

Doctor Who 4
Episode 1

By
Russell T Davies

Shooting Script - Yellow Amendments
16th October 2007

Prep Starts: 3rd Sept
Filming Starts: 4th Oct

DW4 - Ep1 - Yellow
www.thewriterstale.com

1 OMITTED 1

2 EXT. NOBLES' HOUSE - DAY 1 2

Fast, cheeky music, sc.2-13.

DONNA steps out of her front door. Smart, head held high; she's on a mission. And as Donna heads left to right -

CUT TO:

3 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 1 3

- heading right to left, THE DOCTOR steps out of the TARDIS. Sets off. On a mission.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 1 4

DONNA walking along, left to right, through COMMUTERS.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 1 5

THE DOCTOR walks along, right to left, through COMMUTERS.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - DAY 1 6

DONNA stops in the street, looks up...

A TOWER BLOCK looming above. Cool, sleek, stylish, the London HQ of Adipose Industries.

Deep breath, Donna heads towards it.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - DAY 1 7

THE DOCTOR stops in the street, looks up...

THE TOWER BLOCK looming above, Adipose Industries. But this is the opposite side to Donna's, the back.

Deep breath, the Doctor heads towards it.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, FOYER - DAY 1 8

DONNA walks through the revolving doors.

CUT TO:

13 CONTINUED:

13

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)

One capsule, once a day, for three weeks. And the fat, as they say...

ON SCREEN, GRAPHIC, the logo does a little spin, the jingle sings: *The Fat Just Walks Awaaaaay!*

CUT TO DONNA, in amongst the audience, as a WOMAN near to her pipes up - PENNY CARTER, late 20's, sharp.

PENNY

Excuse me, Miss Foster, if I could..? I'm Penny Carter, Science Correspondent for the Observer

MISS FOSTER

Oh yes. You've written quite a bit about us already.

PENNY

And I'm not about to stop. But there's a thousand diet pills on the market, and a thousand conmen stealing people's money. How do we know the fat isn't going straight into your bank account?

MISS FOSTER

Penny. If cynicism burnt up calories, we'd all be thin as rakes. But if you want the science, then I can oblige...

She nods up to the PROJECTION BOOTH.

The projected beam of light flickers, changes.

The next reel starts up, GRAPHICS showing a pill, and a layout of the Human body, with arrows going from the pill, to the body, then flowing round the bloodstream.

VOICEOVER

The Adipose Capsule is composed of a synthesised mobilising lipase, bound to a large protein molecule. The mobilising lipase breaks up the triglycerides stored in the adipose cells, which then enter the bloodstream... [etc.]

But during this, on Donna, watching, suspicious. And then PAN UP to see behind her, THE DOCTOR, in the PROJECTION BOOTH WINDOW. (Not seeing Donna, just watching the screen.)

CUT TO INT. PROJECTION BOOTH, THE DOCTOR at the window, a FILM PROJECTOR whirring away, manned by a BLOKE. The Doctor shows him the psychic paper, keeping his eye on Miss Foster.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

THE DOCTOR
Health and Safety. Film department.

CUT TO CINEMA, film over, logo back on screen, as MISS FOSTER steps forward again. CUT BETWEEN THE DOCTOR & DONNA watching, separately.

MISS FOSTER
100% legal, 100% effective.

PENNY
But can I ask, how many people
have taken the pills, to date?

MISS FOSTER
We've already got one million
customers within the Greater London
area alone. But from next week,
we start rolling out, nationwide.
The future starts here. And Britain
will be thin!

CUT TO:

14 INT. SALES CUBICLES - DAY 1

14

The sales floor. Divided into those American-style cubicles, as functional as possible, like Keanu Reeves's office in The Matrix. Just a desk, a computer, a phone.

TRACKING along, passing one SALESPERSON after another, all on headsets, all cold-calling the spiel. 'Good morning, I represent Adipose Industries...' 'Good morning, I represent Adipose Industries...' 'Good morning, I represent...' etc.

TRACKING TO FIND DONNA, walking in - on edge, cautious, armed with a clipboard - she grabs a spare chair, pulls it over to a CUBICLE, where CRAIG, 20, is at work, on headset.

DONNA
Donna Noble, Health
and Safety, don't
mind me.

CRAIG
That's a three week course
of pills for the special
price of 45 pounds...

CUT TO the opposite side of the room, THE DOCTOR entering - cautious, on edge - he grabs a spare chair, slides it across to CLAIRE'S cubicle. She's 20, on headset.

THE DOCTOR
John Smith, Health
and Safety, don't
mind me.

CLAIRE
...we can deliver within
three working days,
registered post...

CUT TO Donna & Craig. He's on his headset, with the spiel; he's got a script, and a sample Adipose Industries box at his side - a small white cardboard box, full of 21 pills in packets, information leaflets, etc.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

CRAIG

...the box comes with 21 days' worth of pills, a full information pack, and our special free gift, an Adipose Industries pendant...

But Donna's taking the pendant out of the box. Simple gold chain with a gold representation of an Adipose capsule.

CUT TO the Doctor & Claire.

CLAIRE

...it's made of 18 carat gold, and it's yours for free... No, we don't give away pens. Sorry. No, I can't make an exception, no.

He's already taken the pendant, holds it up, examines it.

CU on the gold Adipose capsule.

CUT TO Donna & Craig. He's now taking off his headset, to look at her properly, as she puts the pendant in her pocket.

DONNA

I'll just keep this for testing. And I just need a list of your customers, can you print it off?

CRAIG

S'pose so.

DONNA

Where's the printer..?

CRAIG

Just over there, by the door.

WIDE SHOT, as she pops her head up over the partition. The only face visible among the rows of cubicles.

DONNA

Which door, that door?

CRAIG OOV

That's the one.

DONNA

Lovely.

She pops back down, gone - and in that second -

- THE DOCTOR pops his head up, far across the room.

THE DOCTOR

And that's the printer, over there?

CLAIRE OOV

By the door, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

THE DOCTOR

Brilliant!

And he pops back down -

- as Donna pops back up, looking towards the printer.

DONNA

Does it need a code? Last place I worked, the printer needed a code.

CRAIG OOV

No, I can do that from here.

And she pops back down -

- as the Doctor pops back up, looking round.

THE DOCTOR

Has it got paper?

CLAIRE OOV

Yeah, Jimbo keeps it stocked.

But the Doctor gives an 'oops!' and ducks down, seeing -

MISS FOSTER striding in. With 2 SECURITY GUARDS, her permanent escort. She goes to the centre, claps her hands.

MISS FOSTER

Everyone! Excuse me! If I could have your attention!

Heads pop up all around the cubicles, some standing, some just with eyes over the partitions. Donna stands up...

As the Doctor slowly stands up...

Miss Foster takes a single step forward, just in time to completely mask the Doctor from Donna's POV, and vice versa.

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)

On average, you're each selling forty Adipose packs per day. It's not enough! I want one hundred sales, per person, per day, and if not, you'll be replaced. Cos if anyone's good at trimming the fat, it's me. Now back to it!

All heads duck down, Donna sinking back down as -

Miss Foster clears Donna's previous POV, revealing the Doctor, just ducking back down into the cubicle. To Claire:

THE DOCTOR

Anyway! If you could just print that off, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

CUT TO Donna & Craig.

DONNA

Print off the list, and I'll get
out of your way.

CU CURSOR clicking on PRINT.

CUT TO PRINTER, churning out PAPERS. Yellow sheets.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Lovely, thanks, see you.

WIDE SHOT, as she stands, hurries over to the printer -

The Doctor pops up for a micro-second, about to go -

THE DOCTOR

Thanks then -

- before he can look in Donna's direction, he's pulled
back down again! By Claire, holding out a piece of paper.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

What's that?

CLAIRE

My telephone number.

THE DOCTOR

...what for?

CLAIRE

(foxy)

Health and Safety. You be health.
I'll be safety.

CUT TO Donna, at the printer. She grabs *all* the papers,
heads for the door -

And as she swings it open, foreground, and disappears
through the door - in background, the Doctor stands -

THE DOCTOR

...that contravenes paragraph 5
subsection C, sorry, thanks, bye -

And he hurries away, going across to the printer.

No papers, nothing. Eh?! He lifts the photocopier lid,
checks all round, no sign of them. Damn.

CUT TO CLAIRE, as the Doctor reappears. Big smile.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Me again!

CUT TO:

15 EXT. STACY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

15

STACY CAMPBELL, 20s, bit plump - harassed, running late - opens her front door (it's an end-of-terrace house).

DONNA's standing there, with clipboard & yellow papers, just flashes her ID card so it can't be seen properly.

DONNA

Stacy Campbell?

STACY

Who wants to know?

DONNA

My name's Donna, I represent Adipose Industries, and you're on the list of our valued customers - I wonder, could I ask you a few questions?

STACY

Sorry, I'm going out, I've booked a taxi, it's on its way.

DONNA

Tell you what, answer the questions and I'll get the taxi with you, then I can pay for it on expenses, how does that sound?

STACY

Um. Brilliant, yeah. Okay! I'm still getting ready though, I'm in a bit of a rush -

DONNA

You just carry on, don't mind me!

And Donna heads inside -

CUT TO:

16 EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

16

ROGER DAVEY, 40, a thin & happy man, opens his front door (nice semi, with a small drive).

THE DOCTOR's there, with yellow papers & psychic paper:

THE DOCTOR

Mr Roger Davey! I'm calling on behalf of Adipose Industries, I just need to ask you a few questions -

ROGER

Oh, brilliant, come in, those pills, they've been like magic! If you want me to do adverts, anything, testimonials, I'm your man -

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

And the Doctor heads inside -

CUT TO:

17 INT. STACY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 17

Nice house, warm, comfy. STACY's on her feet, grabbing clothes, money, all that about-to-go-out stuff. NB, her hair's pinned up. DONNA sitting there with clipboard.

STACY

- it's been fantastic, I started the pills on Thursday, five days later, I've lost eleven pounds!

DONNA

And no side effects or anything?

STACY

No, I feel fantastic, it's a new lease of life - what d'you think about the earrings, do they work?

DONNA

Lovely, yeah. Going on a date?

STACY

I'm doing the opposite, I'm gonna dump him! I can do better than him now! What d'you think, hair up or down? No, down, I want him to see me looking gorgeous -
(hurrying upstairs)
- won't be long, if the taxi beeps, give me a shout -

She's gone. On Donna, wondering if she's wasting her time.

CUT TO:

18 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1 18

ROGER sitting, THE DOCTOR prowling round the room.

ROGER

I've been on the pills for two weeks now, I've lost 14 kilos!

THE DOCTOR

That's the same amount every day?

ROGER

One kilo, exactly. You wake up, and it's disappeared overnight. Well, technically speaking, it's gone by ten past one in the morning.

THE DOCTOR

...what makes you say that?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

ROGER

That's when I get woken up. Might as well weigh myself at the same time! But it's driving me mad - ten minutes past one, every night, bang on the dot, without fail... the burglar alarm goes off.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

19

THE DOCTOR & ROGER looking up at Roger's burglar-alarm box, high on the wall above the front door.

ROGER

I've had experts in, I've had it replaced, I've even phoned Watchdog, you name it. But no! Ten past one in the morning, off it goes.

THE DOCTOR

But with no burglars?

ROGER

Nothing! I've given up looking!

THE DOCTOR

Tell me, Roger... have you got a cat flap?

CUT TO:

20 INT. ROGER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 1

20

THE DOCTOR on the floor, prodding the back door's cat flap with the sonic. The flap swings to and fro, harmless. ROGER kneeling beside him, fascinated.

ROGER

It was here when I bought the house. Never bothered with it, really, I'm not a cat person.

THE DOCTOR

No, I've met cat people, you're nothing like them.

ROGER

Is that what it is, though? Cats, getting inside the house?

THE DOCTOR

Well, that's the thing about cat flaps. They don't just let things in. They let things out as well.

ROGER

Like what..?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

THE DOCTOR
The fat just walks away.

CUT TO:

21 INT. STACY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 1 21

Nice bathroom, bit lived-in. STACY's now with hair down, putting a new lipstick on, in the mirror. Calls down:

STACY
Won't be long!

SCENE CONTINUES, INTERCUT WITH LIVING ROOM -

CUT TO:

22 INT. STACY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 22

DONNA
That's all right!

She sits, fiddling with the GOLD PENDANT. Just out of boredom. She holds it up, in the light. Nothing special.

Then she just holds it normally, looking round the room.

CU Donna's hands as, without thinking, she starts to unscrew the two halves of the gold capsule...

CUT TO THE BATHROOM. Stacy gasps. Not pain, but a sudden *feeling* in her stomach. She clutches it.

CUT TO LIVING ROOM, Donna stops fiddling with the capsule.

CUT TO BATHROOM, the sensation's gone, Stacy recovers, holds her stomach. What the hell was that..?

CUT TO LIVING ROOM, Donna starts to fiddle again, unscrewing the capsule...

CUT TO BATHROOM, Stacy feels something again, holds her stomach. What's happening..?

CUT TO LIVING ROOM, Donna still screwing & unscrewing the two halves, without even looking at what she's doing.

CUT TO BATHROOM, Stacy lifts up her top. Smooths the skin of her stomach. Then horrified, as...

FX: the skin on her stomach moves. Like something is writhing underneath. Pushing the skin out...

She's not in pain, just scared, as she looks in the mirror.

FX: her stomach keeps moving, just one central area, like a little fat mole is buried underneath, trying to get out.

CUT TO:

23 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 1 23

Smart, shiny, windows looking out on to the city. But an alarm blares! MISS FOSTER spins round in her chair -

On her COMPUTER, a map of London, one red light flashing.

Miss Foster uses her WRISTWATCH as a COMMS DEVICE -

MISS FOSTER

We have unscheduled parthenogenesis!

CUT TO:

24 EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1 24

THE DOCTOR just saying goodbye, ROGER in the doorway.

THE DOCTOR

Thanks for your help, tell you
what, maybe you could lay off the
pills for a week or so -

Alarm sounds!

The Doctor gets out a little gizmo from his pocket, like
an improvised palm-pilot, with a red flashing light.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Gotta go, sorry!

And he belts off - !

CUT TO:

25 OMITTED 25

26 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 1 26

MISS FOSTER on her WRISTWATCH-COMMS -

MISS FOSTER

Send out the Collection Squad!
Bring them home.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, CAR PARK - NIGHT 1 27

A big, black POLICE PRISON VAN, with barred windows,
scorches out of the underground car park -

CUT TO:

28 EXT. ROGER'S ESTATE - NIGHT 1 28

THE DOCTOR, running, running, running -

CUT TO:

29 INT. STACY'S LIVING ROOM/STACY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 1 29

BATHROOM, CU STACY boggling, looking down, as...

FX: STACY'S skin stretches out - and nothing is actually breaking through, no broken skin, no blood - instead, the stretching skin is whitening and smoothly dividing off into a separate entity, like amoebas separating...

FX: and the lump plops free! With Stacy standing by the sink, it just drops down into the bowl, and her stomach just twangs back to normal. And the lump is...

FX: an ADIPOSE, standing in the sink-bowl. About the size of a bag of sugar. And almost the same shape. A white lump of fat, Pilsbury Dough Boy in texture, with rudimentary arms and legs, black-dot eyes, a mewling mouth, with one little fang. It's strangely sort of cute. Like a soft toy. It seems to be waving, little stumpy arms, at Stacy.

Stacy is just *boggling*.

LIVING ROOM, Donna goes to the hallway door, calls up:

DONNA
You all right up there?

BATHROOM, Stacy stunned, too embarrassed to call for help.

STACY
...yeah.

FX: the ADIPOSE is mewling at her, a bit like 'mummy!'

CUT TO:

30 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 1 30

MISS FOSTER, on her WRISTWATCH COMMS -

MISS FOSTER
The Adipose has been witnessed.
Activating full parthenogenesis.

And in her other hand, she's got a GOLD CAPSULE - she takes hold of it, twists it -

CUT TO:

31 INT. STACY'S LIVING ROOM/STACY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 1 31

STACY alarmed, feeling something... looks round, and down...

Underneath her trousers, one of her buttocks is now starting to move, a shape squirming under the fabric...

CUT TO DONNA, by the living room door, calling up.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

DONNA
I like what you've done with this
hall.

STACY twisting round to see in the mirror, as...

FX: an ADIPOSE struggles up over the waistband of the back
of her trousers! Mewling! Free!

CUT TO Donna, getting a bit concerned now -

DONNA (CONT'D)
Have you lived here long? Stacy?
You all right?

FX: BATHROOM, 2 ADIPOSE now in the sink, waving. Whispered:

STACY
What are you? *What are you?*

But then - oh God - more movement - under her t-shirt,
more shapes, lots, shifting, her stomach, at her shoulder,
on her back, on her thigh, writhing under her clothes.

CUT TO STAIRS, DONNA, now heading up.

DONNA
Wouldn't mind a little visit myself.
Everything okay in there?

CUT TO BATHROOM, Stacy desperate, now trying the press the
bumps in her clothing back in to her skin...

Donna now outside the door, little knock.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Only me. D'you mind if I pop to
the loo? Stacy?

STACY
(quiet)
...help me.

DONNA
I'm sorry?

STACY
Help me. Oh my God, *help me!*

DONNA
What is it, what's wrong - ?

Donna rattles the door, it's locked -

Inside, Stacy's still struggling with the writhing bumps -

Donna starts to thump the door. Bangs it. Shoves it.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

DONNA (CONT'D)

Stacy! Stacy!!

Then Stacy shudders, lets go of the bumps, screams -

FX: in a second, she's gone - her whole body divides into separate pieces - twenty separate ADIPOSE, plop!, tumbling to the floor, in amongst her falling, empty clothes -

FX: on the FLOOR, in amongst the fallen clothes, a NUMBER OF ADIPOSE waddle about, heading for the walls, with one still emerging from the clothes.

Donna hears something, stops shoving, listens...

A tiny giggling, a scurrying noise, from the bathroom.

Donna shoves again, shoves hard -

CU on the bolt, flying off, the door flies open - !

Donna in the doorway, stares.

Her POV: Stacy's clothes on the floor. Then looking up...

FX: the bathroom window is open. And just one ADIPOSE remains, on the windowsill. It gives Donna a little wave, like 'bye bye!', then hops out of the window, whee!, gone!

Donna runs to the window -

CUT TO:

32 EXT. STACY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

32

HIGH ANGLE, DONNA'S POV from the upstairs bathroom window.

Down below, in the darkness, one bin, then another (old fashioned tin-lid-bins) fall over, like tiny animals are scurrying past, with the giggly mewling noise.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. NEAR STACY'S STREET - NIGHT 1

33

The BLACK PRISON VAN scorches along -

CUT TO:

34 EXT. NEAR STACY'S STREET - NIGHT 1

34

THE DOCTOR runs - stops, checks the signal on his gizmo, bleep bleep, changes direction, runs back -

CUT TO:

35 EXT. NEAR STACY'S STREET - NIGHT 1 35

The PRISON VAN has stopped, two SECURITY GUARDS (Miss Foster's private guard) leap out. With BUTTERFLY NETS.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. STACY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1 36

DONNA runs out of the house - panic - no sign of the little shapes, but she runs in the direction they were heading -

CUT TO:

37 EXT. NEAR STACY'S STREET - NIGHT 1 37

THE DOCTOR, running, running, running -

CUT TO:

38 EXT. NEAR STACY'S STREET - NIGHT 1 38

Slam! The lid on a STEEL BOX is slammed shut - the mewling noise now coming from inside. The GUARDS pick up the box -

Slam! Doors on the van shut!

CU wheels, scorching off -

And the van roars away -

CUT TO:

39 EXT. STACY'S STREET - NIGHT 1 39

DONNA just reaching the end of the street, as the PRISON VAN roars past her. She doesn't pay it any attention, but stops, breathless, looking round. No sign of anything.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. STREET PARALLEL WITH STACY'S - NIGHT 1 40

THE DOCTOR runs to a halt, as the PRISON VAN scorches past - bleeps from the gizmo! But the van's fast, gone, damn!

CUT TO:

41 EXT. STACY'S STREET - NIGHT 1 41

DONNA lost, shaken, wandering back down the middle of the street towards Stacy's house. BLACK CAB just pulling up.

TAXI DRIVER
Stacy Campbell?

DONNA
No. She's gone.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

TAXI DRIVER

Gone where?

DONNA

She's just... gone.

TAXI DRIVER

Great. Thanks for nothing.

The taxi drives away. As it does so...

HIGH SHOT, from above the houses, revealing the layout: Donna in the middle of Stacy's street; parallel with her, next street along, THE DOCTOR, in the middle of the road.

Both just stand there. Look round. Then give up. Donna running off one way, scared, the Doctor walking off the other way, both disappearing, into the night...

CUT TO:

42 INT. SALES CUBICLES - DAY 1

42

B&W HIGH ANGLE CCTV footage of the cubicles, fast-forward, PEOPLE jump-cutting... Including THE DOCTOR & DONNA, plus CRAIG, CLAIRE & OTHER WORKERS, covering the events of sc.14.

CUT TO:

43 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 1

43

Sc.42 playing on a PLASMA TV. MISS FOSTER behind her desk, studying the screen, 2 SECURITY GUARDS either side of her.

MISS FOSTER

It seems we have a case of industrial espionage. One touch, and the capsule bio-tunes itself to its owner, but someone must have introduced a second, raw capsule. Therefore, one of these people is a thief...

(suddenly)

There!

(presses remote, to pause)

Oh yes. There she is. Now, what shall we do with her..?

CUT TO:

44 INT. NOBLES' HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 1

44

DONNA comes in, still shaken. Closes the door, leans against it, gathers herself, exhausted.

Then real life slams back in! Mum, SYLVIA, down the hall -

SYLVIA

And what time's this?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

DONNA
How old am I?!

SYLVIA
Not old enough to use a phone!

JUMP CUT TO:

45 INT. NOBLES' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1

45

SLOW TRACK IN ON DONNA, just sitting there, as SYLVIA busies herself all around her, passing to and fro.

SYLVIA
...I thought you were only moving back for a couple of weeks, but look at you! You're never gonna find a flat, not while you're on the dole! I mean, it's hardly the 1980's, no one's unemployed these days. Except you! How long did that job with Health and Safety last, two days? Then you walk out! 'I have other plans.' Well I've not seen 'em! And it's no good sitting there dreaming, no one's gonna come along with a magic wand and make your life all better -

DONNA
Where's Grandad? *

SYLVIA
Where d'you think he is? Up the hill! Always, up the hill!

CUT TO:

46 EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT 1

46

DONNA trudging up a lonely hillside.

There's her Grandad, WILF, sitting on a little camping chair, with a telescope - nothing too expensive, the amateur astronomer. All nice and quiet; she loves her Grandad. *

WILF
Aye aye. Here comes trouble. *

DONNA
Permission to board ship, sir.

WILF
Granted! Was she nagging you? *

DONNA
Big time. Brought you a thermos. Seen anything? *

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

WILF

*

I've got Venus, with an apparent magnitude of minus 3.5. At least, that's what it says in my book. Come and see! There you go...

*

She puts her eye to the telescope.

FX: Donna's POV through TELESCOPE. Venus just a dot.

WILF (CONT'D)

*

The only planet in the solar system named after a woman.

DONNA

Good for her.

Donna leaves the telescope, looks up into the night sky.

DONNA (CONT'D)

How far away is that..?

WILF

*

About 26 million miles. But we'll get there! One day. Hundred years time, we'll be striding out amongst the stars, jiggling about with all them aliens, just you wait.

*

*

DONNA

*

You really believe in all that stuff, don't you?

*

*

WILF

*

They're all over the place these days! If I wait here long enough...

*

*

DONNA

*

Don't suppose you've seen a little blue box?

WILF

*

Is that slang for something?

And she sits on the grass, next to him.

DONNA

No, I mean it. If you ever see a little blue box, flying up there in the sky... You shout for me, Gramps. Oh, you just shout.

*

WILF

*

(smiles, kind)

*

I don't understand half the things you say, these days.

DONNA

Nor me.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

WILF
Fair do's. You've had a funny old
time of it, lately.

*

*

DW4 - Ep1 - Yellow
www.thewriterstale.com

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

WILF (CONT'D)

Poor old whatsisname, Lance, bless him. That barmy old Christmas.

(beat)

I wish you'd tell us what really happened.

DONNA

I know. It's just... The things I've seen. Sometimes I think I'm going mad. Even tonight, I was...

(pause)

Doesn't matter.

WILF

Well, you're not yourself, I'll give you that. You just seem to be drifting, sweetheart.

DONNA

I'm not drifting. I'm waiting.

WILF

What for?

DONNA

The right man.

WILF

Oh, same old story. A man!

DONNA

No, I don't mean like that. But he's real, I've seen him, I've met him. Just once. And then... I let him fly away.

WILF

Well then. Go and find him.

DONNA

I've tried. He's... nowhere.

WILF

Oy! Since when did you give up? I remember you, six years old, your mother said, no holiday this year, so off you toddled, all on your own, and got on the bus! To Strathclyde! We had police out and everything!

(both laughing)

Where's she gone, then? Eh?

Where's that girl?

Donna lies back. HIGH SHOT, pulling out on the two of them; Donna and her Grandad, looking up at the night sky.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (4) 46

DONNA
 You're right. Cos he's still out
 there somewhere. I'll find him.
 Even if I have to wait a hundred
 years... I'll find him.

*
 *

CUT TO:

47 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT 1 47

CU on THE DOCTOR at the console, using equipment to study his GOLD CAPSULE - he's separated the two halves; each has tiny wires trailing out.

THE DOCTOR
 Fascinating. Seems to be a bioflip-
 digital-stitch specifically for...

Looks up, looks round, aware that he's talking to himself.

WIDEST SHOT POSSIBLE of the TARDIS. The ancient, slow creak of the vast, empty space.

The Doctor, alone.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. NOBLES' HOUSE - DAY 2 48

Back to the fast, cheeky music from sc.2.

DONNA leaves the house, galvanised, determined to succeed today - she's got car keys, heading for the CAR.

SYLVIA runs to the doorway, in her nightie.

SYLVIA
 It's my turn for having the car!
 What do you need it for?

DONNA
 A quick getaway!

JUMP CUT TO CU CAR KEY, turning in the ignition.

CUT TO:

49 INT. TARDIS - DAY 2 49

CU THE DOCTOR slamming levers on the TARDIS console.

WIDER, the Time Rotor starts to rise and fall, in flight...

CUT TO:

50 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 2 50

DONNA just slamming the door shut on the parked car, striding away, and as she clears -

(CONTINUED)

- 50 CONTINUED: 50
- FX: further down the street, the TARDIS appears.
- CUT TO:
- 51 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, FOYER - DAY 2 51
- DONNA walks through the revolving doors -
- CUT TO:
- 52 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, BACK YARD - DAY 2 52
- THE DOCTOR sonic's the lock, PRAC EXPLOSION, in he goes -
- CUT TO:
- 53 INT. SALES CUBICLES - DAY 2 53
- DONNA strides through, fast, not stopping -
- CUT TO:
- 54 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - DAY 2 54
- THE DOCTOR strides along the corridor -
- He's heading for a door, opens it. A tiny little STOREROOM, mops & buckets, etc. No light. He gets inside, his hiding place, and he sonic's the lock. A big *clunk!* Locked.
- CUT TO:
- 55 INT. LADIES TOILETS - DAY 2 55
- Clean, smart, large room. DONNA hurries in. There's at least 5 cubicles in a row. She goes to the furthest one.
- Inside, she bolts the door. Then lowers the lid on the toilet, to use it as a chair. Sits. Looks at her watch.
- CUT TO:
- 56 INT. SALES CUBICLES - DAY 2 56
- MISS FOSTER & 2 SECURITY GUARDS striding through. Sotto:
- MISS FOSTER
Keep an eye out. She'll come back.
And then... she's mine.
- As they clear, PAN UP to the CLOCK on the wall: 09.30.
- MIX TO: CLOCK reading 18.10.
- CUT TO:

56A INT. SALES CUBICLES - NIGHT 2 56A

WIDE SHOT, lights flickering out, STAFF standing, putting on coats, CRAIG heading off, CLAIRE calling to a MATE:

CLAIRE
See you tomorrow!

CUT TO:

57 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 2 57

INSIDE THE STOREROOM, THE DOCTOR sonics the lock, *clunk*.

He steps out, stretching, a bit aching...

The corridor's much darker, now. He heads off. Runs!

CUT TO:

58 INT. LADIES TOILETS - NIGHT 2 58

DONNA still in the cubicle. She stands, aching, ooh. Then unlocks the bolt, steps out, the toilet empty -

Then her mobile rings! She panics -

- hurries back into the stall, locks the door, getting out her mobile, whispering -

DONNA
Not now!

CUT TO:

59 INT. NOBLES' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2 59

SYLVIA on the phone, WILF in his coat in b/g, armed with TELESCOPE & THERMOS, about to head off. *

SYLVIA
I need the car, where are you?!

SCENE CONTINUES, INTERCUT WITH LADIES TOILETS.

CUT TO:

60 INT. LADIES TOILETS - NIGHT 2 60

DONNA sitting on the loo, whispering on her mobile.

DONNA
I can't. I'm busy.

SYLVIA
What are you whispering for?

DONNA
...I'm in church.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

SYLVIA

What are you doing in church?

DONNA

Praying.

SYLVIA

Hah! Too late for that, madam!

WILF

What's she in church for? *

SYLVIA

Hush, you! Go to the hill!

(to Donna)

But I need the car, I'm going out with Suzette, she's invited all the Wednesday Girls, apparently she's been on those Adipose pills, she says she looks marvellous -

But Donna suddenly hangs up - she's heard footsteps -

CUT TO OUTSIDE THE CUBICLES, as the door *slams!* open -

MISS FOSTER & 2 SECURITY GUARDS stride in, like stormtroopers, the guards now armed with GUNS. Miss Foster stands centre, utterly confident.

MISS FOSTER

We know you're in here. So why don't you make this nice and easy, and show yourself?

Donna in the cubicle, lifts her feet up, terrified.

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)

I'm waiting.

(silence)

I warn you. I'm not a patient woman. Now, out you come.

Silence, Donna so scared, trapped.

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)

Right, we'll do it the hard way. Get her!

The guards move - kick the door in on the first cubicle, *wham!*, one guard kicking, the other ready with his gun -

Empty.

Donna terrified.

They kick in the second cubicle - *wham!* - empty -

Donna clutching her knees, helpless -

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

They kick in the third cubicle - *wham!* -

And there's PENNY CARTER! Hiding!

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)

There you are.

On Donna. Eh?!

As the guards haul Penny out, she's furious -

PENNY

I've been through the records,
Foster! All your results have
been faked, there's something about
those pills you're not telling us -

MISS FOSTER

Oh, I think I'll be conducting
this interview, Penny.

And they're hauling Penny out of the door, gone.

Beat.

Then Donna opens her cubicle door a fraction, peers out.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, ROOFTOP - NIGHT 2

61

THE DOCTOR opens the Access Door, steps out on to the roof.
The lights of the city all around.

But he runs, fast, over to the edge -

Where there's a WINDOW CLEANER'S CRADLE. Lovely! Just
what he needs. He starts to sonic the controls.

CUT TO:

62 INT. SALES CUBICLES - NIGHT 2

62

The room now dark. MISS FOSTER striding ahead, PENNY being
dragged along by the 2 SECURITY GUARDS -

PENNY

- you've got no right to do this!
Let me go!!

Behind them, through the door they first came through,
DONNA peeks through a tiny gap. In pursuit!

CUT TO:

63 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT 2

63

WIDE SHOT, the WINDOW CLEANER'S CRADLE descending.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

CUT TO CLOSER, THE DOCTOR in the cradle.

CUT TO:

64 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 64

FX: office empty. At the windows, the CRADLE is descending, THE DOCTOR sliding down into shot, then sonicking the cradle to stop, so he can see into the office -

But he ducks down out of sight - oops! - as MISS FOSTER, the 2 SECURITY GUARDS frogmarch a struggling PENNY in -

MISS FOSTER

Sit there!

PENNY

I'm phoning my editor -

MISS FOSTER

I said *sit!*

CUT TO:

65 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT 2 65

THE DOCTOR now crouching down, below the window level.

He gets out his stethoscope, to listen at the cradle wall.

CONTINUES INTERCUT WITH SC.67, MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE.

CUT TO:

66 INT. AREA OUTSIDE MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 66

Secretaries' area, dark. DONNA creeps towards MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - it's got glass interior walls, but with blinds drawn, though there's still a glass panel in the door.

Donna crouches below the glass in the door. Listens.

CONTINUES INTERCUT WITH SC.67, MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE.

CUT TO:

67 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 67

MISS FOSTER now behind her desk, facing PENNY. The GUARDS have just tied Penny's wrists to the chair with flex, and now they stand back, on duty, behind Miss Foster.

INTERCUT with DONNA listening, crouched low, outside the office door; THE DOCTOR crouched low, outside the window.

PENNY

You can't tie me up! What sort of country d'you think this is?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

MISS FOSTER

A beautifully fat country. Believe me, I've travelled a long way to find obesity on this scale.

PENNY

(calmer, strong)

Come on then. Those pills. Miss Foster. What are they?

MISS FOSTER

You might as well have a scoop. Since you'll never see it printed.

(holds up a capsule)

This... is the spark of life.

PENNY

What's that supposed to mean?

MISS FOSTER

Officially, the capsule attracts all the fat cells, and then flushes them away. Well, it certainly attracts them, that part's true. But it binds the fat together, and galvanises it, to form a body.

PENNY

What d'you mean, a body?

MISS FOSTER

I'm surprised you didn't ask about my name. I chose it well. Foster, as in foster mother. And these... are my children.

She opens the desk drawer, reaches in, plucks out...

FX: she puts an ADIPOSE on the desk. It waves.

ON THE DOCTOR & DONNA ONLY now, frustrated, unable to see.

PENNY

...you're kidding me. What the hell is that?!

MISS FOSTER

Adipose. It's called, an Adipose. Made out of living fat.

OFFICE DIALOGUE THEN CONT. ADR, OOV (and ADR dialogue will remove the Adipose), all this UNDER the action below:

From 'living fat', Donna *has* to see... so she inches up to look through the glass panel...

At the same time, the Doctor *has* to see... so, putting his stethoscope away, he inches up to look through the window...

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

(NB, Miss Foster, the desk, Penny & guards are at the front of the office, the Doctor & Donna a few feet further towards the back, so there's a clear space between the Doctor & Donna, who are directly opposite each other.)

The Doctor lifts his head up... looking left, to the desk.

Donna lifts her head up... looking right, to the desk.

Then the Doctor looks straight ahead, seeing -

Donna looks straight ahead, seeing -

The Doctor!!!!

Donna!!!??!

Big long moment, both just boggling, open-mouthed. Then, all shot through the glass, in silence, big gestures:

The Doctor: Donna???

Donna: Doctor!!!!

The Doctor: but...what? Wha... WHAT??!?

Donna: Oh! My! God!

The Doctor: but... how???

Donna points at herself! It's me!

The Doctor: well I can see that!

Donna: oh this is brilliant!

The Doctor: but... what the hell are you doing there???

Donna's just so thrilled, she waves! Big smile!

The Doctor: but, but, but, why, what, where, when?

Donna points at him - you!! I was looking for you!

The Doctor: me? What for?

Donna does a little mime: I, came here, trouble, read about it, internet, I thought, trouble = you! And this place is weird! Pills! So I hid. Back there. Crept along. Heard this lot. Looked. You! Cos they...

And on 'they', she gestures and looks towards Miss Foster.

Who is staring at her. As are the guards. Penny, too.

Donna freezes. Oops.

Miss Foster then looks at the Doctor. Calm:

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)
Are we interrupting you?

Donna stands, still framed in the glass. Looks at Miss Foster, speechless. Then at the Doctor.

The Doctor: run!!!

And Donna runs!

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)
Get her!

The security guards head for the door -

The Doctor holds the sonic, whirrs it dead ahead -

Clunk! The door's locked, the guards struggle with it -

Miss Foster turns to face the Doctor -

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)
And him!

The Doctor sonics up, to the cradle-controls, fast -

FX: seen from inside the office, through the window, the cradle zooms up, fast, taking the Doctor with it -

CUT TO:

68 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 2

68

DONNA bursts into the stairwell, runs up -

CUT TO:

69 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, ROOFTOP - NIGHT 2

69

THE DOCTOR back at the top, clambering out of the cradle - runs across the roof, to the Access Door -

CUT TO:

70 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

70

2 SECURITY GUARDS FIRE - PRAC GUNS -

PRAC FX: the locked door is shot into splinters!

Guards run through, and MISS FOSTER - PENNY's left tied to the chair, yelling -

PENNY
What about me??!

CUT TO:

71 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 2

71

DONNA running up -

THE DOCTOR running down -

And they meet on a landing! She hugs him!

DONNA

Oh my God, I don't believe it!!
You've even got the same suit,
don't you ever change?

THE DOCTOR

Thanks Donna, not right now -

There's a *bang!* from a few floors below - he looks down -

His POV: the SECURITY GUARDS heading up -

And he grabs her hand, big smile!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Just like old times!

And they run up the stairs together -

CUT TO A FEW FLOORS BELOW -

The 2 SECURITY GUARDS storming up - MISS FOSTER following -

CUT TO:

72 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, ROOFTOP - NIGHT 2

72

THE DOCTOR & DONNA race out of the Access Door - the Doctor sonics it shut - then run across the rooftop, to the CRADLE, where the Doctor frantically sonics the winch, taking loose wires out of his pocket and fixing them to the controls -

And right from the word go, Donna's talking, *top speed* -

DONNA

- cos I thought, how do I find the
Doctor? And then I thought, just
look for trouble, and he'll turn
up! So I looked everywhere, you
name it, UFO sightings, crop
circles, sea monsters, all those
weird things in Cardiff, I
investigated them all - like that
stuff about the bees disappearing,
I thought, I bet he's connected!
Cos the thing is, you opened my
eyes, Doctor, I believe it now,
all those amazing things out there,
I believe them all, well, except
for that replica of the Titanic

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

DONNA (CONT'D)
flying over Buckingham Palace on
Christmas Day, I mean, that's gotta
be a hoax, hasn't it - ?

THE DOCTOR
What d'you mean, the bees are
disappearing?

DONNA
I dunno, that's what it says on
the internet, but on the same site,
there were all these conspiracy
theories about Adipose Industries,
so I thought, let's take a look -

The Access Door starts banging, Guards on the other side.

THE DOCTOR
In you get!

DONNA
What, into that thing?

THE DOCTOR
Yes, into that thing.

DONNA
But if we go down in that, they'll
just call it back up again!

THE DOCTOR
No, cos I've locked the controls
with a sonic cage, I'm the only
one who can control it - not unless
she's got a sonic device of her
own. Which is very unlikely!

CUT TO:

73 INT. INSIDE ACCESS DOOR, ROOFTOP - NIGHT 2

73

It's a hefty door, one of the GUARDS slamming against it
with his shoulder, as MISS FOSTER strides up the stairs -

And she's just taking her PEN out of her breast pocket -

MISS FOSTER
Out of the way -

And the pen whirrs with a familiar whirring sound, lights
up with a familiar blue at the end -

CUT TO:

74 INT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, ROOFTOP/SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT 2

74

BLAM! - THE ACCESS DOOR flies open - MISS FOSTER strides
out, the 2 GUARDS following, but -

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

The roof's empty.

The cradle's gone, the lowering-mechanism clearly at work.

CUT TO WIDE SHOT, SIDE OF BUILDING, the CRADLE descending with THE DOCTOR & DONNA on board.

CUT TO ROOFTOP, Miss Foster smiling -

MISS FOSTER

Oh, I don't think so -

She aims her SONIC PEN -

PRAC EXPLOSION on the ROOFTOP WINCH CONTROLS -

FX: THE DOCTOR & DONNA & CRADLE plummeting down, TOWER BLOCK FLOORS RACING past them - Donna screaming - !

CU ROOFTOP WINCHES spinning like crazy! PRAC SPARKS!

FX: CU THE DOCTOR, with FLOORS RACING PAST behind him, holding out the sonic, whirring furiously -

FX: CU PRAC EXPLOSION on the right hand CRADLE WINCH (with FLOORS RACING PAST B/G) -

WIDER on the CRADLE, halfway down the building, jerking to a sudden halt - the Doctor & Donna jolted, recovering -

CUT TO THE DOCTOR, sonicking the nearest window -

THE DOCTOR

- hold on - we can get in through the window -

CUT TO THE ROOFTOP, Miss Foster looking over the edge, on her wristwatch comms -

MISS FOSTER

Deadlock the building!

CUT TO THE CRADLE, a *clunk!* of locks, the Doctor sonicking -

THE DOCTOR

Can't get it open!

DONNA

Well then, smash it!

And she's got a spanner from a workman's toolkit inside the cradle, slams the window -

CUT TO INSIDE THE BUILDING, the Doctor & Donna hammering at the glass - but it's security glass, doesn't give -

CUT TO ROOFTOP, Miss Foster now calmly walking over to the left-hand-side (her right-hand-side) ROOFTOP WINCH. Holds the PEN against the cable -

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2)

74

PRAC FX: the METAL CABLE burning, sparks flying out, like an oxyacetylene torch - the cable fraying -

CUT TO the CRADLE, both looking up, horrified -

DONNA (CONT'D)

She's cutting the cable!!!!

CUT TO ROOFTOP, CU CABLE - PRAC FX, it SNAPS!!

FX, STUNT!, WIDE SHOT - the CRADLE tips, the LEFT HAND SIDE falling, the broken cable whipping downwards, the RIGHT HAND SIDE still connected, staying where it is, so the whole shebang falls down from the left - ie, the horizontal platform tipping to vertical - THE DOCTOR & DONNA tumbling towards the left, Donna already on the left (ie, camera left) -

CU the falling Doctor flailing out, to reach for -

FX: DONNA tumbling over the edge, screaming - !

THE DOCTOR slams into the left-hand wall of the cradle - the cradle now vertical, and swinging a little - but it remains connected on the right-hand-side, so the left-hand-wall has become the floor -

The Doctor whipping his head over the side, to see -

THE DOCTOR

Donna - ?!

FX: DONNA hanging on, about 10 feet below, the GROUND far below her - she's clinging to the hanging left-hand-side cable. (There's, say, a spar of metal, formerly part of the winch, fixed to the cable, and Donna's actually holding on to that; she could never hold on to cable alone.)

DONNA

Doctor - !

THE DOCTOR

Hold on!

DONNA

I am!!

He grabs the cable, tries to heave it up -

FX: DONNA dangling - but not moving up -

It's impossible - but the Doctor looks up, realising what Miss Foster will do next -

CUT TO ROOFTOP, Miss Foster now walking casually over to the opposite ROOFTOP WINCH - PEN glowing, whirring -

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (3)

74

FX: TOP SHOT of the Doctor (with DONNA hanging far below him) as he leans out of the cradle, LOOKING UP, and pointing his sonic screwdriver up, whirring -

CUT TO ROOFTOP -

FX: SMALL EXPLOSION on the PEN -

CU, Miss Foster drops it -

FX: SONIC PEN falling down, down, floors racing past b/g -

CUT TO the Doctor, leaning out, hand out -

CU his hand, he catches the pen!

And starts to sonic-pen the window nearest to him -

THE DOCTOR
That's better!

FX: DONNA dangling -

DONNA
I'm gonna fall!!! Doctaaaaa - !

CUT TO:

75 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

75

PENNY, still tied to her chair. Looking out of the window.

DONNA's legs are hanging, kicking, outside the glass.

Strangely calm, given the circumstances:

PENNY
...what the hell is going on?

CUT TO:

76 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, ROOFTOP/SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT 2

76

FX: DONNA dangling - and now raging -

DONNA
This is your fault! I should've
stayed at home!!

CUT TO THE DOCTOR, window now open, about to crawl through -

THE DOCTOR
Won't be a minute!

CUT TO ROOFTOP, MISS FOSTER looking down, annoyed.

MISS FOSTER
He's slippery, that one. Time we
found out who he is...

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 76

And she strides towards the Access Door, GUARDS following -

CUT TO:

77 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 2 77

THE DOCTOR running down, down, down -

CUT TO:

78 EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT 2 78

CU DONNA, struggling, holding on tight.

CU HER HANDS, clenched tight on the spar/cable.

CUT TO:

79 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 2 79

THE DOCTOR runs down to a landing - bursts through a door -

CUT TO:

80 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 80

PENNY still tied to the chair as THE DOCTOR runs in - races to the window, DONNA's legs still kicking outside -

He sonic-pens the window, frantic -

PENNY

Is anyone gonna tell me what's going on in this place?

THE DOCTOR

What are you, journalist?

PENNY

Yes.

THE DOCTOR

Well, just make it up.

And the window swings open! The Doctor reaching out to the LEGS -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I've got you - stop kicking - !

CUT TO:

81 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 2 81

SECURITY GUARDS running down, MISS FOSTER following -

CUT TO:

82 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

82

DONNA just hopping down to the floor, breathless - being helped down by THE DOCTOR. PENNY still tied up.

DONNA

I was right. It's always like this with you, isn't it?

THE DOCTOR

Oh yes! And off we go - !

And he runs out - Donna following -

PENNY

Oy!

The Doctor pops his head back round the door -

THE DOCTOR

Sorry -

- and holds out the sonic pen, whirrs -

Penny's hands pull free, the flex loosened.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Now do yourself a favour, get out!

And he's gone -

CUT TO:

83 INT. SALES CUBICLES - NIGHT 2

83

THE DOCTOR & DONNA burst through, from one end -

Stop dead. As MISS FOSTER strides through from the other end of the room, both SECURITY GUARDS hoisting up guns. A standoff; good distance between the two parties.

MISS FOSTER

Well, then. At last.

THE DOCTOR

Evening.

DONNA

Hello.

THE DOCTOR

Nice to meet you. I'm the Doctor.

DONNA

And I'm Donna.

MISS FOSTER

Partners in crime.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)

And evidently offworlders, judging by your sonic technology.

THE DOCTOR

Oh! I've still got -
(holds up)

Your sonic pen. Nice! I like it. Sleek, it's kind of... sleek.

DONNA

Definitely sleek.

THE DOCTOR

And if you were to sign your real name, that would be..?

MISS FOSTER

Matron Cofelia, of the Five-Straighten Classabindi Nursery Fleet, Intergalactic Class.

THE DOCTOR

A wet nurse. Using Humans as surrogates.

MISS FOSTER

I've been employed by the Adiposian First Family, to foster a new generation, after their breeding planet was lost.

THE DOCTOR

What d'you mean, lost, how d'you lose a planet?

MISS FOSTER

The politics are none of my concern. I'm just here to take care of the children, on behalf of the parents.

DONNA

What, like an outer space Supernanny?

MISS FOSTER

If you like.

DONNA

So those little things, they're made out of fat, yeah? But that woman last night, Stacy Campbell, there was nothing left of her.

MISS FOSTER

In a crisis, the Adipose can convert bone and hair and internal organs. Though it does make them a little bit sick, the poor things.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

DONNA

What about poor Stacy?!

THE DOCTOR

Seeding a Level Five planet is
against galactic law.

MISS FOSTER

Are you threatening me?

THE DOCTOR

I'm trying to help you, Matron.
This is your one chance. Because
if you don't call this off... then
I'll have to stop you.

MISS FOSTER

I hardly think you can stop bullets.

Both Guards raise guns, the click of safety catches.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, but hold on, one more thing!
Before dying! D'you know what
happens if you hold two identical
sonic devices against each other?

MISS FOSTER

No.

THE DOCTOR

Nor me. Let's find out!

And with a huge grin, he holds SONIC PEN against SONIC
SCREWDRIVER, whirrs!

CAMERA SHAKE, whole room VIBRATING! Miss Foster & Guards
clutch their ears, in pain - Guards dropping guns -

Donna holding her ears, screeching, ow!

PRAC FX: GLASS WINDOW SHATTERS!

The Doctor holding on, juddering, actually loving this!

Miss Foster falls to her knees, in agony -

Donna gives the Doctor a shove -

DONNA

Come on!

Noise stops dead, as the Doctor & Donna leg it out -

Miss Foster recovering, furious. On WRISTWATCH-COMMS:

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (3)

83

MISS FOSTER
 Tell the Adiposians, cover has
 been broken, I'm advancing the
 birthplan. We're going into
 premature labour.

And she strides out, Guards following -

CUT TO:

84 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

84

PENNY's doing her job, ransacking through files, arms piled
 high with papers and folders -

PENNY
 Adipose... cellular bosification...

- runs for the door, with what she's found - stops dead.
 MISS FOSTER & GUARDS striding in.

MISS FOSTER
 Tie her up!

PENNY
 Oh you're kidding me -

CUT TO:

85 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 2

85

THE DOCTOR & DONNA run along - the Doctor running to his
 STOREROOM from sc.54, yanks open the door, starts throwing
 out mops, buckets, etc. Donna stands back, bemused.

DONNA
 Well, that's one solution. Hide
 in a cupboard. I like it.

THE DOCTOR
 I've been hacking into this thing
 all day, cos the Matron's got a
 computer core running through the
 centre of the building, triple-
 deadlocked, but now I've got *this* -
 (the sonic pen)
 - I can get into it -

And he's heaving at the ENTIRE BACK WALL of the storeroom -

Which creaks and pulls away, like A HIDDEN DOOR -

Behind it, floor to ceiling: a COMPUTER WALL. Very distinct
 design, all golden curves and lights.

CUT TO:

86 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

86

PENNY tied up again, as MISS FOSTER stands back, the two SECURITY GUARDS sliding back the wall behind her chair - revealing an IDENTICAL COMPUTER WALL to the storeroom's.

As Miss Foster goes to it, starts pressing buttons -

PENNY

What does that thing do?

MISS FOSTER

It's the Inducer. We'd planned to seed millions, but if that man's an alien and he's alerted the Shadow Proclamation, then the first one million Humans will have to do -
(to the Guards)
Find him, and the woman. Don't waste time, just kill them.

The Guards run out -

CUT TO:

87 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 2

87

THE DOCTOR on the floor, rewiring the COMPUTER WALL, DONNA beside him. He gives her a handful of wires, and keeps using those wires throughout this & sc.89, as they talk -

THE DOCTOR

She's wired up this whole building.
And we need a bit of privacy -

CUT TO:

88 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR #2 - NIGHT 2

88

The 2 SECURITY GUARDS charging along, with guns - they slam through a set of Fire Doors -

FX: ARCS OF ELECTRICITY all around the doorframe, zapping the GUARDS - they fall to the ground, unconscious -

CUT TO:

89 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 2

89

THE DOCTOR fiddling with two wires -

FX: tiny ARC OF ELECTRICITY, same as sc.88.

THE DOCTOR

Just enough to stun them! But why's she wired up a tower block, what's it all for..?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

Then he keeps working, intent. And in the pause, DONNA's looking at him. Properly, now. Then, quiet & smiling (though he keeps working, she keeps handing him wires):

DONNA
You look older.

THE DOCTOR
Thanks.

Pause.

DONNA
Still on your own?

THE DOCTOR
Yeah. Well, no, I had this friend, Martha, she was called, Martha Jones, she was brilliant. And I destroyed half her life. But she's fine, she's good. She's gone.

DONNA
What about Rose?

THE DOCTOR
...still lost.
(pause, then gentler)
I thought you were gonna travel the world.

DONNA
Easier said than done. It's like, I had that one day with you, and I was gonna change, I was gonna do so much. Then I woke up the next morning, and it's the same old life. Like you were never there. And I tried, I did try, I went to Egypt, I was gonna go barefoot and everything. But then it's all bus trips and guide books and don't-drink-the-water, two weeks later you're back home, it's nothing like being with you. I must've been mad, turning down that offer.

THE DOCTOR
What offer?

DONNA
To come with you.

THE DOCTOR
...you're coming with me..?

DONNA
Ohh, yes please!

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

THE DOCTOR

...right.

COMPUTER WALL starts bleeping, more lights ILLUMINATING!

DONNA

What's it doing now?

THE DOCTOR

She's started the programme!

CUT TO:

90 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

90

MISS FOSTER slams a final lever, crosses to the window, to look out at the night. PENNY still tied to the chair.

MISS FOSTER

Mark the date, Miss Carter. Happy birthday. One million birthdays.

CUT TO:

91 INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2

91

Smart, but not posh, like a Yates's Lodge. SYLVIA's out with the GIRLS - 5 women, her age, all dressed up for a night out, on the white wine. Brassy SUZETTE holding court -

SUZETTE

- I swear, that Adipose treatment, it's fabulous, just look at my chin! And it's very good for back fat, I'm down two sizes!

SYLVIA

It's like a miracle! And all of that from one little pill?

SUZETTE

And I've been eating like normal -

She stops.

Holds her stomach. Feels something.

SYLVIA

You all right, love..?

SUZETTE

Yeah, I'm just... Funny sort of feeling, like it's...

THROW FOCUS, far behind her, at a separate table, a PLUMP MAN on date with a LADY. But he stands. Feels his stomach. Something wrong. The woman saying, 'What is it..?'

CUT BACK TO SUZETTTE, just standing and turning to go -

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

SUZETTE (CONT'D)
Just... pop to the loo...

SYLVIA
Oh my God, Suzette!

SUZETTE
What..?

She turns, trying to see - because under her clothes, on her back, something is starting to move...

CUT TO:

92 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

92

LIVING ROOM, ROGER just standing, feeling a bit odd. Puzzled. Looks down at his shirt...

A BUMP on his side is moving, squirming...

CUT TO:

93 INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2

93

SUZETTE trying to look at her back - SYLVIA going to her, the OTHER WOMEN staring, and other CUSTOMERS -

SUZETTE
What is it, what is it, get it out, get it off me - !

Sylvia pulls the collar of Suzette's blouse down -

FX: a LITTLE ADIPOSE waving!

Sylvia screams!! Then turns - cos there's another scream -

It's the LADY, cos the PLUMP MAN has got SHAPES, squirming underneath his clothes..! He's staring, horrified!

WHIP PAN over to -

A YOUNG WOMAN (also a bit plump) at the bar, feeling her stomach, ohh no...

CUT TO:

94 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

94

ROGER now lying on the floor, scared, as he rolls up his shirt...

FX: revealing an ADIPOSE, which jumps off his stomach and runs away!

CUT TO:

95 INT. ROGER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 95

FX: THE ADIPOSE dives through the cat-flap, gone!

CUT TO:

96 INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2 96

FX: LOW ANGLE as SUZETTE'S ADIPOSE scuttles across the floor - PEOPLE standing back, terrified -

SUZETTE panicking in b/g, with the GIRLS, but SYLVIA's walking to the door, open-mouthed, following the Adipose...

CUT TO:

97 EXT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2 97

SYLVIA walks into the doorway, stunned...

It's a busy street, with pubs & restaurants and takeaways. But as Sylvia looks around, WHIP PAN her POV -

A FAT MAN, kneeling on the floor, wrestling with his clothes, scared, his GIRLFRIEND panicking. Whip pan -

CUT TO A BLACK CAB, screeching to a halt -

CUT TO A CAR, slewing across the road, braking -

CUT TO THE DRIVER of another car, stopped in the middle of the street, getting out of his car to just boggle -

CUT TO a WOMAN, screaming, pointing, at -

FX: THIRTY ADIPOSE marching down the middle of the road!

Sylvia just staring, in horror.

CUT TO:

98 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 98

PROFILE MISS FOSTER, at the window.

MISS FOSTER

Come to me, children. Come to me.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 2 99

FX: WIDE SHOT. THE MARCH OF THE ADIPOSE. Hundreds of little shapes marching in unison down the road. BYSTANDERS staring, pointing, screaming, keeping well back.

CUT TO:

100 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 2 100

THE DOCTOR, frantic with the wires - DONNA helping - fast -

THE DOCTOR
 - so far, they're just losing weight, but the Matron's gone up to Emergency Parthenogenesis -

DONNA
 And that's when they convert -

THE DOCTOR
 - skeletons, organs, everything - a million people are gonna die!

CUT TO:

101 INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2 101

SYLVIA running back in -

Because SUZETTE is now on the floor, the GIRLS panicking- LOTS OF BUMPS are now writhing under Suzette's clothes -

The PLUMP MAN's still standing, but horrified, his clothes all still moving and flexing with bumps -

The YOUNG WOMAN at the bar's the same, scared, trying to press down the moving bumps in her clothes -

CUT TO:

102 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2 102

ROGER on the floor, rolling on to his side, trying to see -

LOTS OF BUMPS moving under the back of his shirt -

CUT TO:

103 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 2 103

THE DOCTOR still fighting - DONNA at his side -

THE DOCTOR
 - gotta cancel the signal -

- and he takes out his GOLD CAPSULE & PENDANT, wrapping a wire around it, connecting it to the computer-

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 This contains the primary signal, if I can switch it off, the fat goes back to being just fat -

CUT TO:

104 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 104

MISS FOSTER at the COMPUTER WALL - slams a lever - !

MISS FOSTER
Nice try. Double strength!

CUT TO:

105 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 2 105

ALARMS BLEEP - bad news, THE DOCTOR still with the GOLD CAPSULE and wiring -

THE DOCTOR
No, she's doubled it, I need -

On his feet - runs a few yards down the corridor, desperate -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
- haven't got time - !!

- stops, runs back, grabs wiring - so fast, now -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
- it's too far - can't override it -
they're all gonna die - !

CUT TO:

106 INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2 106

SUZETTE, on the floor, panicking, as her clothes heave -

CUT TO:

107 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2 107

CU on ROGER, wailing, helpless, so scared, as his back writhes, under his shirt. About to separate, any second...

CUT TO:

108 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 2 108

CU DONNA, now fixed, quiet, as THE DOCTOR works, frantic -

DONNA
Is there anything I can do?

THE DOCTOR
- sorry, this is way beyond you,
Donna - gotta double the base pulse -
I can't - !!

DONNA
Doctor, tell me, what do you need?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

THE DOCTOR

I need a second capsule, to boost
the override, but I've only got
the one - I can't save them - !

He keeps working, as Donna calmly reaches into her pocket...

And Donna holds up...

HER GOLD CAPSULE & PENDANT.

The Doctor looks at her.

She looks at him.

The moment suspended. Just magic.

He smiles.

She smiles.

Then back to normal, as he grabs the SECOND CAPSULE off
her, jams it into the wiring -

And the whole COMPUTER BANK goes dead!

CUT TO:

109 INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2

109

SUZETTE on the floor, SYLVIA & GIRLS crowding round her -
But Suzette's suddenly still.

SUZETTE

It's stopped. They've gone...

She's patting her clothes, incredulous. No bumps.

CUT TO PLUMP MAN in b/g, laughing, overjoyed! It's stopped!

CUT TO YOUNG WOMAN. Joy!

CUT TO:

110 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

110

ROGER on the floor, but suddenly calm. Lifts his head up.
Pats his clothes. All flat. Nothing. It's stopped!

He starts to laugh, out of shock, but oh, the relief!

CUT TO:

111 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

111

MISS FOSTER slamming levers on the COMPUTER WALL, but it's
dead, no lights. PENNY still tied to the chair.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

PENNY

What's happened?

MISS FOSTER

I think the Doctor happened. But we've still given birth to ten thousand Adipose. And the Nursery is coming.

CUT TO:

112 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 2 112

THE DOCTOR & DONNA, as the room starts to rumble. Shudder. Both looking up:

DONNA

What the hell is that..?

THE DOCTOR

They're babies. They need a Nursery.

CUT TO:

113 INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2 113

SUZETTE sitting, exhausted, THE GIRLS all tending to her -

SUZETTE

...it just went, it just stopped...

The place starts to rumble. Shudder. Small CAMERA SHAKE.

SYLVIA

What on earth is it now - ?!

And she runs back to the door -

CUT TO:

114 EXT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2 114

SYLVIA runs out. Stops dead. Looking up. Then SUZETTE, and the GIRLS, and the PLUMP MAN & LADY join her, all aghast -

PEOPLE all around, looking up at the sky. The deep, low rumble shuddering away...

HIGH WIDE SHOT of the STREET - still in chaos, with cars having braked all over the place - EVERYONE staring up...

FX: A HUGE SPACESHIP gliding overhead! Close Encounters-style, a black disc with BRIGHT LIGHTS UNDERNEATH.

On Sylvia, and the others, all open-mouthed...

CUT TO:

115 EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT 2 115

WILF is sitting there with his TELESCOPE, and a CUPPA. *
Earphones on - only a CD Walkman, playing Gene Pitney. *
Wilf's the happiest man in the world.

FX: BEHIND HIM, the SPACESHIP gliding over LONDON, way off
in the distance.

His telescope's pointing the other way. He's got no idea.

CUT TO:

116 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 116

PROFILE, MISS FOSTER at the window, looking up. Smiling.

PENNY

What's that noise? What is it??

MISS FOSTER

My lift home.

And she strides out -

PENNY

You can't just leave me here!

But she does!

CUT TO:

117 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT 2 117

FX: LOW ANGLE, looking up at the SPACESHIP, gliding to a
halt like a vast halo above the Tower Block.

FX: LOW ANGLE, an ADIPOSE waving up at the SPACESHIP.

CUT TO:

118 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 2 118

The rumbling, shaking, stops. THE DOCTOR still packing
wires back into the COMPUTER WALL, DONNA helping -

DONNA

When you say Nursery, you don't
mean a creche in Notting Hill?

THE DOCTOR

Nursery Ship - ohh, wait a minute -

One screen on the Wall has blinked into life. Strange
alien script scrolling across - the Doctor fascinated.

DONNA

Hadn't we better go and stop them?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

THE DOCTOR
Hold on, hold on... Instructions
from the Adiposian First Family...

CUT TO:

119 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT 2

119

MISS FOSTER strides out. Stands there. Triumphant.
Addresses the crowd, like Eva Peron.

MISS FOSTER
Children! Oh my children, behold!
I am taking you *home!*

FX: REVEAL that the streets outside the building are now
full of HUNDREDS OF ADIPOSE - all going 'yaaay!', happy!

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)
Far across the galaxy, your new
mummies and daddies are waiting.
And you will *fly!*

And she gestures upwards, arms wide, head back, exultant.

FX: *WHAM!* LOW ANGLE BUILDING, as STRONG, WIDE, BLUISH
BEAMS OF LIGHT shaft down from the SPACESHIP.

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)
Up you go, babies. Up you go!

FX: A BUNCH OF ADIPOSE in a BEAM OF LIGHT, and one by one,
they begin to rise up, gently, into the air, wheee!

FX: WIDE SHOT, STREET, THE HUNDREDS OF ADIPOSE now in bluish
BEAMS OF LIGHT, as they ALL begin to lift up, up...

On MISS FOSTER, exultant:

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)
That's it! Fly away home!

CUT TO:

120 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 2

120

THE DOCTOR still reading the screen -

THE DOCTOR
- she wired up the building, to
convert it into a Levitation Post.
Ohh, but we're not the ones in
trouble now, *she is -*

And he's running, Donna following -

CUT TO:

121 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT 2 121

Adipose all gone; MISS FOSTER steps forward, into the strong PRAC LIGHT from above. Deep breath, looking up...

MISS FOSTER
Take me. The children need me!

CUT TO:

121A INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 121A

PENNY, still tied up, now illuminated by the PRAC LIGHT from outside.

But now she's open-mouthed, staring out of the window, can't believe what she's seeing...

CUT TO:

122 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, ROOFTOP - NIGHT 2 122

THE DOCTOR & DONNA burst out -

And stop.

Awestruck; the light of the BEAMS reflecting off them, gently; all rather beautiful, as they look out...

FX: the sky full of ADIPOSE, the air glowing with BEAM-LIGHT, as 100s of the little dot-sized creatures rise up...

The Doctor & Donna smiling.

DONNA
What you gonna do, then? Blow them up?

THE DOCTOR
They're just children. Can't help where they came from.

DONNA
Makes a change from last time. That Martha must've done you good.

THE DOCTOR
She did. Yeah, she did.
(beat, then cheeky)
She fancied me.

DONNA
Oh, Mad Martha, that one. Blind Martha. Charity Martha.

FX: CLOSER on one rising ADIPOSE; it gives a little wave.

Donna waves back. Then stops.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'm waving at fat.

THE DOCTOR

Actually, as a diet plan, it sort
of worked... There she is - !

FX: A DISTANCE AWAY - IE, away from the roof, over the
street, MISS FOSTER is rising up, gently, in the same
levitation beam.

DW4 - Ep1 - Yellow
www.thewriterstale.com

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

Around her, the LAST ADIPOSE rise up through shot, disappearing up, gone.

The Doctor runs forward, urgent - Donna following -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Matron Cofelia, listen to me - !

MID-SHOT, Miss Foster stops, suspended in the air (IE, NON-FX, shot against night sky; she's haloed and backlit by PRAC LIGHT). Calling across the night:

MISS FOSTER
I don't think so, Doctor. And if
I never see you again, it'll be -

THE DOCTOR
- oh why does no one ever listen?!
I'm trying to help! Just... get
across to the roof, can you shift
the levitation beam?

MISS FOSTER
What, so you can arrest me?

THE DOCTOR
Just *listen!!* I saw the Adiposian
instructions! They know it's a
crime, breeding on Earth, so what's
the one thing they want to get rid
of? Their accomplice!

MISS FOSTER
I'm far more than that, I'm nanny,
to all these children.

THE DOCTOR
Exactly! Mum and Dad have got the
kids, they don't need the nanny
any more!

MID-SHOT, on Miss Foster... as the LIGHT SNAPS OFF!
Darkness. She looks left and right, held in the air for a
second like a cartoon coyote. Then -

FX: WIDE SHOT as Miss Foster falls, plummets, screaming,
out of the bottom of frame -

Donna turns to the Doctor, flinches, with the OOV *crunch!*

The Doctor puts his arm around her. So sorry.

Then both look up, hearing the whine of engines...

CUT TO:

123 FX SHOT - ABOVE THE EARTH 123

FX: A WINDOW crammed full of ADIPOSE. Mewling. They look sad. A little wave from one of them, bye bye.

FX: PULLING OUT, the WINDOW set in the SPACESHIP, and the Ship hurtles away, into space, away from Earth, gone...

CUT TO:

124 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT 2 124

THE DOCTOR & DONNA stroll out. Exhausted. Calm. Way off in the distance, there are signs of the disruption - POLICE BARRIERS, FLASHING LIGHTS. An AMBULANCE and PARAMEDICS closer to the building (hiding the remains of Miss Foster).

The Doctor looks at the SONIC PEN, decides naah, chucks it away, gets out the SONIC SCREWDRIVER, jams it into his GIZMO, points the whole thing up -

FX: a SMALL BLUE PULSE OF LIGHT flies up, into the sky...

DONNA

What's that?

THE DOCTOR

Sending a statement to the Shadow Proclamation. Reporting the Adiposian crime. Suppose the children will be taken into care. I hate being official, brrr.

PENNY appears. Staggering. She is still tied to her chair, having to hold it behind her. Wild-eyed and furious:

PENNY

You two! You're just... mad!
D'you hear me?? Mad! I'm gonna report you! For madness!

She runs off towards the distant POLICE, like a lunatic.

DONNA

Some people just can't take it.

THE DOCTOR

Nope.

DONNA

And some people can! So, then. Tardis! Come on!

She grabs his hand, yanks him out of shot - !

CUT TO:

125 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 2

125

The street from sc.50, DONNA running in, realising that her car is near the TARDIS, though a fair distance between them. THE DOCTOR is the definition of dubious.

DONNA

That's my car! That's like destiny!
And I've been ready for this, I
packed ages ago, just in case -

And she's opening the boot, hauling out a suitcase, another, a carpet bag, a valise, a trolley-thing, two plastic bags -

She shoves them at the Doctor, piling them up in his arms -

DONNA (CONT'D)

- cos I thought, hot weather, cold
weather, no weather, he goes
anywhere, I've gotta be prepared -

THE DOCTOR

You've got a hatbox.

DONNA

Planet of the Hats, I'm ready!

She swings the boot shut, *slam* - !

JUMP CUT TO DONNA dumping her armfuls of stuff by the Tardis, THE DOCTOR standing back, still weighed down with luggage; so she's in the Tardis doorway, with him facing her, the opposite of the end of 3.X.

DONNA (CONT'D)

- I don't need injections, do I?
Y'know, like when you go to
Cambodia, is there any of that?
Cos my friend Veena went to Bahrain,
and... you're not saying very much.

THE DOCTOR

No, but it's just... It's a funny
old life, in the Tardis, it's not...

DONNA

(quiet, crestfallen)
You don't want me.

THE DOCTOR

I'm not saying that.

DONNA

But you asked me.
(silence)
Would you rather be on your own?

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

THE DOCTOR
...no. Actually, no.
(dumps luggage)
But the last time, with Martha,
like I said, it got complicated.
And it was all my fault. I mean...
(sighs)
I just want a mate.

DONNA
You just want TO MATE??!

THE DOCTOR
I just want A mate!

DONNA
You're not mating with me, sunshine!

THE DOCTOR
A mate, I want, a! Mate!

DONNA
Just as well! I'm not having any
of that nonsense, you're a skinny
streak of nothing. Alien nothing.

THE DOCTOR
There we are, then. Okay!

DONNA
I can come?

THE DOCTOR
Yeah. Course you can, yeah.
(smiles)
I'd love it.

She runs towards him, overjoyed -

DONNA
Ohhhh, that's just - !
(no, diverts!)
Car keys!

THE DOCTOR
What?

DONNA
I've got my mother's car keys!
Back in a tick!

And she's gone. The Doctor stands there for a second,
looking at the luggage, wondering, what the hell..? But
then crucially, he smiles. Starts picking up the bags.

CUT TO:

126 OMITTED 126

127 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT 2 127

DONNA pokes her head around the half-open door.

DONNA
Off we go then!

THE DOCTOR by the console, plus luggage. As Donna walks up the ramp to join him:

THE DOCTOR
Here it is! The Tardis! Bigger on the inside than it is on the -

DONNA
- oh I know all that bit, frankly you could turn the heating up.

THE DOCTOR
So! You've got the whole wide universe. Where d'you want to go?

DONNA
I know exactly the place.

THE DOCTOR
Which is..?

DONNA
Two and a half miles, that way.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT 2 128

WIDE SHOT, WILF on his lonely mount. *

He's pottering about with the TELESCOPE. Happy. A sip of tea. Gene Pitney still on the earphones.

Then he looks through the eyepiece, focusing it...

Stops. Eh?! Looks up, without the telescope. But..?

Looks back through the eyepiece.

And then he's all excited!

FX: WILF'S POV. The night sky, with a LITTLE BLUE BOX spinning across the sky. *

He calls off, as though she might come running -

WILF *

But... Donna! Donna! It's the flying blue box!!

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

Looks back through the eyepiece, tightens the focus.

Stunned. Whispers.

WILF (CONT'D)

*

Whaaaat...?

FX: HIS POV: CLOSER on the TARDIS. DONNA standing in the doorway. Waving at him! Behind her, THE DOCTOR, and he gives a little wave, too.

WILF (CONT'D)

*

But that's... Donna? That's him!

*

And he abandons the telescope. Waves up at the sky! With a great big yahoo!

FX (SHOT 128.1 cont.), the TARDIS spins away into space.

HIGH SHOT: on WILF, on his little hillside, in the middle of the night, waving up at the sky and whooping with joy.

*

END OF EPISODE 4.1

DW4 - Ep1 - Yellow
www.thewriterstale.com