

1 TV SCREEN 1

The BBC globe spins.

ANNOUNCER

This is the BBC. The following programme is based on actual events. It is important to remember, however, that you can't rewrite History. Not one line. Except, perhaps, when you embark on an Adventure in Space and Time...

Fade from this black and white image into...

CUT TO:

2 EXT. BARNES COMMON. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT X [37] (18:46) 2

July 1966.

Fog.

Dense. Unhealthy. British.

A tired-looking road sign reads 'Barnes Common'. The fog clears a little to reveal: a police telephone box.

Old. Battered. And, as we fade from black and white to colour...

Blue.

A sign on one door panel reads: 'Officers and cars respond to urgent calls'. Traffic goes carefully past.

Caption: 1966.

One car trundles to a halt and just stays there, headlights carving yellow tunnels into the fog.

The door of the Police Box opens, throwing a shaft of light into the night, and a policeman, REG, appears. He looks out towards the road and sees the stationary car, its engine ticking over. He frowns, clicks on a powerful torch and walks down to the road.

CUT TO:

3 INT/EXT. BILL'S CAR. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT X [37] (18:48) 3

Sitting at the wheel of the car, staring into space, is a grey-faced man, much older-looking than his 58 years. William Hartnell - BILL to his friends. At the moment, he doesn't have many of those.

There's a knock at the window. Bill doesn't seem to hear.  
REG, the policeman, tries again.

REG  
Everything alright, sir?

No answer.

REG (CONT'D)  
Are you ok?

Bill seems lost in reverie.

REG (CONT'D)  
You need to move along now, sir.

Bill turns to him. He looks haunted.

REG (CONT'D)  
Sir, you're in the way.

Bill winds down the window.

BILL  
Eh?

Reg turns the torch on him.

REG  
Sorry, sir but you... 'Ere! Aren't  
you - ?

BILL  
(snaps out of it)  
Sorry. Very sorry, officer.

Rapidly he winds up the window, puts the car into gear --

REG  
You're him, aren't you! You're  
Doctor Who!

-- and drives off.

REG (CONT'D)  
Wait till I tell the kids! They  
bloomin' love you!

Reg smiles as he watches the car vanish into the fog.

CUT TO:

4 INT. BILL'S CAR. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT X [37] (18:55) 4

BILL motors along, but he seems miles away. Tears well in his eyes.

He drives on into the night...

CUT TO:

5 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y [38] (19:15) 5

September 1966 - weeks later.

A terrifying face looms hugely into shot.

A CYBERMAN!

It has blank sockets instead of eyes and its face is made of a stretchy cloth like a stocking mask. Instead of ears it has huge, handle-like projections.

It raises a recognisably human hand, puffs on a skinny woodbine, then flops down into a chair.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)  
Len! For God's sake!

The Cyberman (LEN) swings round. DOUGLAS CAMFIELD, the studio A.D. stalks furiously up to him.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
You'll go up like a Roman Candle if you're not careful.

CUT TO:

5A INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIOS. CORRIDOR. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y [35A] - (19:15)

ECU on the tails of BILL's frock-coat as he walks down a dim corridor.

CUT TO:

5B INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y [38] - (19:56)

LEN  
Can I take my head off, mate? I'm boiling.

DOUGLAS  
No. We'll be starting up again in a minute.

LEN  
What's the hold up?

Douglas gives him a 'look'.

LEN (CONT'D)

Oh.

CUT TO:

5C INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIOS. CORRIDOR. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y [35C] - (19:16)

ECU the back of Bill's head. The flowing white hair...

CUT TO:

5D INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y [38] - (19:50)

LEN takes another drag on his ciggie.

LEN

Well, tell him to get his skates on. Some of us have got a bloody planet to invade.

Douglas jabs him in the ribs. BILL has entered the studio, dressed in all his finery as the Doctor. Frock-coat, cape, astrakhan hat.

He walks across the studio floor.

From his POV: scissor lights hanging from the ceiling, bulky TV cameras and milling CREW, dusting the studio with fake snow.

At last he approaches the outside of another set. Double doors with circular depressions in them suddenly swing open--

CUT TO:

6 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 - TARDIS. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y [38B] - (19:17)

-- and he's inside the TARDIS.

The incredible original. It's brightly lit, though the walls are, unexpectedly, a pale peppermint green, not white. At the centre, the big hexagonal control console, covered in dials and gauges and switches. The glass cylinder in the middle is still and silent. Lying under the console is a sweaty and grumpy young STAGE HAND.

He tries to force the glass cylinder to move but it's stuck fast so he gets up and walks off, not noticing BILL, standing in the doorway.

Bill gazes around the set and then looks up, closing his eyes.

The grinding sound of the TARDIS engines roars, overwhelming Bill's senses.

The 'year-ometer' on the TARDIS console starts clicking backwards. 1966, 1965, 1964 and comes to rest on... 1963.

Then the whole scene...

WHITES OUT.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. TV CENTRE. DAY 1 - (09:26)

7

March 1963

*Music: 'Dansevise' by Grethe and Jorgen Inmann.*

Driving a swanky, slightly vulgar sports car is a swanky, slightly vulgar man. He has a distinctive toothbrush moustache and a cigarette holder clamped between his teeth. This is SYDNEY.

The car streaks into TV Centre car park.

HERO c/u of Sydney against the 'doughnut', getting out of his car. Like the titles of a 60s spy TV show.

HARRY, a uniformed security guard, approaches.

HARRY

Can I see your pass, sir?

SYDNEY

Come on, Harry. You know my face...

HARRY

That's as maybe, sir.

SYDNEY

Sydney Newman. Clue's in the name.  
(points at himself)  
Better than any mug-shot.

HARRY

Still need to see your pass, sir.

With a heavy sigh, Sydney marches past Harry.

HARRY (CONT'D)

That's not the way we do things at the BBC, sir!

SYDNEY

You don't say.

CUT TO:

7A INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 1 - (09:30)

7A

SYDNEY marches purposefully along a corridor.

Beat.

He comes back the way he came. Lost. *Again.*

CUT TO:

8 INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY'S OFFICE. DAY 1 - (10:15)

8

The door is ajar. On it a sign: Sydney Newman - Head of Drama.

Reading a report, SYDNEY sits opposite two men - the sharp-faced REX TUCKER, and a quiet, pipe-smoking man in spectacles, MERVYN PINFIELD.

SYDNEY

So, we got a great big thumping audience for 'Grandstand' but we lose them before the teeny boppers tune in for 'Juke Box Jury', right?

MERVYN

Right. Erm... correct.

SYDNEY

We got a gap to plug.

REX

Twenty five minutes.

MERVYN

How about another Dickens?

Sydney pulls a face.

SYDNEY

Fossilised, Mervyn! Fusty. Frowsty. And lots of less polite words beginning with 'F'. Here's a word for you, though: Fun! *FUN!* You heard of fun, Mervyn?

MERVYN

(drily)

It that something else you've brought from ITV?

SYDNEY

I hope so. We need stuff to keep the sports fans hooked and the kids too.

MERVYN  
Competitive Tiddly-winks?

SYDNEY  
You know what I'm talking about.

REX  
(sighs)  
Science-fiction? Is it that popular?

SYDNEY  
It was last time I took a look.

REX  
With juvenile boys, perhaps.

SYDNEY  
(a steely smile)  
I like it.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. VERITY'S FLAT. NIGHT 2 - (19:21)

9

Early June 1963

A nice London mews flat. The sound of a hip party in full swing.

CUT TO:

10 INT. VERITY'S FLAT. NIGHT 2 - (19:22)

10

It's a blur of beehives, skinny trousers, ciggies and jazz. In the corner is a glum-looking heavily PREGNANT GIRL, smoking. A striking, dark-haired young woman, VERITY (LAMBERT) is dancing with JACKIE (JACQUELINE HILL), equally striking, with her hair piled up. She glances over at the pregnant girl and throws a surprised look back at Verity.

They yell over the noise of the party.

VERITY  
She thought the balloon had gone up.

JACKIE  
What?

VERITY  
She thought we'd all had it. Cuba!  
No point in holding back if the missiles started flying. So she put it about a bit.

JACKIE

*A lot!*

The music stops and they sink down exhaustedly onto the coat-covered sofa. They both have large glasses of red wine.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

So what did they say?

VERITY

"You're only a production assistant, dear. It's a bit of a leap".

(sighs)

I'm giving myself a year, Jackie. Get on in TV - or get out.

JACKIE

Oh. Listen. What do I know? I spend my time trying not to bump into the cameras - but don't pack in yet, Verity. Softly, softly, eh?

Verity shrugs and drinks her wine. It leaves her with a red stain at the corners of her mouth.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(pointing at Verity's lips)

You've got a -

VERITY

Oh.

She takes out a hankie and rubs at the corners of her mouth, then panics.

VERITY (CONT'D)

Oh Lord, it's on, isn't it?

JACKIE

What?

VERITY

The Space shot! The Soviets. Valentina whatsit. First woman in Space!

JACKIE

Oh God, yes!

Verity dashes over to the tiny TV and switches it on. As the valves warm up a picture appears. It's the BBC's terrible soap 'Compact'. Verity twists a clunky switch and changes the channel. A beaming female Cosmonaut appears, arriving back on Earth.

CUT TO:

10A INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY'S OFFICE. NIGHT 2 - (19:23) 10A

SYDNEY gazes out over his new empire. He smokes. Thinks.

SYDNEY  
(sotto, to himself)  
*Pop, pop, pop.*

CUT TO:

10B INT. VERITY'S FLAT. NIGHT 2 - (19.24) 10B

VERITY and JACKIE are on the sofa, watching the Cosmonaut, fascinated.

The phone starts ringing.

VERITY  
I wonder if they've got any jobs going.

JACKIE  
Who?

VERITY  
The Russians.

She reaches over for the phone, holding one hand over her ear against the din of the party.

VERITY (CONT'D)  
Hello? What?  
(listens)  
Oh! Sydney! Hello stranger.

CUT TO:

11 INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY'S OFFICE. NIGHT 2 - (19:24) 11

SYDNEY  
(into phone)  
You know anything about children, Verity?

CUT TO:

12 INT. VERITY'S FLAT. NIGHT 2 - (19:24) 12

VERITY  
(laughs)  
Not a thing.

CUT TO:

13 INT. TV CENTRE. MAIN RECEPTION. DAY 3 - (10:10) 13

June 1963 - a few days later.

Double doors fly open and SYDNEY powers into BBC reception, VERITY in his wake. She wears a 'GUEST' pass.

SYDNEY

We wanna do a science-fiction  
serial. Legitimate stuff, though.  
No tin robots or B.E.M.s

VERITY

B.E.M.s?

SYDNEY

Bug-Eyed Monsters! You know...  
Death rays and mutations. Brains in  
glass jars! All that kind of crap.

Sydney tries to hand her a file. She doesn't take it.

VERITY

Give me the bare bones.

They go through the doors into --

CUT TO:

14 EXT. TV CENTRE. DAY 3 - (10:11) 14

-- the exterior of the 'doughnut'.

SYDNEY

A good-looking guy, a good-looking  
girl and a kid who gets into  
trouble. Plus an older man. Quirky.  
I'll come back to him. They travel  
about in space and time getting  
into scrapes!

VERITY

Ooh! Lovely idea!

SYDNEY

You know me.  
(mimes machine gun)  
*Pop! Pop! Pop!*

CUT TO:

15 OMITTED 15

16 INT. TV CENTRE. SCENE DOCK. DAY 3 - (10:12) 16

Now they're in the scene dock. It's overflowing with Roman columns, fake shrubbery, painted flats.

SYDNEY

And we want history too.  
(gestures at flats)  
Proper history. The kids at home  
should learn something.

VERITY

And what about this other man? The  
quirky character?

SYDNEY

He's a Doctor.

VERITY

Doctor?

CUT TO:

17 INT. TV CENTRE. LIFT/CORRIDOR. DAY 3 - (10:13) 17

SYDNEY

He should be a doctor, don't you  
think? Makes him an authority  
figure but still kinda reassuring.  
(reads from file)  
"He hates scientists. Inventors.  
Improvers. And his ultimate aim is  
to destroy the future!"

Verity looks appalled.

Ping! The lift doors open and they stride out.

VERITY

Nuts!

SYDNEY

Excuse me?

VERITY

It's nuts! It's crazy! He sounds  
like a reactionary. Shouldn't he be  
curious about the Universe? Excited  
by *everything*? We want him to have  
mad adventures, find things out,  
not stop progress!

CUT TO:

18 INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY'S OFFICE. DAY 3 - (10:14) 18

SYDNEY marches into his office, VERITY behind him.

SYDNEY  
Top marks!  
(laughs)  
That's junked! I've got a much  
better idea.

He perches on the edge of his desk and tosses the file into her lap. On the cover, in biro is written 'Dr Who'.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
So?

Beat.

VERITY  
(sighs)  
I'd love to work with you again,  
Sydney. Really I would. But...  
Look, I gave myself a year. Get on  
or -

Sydney laughs and draws expansively on his cigarette. He looks every inch the old-fashioned Hollywood mogul.

SYDNEY  
I don't want you to be my assistant  
again, kid! I want you to produce  
it!

VERITY  
(stunned)  
*Produce it?*

SYDNEY  
Sure. There's never been a female  
producer here! You're just what  
this place needs. Someone with piss  
and vinegar in their veins!

VERITY  
Thanks.

Beat.

VERITY (CONT'D)  
I think.

Sydney draws on his cigarette again.

SYDNEY  
I did a show called 'Pathfinders'  
at ITV. You see it?

VERITY

Um...

SYDNEY

We had an old guy as the hero. A grumpy old guy. That's what we want here.

CUT TO:

18aA EXT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 4 - (19:31) 18aA

June 1963 - a few days later.

Two quaint, neighbouring Sussex cottages.

BILL (V.O.)

*Ten-hut! You 'orrible lot. I've never seen such a shower in all my born days!*

18A EXT. BRICK WALL. DAY Z 18A

The theme tune for 'The Army Game' belts out.

BILL is against a wall, dressed as a Sergeant-Major, flanked by two SQUADDIES.

BILL

(on screen)

*Wait for it, wait for it! Left turn! Oh my stars! What did I do to deserve you lot? This unit's got as much future as a ruddy snowman!*

19 INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 4 - (19:32) 19

CLOSE on a small black and white TV showing the Army Game.

BILL

Drivel.

Bill and his wife HEATHER are watching TV in the front room of their cottage. Heather is sitting on the carpet, playing with their five year old granddaughter - JUDITH. A dog snuffles about. Bill is fixing himself a whisky.

BILL (CONT'D)

No-one rung?

HEATHER

Not since you last asked.

BILL

Alright.

HEATHER  
Five minutes ago.

BILL  
(sharp)  
Alright, alright!

HEATHER  
I hate it when you're like this.  
You've only been out of work a few  
weeks -

BILL  
Well, I'm not built for lazing  
around, am I? I've got to graft. Or  
I'll go round the twist.

HEATHER  
What about that play - ?

BILL  
Another ruddy army part! No fear.  
That's all they ever offer me.  
Crooks and perishing Sergeant  
Majors!

HEATHER  
But that's how casting people see  
you, isn't it, love? Authority  
figures.

Judith starts 'walking' the doll up Bill's leg.

JUDITH  
(singing)  
*"My Grandfather's a funny 'un..."*

BILL  
Don't do that.

JUDITH  
*"...he's got a face like a pickled  
onion - "*

BILL  
Stop it.

She gives up. Bill sinks his whisky.

Bernard Bresslaw appears on the TV screen, doing his famous  
catchphrase - *"I only arsked"*. Bill glowers.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Bloody rubbish.

HEATHER  
*Bill!* Not in front of Judi.

Judith starts again.

JUDITH  
"My Grandfather's a funny 'un- "

BILL  
**I said stop it!**

Judith reacts as if scalded.

JUDITH  
Why are you always so grumpy,  
Sampa?

BILL  
What? What's it got to do with you?  
Ridiculous child.

Judith looks up at him, tears springing to her eyes. Then she flees up the stairs.

HEATHER  
(calling)  
Judi-poodi!  
(to Bill)  
For Heaven's sake! Go after her,  
Bill.

BILL  
I told the girl once. What's wrong  
with her? Cloth-ears?

Heather sighs, gets up and heads for the stairs. She nods to the TV.

HEATHER  
Don't you like being successful?

He jabs his finger towards the TV.

BILL  
That's not success. I'm legitimate!  
A legitimate character actor! Of  
the stage and film!

Heather nods wearily. She's heard all this before.

HEATHER  
(sotto)  
I only asked.

CUT TO:

20

EXT. TV CENTRE. DAY 5 - (09:12)

20

Mid-June 1963.

A black cab draws up and VERITY gets out. She's supremely elegant in a simple black dress and heels. She smooths down her dress and looks up at the impressive new building. Well, here goes.

CUT TO:

20A INT. TV CENTRE RECEPTION. DAY 5 - (09:12) 20A

VERITY sweeps through TVC, happy, confident and beaming. Heads can't help but turn.

CUT TO:

21 INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 5 - (09:14) 21

More heads turn as VERITY passes an open door. Somebody giggles. Verity stops, turns. The giggler is shushed.

Discomfited, looks back. Two people have stepped out into the corridor and are watching her. We only see them as silhouettes.

CUT TO:

22 INT. TV CENTRE. ROOM 5014. DAY 5 - (09:18) 22

VERITY throws open an office door to find REX and MERVYN huddled over a desk, ploughing through 10 x 8 photos of actors. There are lots more photos on the walls. The two men don't look up as Verity arrives.

REX

What about Leslie French? He'd be marvellous.

MERVYN

He's working with Visconti. Gave us a polite 'no'.

REX

Cyril Cusack?

MERVYN

A less polite 'no'.  
(looks up, sees Verity)  
Can I help you?

VERITY

I think you're in my office.

REX

That's a rather interesting way of looking at it.

VERITY  
I'm rather an interesting person.

REX  
(puzzled)  
I don't doubt it. Rex Tucker. I'm looking after 'Doctor Who'.

VERITY  
Pending the appointment of the permanent producer.

MERVYN  
(peering behind her)  
Oh. Is he with you?

VERITY  
You're looking at him.

Rex ignores her and goes back to the photos.

REX  
I keep coming back to Hugh David.

VERITY  
*Who?*

MERVYN  
(mollifying)  
He was in 'Knight Errant' on ITV. Lovely actor.

VERITY  
Not old enough for the Doctor, surely?

REX  
(sharp)  
Well, we don't want Grandpa Moses, do we? We need someone who can play older. The shooting schedule's going to be pretty punishing.

VERITY  
I've got some ideas.

REX  
I'll call Hugh. See what he thinks.

VERITY  
I'd rather you didn't.

REX  
Is that a fact?

VERITY  
Waste of time.

There's a frosty silence.

VERITY (CONT'D)  
We need someone like Frank Morgan  
in the Wizard of Oz.

REX  
(grumpy)  
He's dead.

MERVYN  
Rex -

REX  
And American.

VERITY  
I said "like".

Beat.

MERVYN  
Well, perhaps we should all sleep  
on it. After all, it took them  
months to find Scarlet O'Hara!

No-one laughs.

Verity gathers her things. Mervyn takes Verity's elbow.

MERVYN (CONT'D)  
Um... dear lady, may I have a word?

CUT TO:

23

INT. TV CENTRE. NEWS STUDIO. DAY 5 - (09:25)

23

An almost empty studio. Unmanned cameras stand by like robots. There's also a primitive autocue machine.

MERVYN is holding a script. He prepares his pipe. VERITY stands opposite, flinty and unsmiling.

MERVYN  
You were Sydney's production  
assistant on the other channel?

VERITY  
Yes.

MERVYN  
So this is quite a promotion.

VERITY  
Apparently.

MERVYN  
Bound to ruffle a few feathers.

VERITY  
If feathers don't ruffle, nothing  
flies.

Mervyn smiles. Very good.

MERVYN  
This show is going to be a terrific  
challenge, you know. Outer space.  
Time Travel.

He holds up the script: 'An Unearthly Child' by Anthony  
Coburn.

MERVYN (CONT'D)  
In the first script they go back to  
the Stone Age. You'll need all the  
help you can get. So Rex is to act  
as a... mentor to you.

VERITY  
(shakes head)  
A ship can't have two captains.

MERVYN  
Dear lady -

VERITY  
Please don't call me that.

MERVYN  
Sorry.

VERITY  
And what about you? What's your  
function?

MERVYN  
I'm to be your sort of technical  
boffin. Help you through the mire  
of all this.

He gestures at the equipment.

VERITY  
(sighs)  
Sydney obviously thinks I'm the  
right person for the job. That's  
what he wants for 'Doctor Who'.  
Someone with piss and vinegar in  
their veins.

MERVYN  
Is that what he said?

VERITY  
He's very blunt.

MERVYN  
*Ye-es.*

Beat.

MERVYN (CONT'D)  
Look, all I'm saying dear (lady) -  
Verity gives him a sharp look.

MERVYN (CONT'D)  
*Verity.* All I'm saying is that  
experience is not a dirty word.

Beat.

MERVYN (CONT'D)  
Don't fight us. Perhaps you could  
add a few drops of warm beer in  
with your...

VERITY  
Piss and -

MERVYN  
(over)  
*Mixture.* Just for the time being.

Verity just shrugs. That's the best he's going to get for  
now.

MERVYN (CONT'D)  
(checks watch)  
Well. We'd better clear out. The  
News people will be arriving.

Verity taps the autocue machine.

VERITY  
That's clever. So they don't have  
to look down at their words all the  
time.

MERVYN  
Yes. Quite a wheeze.

VERITY  
Someone'll make a fortune out of  
that.

MERVYN  
I suppose so. Shame I didn't get to  
the patent office faster.

VERITY

Why?

MERVYN

I invented it.

He ambles out of the studio.

On Verity: Oh.

Over this: a phone ringing.

CUT TO:

24 INT. COTTAGE. DAY 6 - (11:20)

24

July 1963.

HEATHER picks up the phone.

HEATHER

Hello? Oh, hello, love.

(listens)

Oh yes?

She smiles with relief.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY 6 - (11:45)

25

BILL and HEATHER are out walking the dog in the muddy fields near the cottage.

HEATHER

Well, have a look, Bill. It certainly sounds *different*. It's an old man part, you know.

BILL

(excited)

Is it?

HEATHER

Yes! Like 'This Sporting Life'.

BILL

I love playing older!

HEATHER

I know.

BILL

Well? When's he sending it?

HEATHER

Popped it in the post today. He sounded very upbeat on the phone. Says it's a smashing role.

BILL

(impressed)  
For the BBC!

HEATHER

And it's for kiddies!

Bill's smile drops. He lifts his hand to his lapels in what will become a very familiar gesture. His face is thunderous.

CUT TO:

25A INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 7 - (14:30)

25A

July 1963 - a few days later.

A small, dark-haired figure (WARIS HUSSEIN) walks along the corridor, head buried in a script.

CUT TO:

26 INT. TV CENTRE. ROOM 5014. DAY 7 - (14:30)

26

VERITY and MERVYN are looking down from the office window. REX is getting into his car. He glances up at them, then drives away.

Mervyn pushes his glasses up onto the bridge of his nose.

MERVYN

Am I next?

Verity smiles and pats his arm affectionately.

VERITY

Anything from the design department?

MERVYN

No. They're not being very helpful, I'm afraid.

WARIS (O.S.)

What is *this*?!

Suddenly, a handsome young Indian man, WARIS appears in the office, waving a script.

WARIS (CONT'D)

What're we going to do with *this*?  
Stone Age Man going 'Ug'!

(MORE)

WARIS (CONT'D)

It's crazy! Cavemen and doctors and  
disappearing bloody police boxes!  
(despairs)  
*What're we going to do?*

He sinks down into a chair.

MERVYN

(gestures to Waris)  
Waris Hussein. Our director.

VERITY

Verity.

She holds out her hand. Waris shakes it absently.

VERITY (CONT'D)

What have you just been working on?

Beat.

WARIS

(a bit sheepish)  
'Compact'.

VERITY

Oh. High art indeed.

WARIS

(smiles)  
Shut up.

MERVYN

Don't people say 'Ug' in 'Compact'?

WARIS

Frequently. Mostly after a liquid  
lunch.

VERITY

The Cave Men script is the only one  
ready to go. So we *have* to start  
with it.

WARIS

And where are we shooting?

VERITY

Lime Grove.  
(grim)  
Studio 'D'.

WARIS

Oh, God, not there! We can't do  
anything there! It's a broom  
cupboard! It's *smaller* on the  
inside!

(MORE)

WARIS (CONT'D)

It's the wrong shape and the  
sprinklers go off when it gets hot!

MERVYN

(drily)

But apart from that...?

VERITY

Well. You'll make it brilliantly,  
won't you?

WARIS

Oh. I see. Simple as that.

He sighs and throws the script down.

WARIS (CONT'D)

It'll never work.

Beat.

WARIS (CONT'D)

(grins)

When do we start?

CUT TO:

27

INT. BBC CLUB. NIGHT 7 - (19:21)

27

A busy bar. The room is stuffed with middle-aged white men, a haze of tobacco smoke hanging over them. WARIS is waiting to be served. VERITY sits at a nearby table.

The Barman turns and Waris tries to get served.

WARIS

Excuse me -

The Barman glances at him - then pointedly serves someone else first.

BARMAN

Yes sir?

VERITY (O.S.)

Vodka and tonic and a red wine,  
please.

Waris looks up. Verity's now next to him.

BARMAN

Sorry, love, I'm serving -

Verity gives him a terrifying glare.

VERITY

Vodka and tonic and a red wine.

He opens his mouth to argue - but then decides against it and lifts a glass to the vodka optic.

WARIS

Thanks. I'd have been stood here all night.

He looks away and catches sight of a very dishy YOUNG MAN in the corner of the bar, giving him the glad eye.

Waris looks away, hugely embarrassed.

Verity has noticed.

VERITY

"We are all strangers in a strange land."

WARIS

Very profound.

VERITY

Isn't it?  
(smiles)  
You'll find I'm generally pretty profound.

WARIS

I wish I had your front.

VERITY

I wish I had your behind.

WARIS

*Shh!*

VERITY

Like a little peach.

WARIS

(laughing)  
Shut up!

Beat.

VERITY

Don't be fooled, love. That's all it is. *Front*. Inside, I'm shaking like a leaf.

WARIS

(nods)  
I'm here by the skin of my bloody teeth too. First Indian director this place has ever had!

VERITY  
So, we've got to stick together,  
haven't we? Make our little show  
work. That'll teach them.

WARIS  
Who?

VERITY  
The old guard.  
(looks about)  
This sea of fag smoke, tweed and  
sweaty men.

Beat.

VERITY (CONT'D)  
Not that I'm knocking sweaty men.

WARIS  
(grins)  
I should hope not.

He risks another look. The Young Man is still there. He smiles. Waris looks away again.

WARIS (CONT'D)  
Listen, I don't know how to say  
this... I overheard a couple of old  
horrors standing by the tea urn.  
They said "Well, she didn't get  
here standing up, did she?"

VERITY  
Ha! Sydney's bit of fluff, am I?

WARIS  
That seems to be the impression.  
How else could you get a promotion  
like this?

VERITY  
A promotion like *what*? I'm trying  
to re-create the Stone Age with  
Airfix glue and bloody bacofoil!

WARIS  
We're trying to.

VERITY  
Yes. Sorry.

Beat.

WARIS  
It doesn't bother you? That they  
talk?

VERITY

It's change, Waris. That's what they can't stand. Change. Anyway, I've got a plan.

WARIS

Oh?

VERITY

I'm going to treat myself. Every week. New dress. New earrings. Then, when I hear them whispering, I'll tell myself it's just about my fabulous new wardrobe!

Waris glances across the room again. The Young Man lingers for a moment on the threshold of the bar, then makes a sad face and goes. Verity clocks this but doesn't say anything.

Waris raises his vodka.

WARIS

Here's to us. The posh wog!

VERITY

And the pushy Jewish bird!

WARIS

L'chaim!

VERITY

Cheers.

WARIS

We could have our own series!

VERITY

We *do*!

They drink.

WARIS

So. What about our lead? Anyone in mind?

CUT TO:

28

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. DAY 8 - (13:05)

28

Mid-July 1963 - a few days later.

BILL

I don't want any of this muck, thanks very much. I'll have a drink.

BILL sits in between VERITY and WARIS at a round table in a Chinese restaurant. He looks sour and more than a little uncomfortable.

WARIS

Right.

Waris looks round for a waiter.

BILL

You're the director, son?

WARIS

Yes!

Bill looks him up and down, then glances at Verity.

BILL

Hardly out of the cradle, the pair of you.

(sighs)

Right. Let's talk turkey. I'm not sure about this. Not sure at all.

VERITY

No?

BILL

No. Apart from anything else, I don't want to take on another long run. Had enough of that on 'The Army Game'. Nearly killed me. Like weekly bloody rep!

The waiter approaches.

BILL (CONT'D)

Whisky and soda. Chopee, chopee.

Waris winces a little.

BILL (CONT'D)

Whose idea was all this? That fella from ITV?

VERITY

Sydney Newman, yes. But so many people have been in at the birth of the thing...

(shrugs)

We'd be here all day...

Under this: Dum-de-dum-dum-de-dum...

Hesitant notes on a piano...

CUT TO:

29 INT. RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP. DAY 8 29

CLOSE on sheet music. A jumble of pencil-written notes. In the margin: 'Dr Who by Ron Grainer'.

A stylish, elfin, ethereal-looking woman in a dark dress, DELIA DERBYSHIRE sits at the piano, picking out the notes of the soon-to-be-familiar theme tune.

CUT TO:

30 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. DAY 8 - (13:10) 30

VERITY

Two school teachers. Ian and Barbara. They're intrigued about one of their pupils. A young girl called Susan. She seems to have impossible knowledge for a girl from 1963. So the school-teachers follow her home. But 'home' is a junkyard -

BILL

Yes, yes. Scripts! I need to see scripts.

VERITY

Oh they're going wonderfully!  
*Wonderfully!*

CUT TO:

31 INT. TV CENTRE. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY 8 31

A worried-looking MERVYN is reading a script. He runs his hand through his hair - and slides the script into the bin.

CUT TO:

32 INT. RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP. DAY 8 32

The tune is now coming out of a reel-to-reel tape recorder.

Surrounded by curious-looking machines is DELIA. She taps her foot to the bass line. Dum-de-dum-dum-de-dum...

CUT TO:

33 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. DAY 8 - (13:15) 33

VERITY

The BBC are really excited about the show.

(MORE)

VERITY (CONT'D)

They're throwing everything at it.  
State of the art facilities.

CUT TO:

34 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. DAY 8 34

A cramped, ancient, 'L' shaped studio. An elderly STAGEHAND in a brown coat is sweeping up, ready for the new arrivals. A dog is widdling on the jamb of the open doors.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. DAY 8 - (13:20) 35

WARIS

And in the middle of the junkyard  
is -

BILL

(cutting across)  
How do they get about? A flying  
saucer or something?

VERITY

(shakes head)  
No. Too corny.

BILL

I'd have thought it was very up to  
the minute!

VERITY

Nothing dates faster!

CUT TO:

35A INT. LIME GROVE STUDIOS. DAY 8 35A

We see a wooden door being screwed into place on its hinges.

VERITY (V.O.)

Ours is a space and time machine -  
that can blend in with its  
background.

CUT TO:

35B INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. DAY 8 - (13:25) 35B

BILL

You mean it's covered in invisible  
paint or something?

WARIS  
No, it adapts to suit its  
environment.

BILL  
Pricey. Changing what it looks like  
every week.

VERITY  
Necessity is the mother of  
invention, Bill! So - it gets stuck  
in one shape.

WARIS  
A police box!

CUT TO:

35C INT. LIME GROVE STUDIOS. DAY 8 35C

The panelled door now in place in the familiar police box  
shape.

We pull out to see the TARDIS being painted blue.

BILL (V.O.)  
A police box?

CUT TO:

35D INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. DAY 8 - (13:30) 35D

VERITY  
How gorgeous would that be? An  
ordinary twentieth century object  
on the surface of an alien planet!  
Or in the middle of the battle of  
Hastings!

CUT TO:

36 INT. RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP. DAY 8 36

DELIA is carrying reams of magnetic tape the length of the  
corridor. She runs out of space and makes a snap decision to  
reel the tape further - into the Ladies' loo.

Under this: The theme tune becoming more and more  
recognizable. Dum-de-dum-dum-de-dum...woo-oo!

CUT TO:

37 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. DAY 8 - (13:35) 37

VERITY

And the opening titles are like nothing you've ever seen.

WARIS

You see, if you point a camera down its own monitor, it creates the most wonderful shapes...

CUT TO:

38 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. DAY 8 38

A TV camera stands in a darkened room, next to a monitor.

MERVYN is with a young male PA. He turns the camera round so its lens is pointing towards the monitor. He strikes a match in front of the lens.

WARIS (V.O.)

Patterns. Like mirrors, endlessly reflecting. Swooping and pulsing, like butterfly's wings...

On a big screen behind him, a pattern begins to form. The strange and beguilingly beautiful opening graphics of the show.

MERVYN

I wonder if Doctor Who's face should appear? Just pop in front of the camera would you, Tony?

The PA steps in front of the camera and his face appears on the screen, distorted, smeared and pulled out of shape.

MERVYN (CONT'D)

Oh Christ, no! It's terrifying!

Under this: the theme tune becoming stranger, more electronic...

CUT TO:

39 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. DAY 8 - (13:40) 39

WARIS

And the new Radiophonic Workshop is handling the music and effects. All entirely electronic! It's heady stuff!

Over this: the grinding sound of the TARDIS engines.

CUT TO:

40 INT. RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP. DAY 8 40

MERVYN listens to the effect blasting out of speakers.

DELIA  
You said you wanted the sound of  
Space and Time ripping apart...

MERVYN  
Yes. How did you do it?

A young man - BRIAN - holds up a Yale key and scrapes it up  
and down the strings of a gutted piano.

DELIA  
Brian's house-keys!

Mervyn laughs, delighted.

DELIA (CONT'D)  
And this is the theme so far.

She presses a tape button and the embryonic theme tune drifts  
out.

DELIA (CONT'D)  
Sort of... wind and bubbles, that  
was the composer's note.

MERVYN  
Has he heard it yet?

DELIA  
(nods)  
He said 'Did I really write that? '

MERVYN  
What did you say?

DELIA  
(shrugs)  
Most of it.

CUT TO:

41 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. DAY 8 - (13:45) 41

BILL  
And what about the Doctor himself?

VERITY  
Your character?

BILL  
(warming)  
We'll see.

VERITY  
He whisks the school teachers off from their own time. But he can't remember how to fly his ship. So they're always landing in unexpected places. He's something like six hundred years old. Looks like a senile old man but he's tough.

WARIS  
Tough and wiry like an old turkey. It's what you do so well, Mr Hartnell. Stern and scary -

Bill gives him a look.

WARIS (CONT'D)  
- but with a twinkle.

VERITY  
Trust me, Bill. You're perfect for it. No-one will be able to resist you.

BILL  
You really think so?

VERITY  
C.S. Lewis meets H.G. Wells meets Father Christmas! That's the Doctor.

BILL  
Hmmp.

Beat.

Bill puts his hands to his lapels.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Doctor *who*?

With a gurgling rush, the theme music ends.

BILL looks at the two eager young people. And smiles.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. TV CENTRE. DAY 9 - (11:10)

42

*FLASH!*

August 1963

A press call. BILL stands with a glass of champagne in his hand. With him are VERITY and the rest of the regular cast: RUSS (William Russell), CAROLE ANN FORD and JACKIE (whom we last saw at Verity's party). Bulbs flash.

Bill goes off to have some solo shots taken.

VERITY  
You're a brick for doing this.

JACKIE  
Contractually obliged, darling -

VERITY  
No, no! I mean doing the show.  
You'll all give it such gravitas.  
*Thank you.*

She kisses Jackie on the cheek and goes to speak to REPORTERS.

JACKIE  
(to Russ, nodding towards  
Bill)  
What do you make of him?

RUSS  
Oh, I've always been a fan.  
Wonderful screen actor.

JACKIE  
He frightens the life out of me.

CAROLE ANN  
I think he's sweet. Bless him.

RUSS  
Bless him?  
(laughs)  
He's not as old as he looks.

JACKIE  
Must've had a tough life.  
(to Carole)  
You ok?

CAROLE ANN  
Scared to death!

JACKIE  
Me too.

Beat.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Oh well. Goodbye real world!

She turns to the cameras and gives a shy smile.

Flash! *FLASH!*

CUT TO:

42aA INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 9 - (15:14) 42aA

VERITY heads for the BBC Design Office.

CUT TO:

42A INT. DESIGN OFFICE. DAY 9 - (15:15) 42A

VERITY stands opposite a craggy-looking Polish man, PETER BRACHACKI. He's busy at a drawing board.

PETER  
Patience. *Patience.*

VERITY  
I have the patience of a saint. But it's wearing very thin! We need the inside of the TARDIS right now!

PETER  
I'm busy. You'll get your time machine when I can find a moment...

VERITY  
You're too busy for a children's programme? Is that it?

PETER  
Not at all. We had a Children's Department once. Before all this... this -

VERITY  
Change?

PETER  
*Revolution!*

VERITY  
Oh don't be so melodramatic.

PETER  
Newman has messed things up. The Drama Department should not be handling a show like this.

VERITY  
(temper flares)  
A show like *what?!*

Peter looks at up at her and smiles icily.

PETER  
Patience.

CUT TO:

43 INT. COTTAGE. DAY 10 - (16:09)

43

August 1963 - a few days later.

BILL is sitting by the fire, learning his lines. He holds a bookmark over the relevant section, then closes his eyes, muttering the lines back to himself.

BILL  
*"If you could touch the alien sand  
and listen to the sound of..."*

He peeks at his lines.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Bugger. *"If you could touch the  
alien sand and hear the cry of  
strange birds and watch them wheel  
in another sky, would that satisfy  
you? Susan and I are cut off from  
our own people. But one day we  
shall get back. Yes. One day. One  
day."*

Bill looks round. His granddaughter, JUDITH, is standing behind him.

JUDITH  
Who's Susan?

BILL  
My granddaughter.

JUDITH  
*I'm your granddaughter.*

BILL  
(kindly)  
Yes. Yes of course you are, love.

He beckons to Judith and she comes closer.

BILL (CONT'D)  
But she's my granddaughter in the  
story I'm doing on the television.  
I play a funny old man who lives  
inside a magic box.

Bill pats his knee and little Judith jumps up into his lap.

JUDITH  
Like a jack in the box, Sampa?

BILL  
A little like that, yes. But it's  
really a machine in disguise. A  
time machine.

Judith looks puzzled.

JUDITH  
Do you know how to fly a time  
machine, Sampa?

BILL  
Hm? Yes! Yes, of course I do!  
You'll see. You'll see when I'm on  
the television. We'll be going back  
through history to meet Kings and  
Queens. And off to distant planets  
where the Doctor will have all  
kinds of adventures.

JUDITH  
*The Doctor?*

BILL  
That's the old man I'm playing.

JUDITH  
A doctor? Does he make people  
better?

CUT TO:

44 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. DAY 11 - (15:27)

44

August 1963 - a few days later.

A junkyard set with big wooden gates. Amidst the broken  
furniture, shop dummies etc is the police box exterior of the  
TARDIS. In their everyday clothes are BILL, RUSS and JACKIE,  
scripts in hand.

WARIS is seated by the wall, watching intently. CAROLE sits  
by him.

VERITY, in a strikingly colourful new dress, is in the corner  
of the studio having an urgent phone conversation.

BILL  
*Don't you think you're being rather  
high-handed, young man? You thought  
you saw a young girl enter the  
yard. You imagine you heard her  
voice? Not very substantial is it?*

JACKIE  
*But why won't you help us?*

VERITY comes over.

VERITY  
(sotto)  
How is he?

WARIS  
(sotto)  
Tetchy as hell.

BILL  
*I'm not hindering you. If you both want to make fools of yourselves, I suggest you do what you said you'd do and ask a policeman... bugger - find a policeman.*

RUSS  
*While you nip off quietly in the other direction?*

WARIS  
(sotto)  
Nice frock.

VERITY  
(sotto)  
Thank you.  
(smiles)  
Everyone's talking about it.

Waris nods to Carole.

CAROLE ANN  
(calls)  
*What are you doing out there?*

RUSS  
*She is in there!*

BILL  
*Close the door, Susan!*

Bill and Russ wrestle and Jackie dashes past them.

WARIS  
Ok! Ok, everyone. That's where we stop the tape and go inside the spaceship.

BILL  
If it's ever built!

WARIS

Yes. Ok. Good. Well done. Everyone happy?

BILL

No, I'm not happy. Not at all! Miss Lambert! A word, if you please!

RUSS

(quickly)  
Coffee?

JACKIE

Good idea!

CAROLE ANN

Good idea!

They melt away to the tea urn where ARTHUR, a cameraman sits, reading his paper.

CUT TO:

45 INT. LIME GROVE. CORRIDOR. DAY 11 - (15:35) 45

SYDNEY marches purposefully down the corridor. STAFF get out of his way as he powers along.

CUT TO:

46 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. DAY 11 - (15:38) 46

BILL is with VERITY. WARIS stays to one side, seemingly checking props but trying to keep out of it.

BILL

The set for the machine? TARDIS?  
When is it arriving?

VERITY

There's been a... delay.

BILL

It won't do. It just won't do!

VERITY

I'm very sorry -

BILL

I don't know how I'm expected to...  
to cope with all the gibberish I  
have to spout without a bloody set  
to work on. I need time to plot out  
all the buttons, you see.

VERITY

Buttons?

BILL

On the controls! All the switches and dials. I need to know what they all do, don't I? What if I press something to close the doors and the next week I use it to blow us all up! You must see that? The children will spot it, you see, if we try and fudge it.

Waris and Verity exchange a look. Verity looks a bit overwhelmed.

CUT TO:

46A INT. LIME GROVE STUDIO CORRIDOR. DAY 11 - (15:40) 46A

SYDNEY approaches the entrance to the studio.

CUT TO:

46B INT. LIME GROVE STUDIO 'D'. DAY 11 - (15:41) 46B

BILL

(waves script)

And we must discuss my character!

VERITY

Right -

BILL

He's too abrasive. Too nasty. Do you see? Where's that twinkle you talked about? The thing that made me so right for it?

Verity spots SYDNEY striding into the studio and grabs his arm.

VERITY

Sydney Newman, Head of Drama - may I introduce Mr William Hartnell -

SYDNEY

Right! Our Doctor! Great choice. I'm a big fan. Big fan.

BILL

Thank you. But I need to discuss -

SYDNEY

What was that terrific war picture, you did? What was that?

BILL

Well, I've done a few. 'The Way Ahead'?

SYDNEY

Yeah! Hell of a picture. You were sensational!

BILL

Oh. Do you really think so?

VERITY

(joining in)

Oh yes. Absolutely extraordinary.

BILL

I did get some very nice notices. Yes.

WARIS

(chiming in)

Was that before or after 'Brighton Rock'?

BILL

Um. Before...

SYDNEY

Of course! You were in 'Brighton Rock'! Wow! Wonderful performance.

BILL

Oh. Well. Haha. You're very kind.

(shrugs)

It should have led to much bigger and better things, you know but... I wasn't blessed.

SYDNEY

Not blessed? What the hell are you talking about? Sure you're blessed. You're going to be Doctor Who, aren't you?

BILL

Well, yes -

SYDNEY

Perfect choice for my little show. My idea anyway. That's what I do. Ideas! I came into ITV one day. I got an idea, I said. 'The Avengers'! What's it about, they said. How the hell should I know, I said. But what a title!

(mimes machine gun)

Pop! Pop! Pop!

He roars with laughter. Bill can't help but be charmed.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
You're going to make a huge impact  
with this character, sir.

BILL  
I am?

SYDNEY  
Only a movie star could do it. So  
nuanced. So many layers.

Bill flutters a little. Of course, he's delighted.

BILL  
Well, you know. One tries.

Sydney brings Waris into the fold, wrapping his arms round  
him and Verity.

SYDNEY  
And these kids are perfect for it.  
Couldn't be in safer hands. Energy!  
Youth! Fun! *Pop! Pop! Pop!*

He mimes the machine gun again.

They all laugh.

CUT TO:

ARTHUR the cameraman looks over from his 'Daily Mail' and  
glares at the motley little group.

ARTHUR  
(with distaste)  
*Freaks.*

CUT TO:

BILL goes off, still chuckling.

VERITY  
Thank you so much, Sydney. You've  
no idea what a diff -

SYDNEY  
(sharp)  
Be a producer, Verity! Find a way  
to deal with this stuff! Or are you  
out of your depth?

He exits. Verity is chastened. She looks over at Waris then  
gathers herself. **Right.**

CUT TO:

46C INT. LIME GROVE STUDIOS. CORRIDOR. DAY 11 - (16:02) 46C

VERITY marches determinedly down the corridor.

CUT TO:

47 INT. DESIGN OFFICE. DAY 11 - (16:05) 47

VERITY plonks herself down into a chair opposite PETER. His desk is strewn with bits and bobs for model making. Glue, balsa wood, paints, cotton reels. He's smoking and popping discs out of a piece of pre-formed white plastic.

PETER

What are you doing?

VERITY

Being patient.

PETER

What?

VERITY

I can be very patient.

PETER

You can't stay here!

He starts gluing the popped-out discs onto a model chariot to make wheels.

VERITY

Now what shall we talk about? I've got *all day*.

PETER

Don't be ridiculous!

Verity gestures round the walls at the framed pictures.

VERITY

The Old Curiosity Shop! The Roman Forum! The Hanging Gardens of Babylon! Symphonies in pencil and ink. So, surely you can knock me up a teeny little time machine?

Peter plonks the cotton reel in the middle of the desk.

VERITY (CONT'D)

Just turn that blazing talent to my little kiddies' show and who knows what might happen? Won't take you half an hour, will it?

PETER

You are a very trying woman -

VERITY

Then I'll get out of your hair.

Peter takes a many-sided thruppeny bit out of his pocket and puts it on top of the cotton reel.

VERITY (CONT'D)

Maybe the Muse will be with you!  
Maybe it'll be the best thing you  
ever thought of -

Peter rapidly assembles the discarded plastic sheets into three 'walls'. Without the popped-out 'discs' they have distinctive round holes in them.

PETER

Very well! Very well! Here! Here,  
madam! Here's your bloody 'TARDIS'!

Verity gets up and looks down at the 'model'. She smiles.

We fade from this image to --

CUT TO:

48 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D' - TARDIS. NIGHT 12 - (21:52) 48

-- the TARDIS interior in all its glory.

September 1963.

The studio floor. In costume, BILL, RUSS and JACKIE are standing by the Police Box double doors - which are being held in place by two stage hands.

Bill and Carole are in slightly odd versions of their costumes. Bill has a regular collar and tie, Carole a more 'alien' outfit.

Close on a studio clock. Eight minutes to ten.

Four cameras stand close by. Massive, thick cables cover the floor like spaghetti.

RUSS

Turned out rather well, hasn't it?

Jackie nods, thrilled.

JACKIE

Through the cupboard doors and into  
Narnia!

BILL

It's too bloody big. Takes up half  
the studio. What's the delay, son?

DOUGLAS, the assistant director walks into shot, listening to his head-set. Next to him, behind a camera is ARTHUR.

DOUGLAS  
Sorry boys and girls.  
(into head set)  
He says he won't have his teeth  
blacked out, guv.

CUT TO:

49 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. GALLERY. NIGHT 12 - (21:53) 49

WARIS  
But it's a 100,000 BC!

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
I know.

WARIS  
It's the Tribe of Gum!

The studio gallery is tense. It's been a long day and time is running out. In the director's chair is WARIS. All eyes are on him.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
He says he got them whitened so he  
could get onto the telly!

WARIS  
(sighs)  
Well... does it matter? We only see  
his bloody shadow -

CUT TO:

50 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. NIGHT 12 - (21:54) 50

A hairy caveman - LEN - approaches DOUGLAS.

LEN  
I'll do it!

DOUGLAS  
What?

LEN  
I don't mind. Blacking my teeth.  
I've already got sand-fleas in my Y-  
fronts. Can't get much worse.

DOUGLAS  
Stout man!  
(into headset)  
Think we're sorted, guv.

CUT TO:

51 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. GALLERY. NIGHT 12 - (21:54) 51

WARIS  
Thank you, Duggie.

The studio bell rings and a red light comes on.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
Roll to record in fifteen...  
fourteen...

WARIS  
(rubs his brow)  
God it's hot in here. Anyone else  
hot? Can we do something about the  
heat?

CUT TO:

52 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. NIGHT 12 - (21:55) 52

ARTHUR  
(sotto)  
Thought he'd be used to it.

DOUGLAS  
What?

ARTHUR  
Nothing.

DOUGLAS  
Watch it, Arthur.

Arthur checks his watch.

ARTHUR  
Five minutes, chum. Then they turn  
the lights out. Them's the rules.

More burbling from Douglas's head-set.

DOUGLAS  
Ok, everyone. Quiet please. **QUIET!**  
Five... four... three... two...  
one...

He nods to Jackie. She barges through the doors -

CUT TO:

53 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. GALLERY. NIGHT 12 - (21:56) 53

- and, on the gallery monitors, finds herself inside the huge, white room, which hums with power.

CUT TO:

54 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D' - TARDIS. NIGHT 12 - (21:56) 54

JACKIE looks round in awe. RUSS tumbles in after her, followed by BILL. CAROLE stands by the six-sided console.

BILL

*Close the doors, Susan.*

She flicks a switch and the doors begin to close.

BILL (CONT'D)

*These people are known to you, I believe?*

CAROLE ANN

*What are you doing here? They're two of my school-teachers.*

BILL

*Is that your excuse for this unwarrantable - unwarranted - intrusion?*

Bill tries to take off his scarf but can't find its end. He pats ineffectually about at his shoulders.

Dialogue from the scene continues under...

CUT TO:

55 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. GALLERY. NIGHT 12 - (21:57) 55

On the monitor, the shot changes. Unfortunately CAROLE is now blocking BILL.

WARIS

*(wipes his brow)*  
*Move, move, move!*

The camera tries to shift but it's no good.

WARIS (CONT'D)  
Move the bloody camera!

CUT TO:

56 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D' - TARDIS. NIGHT 12 - (21:58) 56

ARTHUR tries to move his huge, unwieldy camera.

ARTHUR  
(sotto)  
Doing my best. I'll rupture myself.

The huge double doors bang shut with a loud report.

RUSS  
*Where are we?*

Then one of the doors swings open again. Then bangs shut again.

CUT TO:

57 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. GALLERY. NIGHT 12 - (21:59) 57

WARIS  
The doors! What's happening to the doors?

CUT TO:

58 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D' - TARDIS. NIGHT 12 - (22:00) 58

The door bangs loudly against the wall.

JACKIE  
*But you look like us, you sound like us!*

CAROLE ANN  
*I was born in the 49th Century!*

On the other side of the set, DOUGLAS and the stagehands are struggling manfully to close the doors.

DOUGLAS  
(sotto)  
Christ. Stiff as a Scotchman's wallet.

CAROLE ANN  
*I made up the name TARDIS from the initials Time and Relative Dimension in Space.*  
(MORE)

CAROLE ANN (CONT'D)  
*I thought you'd understand when you  
saw the different dimensions inside  
from those outside.*

Douglas's shadow creeps hugely across the back of the TARDIS wall.

Then - suddenly - rain!

Carole shrieks.

The studio sprinklers go off, soaking everyone.

Then all the lights go out!

Dimly, the outline of Len the caveman.

LEN  
Am I on yet?

CUT TO:

59 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. GALLERY. NIGHT 12 - (22:01) 59

Waris lays his head on the desk.

WARIS  
Wish I knew what bloody dimension I  
was in.

CUT TO:

60 INT. LIME GROVE. CORRIDOR. DAY 13 - (11:55) 60

Late September 1963 - a few days later.

SYDNEY is marching down a corridor, behind him are VERITY and WARIS.

STAFF look round, as usual.

CUT TO:

61 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. DAY 13 - (12:40) 61

The deserted studio. We pass through the junkyard set as dialogue from the episode reverberates around.

As we snake through the empty TARDIS set we hear:

BILL (V.O.)  
*It's out of the question.*

CAROLE ANN (V.O.)  
*I won't go, Grandfather. I won't  
leave the 20th Century. I'd rather  
leave the TARDIS and you.*

BILL (V.O.)  
*Now you're being sentimental and  
childish.*

CAROLE ANN (V.O.)  
*No, I mean it!*

Beat.

BILL (V.O.)  
*Very well. Then you must go with  
them. I'll open the doors.*

JACKIE (V.O.)  
*Are you coming, Susan?*

The TARDIS engines grind into life...

CAROLE ANN (V.O.)  
*Oh no, Grandfather! No!*

BILL (V.O.)  
*Let me go! Get back to the ship,  
child!*

CUT TO:

62 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. GALLERY. DAY 13 - (12:41) 62

On screen in the darkened gallery, the finished episode.  
WARIS and VERITY - in another striking new dress - are  
anxiously watching.

On the monitor: the incongruous sight of the TARDIS, in  
splendid isolation on a frozen, prehistoric plain. The shadow  
of LEN falls across it...

The theme music pounds out and the credits roll.

In the dim light, cigarette smoke blossoms. SYDNEY is sitting  
at the back of the gallery.

The lights come up. Waris and Verity look round.

Sydney doesn't smile.

SYDNEY  
*Let's go to lunch.*

CUT TO:

63 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. DAY 13 - (13:18)

63

SYDNEY tucks into his food.

SYDNEY  
Not eating?

WARIS  
Don't seem to have much of an  
appetite.

SYDNEY  
Not surprised. I should fire the  
pair of you.

Verity's eyes blaze a little.

Sydney looks down at his notes.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
Take out the reference to the  
future time they've come from. The  
49th Century? Too specific. This is  
'Dr Who', remember. Old guy's too  
nasty. He should be cuter. Funnier.  
The kid should be more cheeky too.  
Like a regular teenager. And that  
scene inside the time machine...

He shakes his head.

WARIS  
(sighs)  
Maybe I will have something.  
Hemlock?

VERITY  
Did you like any of it?

SYDNEY  
Not much. Hate the opening titles.

VERITY  
You're joking?

SYDNEY  
Too weird. And the music's awful.

VERITY  
It's sensational! Just because it's  
new.

SYDNEY  
(sharp)  
Hey, I like new, remember? New is  
what I do! But it's too scary for  
the kids.

WARIS

I thought we were *trying* to scare them.

SYDNEY

Scare them, not traumatise them! Change it.

VERITY

Over my dead body.

SYDNEY

It can be arranged!

Frosty silence.

Sydney sighs and rubs his eyes.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

It'll cost. And they'll crucify me for it but...

Waris and Verity look at each other.

VERITY

*What?*

Sydney wipes his mouth with a napkin and rises.

SYDNEY

Do the whole thing again!

CUT TO:

64 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. DAY 14 - (14:20)

64

Late September 1963 - a day later.

CLOSE on BILL.

BILL

(groans)

It's because of me, isn't it?

BILL sits with VERITY by the Police Box on the junkyard set.

VERITY

No -

BILL

I knew it. I sensed it!

VERITY

No, no, Bill. Not at all!

BILL  
I should stick to what I know. I'm  
not right for the part -

VERITY  
Bill -

BILL  
Just not right for it. It isn't me.  
Isn't me at all!

Verity takes his hands and squeezes them.

VERITY  
Bill! Listen to me. Sydney thought  
it was good! He's... he's over the  
moon! But I've let you down.

BILL  
Let me down?

VERITY  
You were right. You were so right.  
We've made the Doctor too abrasive.  
We need much more of you in him.  
Much more charm and warmth and...  
*twinkle*. You knew it - and I didn't  
see it.

BILL  
And you're sure you've got the  
right man?

VERITY  
Of course I am.

BILL  
I'm frightened, you see, love.  
Never done anything like this  
before. The pressure of it. And the  
schedule, all those ruddy words...

VERITY  
I'm here for you, Bill.

BILL  
Promise?

VERITY  
Every step.

Bill squeezes her hand.

VERITY (CONT'D)  
I have to tell the others now.

BILL  
Time and tide wait for no man, eh?

VERITY

Time and space, Bill. And they wait  
for no woman, either!

Verity reaches the studio door and throws it open. RUSS, CAROLE and JACKIE are all seated there, like patients in a waiting room. They all look up as Verity appears. She takes a deep breath and beams.

CUT TO:

65 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. GALLERY. NIGHT 15 - (21:04) 65

Mid-October 1963.

The remount. VERITY, WARIS and MERVYN are in the control room, watching:

BILL, JACKIE and RUSS are in the junkyard, standing outside the TARDIS. Bill's costume is subtly different - wing collar and neck tie. CAROLE's too when we see it - a trendy Carnaby Street top.

BILL

*I'm not hindering you. If you both want to make fools of yourselves, I suggest you do what you said you'd do, go and find a policeman.*

RUSS

*While you nip off quietly in the other direction?*

CUT TO:

66 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. NIGHT 15 - (21:05) 66

BILL

*Insulting. There's only one way in and out of this yard. I want to see your faces when you try and explain away your behaviour to a policeman, Chesserman - er Chesterton.*

CUT TO:

67 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. GALLERY. NIGHT 15 - (21:06) 67

WARIS turns to MERVYN.

WARIS

He got the name wrong. Can we go back?

VERITY  
We've already stopped recording  
three times.

MERVYN  
Only one more edit allowed, son.

WARIS  
Four edits in the whole show! It's  
so bloody...

He gestures helplessly.

WARIS (CONT'D)  
...primitive!

MERVYN  
(tickled)  
Young man speak truth! BBC  
equipment from Stone Age!

VERITY  
We have no choice, do we? Onward,  
Waris. Onward!

CUT TO:

68 INT. LIME GROVE. CORRIDOR. DAY 16 - (11:15) 68

November 1963 - a few weeks later.

SYDNEY leads the pack again in arrowhead formation. VERITY  
and WARIS behind.

Over this:

CAROLE (V.O.)  
*Oh, no grandfather, no!*

BILL (V.O.)  
*What're you doing? Let me go. Get  
back to the ship, child!*

The dialogue blurs and overlaps as we wind through the  
episode, ending with --

CUT TO:

69 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. GALLERY. DAY 16 - (11:55) 69

BILL (V.O.)  
*Now what does the radiation read,  
Susan?*

CAROLE (V.O.)  
*It's reading normal, grandfather.*

SYDNEY is watching the finished story on the monitor. He nods to WARIS who stops the tape.

SYDNEY  
Ok. Good. I'll tell them we can make the transmission date.

VERITY and Waris share a look of relief.

Sydney gets up and marches out --

CUT TO:

69A INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIOS 'D'. DAY 16 - (11:57)

69A

-- into the studio. They follow him as he winds his way through the sets.

SYDNEY  
How are the other scripts coming along?

VERITY  
Your Canadian pal is doing us one about Marco Polo.

SYDNEY  
Terrific! That's more like my brief. Get the kids hooked on real history.

VERITY  
We're also trying one of Tony Hancock's writers. Terry Nation.

Sydney stops, turns.

SYDNEY  
You got a script?

WARIS  
Yes. It's good.

SYDNEY  
What's it about?

WARIS  
Robots.

Sydney looks alarmed.

VERITY  
(she glares at Waris)  
No, no, no. They're not robots.

Waris mouths 'sorry'.

SYDNEY

Rule one. No robots! Rule two -

VERITY

No bug-eyed monsters! I know.  
But they're not, I promise you.  
It's a really interesting story.  
Set on a distant planet after a  
nuclear war -

SYDNEY

Ok, ok. Whatever. Send it straight  
up to me. Then we'll see.

He exits. Waris sinks back against the Police Box prop, wrung  
out. Verity glances at the studio clock.

VERITY

Well, this time in a couple of  
weeks, episode one will have just  
aired.

WARIS

Hm.

VERITY

Brave heart, darling. I think we're  
going to be a smash!

WARIS

Fingers crossed. We could do with a  
bit of luck.

On a monitor close by, the episode starts up again.

Close on the radiation meter on the console. It moves  
inexorably towards 'DANGER'.

CUT TO:

70

INT. BRICK-WALLED ROOM. DAY 17 - (12:05 TEXAS)

70

November 22nd 1963.

A brick-walled room.

CLOSE on nimble fingers, assembling something. A prop? A  
machine? A dark black tube is pulled from a bag.

CUT TO:

71 INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY'S OFFICE. NIGHT 17 - (18:10) 71

SYDNEY sits with his feet up, smoking. He's reading a script. 'The Mutants' by Terry Nation.

SYDNEY  
"Hideous machine-like creatures. A lens on a flexible shaft acts as an eye..."

He reads on with mounting horror.

CUT TO:

72 INT. BRICK-WALLED ROOM. DAY 17 - (12:10 TEXAS) 72

Another black tube is removed. Sights. Someone is assembling a high-powered rifle.

CUT TO:

73 INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY'S OFFICE. NIGHT 17 - (18:18) 73

SYDNEY paces the office as he reads.

SYDNEY  
"You will move ahead of us and follow my directions! Ian breaks away and dashes for it..."

CUT TO:

74 INT. BRICK-WALLED ROOM. DAY 17 - (12:18 TEXAS) 74

The rifle is placed on the sill of an open window.  
CLOSE on a finger on the trigger.

CUT TO:

75 INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY'S OFFICE. NIGHT 17 - (18:30) 75

SYDNEY  
"Exterminate! Exterminate!"

CUT TO:

76 DARKNESS 76

A gunshot. Then another.

CUT TO:

77 INT. HOUSE. NIGHT 17 - (19:30) 77

A family is grouped around a bakelite TV. A BOY is playing with his toys on the carpet.

TV ANNOUNCER  
This is the BBC. It is with deep  
regret that we announce that  
President Kennedy is dead.

Slow track across the family's shocked, devastated faces.

TV ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
He was shot down as he was driving  
in an open car through the city of  
Dallas, Texas...

CUT TO:

78 INT. ROUTEMASTER BUS. NIGHT 18 - (17:15) 78

The following night: VERITY is on a bus. The windows are steamed up. The bus is crowded with people in wet macs. They're all glued to their newspapers.

CLOSE on the date: November 23 1963. Everywhere the terrible headlines: KENNEDY SHOT DOWN. PRESIDENT ASSASSINATED...

Verity looks bleak.

CUT TO:

79 INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 18 - (17:45) 79

On BILL's little TV, the closing titles of episode one of 'Doctor Who'.

ANNOUNCER  
And now we return to the news. Vice  
President Lyndon Johnson was  
yesterday sworn in as the 36th  
President of the United States  
following the assassination of -

Bill switches it off and stares gloomily into the fire, the dog at his feet. HEATHER tip-toes round him, wary of his moods and places a cup of tea on the arm of his chair.

Bill strokes the dog's ear. But he looks grim.

CUT TO:

79A INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 19 - (10:30) 79A

Late November 1963 - a few days later.

A large Welshman, DONALD BAVERSTOCK stomps down a corridor.

CUT TO:

79B EXT. TV CENTRE. ROOF. DAY 19 - (10:31)

79B

VERITY looks out over London, pensive.

Over this:

DONALD (V.O.)  
I suppose this sort of thing is  
bound to happen with a first time  
producer but even so...

CUT TO:

80 INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY'S OFFICE. DAY 19 - (10:32)

80

SYDNEY is at his desk. Before him sits his boss - DONALD.

SYDNEY  
This can't be right, Donald. Let me  
check -

DONALD  
(waves document)  
The time machine, the - er -  
TARDIS. You've seen the figures.  
It's a massive overspend. I'm  
afraid Miss Lambert doesn't know  
what she's doing.

Sydney looks downcast.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
I can't afford such an expensive  
serial. Or mistakes like this.

SYDNEY  
What are you saying?

DONALD  
That you're not to make any more  
than the four episodes you've got  
in production.

He looks up.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
Kill it, Sydney. Kill 'Doctor Who'!

CUT TO:

81 INT. TV CENTRE. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY 19 - (10:37) 81

VERITY and WARIS sit in glum silence.

WARIS  
Reviews were... respectable.

VERITY  
Aha.

WARIS  
Ratings too. Respectable.  
Considering what happened.

VERITY  
Mm.

MERVYN walks in.

MERVYN  
Sydney wants to see you, Verity.

CUT TO:

81A INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 19 - (10:40) 81A

VERITY walks along the corridor to Sydney's office like a woman on the way to the gallows.

She glances through a window and sees BILL in the middle of a costume fitting. He sees her and gives a hopeful 'thumbs up' sign. \*

Verity responds in kind. But as she walks away her face falls. \*

CUT TO:

82 INT. SYDNEY'S OFFICE. DAY 19 - (10:49) 82

VERITY's fist banging on SYDNEY's desk.

VERITY  
We have not over-spent!

SYDNEY  
The figures speak for themselves.  
It's my fault. I promoted you too soon.

VERITY  
No!

SYDNEY  
Verity, there's no getting past it.  
You're way over budget.

VERITY

No! Sydney, when you asked me to produce this show you made it abundantly clear that you wanted it to run all year round. Right?

SYDNEY

Yes.

VERITY

The TARDIS is an expensive set. Of course it is. And it was budgeted accordingly.

SYDNEY

£3000 over thirteen episodes?

VERITY

No - over forty eight. That was the deal!

SYDNEY

You sure you've got your numbers right?

VERITY

(temper rising)

Look, am I the bloody producer or not? If you want to do it all your way, Sydney - fine. I'll walk away and you never need to hear from me again -

SYDNEY

Even if I can sort out this TARDIS mess, I don't much like the way the show's going. First Goddamned cavemen -

VERITY

No choice! The other scripts fell through -

SYDNEY

Now these...  
(gestures helplessly)  
...Dayleks.

VERITY

Daleks.

SYDNEY

They're exactly what I wanted to avoid! Cheapjack science fiction trash.

VERITY

Have you read the script?

SYDNEY

Yes!

VERITY

Really?

SYDNEY

Enough to know garbage when I see it! Jesus. "Darloks".

VERITY

Daleks.

SYDNEY

Whatever! Bug-eyed -

VERITY

(yelling)

They're not bug-eyed monsters!

Sydney is taken aback.

VERITY (CONT'D)

(with increasing passion)

They used to be like us. Radiation has made them retreat inside these impregnable metal shells and now they hate everything that isn't like them. All they know how to do is lash out. The Doctor and his friends turn up and try to make them see differently. To understand other people and make peace. It's strong stuff. It's good stuff, Sydney and I really, truly believe in it. And I can pay for the bloody TARDIS if the BBC just let me make the amount of episodes they always promised we'd make!

Beat.

SYDNEY

Well, I wanted someone with piss and vinegar.

VERITY

You got them! I think we have something very special here, Sydney. A knockout. We've just got to hold our nerve.

Beat.

SYDNEY

Spread the cost of the time machine...

VERITY  
That was the plan.

SYDNEY  
Off-set it against less expensive  
episodes...

A look from Verity. Obviously.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
Ok.

Beat.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
Ok. I'll talk to the high-ups.

He dismisses Verity with a curt nod. Verity marches to the door but, on the threshold, turns back.

VERITY  
And I want a repeat.

SYDNEY  
What?

VERITY  
On Saturday. Repeat episode one  
immediately before episode two. No-  
one was watching because of the  
assassination.

SYDNEY  
Oh, so this is Kennedy's fault?

VERITY  
We deserve a fair crack of the  
whip, Sydney.

Beat.

SYDNEY  
You'd better be right about these  
Dor -

Verity glares.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
*Daleks.* Let me be very clear, young  
lady. Your neck is on the block.

CUT TO:

82A INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 19 - (11:20)

82A

POV shot of a corridor ceiling. Strip lights glare.

DOUGLAS  
Ok? You nice and snug?

LEN  
Yeah.

The view is cut off as a lid is plonked down.

CUT TO:

83 INT. TV CENTRE. SCENE DOCK. DAY 19 - (11:25) 83

VERITY sits on a polystyrene rock. She's shaking. The effort has cost her greatly. Close by, ARTHUR the cameraman is having a fag in the crowded scene dock.

We hear grunts and groans of effort as DOUGLAS drags something inside. We can't see what it is.

ARTHUR  
What the hell's that?

DOUGLAS  
Monster for the next story.

ARTHUR  
(laughs)  
Sink plunger and an egg whisk. If they can't take over the universe they might be able to whip up a decent omelette.

Verity looks at the monster, depressed. We still don't see it until --

CUT TO:

84 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. GALLERY. NIGHT 19 - (20:20) 84

On the monitor: silvery, arched doorways extending into infinity - and four *DALEKS!*

VERITY and MERVYN sit with a new director. A young, bearded man with a neckerchief - RICHARD MARTIN.

We see through the gallery window down to the studio floor.

CUT TO:

BILL, RUSS and CAROLE are grouped in an archway, the Daleks menacing them. Bill holds Carole tight.

DALEK VOICE  
*"You will move ahead of us and follow my directions!"*

Standing to one side of the set is a man with a sports microphone pressed close to his lips. He is the DALEK VOICE.

DALEK VOICE (CONT'D)  
*"This way!"*

Russ makes a run for it.

DALEK VOICE (CONT'D)  
*"Fire!"*

Russ crumples to the floor.

RUSS  
My legs! My legs!

DALEK VOICE  
*"Your legs are paralysed. You will recover shortly... unless you force us to use our weapons again. In that case, the condition will be permanent."*

CUT TO:

In the gallery, everyone watches the monsters moving on the monitor.

RICHARD  
Well, everyone. Meet the Daleks!

Suddenly the lead Dalek's eye-stalk swings round and looks straight down the camera.

MERVYN  
Gosh. They're creepy, aren't they?  
They're actually *really* creepy!

We see behind Verity's back. Her fingers are tightly crossed.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. STREET. NIGHT 20 - (17:10)

85

Late December 1963.

The comforting glow of lights from living rooms. Some have Christmas trees in them. People are coming home with shopping. A garage light is on and someone has their car bonnet up.

JOYCE, a grandmother, comes out of one house, hugging her cardigan to herself.

JOYCE  
Michael! Dennis! Your tea's getting cold!

She turns back towards the house.

JOYCE (CONT'D)  
Oh and that thing you wanted to  
watch is on.

Over this:

DALEK (V.O.)  
*We know that the Thals have existed  
outside our city.*

We push through the window to find --

86 INT. HOUSE. NIGHT 20 - (17:25)

86

-- the family grouped around the TV. The BOY is watching,  
his toys abandoned on the carpet. On the screen, BILL is  
being interrogated by Daleks in all their monochrome glory.

BILL  
*Thals? What's he talking about?  
We're not Thals or whatever you  
call them. Can't you see we're very  
ill?*

DALEK  
*You and your companions need a drug  
to stabilise.*

BILL  
*We have no gloves -  
(corrects himself)  
- drugs. Drug? A drug? The drugs  
left outside the TARDIS!*

On the family and the boy. Thrilled!

CUT TO:

86A INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 20 - (17:26)

86A

On Bill's TV:

DALEK  
*TARDIS? He is becoming delirious. I  
do not understand his words.*

BILL and JUDITH are watching too. Bill is unconsciously  
mouthing along with the lines.

JUDITH  
You said gloves.

BILL  
Eh?  
(warily)  
Yes, yes I did.

JUDITH  
(nods to herself)  
Because the Daleks are nasty and  
you must need to have special  
gloves to touch them.

BILL  
Ye-es.

JUDITH  
Yes. You know things like that.  
Because you're Doctor Who.

BILL  
(relieved)  
That's right, love.

CUT TO:

87 INT. ROUTEMASTER BUS. NIGHT 21 - (20:20)

87

Late December 1963 - a few days later.

VERITY is asleep on the bus, her face pressed to the window.  
She becomes aware of raised voices.

KID  
"Exterminate! Exterminate him!"

She opens her eyes.

There are a couple of KIDS at the front of the bus with their  
arms stuck stiffly in front of them.

KIDS  
You are my prisoner! You will be  
exterminated! Exterminate.

Verity is delighted.

KIDS (CONT'D)  
**EXTERMINATE!!**

CUT TO:

88 INT. TV CENTRE. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY 22 - (09:05)

88

VERITY bursts through the office door. MERVYN and WARIS look  
up.

VERITY  
You won't believe what I saw last  
night on the bus! It's *thrilling!*

MERVYN  
Sydney wants you, Verity.

Verity's face falls. What now?

CUT TO:

89 INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY'S OFFICE. DAY 22 - (09:22) 89

SYDNEY is scribbling away at his desk when VERITY knocks and enters. He doesn't look up. She stands there on the carpet, a bit awkwardly. He still doesn't look up.

SYDNEY  
Ten million viewers for your Bug  
Eyed Monsters. Ten million.

At last he looks at her.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
So what do I know about anything?  
(winks)  
Well done, kid.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. TV CENTRE. ROOF. DAY 22 - (09:30) 90

VERITY walks out onto the roof. She takes a deep, satisfied breath.

WARIS (O.S.)  
A *bus*? What were you doing on a  
bus?

She turns. WARIS is there, grinning at her.

VERITY  
Getting in touch with our audience,  
darling.

She embraces him.

VERITY (CONT'D)  
Our great big fat enormous bloody  
audience!!

They whoop with delight and dance about on the roof.

CUT TO:

90A INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. DAY 22 - (10:15) 90A

VERITY is heading through the silvery archways of the Dalek set when she spots BILL coming towards her, puffed up like a Turkey cock. He's holding a newspaper.

BILL  
Verity! Verity, love! Look at this!  
Look at *this!*

He shoves the newspaper under her nose. There's a cartoon of General de Gaulle - as a Dalek!

BILL (CONT'D)  
General de Gaulle! The Degaullek!  
Haha!

VERITY  
Oh that's wonderful!

BILL  
*Non!* Haha!  
(Dalek voice)  
*NON! NON! NON!*  
(thrilled)  
We've really got something here,  
Verity! They love us! Our arses are  
in ruddy butter!

CUT TO:

91 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 - TARDIS. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y (30)

CLOSE on the TARDIS console. The 'year-ometer' clicks forwards to 1964.

CUT TO:

92 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. GALLERY. DAY 23 - (12:10) 92

February 1964.

On the monitor: a large, sumptuously decorated oriental chamber.

The grainy black and white image suddenly expands into --

CUT TO:

93 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. DAY 23 - (12:11) 93

-- glorious colour! BILL, RUSS and JACKIE are richly costumed for their adventure "Marco Polo". Bill is smoking and reading 'The Sporting Chronicle' whilst playing backgammon with VERITY.

BILL  
Lovely stuff, this.

VERITY  
Mm. Shame it's not in colour. How much have I won?

BILL  
Um... thirty five elephants, four thousand white stallions, twenty five tigers -

VERITY  
And ten bob, you old devil!

Bill chuckles, reaches over and squeezes her shoulder.

WARIS comes in.

WARIS  
Ok, everyone! Make up are nearly done with Kublai Khan's digits, so we'd best press on!

CAROLE sweeps onto the set in a beautiful Chinese robe.

CAROLE ANN  
What do you think?

RUSS  
Oh, very swish!

CAROLE ANN  
Do you like it?

JACKIE  
It's gorgeous, Carole.

CAROLE ANN  
Wardrobe are going to let me buy it! Turn a few heads on the King's Road!

Bill grunts.

CAROLE ANN (CONT'D)  
Something the matter, Bill?

BILL  
You should be more careful, sweetheart. Throwing your money around like that.

He looks up from the backgammon board.

BILL (CONT'D)

This is an insecure profession, you know. We should all bear that in mind.

RUSS

(nodding to the paper)  
Fancy anything at Newmarket, Bill?

BILL

(cross)  
You know what I mean. I'm just saying, splashing out on new togs all the time. You don't know you're ruddy born!

CAROLE ANN

I'm not a child! I'll spend it how I like!

She storms off.

Verity and Waris share a look.

RUSS

You're right, of course, Bill. None of us know how long this is going to last. No-one's irreplaceable.

Bill harrumphs and goes back to his game.

CUT TO:

93A INT. LIME GROVE. DRESSING ROOM. DAY 24 - (17:45)

93A

February 1964 - a few days later.

The sound of a key in a door. CAROLE, looking glam, enters her dressing room, dropping things off before she goes into a party. She clicks on the light - only to find the room filled with flowers. She gasps, delighted.

There's a small, elegant card.

'SORRY, KID. LOVE BILL. XX'

CUT TO:

94 OMITTED

94

95 OMITTED

95

96 INT. BBC CLUB. NIGHT 24 - (20:56)

96

Party streamers, balloons and booze everywhere. RUSS and JACKIE in paper hats are grouped in front of a crowd of party-goers, holding scripts. They're all a bit drunk. WARIS is with VERITY and BILL.

VERITY  
Who told you that?

WARIS  
Well, everyone mentions it. So you didn't go to RADA?

VERITY  
(laughs)  
Rodean, darling.

BILL  
Eh?

VERITY  
The girls' school. Must've been a typo on my CV! I've not had the heart to tell Sydney.

Bill chuckles and sinks his whisky. CAROLE comes in and waves at him. He lifts his glass as a toast.

BILL  
(to Waris)  
Sorry to see you go, son. What's next for you?

WARIS  
I've been offered 'A Passage to India'.

Bill puts his hands to his lapels.

BILL  
One way? Hmm?

Waris smiles. Bill too.

RUSS  
Bill! Bill come on!

BILL  
What? Oh! Oh, yes, yes!

He grabs a script and crosses to Russ.

Beat.

VERITY  
(to Waris)  
Sure you won't stay? Do some more  
with us?

WARIS  
(shrugs)  
Pastures new. It's been a blast,  
Verity.

VERITY  
Couldn't have done it without you,  
darling.

She touches his cheek tenderly.

VERITY (CONT'D)  
Shoulder to shoulder.

From across the room:

RUSS  
(clears throat)  
'Doctor Who and the Forbidden  
Subjects'. By David Whitaker!

A cheer from the back of the room.

BILL  
(reading from script)  
*What? Eh? What is this? What's  
inside my trousers is none of your  
business!*

JACKIE  
*Well, Doctor. I thought you might  
be bigger on the inside!*

CUT TO:

96A INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 24 - (21:06)

96A

The muffled sound of the party.

BILL (V.O.)  
*I saw you interfering with some  
dials only last night. So I've  
decided to show you all the things  
you mustn't touch under any  
circumstances!*

A little wistful, WARIS walks along the corridor and summons  
the lift.

Ping! The lift arrives. Waris steps inside.

CUT TO:

96B INT. TV CENTRE. LIFT. NIGHT 24 - (21:07) 96B

WARIS sighs. The lift is empty apart from... the dishy YOUNG MAN from the club who smiles at him.

Waris immediately looks down - then slowly lifts his eyes and smiles back.

YOUNG MAN

Going up?

Waris gives a nod of satisfaction. Yes. He is.

CUT TO:

97 OMITTED 97

98 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D' - TARDIS. DAY 25 - (15:39) 98

February 1964 - a few days later.

CAROLE and BILL are at the console for the episode "The Edge of Destruction". Bill has a bandage round his head.

BILL

*Quickly child! We're running out of time. Check the fornicator - erm - the fault locator!*

Everyone in the studio bursts out laughing.

DOUGLAS

Ok. I think we'd better hold it there!

Bill looks very cross - then joins in. But there's an uneasy look in his eye. Was he aware of his mistake?

CUT TO:

99 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO 'D'. NIGHT 26 - (20:50) 99

June 1964 - months later.

On a set cluttered with dark furniture, BILL, RUSS and JACKIE stand in French Revolution clothes for "The Reign of Terror". CAROLE sits nearby, looking a bit distracted.

Suddenly -

JUDITH

Exterminate! Exterminate!

BILL

What the bloody hell - !

JUDITH totters onto the set wearing a brand new Dalek playsuit! Russ and Carole play daleks with Judith. \*

VERITY is behind her, carrying a box.

VERITY  
What do you think?

Bill looks at the box.

BILL  
(reads)  
"Thrills galore. Full size real  
life Dalek playsuit. From the BBC  
TV series 'Dr Who'.  
(impressed)  
*Strike a light! 66 shillings and  
sixpence!*

Verity hands him another box. It's piled high with 'Doctor  
Annuals'. \*

Bill looks at his image, glaring out from the cover. \*

BILL (CONT'D) \*  
Man and boy I've been at this lark \*  
and I've never known anything \*  
like... \*

He shakes his head, a bit overcome. Verity squeezes his  
hand. \*

Bill holds up the annual next to his face. \*

BILL (CONT'D) \*  
(to Russ) \*  
Hmm! No-one's irreplaceable, eh? \*

He marches off to join them. Jackie chuckles to herself. \*

VERITY \*  
What? \*

JACKIE \*  
(sotto, to Verity) \*  
So much for softly, softly. At this \*  
rate, you'll be running the place! \*

On Verity: Yes. Maybe I will! \*

CUT TO:

100 EXT. BARNES COMMON. DAY 27 - (15:28)

100

June 1964 - a few weeks later.

BILL and HEATHER are sitting on a bench. The dog lies at their feet. Heather has a packet of letters held together with an elastic band.

HEATHER  
"Dear Uncle Who..."

BILL  
*Uncle Who!*

HEATHER  
"I've got my physics 'O' Level coming up and I need your help..."

BILL  
I don't know why they think I can help them. It's all double-Dutch to me.

ALAN (O.S.)  
Please can I have your autograph?

Bill glances round. A little boy - ALAN - is standing behind him, holding out a scrap of paper.

Bill assumes his sternest expression and looks down his nose at the child. Alan's SCHOOL TEACHERS stand close by. They nod encouragement.

BILL  
Now then, what's this? An autograph?

ALAN  
Teacher said it would be alright.

BILL  
Well, that must make you a very special little boy erm...?

ALAN  
Alan.

Bill takes the paper and signs his name with a flourish. Alan takes it, staring at the signature like it's a holy relic.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
Thank you.

Bill turns back. Alan tugs at his sleeve.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Please, Doctor Who.

BILL  
Yes? What is it... um...?

Bill looks over to Heather. She mouths 'Alan'.

BILL (CONT'D)  
What is it, Alan?

ALAN  
Please. When are them Daleks coming back?

BILL  
(shakes his head)  
Daleks. They're taking over the ruddy world.

HEATHER  
Well, it's what they do best.

Bill scowls, then laughs. Heather glances over her shoulder.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Good heavens!

Bill turns. There's a great crowd of children behind them on the common with their TEACHERS, just staring.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. BARNES COMMON. DAY 27 - (15:40) 101

BILL is walking briskly along like the Pied Piper with the line of children following behind him.

HEATHER beams.

BILL  
Come along! Keep up! We must all get back to the TARDIS!

He stops and looks behind them.

BILL (CONT'D)  
What's this, what's this? Look out! Exterminate!!

The children scream and pelt past him. Bill roars with laughter.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. DAY 28 - (08:30) 102

August 1964 - Daleks! On Westminster Bridge. They're bigger than before with rubber bumpers like dodgem cars, ready for "The Dalek Invasion of Earth".

A clapper-board cuts across the frame. RICHARD, the director, appears.

RICHARD  
Cut! Right, one more, please! Quick as you can. Less space between them. Len, you were nearly off the kerb.

From inside a Dalek...

LEN (V.O.)  
Well, I need a wee, don't I?

CUT TO:

103 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1. NIGHT 29 - (21:10)

103

October 1964 - weeks later.

More Daleks stand by a brick wall set. On it is a huge poster: IT IS FORBIDDEN TO DUMP BODIES INTO THE RIVER.

Bulky cameras, not unlike Daleks themselves, are clustered around the alien menace.

CAROLE stands apart, pensive. BILL is with LEN.

LEN  
(to Bill)  
I thought I might try something when I'm carrying you down the ramp?

BILL  
What?

LEN  
Maybe just throw a look towards you, sort of showing the Roboman's inner turmoil? "I was a man once", sort of thing, "before the Daleks made me like this"?

BILL  
Don't be so bloody ridiculous.

LEN  
(sulky)  
It was just a suggestion.

BILL  
Well, stow it.

LEN  
What's up with you?

BILL  
Mind your own business.

He walks over to Carole.

BILL (CONT'D)  
(gently)  
It's not too late, you know.

CAROLE ANN  
No. I've made up my mind.

BILL  
They can rewrite this stuff in a  
shot!

CAROLE ANN  
It's time to move on, Bill. There's  
lots of other things I want to do.

BILL  
Of course.

CAROLE ANN  
And there's more to life than just  
screaming at nasty monsters.

BILL  
(twinkles)  
That's no way to talk about me.

Bill cuddles her. He smiles but there's real sadness in his  
eyes.

CUT TO:

104     INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIOS - TARDIS. NIGHT 29 - (21:44)     104

BILL  
*One day, I shall come back. Yes. I  
shall come back. Until then, there  
must be no regrets, no tears, no  
anxieties.*

Mix through to...

CUT TO:

105     INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIOS. GALLERY. NIGHT 29 - (21:45)     105

The same shot on the monitor. RICHARD and VERITY are  
watching.

BILL  
*Just go forward in all your beliefs  
- and prove to me that I am not  
mistaken in mine.*

He looks down sadly and operates the TARDIS controls.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Goodbye, Susan. Goodbye, my dear.

The shot changes to show CAROLE outside and then - as the VISION MIXER pulls a lever - the TARDIS fading away.

Richard presses the talk-back button.

RICHARD  
(into mike)  
Lovely, Bill. Really lovely.  
(to Verity)  
Doesn't like farewells, does he?

Verity doesn't reply. But she looks troubled.

CUT TO:

On the set.

BILL  
Just stepping off for a minute,  
Waris.

He walks off set. RUSS turns to JACKIE

RUSS  
*Waris?*

JACKIE  
He's been doing that a lot lately.

CUT TO:

106 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 - TARDIS. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y (106

The year-ometer on the TARDIS console clicks onto 1965...

CUT TO:

107 EXT. TV CENTRE. DAY 30 - (11:15) 107

January 1965.

Flash! Another photo-call. BILL, VERITY, RUSS and JACKIE are with a new companion - MAUREEN (MAUREEN O'BRIEN). They smile for the cameras.

*Flash!*

CUT TO:

108 INT. COTTAGE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 30 - (22:05) 108

HEATHER is in bed reading a script. BILL shuffles in.

HEATHER  
You look all in.

BILL  
Mm.

HEATHER  
Come on, love. You get your head  
down. We can go through this in the  
morning.

BILL  
No, no. Got to get 'em in. Got to.

Heather looks worried.

HEATHER  
Maybe it's time you thought about  
moving on, love.

BILL  
*Moving on?*

HEATHER  
You're shattered all the time -

BILL  
I can't! Even if I wanted to!  
They're all relying on me, aren't  
they? Hundreds of people. And all  
those kiddies out there.

He gets into bed.

BILL (CONT'D)  
You can't have Doctor Who without  
Doctor Who, can you?

He clicks his fingers at the script. Heather sighs and starts  
reading.

HEATHER  
*"Vortis? What galaxy is that in?"*

CUT TO:

109 EXT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 30 - (03:40) 109

The cottage. The light clicks off.

CUT TO:

110 INT. COTTAGE. BATHROOM. NIGHT 30 - (03:41) 110

We move up the cottage stairway and there's the sound of BILL, coughing violently. It's like a car engine on a cold morning.

The bathroom light clicks on, revealing Bill in his pyjamas. He looks at his tired face in the bathroom mirror. Dialogue from the show echoes through his mind.

DALEK (V.O.)

*He is becoming delirious. I do not understand his words. He is becoming delirious. I do not understand his words. He is becoming delirious. I do not understand his words...*

Bill clicks out the light.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. RIVERSIDE STUDIOS. DAY 31 - (12:30) 111

February 1965 - a few weeks later.

HEATHER is walking with VERITY.

Menoptera - man-sized butterflies - shuffle past them, looking faintly ridiculous but rather charming. They are here for the recording of "The Web Planet".

HEATHER

Bill mustn't know I've spoken to you. He'd play merry hell.

VERITY

What is it?

HEATHER

Our G.P. rang me.  
(a sad smile)  
Bill's not well.

VERITY

Oh dear. Nothing serious?

HEATHER

Not in the short term. It's arteriosclerosis.

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
(off Verity's look)  
Hardening of the arteries.

VERITY  
I see.

HEATHER  
He smokes too much. Drinks too much too. And these days the only exercise he gets is walking the dog. That plus doing 'Doctor Who' virtually all year round...

VERITY  
Do you think he should stop?

HEATHER  
No. He couldn't bear that. He loves the programme. He's so proud of it. And you all. You should hear him.

Verity is pleased. They walk into the studio.

CUT TO:

112 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1. DAY 31 - (12:31) 112

An alien world -- the planet Vortis. BILL is sitting on an artificial rock. He looks up as they approach.

HEATHER  
But if there's anything you can do to... take some of the burden off his shoulders. Let him slow down a little.

VERITY  
Well, I'll have a quiet word with my successor.

HEATHER  
Your...? Oh.  
(face falls)  
Oh.

They both look over at Bill. He waves cheerily.

CUT TO:

113 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1. DAY 31 - (15:30) 113

Cameras are grouped around BILL and RUSS. Their red lights spring on. Bill is sweating and uncomfortable.

RUSS  
*Vortis? What galaxy is that in?*

BILL  
*The Isop Galaxy, Chesterfield.  
Chesterton! Many, many light  
earths...  
(he struggles)  
...light years...from us. From  
Earth. And yet the Vortis...Vortis  
planet hasn't a moon. Hmm? Eh?*

Russ looks blank.

RICHARD  
Hold it there, please!

BILL  
Sorry. I'm so sorry, Russ. I gave  
you the wrong line...

RUSS  
(gently)  
Don't worry, Bill. Don't worry at  
all.

Bill goes off, mortified at his own failing memory.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. RIVERSIDE STUDIOS. DAY 31 - (15:45) 114

BILL mops his forehead with his hankie. He's with VERITY. He gestures at his script.

BILL  
I can do all this with a look, you  
see, my dear. I don't need all  
these lines. Like ruddy 'King  
Lear'! I remember Lindsay Anderson  
saying the same thing about me on  
'Sporting Life'. He just ripped a  
couple of pages out of the script.  
'Bill can do this with a gesture',  
he said. 'A raised eyebrow'. Do you  
see what I mean?

VERITY  
Of course.

She glances at Richard who's schooling the Menoptera in  
their insect mannerisms. He shrugs exasperatedly.

BILL  
Bless you.

He puts his arm around her.

VERITY

Actually, I'm glad to have the chance to speak to you, Bill -

BILL

You're my rock, Verity. You know that. My *rock*.

VERITY

Oh, I don't know...

BILL

Since that day you first started telling me about 'Doctor Who'. I've been spellbound. Spellbound! And look at us now, eh? Just look at us!

Verity smiles sadly.

BILL (CONT'D)

What did you want to tell me?

She looks away, unable to meet his eye.

CUT TO:

115 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIOS. NIGHT 32 - (20:35)

115

Early May 1965 - some months later.

In the studio, VERITY is surrounded by Doctor Who monsters, cast and crew and a big banner with 'Good luck, Verity!' painted on it.

There's a rough alien planet set with potted cheese-plants dotted around it.

SYDNEY is mid-speech.

SYDNEY

...which was her way of saying - take a hike!

He beams at his protégée.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

So, I am justifiably proud of myself. I can spot talent light-years away.

Laughter.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen -

Everyone raises their glasses in a toast.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
- to Verity. Best damn appointment  
I've ever made.

Applause. The crowd sing 'For she's a jolly good fellow'.

Verity makes her way through the crowd, being hugged by the assembled. She plants a big kiss on a Dalek's eye-stalk. She looks over the crowd and sees BILL, sloping off.

CUT TO:

115A INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 - TARDIS. NIGHT 32 - (20:42) 115A

The muffled sound of the party.

BILL stands by the console in the unlit TARDIS set. Lifeless cameras are grouped around him and amber light bleeds through the circular depressions on the TARDIS walls.

VERITY  
Not joining us?

Bill turns. VERITY is in the doorway of the TARDIS.

BILL  
Perhaps in a minute.

Beat.

BILL (CONT'D)  
So... what's Gerald Harper got that  
I haven't, hmm?

VERITY  
(laughs)  
Oh he's not a patch on you! But  
it's a lovely idea, Bill. I'm very  
excited about it. 'Adam Adamant'.  
He's an Edwardian gentleman frozen  
in time. A relic. He doesn't fit in  
with the modern world and...

She tails off. Sounds a bit too close for comfort.

VERITY (CONT'D)  
...and -

BILL  
Hmm! Sounds interesting. Very, very  
interesting.

Slightly awkward beat.

VERITY

Bill. I wanted to say thank you.  
For everything you've done. I'm in  
demand! And it's all it's down to  
you -

BILL

Oh nonsense.

VERITY

In no small measure, Bill. 'Doctor  
Who' has made me.

BILL

But why does it have to change? Why  
do things always have to change?  
Why can't we just all go on as we  
are?

VERITY

(shrugs)  
Life.

Beat.

VERITY (CONT'D)

What about you? Not ready for a  
rest?

BILL

Me? Not at all. Not a bit! This old  
body of mine is good for a few  
years yet! When you gave me the  
chance to do this, Verity, I  
grabbed it with both hands.

His hands go automatically to his lapels.

BILL (CONT'D)

The Doctor's mine. *Mine!*

Verity looks round at the TARDIS.

VERITY

(smiles)  
I'll miss all this.

Bill looks away, then points to her mouth.

BILL

Oh, you've got...

VERITY

Oh.

She fumbles for a tissue.

BILL

Let me.

He takes a clean, pressed hankie from his jacket pocket and gently rubs the red wine stain from Verity's lips.

VERITY

What am I going to do without you?

She kisses him on the cheek and walks to the TARDIS doors. For a moment, she's framed there.

BILL

Until we meet again.

CUT TO:

116 INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 32 - (22:01) 116

The hum of the party continues as VERITY leaves.

She almost jumps out of her skin as a MONSTER (tbc) looms up.

MONSTER

Is this the way to Verity's party,  
love?

Verity ushers him through the door and walks slowly away. She pauses at the exit and gives a wistful smile. Then heads towards her future.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. TV CENTRE. DAY 33 - (11:19) 117

May 1965 - a few weeks later - *Flash!*

Another photo-shoot. A new companion. This time, a young man - PETER PURVES. BILL smiles tiredly for the camera.

CUT TO:

118 OMITTED 118

119 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 - TARDIS. NIGHT 34 - (20:41) 119

December 1965 - some months later.

BILL is alone on the TARDIS set.

The DIRECTOR's tinny voice drifts down from the gallery on the talkback.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
Alright, when you're ready, Bill.

Bill's eyes flash.

BILL  
Mr Hartnell to you, sonny.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
Oh. Sorry -

BILL  
You might call me by my first name  
if we get to know each other  
better. If you last on my show,  
that is.

Beat.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
Can we go from the top of the  
scene, Mr Hartnell? You make the tv  
screen come on.

BILL  
The scanner.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
The scanner, right. And then you  
flick the switch and the doors  
open.

BILL  
No, no. Can't do that.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
Beg pardon?

BILL  
I'll have to move round to the  
other side. That's where the door  
switch is.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
Does it matter?

Bill's face is a picture of fury.

BILL  
Of course it matters!!

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
(weary)  
Alright. We'll work around it. You  
move where you like... Mr Hartnell.

BILL  
*Thank you.* I will.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
(sighs)  
Ok. Top of the scene, then.

BILL  
The glass cylinder should be going  
up and down. The ship is in flight.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
Right. Yes. Sorry.

Bill takes his place by the TARDIS console. Nothing happens.

BILL  
Well?

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
Sorry. Be right with you.

Bill sighs. Wipes his brow. He can hear voices off set. He looks round, distracted.

BILL  
Lot of people dancing about in my  
eye-line. It's very off-putting. Do  
you mind?

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
Sorry, Mr Hartnell.

A very young stagehand comes on and tries to make the time rotor move.

BILL  
Careful with that.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
Anybody know how to make it go?

The stagehand starts to pull clumsily at the time rotor.

BILL  
(screaming)  
For Christ's sake! Doesn't anyone  
know how to do anything?

He bends under the console and switches on the hydraulic pump. The central glass column begins its steady rise and fall.

Bill is about to straighten up but closes his eyes. For a moment he is dizzy. He opens his eyes, looks around. The glaring white of the control room briefly overwhelms him. It seems to swim around him.

At last he straightens up. He looks out to see the cameras pointing at him. A red light comes on. He starts the scene.

BILL (CONT'D)  
*Now they've all gone. All gone.  
None of them could understand. Not  
even my little Susan. Or Vicki. And  
there's Barbara and Chatterton -  
Chesterton!*

CAMERAMAN (V.O.)  
(sotto)  
Oh, God...

BILL  
(thrown)  
*Perhaps I should go back to my own  
time. Back to my own planet. But  
I...*

Bill stops dead. Just stares at the camera.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I can't...

Beat.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I can't...

Beat.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
Everything ok...? Mr Hartnell?

BILL  
I can't... I can't...

He puts his hand to his eyes and shuffles off the set.

CUT TO:

120 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 - TARDIS. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y 120

ECU on the year-ometer. In slo-mo, it falls like tablets of stone onto... 1966.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. TV CENTRE. DAY 35 - (11:13) 121

May 1966 - *Flash!*

Another press call. BILL poses with two new companions. Young, trendy and attractive MIKE (MICHAEL CRAZE) and ANNEKE (WILLS). Bill looks infinitely weary.

CUT TO:

122 INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY'S OFFICE. DAY 35 - (12:05) 122

June 1966 - a few weeks later.

SYDNEY is presiding over a meeting. With him is MERVYN.  
Sydney's going through a sheaf of memos.

MERVYN  
As you can see -

SYDNEY  
Yeah. I hear you.

MERVYN  
It can't go on. He's become so  
difficult to work with. And his  
lines...

He shakes his head.

SYDNEY  
I hear you!

MERVYN  
(gentler)  
Poor chap's worn out.

SYDNEY  
Shame. Goddam shame.

MERVYN  
So, that's that, I suppose.

SYDNEY  
(looks up)  
What do you mean?

MERVYN  
Well, we can't have 'Doctor Who'  
without Doctor Who, can we?

Sydney draws on his cigarette. Thinks.

SYDNEY  
(sotto, to himself)  
*Pop. Pop. Pop...*

CUT TO:

123 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIOS. DRESSING ROOM/CORRIDOR. NIGHT 36 (18:50) 123

July 1966 - a few weeks later.

The flaring lights of a dressing room mirror. BILL's long  
white wig is on a block. He's staring into the mirror.

A light knock at the door. It's the First AD - DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
Mr Hartnell, sir? They're asking  
for you.

No response.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
Shall I tell them you're coming  
now?

BILL  
Tell them what you like.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
Beg pardon, Mr Hartnell?

BILL  
Tell them what you bloody well  
like!

DOUGLAS (V.O.)  
Listen, I'm only doing my job -

BILL  
(shouts)  
Sod off will you? I'm not ready.

Beat.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I need more time.

Douglas sighs and goes away.

Bill glances over at his famous costume, hanging off the back  
of the door. With difficulty, he slumps into a chair -

CUT TO:

123A INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 36 - (19:40)

123A

- opposite his own TV. BILL is washed out. Totally drained.  
He cradles a whisky.

JUDITH comes trotting happily down the stairs.

JUDITH  
Sampa! Sampa!

BILL  
(weary)  
Oh. Hello there.

She runs up and kisses him.

JUDITH  
Where are you going to take the  
TARDIS next, Sampa?

BILL  
(gently)  
Oh I don't know, love -

JUDITH  
Miss says you should go back in  
time and see Oliver Cromwell and  
tell him not to be so horrible.

BILL  
Yes, maybe I should.

JUDITH  
But I want the butterfly men to  
come back! They were pretty. We did  
them at school and I was a Zarbi.

BILL  
Listen, Judi -

JUDITH  
They could have a big fight with  
the Daleks and you could fly on  
their backs with a bow and arrow -

BILL  
Listen, darling. You mustn't expect  
too much of your old grandfather,  
you know. I get very tired these  
days and -

JUDITH  
Graham Potter says the TARDIS will  
run out of petrol soon -

BILL  
- I need to take things a bit  
easier.

JUDITH  
But I told him he was stupid. The  
TARDIS will go on and on forever  
because it's special and magic.  
Like my Sampa.

BILL  
I...

JUDITH  
My Sampa's Doctor Who. And he can  
do anything.

On Bill:

A glimmer of renewed energy. And something else. *Hope.*

1CUT TO:

123B INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 37 - (14:30)

123B

July 1966 - a few days later.

Outside Sydney's office.

BILL (O.S.)

I hope you don't think it  
presumptuous of me to ask for  
this meeting, Sydney...

CUT TO:

124 INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY'S OFFICE. DAY 37 - (14:31)

124

SYDNEY

Presumptuous? Hell, no Bill. I... I  
was going to ask you to come in, as  
it happens.

BILL

Oh yes?

SYDNEY

Yeah. Things... can't go on the way  
they are.

BILL

Exactly, Sydney! Exactly! You see,  
I'm committed to 'Doctor Who'.  
Hundred percent committed. But I  
need more time off. The bloody  
schedule would kill a man half my  
age.

SYDNEY

Aha.

BILL

And all those lines they give me!  
The kiddies don't want to hear all  
that waffle. Perhaps it would be  
best if the writers just... well  
sort of sketched in the story and  
left me to make up the rest?

Sydney reacts. Bill picks up on it.

BILL (CONT'D)

No. That's probably a step too  
far. But you take my meaning? I'm  
the star of the show.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

I'm the Doctor. And if we're to continue, you need to take account of that.  
Proper account.

Beat.

SYDNEY

We've got great plans for 'Doctor Who', Bill, believe you me. Great plans. We're hundred percent committed too.

BILL

I'm very glad to hear it!

SYDNEY

But we're looking at ways of... refreshing it. Um... Regenerating it.

BILL

Hm. Yes. Quite right. Spice things up a bit.

SYDNEY

Bill -

BILL

I'm glad we're on the same wavelength anyway!

SYDNEY

Bill... hell, there's no easy way of saying this... We want 'Doctor Who' to go on.

BILL

Yes.

SYDNEY

But not with you.

Silence.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Like you said. Things have got to change.

Beat.

BILL

I see.

Bill nods. He knew this was coming. He looks almost relieved.

BILL (CONT'D)  
A new face?

SYDNEY  
Yes.

BILL  
Who... who have you got in mind?

SYDNEY  
You're a hard act to follow, Bill -

BILL  
No need for the soft-soap, Sydney.  
You know me better. *Who?*

Slowly, Sydney takes out a photo from a thick file and slides it across the desk. It's of a saturnine, much younger man with dark hair - PAT.

SYDNEY  
You approve?

BILL  
Quite. Patrick Troughton!  
Excellent choice.

Beat.

SYDNEY  
I'm so sorry, Bill.

Bill waves a dismissive hand.

BILL  
"Fortune, good night, smile once  
more; turn thy wheel!"

SYDNEY  
Huh?

BILL  
'Lear'. I did it once. Carried a  
spear. Long time ago.

He stares into space.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Long, long time ago.

He gives a mirthless chuckle.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I said right at the start, if we're  
lucky, 'Doctor Who' could run five  
years, didn't I?

SYDNEY  
(kindly)  
Yeah. You sure did. Who knows?  
Maybe even longer.

CUT TO:

125 EXT. BARNES COMMON. NIGHT 37 (X) - (18:46) 125

BILL's car roars away from REG the policeman.

REG  
You're him, aren't you! You're  
Doctor Who! Wait till I tell the  
kids! They bloomin' love you!

CUT TO:

126 INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 37 - (20:30) 126

BILL stands in the cottage, warming his hands over the fire.

BILL  
It's been agreed... by... um... by  
mutual consent that I should -

He clears his throat.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Pack it in.

HEATHER  
Right.

BILL  
Give it up.

HEATHER  
I see.

She goes over to him and, a little hesitantly, snakes her arm around his waist.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
I think it's for the best, Bill.  
Truly I do. You can't go on like  
this.

BILL  
(nods)  
And I've made my mark. Showed  
everyone I could do it. I'm sure  
it'll lead to lots more interesting  
stuff, eh?

Heather nods. But she doesn't look him in the eye.

HEATHER

How about a nice cup of tea, eh,  
love?

BILL

Yes.

She goes into the kitchen. Bill turns back to the fireplace. Suddenly, his eyes are wet with tears. He manages to stifle a sob - but Heather hears and comes dashing back in.

BILL (CONT'D)

I... I don't want to go.

Heather embraces him and shushes him as the tears flow.

Bill closes his eyes.

Darkness.

Over this:

The sound of the TARDIS engines.

CUT TO:

127 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 - TARDIS. NIGHT 38 (Y) - (19:18) 127

September 1966 - BILL is still looking up, eyes closed. He's standing as he first was, by the console.

He lowers his head and opens his eyes to find the studio is now full of CREW.

And three people stand facing him. MIKE and ANNEKE, the new companions and the dark, beguiling PAT, the new Doctor Who. He has a mop of black hair and is dressed in baggy check trousers and a beaten up frock-coat.

Silence.

Tense silence.

The old Doctor and the new Doctor face each other. Then --

PAT

Well, then. Who's who?

Bill smiles. The mood is broken. Pat comes over and shakes him warmly by the hand.

PAT (CONT'D)

I won't lie to you. I'm scared  
stiff!

BILL

Oh, you'll be fine. In fact, you'll be wonderful. I told them, you know, there's only one man in England who could take over.

PAT

Oh. Couldn't they find him?

Everyone laughs.

Bill looks at the stuck glass cylinder and, without a word, he goes over to the console and clicks a switch. The hydraulic pump goes into action and the time rotor moves smoothly up and down.

CUT TO:

128 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1. GALLERY. NIGHT 38 - (19:26) 128

The gallery is crowded with expectant faces. On the monitor in black and white, BILL, MIKE and ANNEKE. Bill presses his hands to the console, drawing strength from it.

CUT TO:

129 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 - TARDIS. NIGHT 38 - (19:27) 129

Red lights on, cameras are grouped around the three cast.

BILL gazes down at the dials, gauges and winking instruments for the last time. This is it. His eyes fill with tears as he contemplates the end.

The roar of the TARDIS engines...

Then Bill notices something else. On the opposite side of the hexagonal console.

Another pair of hands, imitating his own gesture.

Bill looks up.

Facing him is -

THE DOCTOR.

The Eleventh in that illustrious line. Matt Smith.

Bill stares at the stranger.

Matt adjusts his bow tie and just - winks.

Bill smiles.

CUT TO:

Photo Caption:

*Sydney Newman stayed at the BBC until 1967, overseeing worldwide hits like 'The Forsyth Saga'. When he returned to Canada in 1970, 'The Sunday Times' reported that British television would never be the same again.*

Photo Caption:

*Waris Hussein went on to a highly successful career in film and TV in Britain and America, including many further collaborations with Verity Lambert.*

Photo Caption:

*Verity Lambert went on to produce such landmark productions as 'Budgie', 'The Naked Civil Servant', 'Rumpole of the Bailey' and 'Quatermass', becoming something of a legend in British broadcasting before her death in 2007.*

Caption:

*Debilitated by his illness, William Hartnell secured only a few more acting roles before his retirement. He died in 1975 aged 67.*

Caption:

*But his legacy lives on in the character he created.*

*The inimitable, the extraordinary, the immortal Doctor Who.*

CUT TO:

130 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1. GALLERY. NIGHT 38

130

On a monitor, a clip of the real BILL, hands to lapels.

BILL

One day, I shall come back. Yes. I shall come back. Until then, there must be no regrets, no tears, no anxieties. Just go forward in all your beliefs - and prove to me that I am not mistaken in mine...

Fade to black.

**END**