SHE IS  
PASSING:

A MAN VERY LIKE HER  
FATHER SITTING IN THE  
ENTRANCE)

NYSSA: (CAUTIOUSLY) Father?

MASTER: Nyssa! Nyssa, my dear.

(NYSSA LOOKS AT HIM,  
OPEN-MOUTHED AND JOYFUL)

23. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: ANOTHER STREET.  
DAY.

(THE STREET IS SILENT AND  
DESERTED.)

ADRIC RUNS IN,  
BREATHLESS.

HE PAUSES, CHECKING HIS  
DIRECTION)

ADRIC: Lost him. We'd better  
go back...

(HE TURNS ROUND,  
EXPECTING A REPLY FROM  
NYSSA.)

BUT THE STREET IS EMPTY)

ADRIC: Nyssa?

24. INT. LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE MONITOR AND TEGAN ARE LOOKING IN THROUGH THE DOOR)

TEGAN: You can't tell me this is just academic research.

MONITOR: And what about you, Tegan -- are you dedicated to your work?

TEGAN: I was top of the course the airline runs. But we all enjoyed it. These people are being forced into -- whatever they're up to. They don't smile, they don't talk.

MONITOR: Their language is the language of the Numbers. It is their talent and their passion, and their work is very serious. They have no need to smile.

(TEGAN IS AGHAST)

TEGAN: No need to smile....!

(THE MONITOR STEERS TEGAN GENTLY BACK INTO:)

24a. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

MONITOR: And as for speech, we are a people driven not by individual need, but by mathematical necessity. The language of the Numbers is as much as we need. [CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM] Now, please... It is important not to disturb them.

TEGAN: But if they can't talk at all....

(SHE BREAKS OFF, LOOKING IN THE DIRECTION OF:

THE TARDIS. IT IS FLUORESCING AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME GROWING NOTICEABLY LARGER)

TEGAN: You've done it!

MONITOR: Yes, there does seem to be some positive development.

25. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: THE LANDING  
AREA. DAY.

(NYSSA AND THE MASTER ARE  
WALKING IN FROM THE  
DIRECTION OF THE CITY)

NYSSA: What is this "mission"  
of yours, father. You seem so  
changed by it. You look younger,  
but... so cold, somehow.

MASTER: Logopolis is a cold  
place. A cold, high place  
overlooking the universe. It holds  
a single great secret, Nyssa.  
Which you and I will discover  
together.

NYSSA: And the Doctor. The  
Doctor can help us.

MASTER: Oh yes, the Doctor can  
certainly help us. (BRISKLY) You  
must return to him.

NYSSA: I don't want to be  
parted from you, father.

MASTER: No need to be. (HE  
BRINGS OUT AN EXOTIC ARMLET) Wear  
this, my dear.

(HE CLIPS IT ON TO HER  
UPPER ARM.

SHE WINCES)

MASTER: It will keep us in mind  
of each other.

26. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE TARDIS, NOW FULL SIZE, FLUORESCES BRIEFLY. THEN:

THE DOOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR EMERGES SOMEWHAT SHAKILY)

DOCTOR: Monitor, I can't thank you enough.

MONITOR: Please, Doctor. There's no need...

DOCTOR: You've just saved my life. You too, Tegan. Where is everybody?

TEGAN: Nyssa and Adric went to hunt for this person called Master. Adric saw him out there.

DOCTOR: Idiots. Adric should know better by now. There've been enough deaths already.

MONITOR: You know about the deaths?

DOCTOR: Here too? No, I meant on Earth. Tegan, your aunt Vanessa...

TEGAN: Yes, how do you like that. She's probably been picked up by one of her knight errants by now -- she's back at the cottage with tea and crumpets, while I....  
[SHE CATCHES SIGHT OF THE DOCTOR'S GRAVE EXPRESSION AND BREAKS OFF]  
She isn't...?

DOCTOR: I have some very serious news, Tegan.

TEGAN: Aunt Vanessa? Oh no...  
She's dead?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid so.

TEGAN: That dear, sweet lady...

DOCTOR: That's why I'm going to put a stop to the Master if it's the last thing I do.

27. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

(ADRIC IS SEARCHING THE STREET. HE COMES ACROSS NYSSA)

NYSSA: Adric!

ADRIC: Nyssa! Are you all right?

NYSSA: Of course. Did you find him?

ADRIC: Nothing. We'd better get back to the Doctor. [HE TURNS TO GO, THEN REALISES NYSSA IS SOMEWHAT DAZED] Nyssa? Are you sure there's nothing wrong?

NYSSA: My father's here.

ADRIC: Your father? So you found him!

NYSSA: [UNCERTAINLY] Yes... It was my father.

ADRIC: But that's wonderful. What's he doing here on Logopolis?

NYSSA: It's a secret. Look, he gave me this. [SHE SHOWS ADRIC THE ARMLET] It's too small for me. I've been trying to get it off...

ADRIC: [INSPECTING IT] It's a sort of... communications device. Yes, it does look tight...

(SUDDENLY IT SPARKS.

ADRIC JUMPS BACK, BUT  
NYSSA APPEARS UNHURT)

ADRIC: Sorry. Did it hurt?

NYSSA: (STRANGELY) No. I hope  
you haven't broken it.

ADRIC: (APPROACHING IT AGAIN)  
Shouldn't be too hard to get it  
off.

(AS HE WORKS ON TRYING TO  
GET HIS THUMBS UNDER IT  
NYSSA'S HAND OF THE SAME  
ARM MOVES UP TOWARDS HIS  
NECK)

ADRIC: Nearly got it...

(HER FINGERS START TO  
CLOSE AROUND HIS NECK)

ADRIC: Hey, what are you doing?  
I'm trying to concentrate.

(THE DOCTOR COMES IN)

DOCTOR: Adric! Nyssa!

(NYSSA'S ARM INSTANTLY  
RELAXES)

NYSSA: Thank heaven's, Doctor.  
You're free.

28. INT. LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE SOUND OF THE NUMBERS BEING CHANTED INTO THE APERTURES OF THE LONG CONSOLE.

THE ROW OF NUMBERERS AT WORK AS WE SAW THEM BEFORE.

AT SOME DISTANCE FROM US TWO OF THEM ROUND A CORNER INTO VIEW WHEELING THE SCREEN-LIKE INSTRUMENTS THAT WERE USED TO STABILISE THE TARDIS.

THEY APPROACH DOWN THE LONG ROOM. AS THEY PASS ONE OF THE NUMBERERS TURNS TO WATCH THEM GO.

WE CLOSE ON HIS FACE.

IT IS THE MASTER, DRESSED IN THE LONG FLOWING ROBES OF THE OTHER LOGOPOLITANS.

WITH THE FAINTEST CHUCKLE HE RISES AND FOLLOWS THE TWO SCREENS)

29. INT. LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE DOOR OPENS TO ADMIT THE TWO LOGOPOLITANS, WHOM WE GLIMPSE BEHIND THE ADVANCING SCREENS.

FROM BEHIND THE SCREENS COMES A DISCREET CRACKLE AND FLASH, NOT ENOUGH TO DISTRACT THE ROWS OF NUMBERERS FROM THEIR INVOLVEMENT, AND THE TWO SCREENS COME TO A HALT.

IN THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO SCREENS WE CATCH SIGHT OF THE MASTER'S TRIUMPHANT FACE, AND AS HE MOVES ONE OF THE SCREENS WE SEE:

THE TWO LOGOPOLITANS HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO THE SIZE OF LARGE DOLLS.

THE MASTER TAKES A SMALL SILVER BOX FROM HIS ROBES AND ATTACHES IT TO ONE OF THE SCREENS, POINTING IT DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE ROOM.

THE ROOM IMMEDIATELY BECOMES SILENT.

AND THE ONLY SOUND IS THE CHUCKLE OF THE MASTER)

30. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

ADRIC: I knew you'd do it.

DOCTOR: I didn't do it. It was all thanks to you people. And I may be able to save your lives in turn.

ADRIC: How do you mean?

DOCTOR: By stopping you from chasing about after the Master. You both know how dangerous he can be. Tegan says you saw him.

ADRIC: Yes, here, in one of these streets.

DOCTOR: What did he look like?

ADRIC: You know. The man you were talking to by the river....

(ADRIC BREAKS OFF,  
LOOKING DOWN TOWARDS THE  
END OF THE STREET)

ADRIC: There -- look! That's him!

(THEY ALL TURNS TO SEE:

THE TRANSLUCENT FIGURE OF  
THE WATCHER.

THE FIGURE VANISHES)

NYSSA: That can't be the  
Master....

DOCTOR: It isn't

NYSSA: That's the man who  
brought me here from Traken. (TO  
THE DOCTOR) A friend of yours.

DOCTOR: Yes, a sort of...  
passing acquaintance. He brought  
you here on my account. I hoped  
you'd be safer.

(THE DOCTOR MOVES BRISKLY  
DOWN THE STREET IN THE  
DIRECTION OF THE CENTRAL  
REGISTER. ADRIC AND  
NYSSA FOLLOW)

ADRIC: But I thought...

DOCTOR: I warned you against  
unnecessary guesswork.

ADRIC: He was the man who told  
you bad luck was on the way.

DOCTOR: He was right. And worse  
to come.

ADRIC: And you believe him?

44 (ep.3)

DOCTOR: I have to.

ADRIC: Have to? Why?

DOCTOR: Because he is here.

31. INT. LOGOPOLIS: AN EXTERNAL  
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE ROWS OF NUMBERERS  
ARE FROZEN INTO  
IMMOBILITY.

THE MASTER WHEELS THE  
SCREEN DOWN THE LENGTH OF  
THE ROOM, AND INTO:)

32. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL  
REGISTER. DAY.

(TEGAN, THE MONITOR AND  
THE LOGOPOLITANS TURN AS  
THE DOOR OPENS)

MASTER: Please remain where you  
are. I have it in my power to  
bring Logopolis to a complete  
halt.

33. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: ANOTHER STREET.  
DAY.

DOCTOR: Come on. We've got to find somewhere safe for you before it starts.

NYSSA: What starts?

DOCTOR: The Master's attack on Logopolis. I was vain enough to believe it was me he was after. Logopolis is his target.

ADRIC: Why?

DOCTOR: I'm beginning to realise there's a lot more to Block Transfer Computation than I thought. I suspect the Master realises that too.

ADRIC: The Monitor said they could make a copy of any space/time event in the Universe.

DOCTOR: Which is how they built a replica of the Pharos Complex.

ADRIC: And the antenna. Their maths must be very powerful to do that.

DOCTOR: And we still don't know why. Why copy the Pharos complex? The Monitor has some questions to answer.

(NYSSA HAS STOPPED)

NYSSA: Listen.

ADRIC: I can't hear anything.

DOCTOR: Quite.

NYSSA: Logopolis has stopped.

(THE DOCTOR APPROACHES  
THE NEAREST CELL.)

A LOGOPOLITAN SITS IN THE  
CUSTOMARY PLACE AT THE  
MOUTH OF HIS CELL. BUT  
HE IS COMPLETELY  
MOTIONLESS AND SILENT,  
HIS ABACUS LYING ON HIS  
LAP.

THE DOCTOR REACHES OUT  
AND TOUCHES HIM.

HE CRUMBLES AWAY TO DUST,  
A HOLLOW FRAGILE SHELL)

DOCTOR: The Central Register --  
quickly!

34. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE MONITOR, TEGAN AND THE LOGOPOLITANS STANDS RIVETTED TO IMMOBILITY IN FRONT OF THE MASTER.

THE SCREEN, WITH THE MASTER'S ADDED SILVER BOX, IS NOW POINTING INTO THE APERTURE ON THE MONITOR'S CONSOLE.

THE MONITOR IS DEEPLY ALARMED BY THIS TURN OF EVENTS)

MONITOR: Turn that machine off immediately. You fool! You have no idea what you are doing.

MASTER: Merely emitting a sound cancelling wave. Logopolis is now temporarily suspended, Monitor. The silence gives us an opportunity to discuss its future.

MONITOR: It won't have a future, and nor will anything else unless you stop now. You are eroding the structure and generating entropy.

MASTER: An absurd assertion, Monitor. I know the power of this device down to the last decibel.

MONITOR: But you don't know Logopolis!

MASTER: But I shall, shan't I, Monitor. Before I allow the fascinating sounds of life here to resume you will have told me all there is to know. Of the secret work you are doing here perhaps... I heard rumours of your plagiarism of the Earthling's fruitless Pharos project. Why have you created a copy here on Logopolis, Monitor? The time has come for you to share your secret with me.

MONITOR: I cannot tell you. No one must know. That has been our firm decision.

MASTER: Then we will wait until you change it. Patience is a particular virtue of mine.

TEGAN: Do as the man says -- switch it off.

MASTER: It is nothing more than a blanket of silence.

DOCTOR: (ENTERING WITH NYSSA AND ADRIC) Which is killing the Logopolitans and turning them to dust..

MASTER: Killing them? You expect me to believe that?

DOCTOR: The Monitor's right, Master. Your spirit of free enterprise is doing more damage than even you can imagine.

MONITOR: It may already be too late.

NYSSA: Father! What are you doing?

DOCTOR: That's not your father, Nyssa. Tremas is dead. Killed by the Master there!

NYSSA: Dead! You've killed my father.

(NYSSA RUSHES AS HIM.

BUT AS SHE REACHES TO GRAB HIM, THE ARM CONTROLLED BY THE ARMLET SEEMS SUDDENLY TO BE SUSPENDED IN THE AIR.

NYSSA TUGS AT IT, TRYING TO REACH THE MASTER WITH THE OTHER HAND, BUT IT IS AS IF SHE IS PULLING AGAINST AN INVISIBLE LEASH.

SHE FLAILS WILDLY)

MASTER: But his body remains useful. Without it I could not have conquered Logopolis.

DOCTOR: (ADVANCING ON THE MASTER WITH MENACE) This isn't conquest -- it's devastation.

MONITOR: Yes, you will destroy everything.

MASTER: You exaggerate, Monitor.  
Logopolis is not the Universe.

MONITOR: But it is! Logopolis is  
the keystone. If you destroy  
Logopolis, you unravel the whole  
causal nexus!

(THE MASTER ADVANCES ON  
THE MONITOR)

MASTER: (WITH A SNEER) Causal  
nexus! You insult my intelligence,  
Monitor.

TEGAN: (ASIDE; TO ADRIC)  
What's he talking about?

DOCTOR: (TO THE MASTER) Listen  
to him!

ADRIC: (ASIDE; TO TEGAN)  
Something's interfering with the  
law of cause and effect.

MASTER: Please step back,  
Doctor. Or...

(HE TOUCHES A BUTTON ON  
THE SILVER BOX.

NYSSA CRIES OUT IN PAIN  
AND HER ARM SWINGS ROUND  
THREATENINGLY TOWARDS THE  
DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR DULY  
RETREATS)

DOCTOR: Let her go.

(BUT ADRIC TAKES  
ADVANTAGE OF THE  
DIVERSION AND DIVES FOR  
THE SCREEN, SENDING IT  
FLYING.

BUT NYSSA'S HAND GOES TO  
HIS THROAT)

ADRIC: Nyssa! Let go.

NYSSA: (SURPRISED AT WHAT HER  
HAND IS DOING). I... can't...

MASTER: That is a demonstration  
of the causal nexus, Monitor. The  
electro-muscular constrictor gives  
me complete control over that hand.  
Please replace the screen, Doctor.  
Or one of your young friends will  
eliminate the other.

(THE DOCTOR DOES SO.

TEGAN STEPS UP TO THE  
MASTER)

TEGAN: You revolting man. I  
wouldn't take orders from you if  
you were the last man in the  
Universe.

DOCTOR: Which he may well be, if  
he carries on like this. (TO THE  
MASTER) Don't you see what the  
Monitor is telling us? Logopolis  
isn't the academic backwater it  
seems, but somehow crucial to the  
structure of creation.

MASTER: I have never been susceptible to argument based on abstract nouns, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Then come out into the streets and see what's happening.

(THE MASTER WAVERS, THEN DECISIVELY CROSSES TO THE SCREEN)

MASTER: No need for that, Doctor. I can demonstrate the continued functioning of Logopolis from here. (INDICATING THE SILVER BOX) This device only creates temporary silence. And can be switched off.

(HE DISCONNECTS THE SILVER BOX LONG ENOUGH TO PUT HIS EAR TO THE APERTURE ON THE CONSOLE TO LISTEN TO THE SOUNDS OF THE STREET.

HE APPEARS TROUBLED --  
THERE IS STILL NO SOUND)

MONITOR: You will hear nothing. Local disruption of structure is already irreversible. Logopolis is dead.

MASTER: I have never been susceptible to argument based on abstract nouns, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Then come out into the streets and see what's happening.

(THE MASTER WAVERS, THEN DECISIVELY CROSSES TO THE SCREEN)

MASTER: No need for that, Doctor. I can demonstrate the continued functioning of Logopolis from here. (INDICATING THE SILVER BOX) This device only creates temporary silence. And can be switched off.

(HE DISCONNECTS THE SILVER BOX LONG ENOUGH TO PUT HIS EAR TO THE APERTURE ON THE CONSOLE TO LISTEN TO THE SOUNDS OF THE STREET.

HE APPEARS TROUBLED --  
(THERE IS STILL NO SOUND)

MONITOR: You will hear nothing. Local disruption of structure is already irreversible. Logopolis is dead.

35. LOGOPOLIS: MODEL SHOT. DAY.

(THE CONVOLUTIONS ARE NOW  
NOTICEABLY SILTED UP IN  
PLACES, SMOOTHING THE  
CONTOURS AROUND THE  
OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.  
THE BIG ANTENNA STILL  
DOMINATES THE SKYLINE)

36. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

(TOTAL SILENCE. THE  
CELLS ARE EMPTY AND SOME  
HAVE ALREADY BEGUN TO  
CRUMBLE.)

THE MONITOR, THE DOCTOR,  
THE MASTER, ADRIC, NYSSA  
AND TEGAN ENTER WARILY)

MONITOR: (SPEAKING SOFTLY) We  
often speculated on what it might  
be like.

MASTER: (LOUDLY; TO THE MONITOR)  
You've done this deliberately. A  
ploy to deprive me of my prize.

(A NEARBY CELL COLLAPSES  
IN A LANDSLIDE OF  
RUBBLE)

MONITOR: Don't raise your voice.  
Nothing is solid now. Entropy has  
taken over.

(THE MASTER LOOKS ROUND,  
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME  
THE MONITOR'S MESSAGE  
BEGINS TO SINK IN)

TEGAN: (WHISPERING TO ADRIC)  
But what's he done?

ADRIC: Everything began to waste away when he interfered. But why...?

DOCTOR: [TO ADRIC] The Numbers. Somehow they were holding the whole structure together.

MASTER: The causal nexus broken? I don't believe it. Our own biomechanisms are untouched.

MONITOR: For them moment, yes. The degradation is random. But anything could happen.

MASTER: No, Monitor... this is some crude defence mechanism, a device to delude an enemy. Come, Nyssa, we'll wring the truth out of them.

(HE ACTIVATES THE BOX,  
DRAWING NYSSA NEARER TO  
HIM.

BUT WHEN HE TRIES TO  
ELEVATE HER ARM NOTHING  
HAPPENS.

HE STABS AT THE BOX WITH  
AN ANGRY FINGER)

MASTER: It's not working! [TO  
THE DOCTOR] What have you done?

DOCTOR: Don't look at me,  
Master. The entropy you released  
is eroding your systems too.

(THE MASTER BECOMES  
FRENETIC AT THE ARMLET  
CONTROLS)

MASTER: Entropy? Absurd... the  
power is weak... some freak  
interference. Increase the power.

MONITOR: More power will only speed the collapse.

(THE ARMLET ON NYSSA'S ARM SUDDENLY SHATTERS AND CRUMBLES TO THE GROUND.)

THE MASTER STOPS DEAD, STARING FIRST AT THE REMAINS OF THE ARMLET, THEN AT THE SURROUNDING STREET)

MONITOR: The things around us are now no more than husks of themselves. From this point the unravelling will spread out until all the universe is reduced to a uniform levelled nothingness.

MASTER: (FULL OF WONDERMENT) So it's true!

MONITOR: (IN A WHISPER) Don't move. Anybody...

(INSTINCTIVELY THEY ALL OBEY, EVEN THE MASTER.)

FROM ALL AROUND COMES THE CREAK AND SHUFFLE OF SHIFTING STRUCTURE)

DOCTOR: You may as well tell us the truth now, Monitor.

(THEY ALL LOOK TOWARDS THE MONITOR IN SILENCE)

MONITOR: Yes, Doctor, as you guessed -- our Numbers were keeping the fabric of the Universe together.

NYSSA: But how? Surely in a closed system like the universe entropy is bound to grow until it fills all logical space...

ADRIC: Because of the law... that Entropy Increases.

MONITOR: Certainly... if it remains closed. I congratulate you on the intelligence and understanding of your two young friends, Doctor. No, you're both quite correct. The universe long ago passed the point of total collapse as predicted by the Second Law of Thermodynamics.

MASTER: Passed the point?

MONITOR: Oh yes. But we had the means to postpone the time. Our Block Transfer Computations....

DOCTOR: That's why you adapted the Pharos project.

MONITOR: Yes, Doctor. We opened the system by creating voids into other universes.

37. LOGOPOLIS: MODEL SHOT. DAY.

(MANY OF THE CONVOLUTIONS  
ARE NOW ALMOST INVISIBLE  
BENEATH THE SILT.

THE BIG ANTENNA STILL  
RISES ABOVE IT ALL)

ADRIC: (VOICE OVER) The  
Charged Vacuum Emboitement!

DOCTOR: That's right, Adric. We  
passed through one of your voids,  
Monitor.

MONITOR: (VOICE OVER) They will  
be closing now. It depended on  
our continual endeavours -- a  
temporary solution while the  
Advanced Research Unit worked on a  
more permanent plan. But nothing  
will come of that now.

38. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: THE LANDING  
AREA. DAY.

MASTER: What Research Unit?

MONITOR: A team devoted to  
discoving a stable solution that  
did not depend on our own continued  
efforts. But now the team is  
destroyed. To think of that work  
too going to waste...

TEGAN: There must be something  
we can do. (SAVAGELY; TO THE  
MASTER) This will teach you to  
meddle with things you don't  
understand.

(A LANDSLIDE: THE EARTH  
SHAKES AS THE STREET  
CRUMBLES AROUND THEM.

WE RESUME THE SAME SCENE  
IN:)

39. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: THE LANDING  
AREA. DAY.

(SEEN AS THE SAME STREET  
NOW FLATTENED BY THE  
LANDSLIDE)

TEGAN: What did I do?

MONITOR: We are beyond  
recriminations now. Beyond  
everything...

DOCTOR: Almost everything. (TO  
THE MASTER) I can see only one  
possible course. As Time Lords you  
and I have a special  
responsibility.

MASTER: No, I refuse to contact  
Gallifrey.

DOCTOR: I'm not very keen on the  
idea myself. In a way we're both  
refugees.

MASTER: A pair of ex-patriates.

DOCTOR: I was going to suggest  
we pool our resources.

MASTER: If we do that there will  
be no question of your returning to  
Gallifrey. Perhaps for ever.

DOCTOR: I'm happy to leave that problem for the future. If there is one.

(TEGAN AND NYSSA ARE HORRIFIED)

TEGAN: Doctor! What are you doing?

NYSSA: How can you! The creature who killed my father...

(THE MASTER HOLDS OUT HIS HAND TOWARDS THE DOCTOR)

MASTER: Together, then.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS FROM THE MASTER TO HIS COMPANIONS, VERY MUCH SENSING THE DILEMMA)

DOCTOR: (TO HIS COMPANIONS; BEGINNING GENTLY) I can't choose the company I keep. Not in these circumstances. In fact I have never chosen my own company. Nyssa... you contacted me, you begged me to help you find your father. And you, Tegan... your own curiosity brought you into this...

(THE DOCTOR'S TONE HAS BECOME HARSH NOW, AS HE DELIBERATELY MAKES THE COMING SEPARATION EASIER FOR HIS COMPANIONS)

64 (ep.3)

DOCTOR: ...And as for you,  
Adric. Stowaway!

(THE MASTER'S HAND IS  
STILL EXTENDED.)

THE DOCTOR TURNS HIS BACK  
ON HIS COMPANIONS AND  
TAKES IT)

DOCTOR: Together. The one last  
hope.

MASTER: For all of us.

(SOLEMNLY THE MASTER AND  
THE DOCTOR SHAKE HANDS)

TELECINE 35mm

Supose Cam

Closing  
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm