

DOCTOR WHO

THE BLUE ANGEL

Adapted from the novel by

Paul Magrs & Jeremy Hoad

By Piers Britton

PART ONE

1. EXT. GARDEN. DAY

We see the bottom of a panelled, blue painted door open, and a pair of feet clad in leather slippers emerge onto a paving stone.

DOCTOR: (VO – internal monologue) Door’s stiff. Frozen? Surely not.

Cut to a view of a grey sky, with bare trees in the distance. The Doctor’s head appears in shot, in profile. He breathes deeply; and his outgoing breath is steam. He looks up.

Sky’s the colour of Tupperware. Someone’s put a Tupperware lid over the town.

Cut to his feet, moving forward to a herb patch. He squats down and runs his fingers through frostbitten leaves.

The rosemary’s dead. And the wild thyme’s split down the middle; two halves, lolling over. Quite dead.

He stands, and sniffs the air.

It’s going to snow. Snow’s been in *all* my dreams lately. So I suppose the seasons are finally catching up with my nightmares.

There is a banging sound. The Doctor swings round and looks up. As he does, the camera tracks out and tilts to a high angle view. We see first that he is in a small, enclosed garden, at the head of a path that makes an ungainly ogee curve through beds of frost-covered herbs, snaking around a small lawn like a reversed question mark.

The camera pans, and we see that the door from which the Doctor stepped is not that of the TARDIS; rather it is a French door leading from a dark room in a tall, gaunt, brick terrace house. At a window on the uppermost storey stands Fitz, with unkempt hair and sleep in his eyes, wearing only a large, ratty T-shirt. He scowls down at the Doctor, pointing with exaggerated incredulity at his companion’s garb—the Doctor is wearing only flannel pyjamas in spite of the freezing weather—and gestures savagely to the French door.

The Doctor looks guilty and hugs himself. He shuffles towards the house.

He thinks I’m having one of my funny spells. Better go in. (Plaintively and resentfully:) But I haven’t had one of my funny spells in ages.

He half-frowns, as though trying to orient himself, or catch an elusive memory. We cut abruptly to –

2. INT. SPECIALIST’S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

The Doctor, dressed in a green velvet jacket and grey tie, akin to (but less overtly Edwardian than) the clothes he ‘borrowed’ after his regeneration, is sitting awkwardly in a large wing chair on one side of a vast desk. He is in a room with large Georgian sash windows and light oak furnishings, lined with books. A wood fire fizzles in the grate. Opposite him, with his back to us, is another man, stroking a large tabby cat in his lap. We do not see his face. He reaches forward, and starts to write what is obviously a prescription.

DOCTOR’S DOCTOR: (VO) One Doctor to another, eh?

DOCTOR: (uneasy) Indeed. I hadn’t thought of that.

We cut to a reverse shot, as the specialist hands the prescription to the Doctor. The specialist is also eccentrically dressed, wearing a gold-embroidered blue velvet waistcoat, dark red plaid trousers, embroidered shirt and pince-nez spectacles. He looks for all the world like a grizzled version of the Doctor’s sixth incarnation.

DOCTOR’S DOCTOR: (smiling kindly, and reaching for a bowl of boiled sweets with one hand) Well, sometimes we all have to see a specialist. Humbug?

The Doctor takes a sweet, and puts it in his pocket. There is a moment of silence. Again we cut abruptly back to –

3. INT. DOCTOR'S KITCHEN. DAY.

The Doctor shuffles in. Fitz is standing by a rapidly heating kettle, arms crossed. His expression suggests both concern and annoyance, and for a moment he seems poised to voice at least one of these. He obviously thinks better of it.

FITZ: Is the garden wrecked?

DOCTOR: Well, my herb garden's a little shabby.

FITZ: It's nearly winter. The whole lot would die then anyway.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, Fitz. It would be all right. I'd see to it.

FITZ: *(looking quizzically at him)* But it's too late now.

DOCTOR: *(for no apparent reason suddenly avoiding his eye and obsessively checking the number of bags in the teapot)* The thyme is split completely asunder.

The kettle clicks off noisily. There is a moment's uncomfortable silence as Fitz tries to digest what the Doctor has just said.

FITZ: What?

DOCTOR: *(suddenly fixing him with a stare)* The wild thyme. Dead. Lolling on the grass.

It's Fitz's turn to look away; he concentrates on stirring the teapot with a bread knife.

FITZ: *(clearly a little weirded out)* I'm going back to my book.

He pours a mug of tea, and moves to the door.

DOCTOR: *(abruptly, blurring)* I should be more curious. Don't you think, Fitz?

FITZ: *(stopping and stiffening, but not turning)* Oh, probably.

DOCTOR: I used to be more curious, didn't I?

FITZ: *(after a beat)* You used to be insatiably curious.

DOCTOR: Hmm. I thought so.

He absently stirs the teapot again with the bread knife.

4. INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Fitz, still in his grotty oversized T-shirt, now with the addition of cargo trousers, is sitting on a huge four-poster bed in a schizophrenically divided room – untidy on one side of the bed, pristine on the other – looking intently at a figure standing near to the camera in the doorway (whose shoulder and dark hair we see in an over). A large leather-bound volume, with a mixture of English and Arabic text on the cover, lies beside him. He is smoking.

FITZ: *(in a theatrical half-whisper)* Romy, I think he's going to have another of his episodes.

Reverse shot – 'Romy' is to all intents and purposes Romana, albeit with an austere (but not quite unflattering) hairstyle, a black cassock and dog collar; she is evidently a priest.

ROMY: He can't hear you, Fitz: he's listening to Bette Davis soundtracks in the kitchen. What exactly do you mean, 'episodes'?

FITZ: You were never in town during one of his funny spells?

ROMY: *(patiently)* If I had been, why would I ask?

FITZ: *(fishing a pack of woodbines out of his T-shirt pocket)* He used to get nervous. Anxious. And he'd imagine things. For a while I'd tell myself he just had a healthy imagination. But then he'd talk about these glass men, in a city called Valcea on another planet, which he swore up and down he'd visited. These glass men were brutal and sadistic; they wanted to destroy the Kiddighast, or Gormenghast, or something like that – anyway, this other lot who shared the glass men's world. The glass men couldn't leave their city, the Doctor said, because they were in gold wheelchairs that ran on something like static electricity in the floors. But they'd discovered how to detach their city from their world and set it free, and it was now floating

through space all the way to Earth, to find the Doctor. He'd get really upset because he said it was his insatiable curiosity that had led them here; he was sure they'd arrive any day, and do all kinds of bad things.

Romy moves to the window and stares down at the garden. She is clearly perturbed.

ROMY: And this has all stopped since he went on the pills prescribed by the specialist?

FITZ: He calmed down. Until the other day. Until the thing with the herb garden. And now that you're here he's better again. Humming and stuff.

ROMY: I don't exactly see how you can tell that 'the thing with the herb garden' is going to lead to an episode.

FITZ: That anxiety – it's in his eyes, his voice. The way he says my name three times in a row when he's agitated: 'No-no-no, Fitz-Fitz-Fitz.'

Romy looks down at the withered herb garden.

ROMY: So you want me to stay for a while.

FITZ: (*cagey, but obviously angling*) Aren't you supposed to be going on some spiritual retreat?

ROMY: Do you want me to stay?

FITZ: It's you he trusts most, Romy. You were always the lodger he liked best.

ROMY: (*staring at him levelly*) Neither you nor I was ever really a lodger, Fitz – don't be disingenuous. (*Looks away.*) And anyway that was in the old house, when ... when ... He and I were quite different people then.

A beat.

All right. If possible, I'll stay until after Christmas to see if we can't get him on an even keel. But you need to play your part. You can't have your head stuck in that book of fairy tales any time you're not finding him diverting.

She gestures to the book. Fitz looks sullen, but nods.

5. EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY.

Snow is falling heavily on the roadway – and settling. Motorists are turning on their headlights. A white Morris Minor careens past the camera.

6. INT. MORRIS MINOR. DAY.

Three women and a boy are in the car. Maddy Sharp, a determined-looking middle aged woman in a shapeless black top, suede collared coat and jeans, is the driver; behind her sits a teenage boy in a diamond-patterned track suit, Ian, who is seraphically detached – though he briefly returns her smile when she looks at him in the rear-view mirror – and alongside him is an ample, elderly woman in clothing that looks just faintly New Age, topped off with a mustard, tea-cosy hat on lilac hair that is obviously a wig; this is Big Sue. In the front passenger seat sits Nesta, a small, birdlike woman in late middle age who is given to piercing bouts of nervous laughter, with badly bleached hair, ugly ski-pants and an anorak.

BIG SUE: I reckon we should turn back now, Maddy. This is madness.

Maddy ignores her, and turns on the windscreen wipers.

NESTA: I think it's nice. I think it's like a proper magical Christmas adventure, seeing all the countryside like this.

Big Sue stares balefully at the back of her head, and purses her lips.

MADDY: (*seeing all this in the mirror, but unbending*) It's fine now we're on the motorway – and we stay on all the way to the mall.

7. EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY.

The Morris Minor approaches the Angel of the North.

8. INT. MORRIS MINOR. DAY.

Nesta suddenly produces an instamatic camera, and takes a photograph as the car passes the colossus. Because the day is so dark, the flash fires and Maddy, distracted, swerves.

MADDY: Bloody hell! Will you watch out, Nesta?

NESTA: Sorry, Maddy.

MADDY: *(to the boy behind her)* Will you take that thing off her while I'm driving?

Abruptly, Ian reaches forward and pulls Nesta's camera out of her hands.

NESTA: No need to snatch – Hey!

The boy is removing the back of the camera.

BIG SUE: You silly lad, you've gone and ...

Very deliberately, he is unspooling the length of the roll of film, stroking it.

NESTA: Hey! Your bloody son has gone and broken my film!

MADDY: *(distracted by the thickening snowfall)* What's he done?

Ian breathes on the film. Then he passes the roll and the camera to Big Sue with an expression of satisfaction.

NESTA: I said –

BIG SUE: Just a minute ...

She holds up the film. All 36 of the potential exposures shows the crisp, clear negative image of an angel – not the Tyneside Angel, but something altogether more beautiful.

Well I'm buggered.

She passes the film to Nesta, and they exchange shocked glances. Both then turn to stare at the boy, who has resumed his calmly inexpressive demeanour.

9. EXT. MALL CAR PARK. DAY.

The Morris Minor eases its way into the car park, and Maddy's face can be seen peering out of the increasingly small area of the windscreen that is not covered with snow. She pulls into a space beside a red Routemaster bus. The camera tracks back to reveal that it is, apparently, a Number 22 to Putney Common.

Amid the bustling of the three ladies, pulling on hoods and hats and tottering towards the door of the mall over the heavy snowfall, Ian—sans hood or hat, and with snow settling on the crown of his head and his brows—moves unhurriedly. He pauses to look up solemnly, and knowingly, at the front of the bus, until frantic calls from Maddy finally catch his attention, and he moves with other scurrying shoppers toward the mall doors.

10. EXT. SPACE.

A vast, supine two-tone spaceship in lilac and Cadillac pink – in design rather like a cross between an ocean-going liner and a 1950s Chrysler – moves through space. Near the prow in a would-be cool, cursive script is an inscription in raised chrome letters: "FSS Nepotist." As the ship passes close to the camera, we see through a huge observation window into the bridge, which looks like a 1950s airport lounge. Blandly beautiful crewmembers in bland fatigues glide from bland workstation to bland workstation without obvious purpose, as though in some ritualistic dance. Everyone has the air of one of those immaculate and permanently smug housewives from a late 1950s advertisement. In fact, the expression 'stuck in the 50s' would pretty much sum up the scene.

The next window that passes us is the captain's private office. The middle-aged but still raffish Captain Robert B. Blandish is sitting in a sub-Marcel-Breuer chair, surveying videos on a chromium-framed translucent sheet that looks like something out of 'Minority Report' except less interesting. Even at a distance, it is clear that Blandish is annoyed. He drums his fingers, and then presses one of the chrome buttons on his chrome armrest control panel.

He disappears from view as the ship hums past.

BLANDISH: (VO) Captian's Log, stardate etc. etc. ... Dispense with the formalities and protocols.

11. INT. FSS NEPOTIST, CAPTAIN'S OVAL OFFICE.

We see Blandish through his screen, which has two sets of images dancing on it. On the left side (our right) is a vista onto the bridge, focusing on an ascetically handsome, balding man at a desk with what look like an array of calculators in front of him – all chromium detailed, of course.

Blandish is staring at the right side of the screen (our left), which shows a high-angle vista of a room that looks even more like an airport lounge than the bridge. Blandly easygoing crewmembers, not all human, stand or sit around sipping Mannhattans and Long Island Iced Teas. A few androids sip Screwdrivers. Amidst all this, its roof standing out above the crowd, is the TARDIS. Romana, in a provocatively playful 1950s outfit, is leaning against it, staring out of the picture window; Fitz, dressed in his usual crumpled, not-quite-1960s-but-not-quite-2000s-either attire, is sitting on a settee reading his leather-bound book and smoking a woodbine, the fumes from which a small chromium robot is assiduously sucking up into a small vacuum-cleaner attachment. Closest to the camera is the Doctor, in characteristic hooded black overcoat and creamy beige jacket, playing some variant on chess with a six-armed, one-eyed green creature which looks most unfortunately like a cyclopean dildo.

BLANDISH: Dispense with the captain while you're at it, why don't you? I've had it.

He fiddles with one of the dials on his panel, and we zoom in on the Doctor.

I want that bloody Doctor off my ship and I want it now. One mad medic is enough for any crew.

He gets up and moves over to a small freestanding disk that looks as though it has a miniature electric hotplate on the top.

Computer. Coffee. Hot. Strong. Black.

A demitasse of coffee appears on the glowing 'hotplate.' Blandish takes a sip and winces. He looks back at the screen.

Delete last sentence or two of the log, computer. Must be a good boy.

12. EXT. SPACE.

From another view of the 'Nepotist,' we pull back to show a floating cake-shaped chunk of dark rock, with its own atmosphere, the upper side coated with snow and crowned by a translucent structure resembling a vast Chihuly glass sculpture.

BLANDISH: (VO) Two days ago, we came to Valcea, the City of Glass, hanging in space within a strange region of ... nebulosity, my 2IC Garrett called it, (*under his breath*) with one of his rather prim and humourless smiles. (*Aloud again.*) That's where we are, in stationary orbit around its outer rim, drifting helplessly behind it.

Then, a day ago, the Doctor arrives.

13. INT. NEPOTIST, RECREATION DECK.

We cut back to the Doctor, engrossed in his game of chess. His expression and the increasing fluster of his opponent suggest that he is winning.

BLANDISH: (VO) In he swishes in his Blade Runner coat, and starts interfering big time. Should have had him thrown in the brig.

14. INT. FSS NEPOTIST, CAPTAIN'S OVAL OFFICE.

BLANDISH: Computer. This coffee stinks. Something stronger. Thaurian whisky. Now.

Blandish takes a shot glass from the drinks-machine table and unbuttons the top of his jacket, as though the collar is constricting him. He slumps down heavily again, now gazing at the left side of the screen.

Switch to Captain's Personal Log.

This has been my ship for six years; now it feels as though things are slipping out of my hands. It's not been the same since that damn counsellor visited. (*Imitating a prim female voice with a clipped American accent*) 'It's more

productive to engage with the feelings people have in order to motivate them with respect and sensitivity.’ Well I happen to think it’s more productive if I give the orders and people obey them instantly without question.

He stares savagely at the image of Garrett on the screen; the second-in-command is still tapping keys on his calculators.

Garrett doesn’t directly question me, of course. But I know what he thinks. He thinks we wouldn’t be stranded here if I hadn’t insisted on crossing this uncharted area of nebulosity, in defiance of his advice. But when the big wigs call for the FSS Nepotist, it’s not careful Commander Garrett they want. No, they want Blandish, who breaks the light-speed limit no questions asked, who’ll take shortcuts to get the job done. Whenever things work out, it’s ‘Thanks a million, Bob, old man’; when they don’t, it’s ‘You reckless bugger, Blandish; you shouldn’t take unnecessary risks in a Code A situation.’ (*He takes a defiant swig of whisky.*) And Garrett just looks at me. Well, if he and his new pal the Doctor are so bloody clever, let’s see them number-crunch us away from Valcea.

He leans forward to the screen, and turns up the volume dial on his control panel. A tall, aristocratic looking black man has approached Garrett.

GARRETT: Security Officer Timon, would you fetch our visitor, please? I think we might need his help.

Timon nods, and as he moves away, glancing at the Communications Officer, a perky-looking blond woman with a wide mouth, who smiles bashfully at him.

BLANDISH: (*covering his face with his hands*) Oh god, Garrett, I didn’t mean it. The last thing we need is that ponce on the bridge again, playing to the gallery and distracting the female personnel.

Computer. Another Thaurian whisky. No ice.

COMPUTER: (*VO – a soothing female voice, of course*) Unable to comply: you have now reached your daily quota of intoxicating beverages, Captain.

Blandish makes no response: he has the air of a man beyond desperation.

15. INT. NEPOTIST, RECREATION DECK.

Fitz is now clearly bored; he has taken to goading the Doctor, who is playing battleships with Romana.

FITZ: Well I suppose at least this really is like being in outer space, Doctor. I mean we get to hang about on a *proper* spaceship.

The Doctor and Romana both ignore him.

ROMANA: 42.

DOCTOR: You sank my cruiser!

ROMANA: (*pushing back her chair and standing*) Okay, enough. The *Nepotist*’ll probably be the next ship to go down all hands unless you and I stop playing waiting games. The TARDIS brought us here because it detected some kind of space-time instability – and I think we can assume Valcea is the epicentre. If Blandish won’t listen, we should just take the TARDIS and go there ourselves.

The Doctor looks hesitant.

Since when were you bashful about taking matters into your own hands?

Timon approaches.

DOCTOR: I think our wait could be over. Timon! We’ve been missing you. Is the captain ready to see us again?

TIMON: (*stiffly*) Commander Garrett is waiting for you on the bridge.

ROMANA: Good. The sooner we –

TIMON: Sorry, ma’am. Just the Doctor was asked for.

A beat.

ROMANA: (*scalding*) Just the Doctor?

TIMON: He is the leader of your ... delegation, is he not?

ROMANA: He is *not*. I –

DOCTOR: (*blurtng*) Ah, we're all equals here, Timon. All for one and, um ... so on. Wherever she goes I go.

Fitz's expression seems to say "Am I chopped liver?" The Doctor hurriedly adds –

And so does Fitz.

FITZ: (*being deliberately perverse*) Not necessarily.

He rises just the same, and fishes another woodbine out of his pocket, much to the consternation of both Timon and the fume-collecting robot.

TIMON: Very well. (*Without much conviction.*) Perhaps you can *all* help with this situation. But while you are seconded to the ship's crew, I must insist that you wear these com bracelets.

An aide steps up behind and sternly hands them all what look like spandex armlets with chrome wrist communicators on them. Romana and Fitz put theirs on; the Doctor pockets his.

DOCTOR: Of course. Now let's see what we can do for you, shall we?

16. INT. CAFÉ. DAY.

Sally – whom a seasoned Doctor Who audience knows, or thinks it does, as Sarah Jane Smith – sits at a table, her notebook open, with a black pen uncapped beside it. She is dressed in a demure cream suit and silk blouse, but for all her crisp conventionality, she has just a hint of eccentricity about her; more, perhaps, than 'our' Sarah Jane would have. She stares intently into the eyes of a Jack Russell, who sits at her feet, half covered by the gingham tablecloth. The dog is staring just as intently back; he seems to be expecting a titbit.

The camera zooms out until we see, directly before us, the Doctor's back. He is wearing a long green coat with a velvet collar, which he removes and hands to a bored-looking waiter.

*We cut to a front view of the Doctor (dressed in his velvet jacket and grey sailor's-knot tie, **not** the clothes we saw him wearing on the Nepotist) who affectionately watches Sally's attempts to communicate with her dog.*

DOCTOR: Sally!

Back to the wide angle shot from the café door as she rises, with a broad smile, and the Doctor makes his way over to her table. They embrace, with a slight suggestion of formality, or rather lost intimacy, and sit down. We don't hear their greeting over the hubbub. Cross-fade to –

17. INT. CAFÉ. DAY – A LITTLE LATER.

The Doctor and Sally are half way through their meal.

DOCTOR: You're having mozzarella?

SALLY: Why not?

DOCTOR: I couldn't eat it.

SALLY: Oh, one of your little prejudices. Why ever not?

DOCTOR: Because, Sally, I believe they make it from the curd of buffalo milk.

SALLY: Don't be ridiculous.

DOCTOR: It's true!

SALLY: You make things up.

DOCTOR: That's true, too. But they definitely use buffalo milk.

SALLY: I'll ask Canine. He'll know.

She looks down searchingly into the dog's eyes. He cocks his head.

DOCTOR: Canine. I forgot. I knew you called him something silly.

SALLY: It's not silly. It's what he is.

DOCTOR: Anyway, he can't talk.

SALLY: He can talk to *me*.

DOCTOR: Yes, well why don't you talk to *me* now. Tell me about your writing. Your plans.

Cross-fade again to –

18. INT. CAFÉ. DAY – A LITTLE LATER STILL.

DOCTOR: But you always hated science fiction. I remember in the 1970s giving you books, forcing them on you. You just laughed at them.

SALLY: It was as though you could see something in them that I couldn't. I didn't want to know that there were alternatives. But my taste has changed. Those kinds of books seem realer to me now.

DOCTOR: I suppose, especially after the lives we've lived.

SALLY: Exactly. So I ditched the thing I was already writing. My novel. My realistic novel. – I'm saying 'realistic' like it was a dirty word now, aren't I? – I started writing this other thing. It's almost done.

DOCTOR: Can I see some of it?

SALLY: That's what's in the bag. It's the whole thing so far. I'd love to know what you think.

DOCTOR: You haven't given me anything in years.

SALLY: I lost ... a lot of confidence. But now I feel like I could write anything, take my characters anywhere.

DOCTOR: Tell me about it.

SALLY: It's set in winter. Like today. It's about an everlasting winter and a city of glass that travels through space. Don't laugh.

DOCTOR: I'm not!

SALLY: The city comes to our world and rests just inside our atmosphere. It is ruled by a godlike being called Daedalus ... and he invents these Corridors – a labyrinth of passageways through space and time.

DOCTOR: Who's the hero of all this?

SALLY: There's a woman. But you're in there too.

DOCTOR: Write about what you know, eh?

SALLY: The woman is called Iris and she can travel anywhere in the cosmos in a red double-decker bus ...

DOCTOR: Sounds like my kind of woman. Iris, you say.

SALLY: A joke, really. She's like this woman who lives next door to me.

DOCTOR: Also called Iris?

SALLY: Yes ... but, Doctor, what's ... ?

The Doctor, suddenly agonized, keels over to his right, clutching his left calf just above the top of his suede Chelsea boot. His chair skids away on the polished wood floor; his cup and the milk jug fly from the table. Canine barks; Sally jumps up and the waiter comes running. As the Doctor holds his leg, we see something spasm beneath the skin. He struggles up, clearly alarmed – but just as clearly wishing to conceal it.

DOCTOR: *(VO – internal monologue)* It must be the pills; the pills my private Doctor gave me. Must be. *(Aloud – brushing Sally and the waiter off.)* It's nothing. A bad cramp, that's all.

He smiles winningly at the vocationally disgusted ladies in awful Queen-Mum-style hats at the table nearest to him.

So sorry! *(Picking up the paper bag containing Sally's manuscript.)* I must be going. Will you come to dinner a week today? You can meet Fitz at last. And Romy.

SALLY: *(putting on Canine's lead)* Huh! And you say I gave my dog a daft name.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, Romy's a woman: it's short for ... d'you know, I can't recall? You can ask her when you see her.

SALLY: *(as they head to the door)* Honestly, Doctor. These women you hang around with.

19. INT. SHOPPING MALL. DAY.

The ladies are making their way through the Christmas-rush crowds, Ian slightly ahead of them. In spite of—or perhaps because of—the fact that her considerable heft makes progress difficult, Big Sue is the one trying to corral them.

BIG SUE: Now stay close, girls. We don't want to get separated in here.

NESTA: That can spoil your day, that. You spend the whole time looking for each other, and before you know it, it's time to go home.

Maddy is watching Ian drift into a department store.

MADDY: *(absently, slightly worried)* He must have seen something that interests him.

Big Sue and Nesta exchange a look.

BIG SUE: Well! Your Ian's gone and made the choice for us. Come on, Nesta ... Follow us.

She steams ahead, the others in tow; Maddy looks grateful.

20. INT. DEPARTMENT STORE, MUSIC DEPARTMENT. DAY.

Maddy and her friends arrive to find Ian perched in front of a Yamaha keyboard. He switches on a bossa nova beat and then begins to play a Cilla Black song, at first a little hesitantly, though note perfect, but then with increasing pizzazz.

NESTA: I didn't know your Ian was interested in music, Maddy.

MADDY: Neither did I.

NESTA: How could you not know your own son played like this?

Nesta looks at Big Sue, confused.

BIG SUE: *(quiet but urgent, through a fixed smile)* Time to shut up, Nesta.

NESTA: *(clueless)* What?

MADDY: *(wearily)* He's not really my son, Nesta.

NESTA: *What?*

MADDY: I found him. About two months before you moved into Phoenix Court. Summer before last, it was. And his name's not Ian. It's Icarus. He told me so.

All three seem doubly transfixed by the boy's playing, as he makes his way through Cilla Black's greatest hits, apparently extempore. One of the shop attendants eyes him watchfully, but continues to serve another customer; the other, a portly middle-aged man with CDs protruding from his waistcoat pockets, listens with approval. No-one pays attention to a young woman with long honey-blond hair who has stopped dead amidst the pianos.

I found him in a cave, on the beach. He was naked – so perfect. He could talk to me inside my head without moving his lips. He just smiled. He knew all about my Ian; how I'd lost him 10 year ago, when he was 5; how I thought he was like an angel. "How old would Ian be now, Maddy Sharp?" he said, in that funny halting voice of his. "Aren't I that age? Aren't I exactly like your son would be?"

Tears are cascading down Maddy's cheeks, but her voice remains steady. She steps forward from the others a little, continuing to stare at the boy at the piano.

So I said to him: "You're not my son. You're not Ian." And he said: "No, I'm not your son. But I could be. I could be better than a son to you, Maddy Sharp." And he took me in his arms. I still don't know where he came from, or why he was waiting for me there, but what could I do but take him home? He was a gift.

She is starting to choke up, now. But as 'Ian' finishes his song, with considerable aplomb, the others burst into applause. Maddy starts to smile through her tears, and applauds too. 'Ian' embarks on 'Love's Just A Broken Heart.' The camera tracks back to allow us to see the honey blonde who is silently listening. She is now crying – uncontrollably, and has sunk onto the stool of a baby grand, her head on her arms over the lid. Maddy moves over and pats her on the shoulder.

Excuse me ...

The woman looks up. She appears to be in her mid 20s – attractive, with a Barbarella-esque coiffure, and a Barbarella-esque outfit to match: a somewhat risqué pink and purple catsuit and yellow knee-length boots. Her mascara has run all down her cheeks, and her lipstick is smudged.

WOMAN: Yes?

MADDY: You seemed upset. I thought ...?

Icarus ends his performance with a flourish, and the group that has formed around him claps wildly – the salesman and the catsuited woman included.

WOMAN: I'm not upset really. Just that song ... caught me unawares. Made me nostalgic for a second.

MADDY: I know. Everything you regret, every lost chance, the end of your youth ...

WOMAN: Thanks for your concern, anyway. I'm Iris. Iris Wildthyme.

MADDY: Maddy. That was my ... son, Ian, playing the organ.

IRIS: You've got a very talented son.

MADDY: Yes, I ...

IRIS: A very good-looking son, too. He's quite beautiful.

MADDY: Yes I suppose he does have a certain glamour. You know, in the old fashioned sense: glamour as in witchcraft, a kind of *spell* about him.

Icarus approaches.

ICARUS: Mum? You aren't cross with me, are you? For playing?

MADDY: *(hugging him tightly)* Course not. It was fabulous. Here, look, you've got a fan. This is Iris ...

They turn – but Iris is nowhere to be seen.

21. INT. NEPOTIST, BRIDGE.

Blandish emerges from his office, an expression of brittle calm on his face.

GARRETT: Captain on the bridge.

Blandish bears down on the Doctor, who is seated at a scanner array.

BLANDISH: Who gave that man permission to carry out a scan?

The Doctor rises and hurries to meet him.

DOCTOR: Captain Blandish!

He pumps Blandish's hand; Blandish withdraws it quickly.

Captain, I'd like to take a ... um, party down there to the city. See what's going on.

BLANDISH: (*ignoring him entirely*) Mr. Garrett, do you realize how much a sensor scan like that actually costs? You're letting an untrained man dabble with our most sensitive and expensive –

GARRETT: I'm well aware of the cost, sir.

He holds up his portable calculator, pressing a button so that a stream of figures runs down the screen, ending in a bold, six-figure number with some currency indicator before it.

But the Doctor knows precisely what he's doing. I saw it as a necessary expense.

ROMANA: I'm coming with you; but I think Fitz should stay here.

FITZ: (*who is flirting with the Communications Officer, Belinda*) Fine with me.

DOCTOR: Good, good, we'll just be off to the TARDIS then.

BLANDISH: No, you won't. You, Doctor, are transmatting down with me; but your companions stay here. I'll head the planet-side team, and I'll consent to let you advise. But no funny business.

He turns to address the bridge personnel at large.

Mr. Garrett, Mr. Timon, Belinda – with me. Transmat Chamber 5. Mr. Hagiwara, you have the bridge.

The Doctor makes an elaborate dumb show of letting Blandish lead the way. He leans over to Romana, whose facial expression says "I told you so." As he talks quietly to her, he sheds his overcoat and jacket, and hands them to her.

DOCTOR: I know, I know – if we'd left when you said, this wouldn't have happened. Go discreetly to the TARDIS and keep an eye on things from there, will you?

He sweeps out, the ever-watchful Timon at his elbow. The last to leave is Belinda, looking flustered. Fitz is crestfallen: Romana tugs gently at his sleeve, and when the crew have returned to their work, the two of them pad out unnoticed.

22. INT. NEPOTIST, BELINDA'S QUARTERS.

Belinda comes in, picks her way amongst the strewn mess and takes her planet-side uniform and parka out of a locker. She starts to unfasten the tunic of her regular outfit when she becomes aware of something behind her. She turns, to see a point of green light on the wall, about a foot above the headboard of her bed. It grows in size and intensity. Belinda is rooted to the spot. Emerald smoke and fumes and coruscating lights herald the materialization of ... the head of an elephant. Suddenly, it speaks:

ELEPHANT: Your coming here will set events in motion. You do know that, don't you? It will be the step that makes the War inevitable.

The apparition fades. Belinda looks aghast.

23. INT. NEPOTIST, CORRIDOR.

Belinda, now in her planet-side coveralls, which look like a bulky variant on 1950s skiwear, bustles along, still shoving items into her planet-side satchel. Occasionally she casts a furtive glance at passing crewmembers, her facial expression seeming to say "Can they tell I'm mad?" – though in fact the crewmembers pass on in their usual serene indifference. She carries on an internal pep talk as she goes.

BELINDA: (*VO*) Now you listen, Belinda, my girl; just *keep quiet* about that little ... incident. How often does the Communications Officer get to go planet-side? No wild talk of green elephants or they'll think you're doolally and shoo you off to the infirmary before you can say knife.

She realizes she has missed her door by a few feet and wheels around, bumping into one of the chromium service robots. She steadies herself and plunges through a pair of automatic doors marked "Transmat Chamber 5."

24. INT. NEPOTIST, TRANSMAT ROOM.

Blandish, Timon, Barrett and the Doctor are waiting for Belinda, all in planet-side parkas and over-trousers; Blandish glares at her as she enters.

BLANDISH: Into the booths, people.

The Doctor watches bemused as all four of the crewmembers climb into bath-like tubs and lie down, and then he himself clambers into a vacant one. Blandish speaks slightly constrictedly to the transmat operator:

All right, Mr. O'Malley: activate.

All five disappear in a collapsing vortex, almost as though being swept down a plughole.

25. EXT. VALCEA. NIGHT.

The planet-side team materialize, all standing upright on a crust of snow. The Nepotist crewmembers brace their legs, as though they've just jumped from a high wall. The Doctor, who had not been expecting to be vertical, staggers slightly as he tries to get his bearings. Righting himself, he finds his eyes drawn up towards the brilliant source that is casting their shadows long – the incandescent City of Glass, with its gleaming turrets, minarets, baubles and towers.

BLANDISH: We're here.

DOCTOR: *(gazing at the city)* It's like ... the Emerald City! The City on the Edge of Forever! It's ... Valhalla.

He sets off at a run, stumbling through the snow.

26. EXT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE. DAY.

The Doctor crunches through snow up to his front door, skidding slightly on the partially cleared step; he stops briefly to massage his left calf, and then fumbles for the key. He is dressed in his velvet-collared overcoat, with a knitted scarf in greens and greys and a matching woolly hat. He unlocks the door and calls out:

DOCTOR: Fitz? Romy? Anyone there?

Romy appears from the kitchen, eating a piece of toast and marmalade. She is dressed in simple, fitting black clothes, though with no evidence of priestly uniform.

ROMY: Where ever have you been, leaving the house at crack of dawn? Fitz was worried; he's out looking for you.

DOCTOR: *(childishly excited)* I went to the paint shop. There's much more in the boot, and a ladder on the roof rack – can you help me?

He picks his way back to the front gate, where his Volkswagen Beetle is parked awkwardly by piled snow at the curb. A stepladder is atop. Romy steps out gingerly. She passes a large plastic shopping bag and peers in.

ROMY: And what's all this?

DOCTOR: Violet matt and Sea-Pine Green eggshell. Paint.

ROMY: *(bending over)* For what?

DOCTOR: *(VO)* Well, before the guests come for dinner next week I want to finish decorating the dining room and the control room.

ROMY: The what?

DOCTOR: *(VO)* The *dining* room and the *living* room.

Romy frowns.

ROMY: That's not what you said.

DOCTOR: *(VO)* Will you come and help me, please?

She pops the last quarter of toast into her mouth and makes her way along the path.

27. INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Again Romy is standing in the doorway, dressed in an overall, wiping violet paint off her hand with a rag; again Fitz is on the bed, in his usual deshabelle, with a growing pile of books in addition to his leather-bound volume on the floor and

bedside cabinet. His T-shirt and bare forearms and legs also show violet streaks. The sound of the Doctor singing along to Ella Fitzgerald floats up the stairs.

ROMY: Well, you're certainly right about him acting strangely. I think you expected too much from my presence. He's evasive when I ask what's wrong with his leg, and he's just *frantic* about the dinner party for this Sally person. And he keeps going on about some cabinet of changes. What does he mean?

FITZ: *(without looking up)* He's not himself.

Romy moves forwards and picks up a copy of 'The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony' from the top of the pile of books.

ROMY: Neither are you, Fitz.

FITZ: *(now looking her coldly in the eye)* How would you know? How long have you known me?

ROMY: *(suddenly even more uneasy)* Not long. I can't remember.

FITZ: No. I can't either, Romy. Isn't that odd?

ROMY: Probably.

FITZ: And I can't remember coming here.

ROMY: To the house?

FITZ: To this place, this town. When did *you* first come here?

ROMY: Oh, it must be ... I ... Look, why are you asking this?

FITZ: *(smiling maliciously)* You can't recall, can you? Doesn't that make you worry?

She fingers her dog collar, as though it can reassure her of her identity, but her expression is still calm.

ROMY: *(hurriedly)* Honestly, Fitz, I don't know what you're talking about. *(Suddenly rubbing at the paint marks on her hands with increased intensity.)* I have to go. I'm late for a meeting at the church – and I'm the convener.

28. INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

From a high angle view of the entrance hall, directed to the head of the staircase, we see Romy, back in her clerical attire, putting on a black overcoat and a grey and black scarf with the same graduated stripe pattern as the Doctor's grey and green one. She sweeps down the stairs and out of shot. Ella Fitzgerald is still singing; she's on to 'Over the Rainbow.' The Doctor is no longer singing along, and after a moment Fitz appears at the top of the staircase, listening intently. The camera pans to show the doorway to the living room. The Doctor is on a chaise-longue, the white protective sheet only partially pulled back from it. He is staring at the floor vacantly, almost catatonic, holding an ormolu clock in the form of a cathedral front on his lap. We see Fitz enter and gently take the clock from him. The Doctor draws up his legs, and wraps his arms around them.

We cut to an eye-level view of Fitz and the Doctor, from within the sitting room. It is clear that the Doctor was in the midst of reconstituting the room, after painting the walls, when he fell into his dejection. The coffee table in front of him is piled with ornaments and books, and the shelves, mantelpiece and walls are bare. Fitz steps over to the mantel and carefully places the clock in the centre. He pulls the white cover completely off the chaise-longue, and sits down companionably with the Doctor. After a moment, he reaches forward and brushes away a lock of hair that is catching the Doctor's lashes when he blinks; then he returns to his book. Ella finishes her song: "... beyond the rainbow, why, oh why, can't I?" The Doctor absently massages his leg.

29. EXT. STREET/PARK. NIGHT.

Romy, whose preoccupied, slightly harrowed expression is becoming curiously like the Doctor's, walks through streets that have partially thawed during the day, but are now laminated with a terrible black frost. A church is ahead of her; figures are moving into the lighted doorway of the church hall. She stops dead; then she turns and veers into a park. Her face shows increasing distress: she looks up at the dark sky as though all at once claustrophobically oppressed, and impulsively, dangerously, breaks into a run. She comes to a halt by the bandstand and rests her weight on the parapet.

There is a slight rustle in the trees behind her; then the call of an owl. Then something large and dog-like leaps on her, knocking her flat on the frosty surface of the giant chessboard by the bandstand. As she struggles with her attacker, chess pieces are knocked flying.

A man's voice rings out – crisp, commanding, speaking some weird foreign-sounding language. The dog thing sops toying with Romy and jumps back, scampering into the bushes. A match is struck somewhere on bricks. Romy tenses. The flicker of soft yellow flame wavers and approaches. In its slight glare there is the face of a man – we know him as the Doctor's Doctor. He's muffled in an ample mustard corduroy coat, with a yachting cap on his head.

DOCTOR'S DOCTOR: (*genial but unmistakably sharp*) Do you make a habit of running about in pitch darkness?

ROMY: Actually yes. For the past few nights. There are ... circumstances.

DOCTOR'S DOCTOR: (*looking first at her exposed dog collar, then into her eyes*) Having second thoughts about your vocation?

Romy makes no response. He looks off into the trees.

That creature wouldn't have harmed you, I don't think. You scared it as much as it scared you.

ROMY: What was it?

DOCTOR'S DOCTOR: Something rather like a fox. Something halfway between a fox and a rabbit.

He blows out the match and lights another.

The animals are being driven into the town from the country. They're feeling the winter far worse than we are.

ROMY: (*collecting herself*) Thank you for ...

DOCTOR'S DOCTOR: (*Briskly*) No, that's quite all right. I suggest you get off home. No bites or sprains, I trust?

ROMY: I'm surprisingly resilient, thank you.

DOCTOR'S DOCTOR: Yes. Well, goodnight.

He extinguishes the match, and they move in different directions.

30. EXT. VALCEA. NIGHT.

The planet-side team has reached the rock bed on which the City of Glass is raised. The escarpment is riddled with caves. It is clear that the Nepotist crewmembers are waiting for their captain to choose one of the myriad possible entrances. Blandish stares furiously ahead, as though he expects one of the caves to yield its secret to him, if he's only stern enough. The Doctor watches him with mildly amused fascination, as though Blandish were some rather febrile and capricious lab rat.

BLANDISH: It's this one. When you've been on as many missions as I have, you learn to listen to your gut feelings. And right now my guts are gurgling pretty insistently that this is the one.

He looks less certain than he sounds, and glances at the Doctor.

DOCTOR: Quite. I bow to your greater, um ... instincts and experience.

They start to climb the glassy-looking slope that leads to the cave mouth. Only Belinda hangs back, touching her earpiece.

BELINDA: Captain, communications with the ship are breaking up. Once we're inside the cave we won't be able to speak with them at all.

BLANDISH: We're being jammed.

GARRETT: Indeed.

BLANDISH: (*glaring at the Doctor*) After you.

The Doctor steps forward into the darkness.

GARRETT: A moment, Doctor; you'll need one of these. As will the whole detail.

He hands a lime-green fluorescent tube to the Doctor and the other crewmembers.

But please treat them with respect. They are extremely costly, and I am only issuing them because of the exceedingly vital – and dark – nature of this expedition.

DOCTOR: But these are Ffenitrite bulbs! These have been outlawed for years ... even in your time!

BELINDA: What's wrong with them?

DOCTOR: They're alive! There are living creatures trapped in here. These devices are barbaric.

He throws his own flashlight down on the frozen ground, where it explodes in a brief flash of green shards. A host of writhing, luminous worms emerge from the wreckage of the lamp.

BLANDISH: You idiot! Don't any of the rest of you get ideas and copy this stupid bastard.

BELINDA: No fear.

GARRETT: Happy now, Doctor?

DOCTOR: *(unabashed, with an accusing glare)* Deliriously.

He stalks away ahead of the group into the dark tunnel.

31. INT. MALL. NIGHT.

Shoppers are in a huge, milling crowd in the atrium, unable to leave because the outer doors are frozen solid. Maddy's party, under the matriarchal tutelage of Big Sue, is gathered near the fountain and Christmas trees outside Marks & Spencer. The lights start to flicker, and the crowd of shoppers begins to sound shriller and more hysterical. A female voice rings out over the public address system.

TANNOY VOICE: *(VO)* Retail customers are asked not to alarm themselves or congregate near the exit doors. The exits will be freed shortly and the lighting restored.

MADDY: Even the woman with the microphone sounds panicky.

NESTA: I bet we're snowed in. We'll have to lie down and sleep here all night.

TANNOY VOICE: *(VO)* Again we ask customers not to alarm themselves ... And the automatic doors will be opened quite soon ...

NESTA: Even if we do get locked in overnight, there's enough food and everything in Marks and Spencer's. We needn't starve.

MADDY: *(suddenly tearful)* I just want to go home ...

Icarus moves over to her and takes her in his arms.

TANNOY VOICE: *(VO – crackling and partly lost in interference)* One of the exits ... broken ... outside maybe ... local police ... emergency wishes ... Green Quadrant ... services ... Now we have ... exit ... You may ... quietly ... leave ...

The crowd mutters its complaint, but many start to drift towards the Green Quadrant.

TANNOY VOICE: *(VO)* There is a way out through the Green Quadrant!

There's a general push and shove of exodus in that direction.

MADDY: *(hopefully, to Big Sue)* Shall we go?

BIG SUE: I'm tempted to say no. We don't want dragging along pell-mell with the rest of them in that hysterical push. We should stick to our ground and leave by the exit of our own choice when it's cleared.

The crowd seethes away and very soon they are among the few waiting by the Red Quadrant doors.

TANNOY VOICE: *(VO – bursting out, with distorted laughter)* Where ... you must watch ... broken glass ... ice ... and Mister Fox ... slippery ... is waiting ...

NESTA: Mr. Fox?

ICARUS: I don't like this.

The ornaments and the branches of the Christmas trees are suddenly ruffled by an icy wind. There is a clatter of feet on the now inoperative escalator. Iris Wildthyme approaches, all concern and keyfuffle, running her painted metallic green nails through her flowing hair.

IRIS: You were right to stay here. We have to watch it now. They've let whatever is outside ... in.

MADDY: All there is outside is a car park! And my car!

IRIS: *(shaking her head)* That's not all.

32. INT. VALCEA CAVES. NIGHT.

The Doctor advances blithely, humming a tune. Behind him, Blandish clutches his blaster and Belinda keeps her head down; Garrett watches the captain's back, and Timon brings up the rear, blaster in hand.

GARRETT: Captain, I have good reason to believe that –

BLANDISH: *(flinging up his hands)* Ssh!

The Doctor has stopped dead in his tracks.

DOCTOR: Back up! Quickly! Company!

He starts to bundle them off down the way they have come, suddenly flinging himself into a steeply inclining tunnel, and beckoning frantically. They follow, any pretence of order dissolving.

Behind them, in the main tunnel, there is the sound of wheels, the groaning and splintering of ice under pressure.

DOCTOR: *(cheerily, to the terrified Belinda)* It's like being chased by a bobsleigh team!

The noise of pursuit alters in pitch.

TIMON: Whoever they are, they've found which way we went. We could stand and fight ...

BLANDISH: We don't know who they are yet.

As well as the ringing of the approaching pursuers' wheels, there is a kind of chiming sound.

DOCTOR: Here – It widens out up here.

They stumble into an antechamber, somewhat brighter than the tunnel. Its floor is dusted with snow, oddly, and the space is ringed with rocks.

Hide!

As they scramble amongst the rocks, three shining gold, bladed wheelchairs enter amid a flurry of sparks, bearing small seated men made entirely of glass, the only opaque, organic-seeming component of their bodies being the hearts that can be seen beating in their chests. Metal rods projecting from the back of their wheelchairs connect with mesh metal grilles in the ceiling; it is the grating of the rod against this mesh which makes the noise and fireworks that accompanies their movement. Overtones of Frankenstein's laboratory notwithstanding, the Glass Men and their chairs seem like exquisite, Art Deco creations. They start to speak, almost chorally, overlapping in close 'canon.'

FIRST GLASS MAN: There isn't any reason –

SECOND GLASS MAN: There isn't any point –

THIRD GLASS MAN: There isn't any cause for alarm.

FIRST GLASS MAN: We picked up your transmat –

SECOND GLASS MAN: We detected your transmat –

THIRD GLASS MAN: We overheard your particles as you beamed to our city.

FIRST GLASS MAN: We know –

SECOND GLASS MAN: We know you –

THIRD GLASS MAN: We know you are here.

The Docotr, bursting with curiosity, jums up from his hiding place and dashes out.

DOCTOR: Well, in that case I shall be delighted to introduce everyone.

The Glass Men smile in unison.

33. INT. MALL. NIGHT.

Iris has taken charge. She is leading Big Sue's party not to the Green Quadrant but upstairs. Nesta is still carrying her shopping, though the others have abandoned theirs.

NESTA: But ... what is it that's gone wrong? Is there a bomb?

IRIS: *(cheerily)* Worse than that.

The upper storey is deserted and uncannily silent; even the tannoy voice has stopped.

NESTA: It's like the end of the world.

There is a glass ceiling above a fake pavement caffè in the fake Roman Emporium. Iris leads to this, and looks up. The glass ceiling is covered with snow.

BIG SUE: You're not expecting us to climb up ... ?

NESTA: Look!

There are feet all over the glass window: shuffling, scratching feet. As some of the snow dissipates, it becomes clear that they are birds' feet, clawed and three-toed – and massive.

IRIS: Sod it! Come away – quickly!

There is a rending crash – the glass window falls. Enormous owls are beating snow from themselves and thumping down in the shards of glass and ice.

Run!

In Santa's Grotto, Big Sue finally has to pause for breath, bending over and clutching her knees.

BIG SUE: Oh, hang on, I have to stop. We've drawn the short straw. Again. Every other bugger's managed to get out in time. When they all ran off. I'm not built for all this dashing around.

IRIS: All we have to do is find a way to the bus. And then we'll be safe.

MADDY: We've placed all our lives in your hands, Iris. Whoever you are. I don't understand any of what's going on. But if you think you've got a way out of here, I'll follow you.

NESTA: I don't understand any of this either. What are those things we're running away from? They looked –

IRIS: Owls. They're on the hunt. They've broken into the mall by the simplest and most direct method they could. They're obviously starving.

NESTA: But they're huge! I've not seen owls like that before.

IRIS: I think *I* have. Someone's let them through.

BIG SUE: From where?

IRIS: No more questions now. We have to keep moving. They'll have our scent.

BIG SUE: Our scent!

The sound of beating wings is suddenly close at hand – the party huddles in the shadows. The owls swoop past on the lower level, staring in at shop fronts.

Well, so much for that. They never did catch our scent.

IRIS: No, Sue. Thankfully. It must be the perfumed air of the mall. Probably it's saved our lives.

Big Sue snorts derisively and tosses her head. Iris is pointing ahead – to where snow is blizzarding from an unknown source.

We need to get down to ground level.

Suddenly there is an inhuman shriek and a beating of the air. A lone owl has found them. Icarus pulls Maddy back into a darkened shop. Iris shoves Big Sue after them: the two fall in a heap behind a display. When Iris disentangles herself, she turns to see Nesta rooted to the spot. The owl is teasing her, not quite attacking. She drops her shopping bags, and the creature instantly dives at them, shredding the plastic with a huge talon and scattering her parcels.

Now the owl digs its shining talons into the petrified woman's anorak. Her body sags uncomplaining as she is lifted from the ground; as she rises out of view, there are further terrible tearing noises. Then there is another crash, and glass and snow fall past them. The owl has taken its prey out of the mall.

MADDY: Nesta!

IRIS: *(Grasping her by the arms)* She's gone. Come on!

She reaches into the top of one of her high-topped boots, and produces a small, rather elegant pink blaster gun.

I forgot I had this on me.

The other owls are returning. Iris fires at the nearest, and it drops out of the air. She clips a second, and there is commotion. The owls withdraw.

ICARUS: They're after me.

BIG SUE: *You?* What makes you so important?

IRIS: The boy's right, actually. The sooner we find my bus, the better?

BIG SUE: What's this about a bus?

IRIS: My TARDIS is in the car park. Somewhere. Well be safe there.

She tries the mirror-panelled door of an emergency exit, which is of course frozen solid as well as locked. She levels her blaster and fires a slim pink beam of concentrated energy. The glass panels mist over, then crack and fall in. Beyond is a staircase, thick with snow and ice. Big Sue is aghast.

Come on!

MADDY: *(trying to bundle Big Sue towards the hole in the wall)* We have to trust her.

BIG SUE: But she's got a ray gun!

IRIS: *(blowing on the gun before slipping it back in her boot)* You'd better believe it, honey.

Big Sue is still resistant to moving. The sound of owl shrieks is drawing near again.

Look, if you want to see your rotten, good-for-nothing pal Nesta ever again, and if you want me to actually save your scraggy old arses, then I suggest you follow me. Now. *(With an arch look.)* That means you, too, Angel boy.

34. INT. VALCEA, CAVERNS. NIGHT.

The Nepotist party is moving along, accompanied by a number of Glass Men, travelling in trios. Here and there, on polished podiums, are exquisitely wrought-glass objects, again rather Moderne in style, but abstract rather than figurative – at least to our eyes. At the front of this group, three Glass Men are addressing the Doctor, whom they partially encircle. As he attends to their words, he is trying not to look at the hearts in their transparent breasts, which seem to have twisted, malign faces on them. The Glass Men themselves are outwardly the souls of affability.

FIRST GLASS MAN: You will find nothing –

SECOND GLASS MAN: You will find nothing untoward –

THIRD GLASS MAN: We have heard of you, Doctor. You will find nothing untoward here.

DOCTOR: You make me feel like a social worker.

Blandish snorts in the background. He is clearly miffed that the Doctor is being treated as the group's leader – and doubly so now that it seems the Doctor's reputation has preceded him.

I'm afraid I haven't heard of your people at all. Should I have?

FIRST GLASS MAN: But you were –

SECOND GLASS MAN: But you were here –

THIRD GLASS MAN: But we know you because you were already here, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Well ... it's possible. My memory's terribly shaky these days. Especially just lately, I've been ...

BLANDISH: Doctor, could we hurry this up? We need to –

DOCTOR: Captain! I'd forgotten you were there. *(His face darkens dangerously.)* What's the matter? Isn't this exciting enough for you? Not enough guns?

BLANDISH: I want to get back to my ship. We should find out what's blocking our communications and then –

DOCTOR: Ah yes.

FIRST GLASS MAN: Daedalus will –

SECOND GLASS MAN: Daedalus will answer –

THIRD GLASS MAN: Daedalus will answer all of your questions.

Blandish frowns in confusion.

GARRETT: I believe, Captain, that they are referring to their Supreme Commander.

FIRST GLASS MAN: First you must –

SECOND GLASS MAN: First you must rest –

THIRD GLASS MAN: I will show you to your rooms.

Suddenly, the Glass Men swarm, as though in some predetermined routine, a trio surrounding each crewmember. Timon waves his gun ineffectually, but Blandish, after seeing the expression on the Doctor's face, gestures to him to lower it. Each crewmember is politely but firmly ushered to a doorway.

35. INT. VALCEA, BELINDA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Belinda enters her room, peering out from her funnel hood apprehensively. The automatic door shushes shut behind her, and she jumps. But then she looks around the chamber. It is a symphony in peach and chintz with a four-poster bed and a minibar. There is a satin dressing gown flung over the sofa. Sloughing off her parka and over-trousers, she picks it up, with oohs and ahs, and then notices an en suite bathroom. The verdigrised tub has green dolphins for taps – and someone has already drawn a bath. Belinda gives a little whoop of joy and starts to strip.

There is a knock at the door. Belinda, now clad in her satin gown, sashays over. When the door slides open, Timon is revealed, now out of his planet-side overgarments and in his regular fatigues.

TIMON: *(Still clutching his blaster)* I don't like it.

BELINDA: *(pulling her gown tighter)* You'd better come in. You know Blandish warned us about fraternising too much.

They step into the room, Timon casting an anxious glance behind him.

I'm having a bath.

TIMON: I think they're buttering us up.

He stops in his tracks as Belinda sheds her robe and hops into the bath.

BELINDA: Come on in and join me. You can, um, brief me in here.

36. INT. VALCEA, DOCTOR'S ROOM. NIGHT.

The Doctor is in a sumptuous, emerald room, with shag pile carpet. He is pacing. Suddenly he flings himself onto his mattress, still dressed in his Nepotist planet-side over-clothes.

DOCTOR: I've got no one to talk to! No one to banter with, bicker with, complain to, show off to, explain things to! No one to mystify and perplex! What an existence!

He sits up abruptly.

I should put in a telepathic check on the TARDIS.

He closes his eyes, and concentrates; his head moves slightly, as though he were trying to hear something. After a moment his lids snap open. He jumps off the bed.

Where are you, old girl? How can you be out of range?

He begins to pace again.

Surely Romana hasn't moved her without letting me know?

A screen opens on his wall. One of the Glass Men from the 'welcoming party' appears.

GLASS MAN: Doctor, I've been hunting around for evidence for you, in the library.

DOCTOR: Evidence of what? And please – tell me your name, first.

GLASS MAN: My name is Marn. I went looking for image from your previous visit.

DOCTOR: Ah. My previous visit.

Images flash across the screen – though the quality is poor. The Doctor can make out a burly man, like a Charles-Laughton-esque version of his fourth incarnation, in a shimmering waistcoat and a bicorne hat, wearing an eye-patch. He has a lavish black moustache and impressive wiry black eyebrows. He seems to be bellowing at the top of his voice, and is brandishing an elephant gun. More pictures follow, in which this orotund aggressor is fighting it out with what appear to be giant owls. There is a blur of brilliant plumage and talons. The man is accompanied by an attractive black youth in a silver, figure-hugging spacesuit and Ms Iris Wildthyme in her third body—which looks a bit like Shirley Bassey in her prime—wearing a monumental beehive hairdo and evening dress with feather boa. She is wielding a harpoon gun.

Iris!

MARN: (VO) Yes, the woman is identified as Iris Wildthyme.

DOCTOR: In her third incarnation, yes, but that big man's not me! None of me! I've no *idea* who it is!

MARN: (VO) He called himself the Doctor. The words TARDIS, Time Lords, Gallifrey, companions were all bandied about. He arrived and departed in a blue flashing box.

A particularly poor picture flashes up: the svelte black boy and his outré companions are entering a shadowy cabinet. The box is too far in the shadows to be definitively identifiable but as though to prove Marn's veracity a flashing light is briefly seen before the footage ends.

Is that not you?

DOCTOR: (grudgingly) I suppose so.

MARN: (reappearing on screen) But you don't recall these events?

DOCTOR: It's not ... unusual.

MARN: Never mind. Perhaps Daedalus can help out with your memory. He will see you within the hour. Perhaps you could prepare yourself?

He disappears. The Doctor sits down on the bed again, looking tired and demoralized, and at last unzips his parka. He adopts that peculiar fixed stare that seems to be conventional in television for someone receiving a telepathic message:

IRIS: (VO) Hail there, Doctor! Old friend! Beloved! How about a hand down here, eh?

DOCTOR: Oh marvellous. I leave my companions, lose my TARDIS, and all of a sudden different incarnations of Iris are popping up *everywhere*.

He groans and sinks back onto the bed.

37. INT. BAR. NIGHT.

The Doctor is sitting at a bar. The interior theme is nautical, but certainly not in a twee way: this may well actually be the converted interior of some tanker's larger cabin – or hold. The clientele is generally loud and rough; a cabaret of sorts is in progress behind the Doctor. He wisely has his woolly hat on and his green coat's collar pulled up—the throat tab clasped so that the collar doesn't sag and reveal its velvet upper surface—in order not to appear too foppish. He is studying the barman who is just pouring him a pint of ginger beer, emptying out several bottles in order to fill the glass: a big man with a mass of close-cut curly white hair, a piano-key grin and an eye-patch (much more clearly than in the case of 'the Doctor' in Marn's historical film clip, this is the Fourth Doctor, albeit in well-nourished old age). The sleeves of his white poplin, curiously lapelled shirt are rolled back to reveal copious tattoos. He laughs at something in the cabaret, and then fixes the Doctor with his one staring, electric blue eye as he passes him his pint glass. The Doctor puts a £5 note on the bar, and shuffles amid the heaving crowd to a booth. As he sits down, the candle in the storm lantern on the table sputters out. The Doctor doesn't seem to care; he shrinks back into the darkness of the booth. He looks around at the rivets and rusting metal, the portholes and girders.

DOCTOR: (VO – internal monologue) Perhaps this is a real ship. Perhaps the barman is operating the complex, arcane machinery that keeps us afloat. If we heaved ourselves free of the docks, we could sail away to warmer climes.

What is it about this new life of mine that makes me think like this? I never used to before. I never used to come to *bars* like this before.

What has happened to me? And why do I say *new life*? It's as if I've lived several.

He glances involuntarily at the barman. Then he seems to lapse into reverie. All at once there is someone with him in the booth – a figure answering his rhetorical question who is shrouded in darkness even greater than that which envelops the Doctor himself. The soft Scots burr is, for us, clearly that of the Seventh Doctor. Gradually we make out the details of a white panama hat, elegant but unseasonable cream linen suit, silk shirt, brightly coloured tie and correspondence shoes; the figure's hands are pressed on the curiously wrought handle of an umbrella, just under his chin. The face remains almost entirely in shadow. The Doctor appears to hear the man's voice without acknowledging any physical presence.

MAN IN BOOTH: You were sick of being different from everyone else. You were tired of being nothing like human. You had had enough of taking the whole world – the whole of several worlds – in your two hands.

'Time's Champion, my arse.' That's what Iris said to you. She laughed in your face. 'Time took you up as her Champion? It was your job to roam around sorting out the whole shebang?'

So let's say you found yourself wanting to be a little more human. All that knocking around with human beings ... it must have rubbed off.

You began to want the things they wanted. You'd had adventures, yes ... but not ordinary adventures. When human beings have adventures it's usually another person who sets their heart beating that bit faster. That's why Iris shook her head in sorrow at you.

A virgin, in many ways, Doctor. You were Time's Champion, your cosmos a dark and complex place. But in the human run of things, in terms of the most vital experiences, you were a virgin.

The Doctor continues to stare at his ginger beer. The camera tracks around to a new angle: if there was ever anyone in the booth with him, he is quite alone now.

39. INT. SPECIALIST'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

The Doctor is staring into the fireplace. His private Doctor stands beside him, looking benignly on.

DOCTOR: There are memory losses now; and peculiar voices I hear even outside my dreams.

DOCTOR'S DOCTOR: *(patting the Doctor on the shoulder)* No need to fret. Your life will come back to you. You mustn't push it.

He steers the Doctor to a large, comfortable looking couch with a plaid over it, then sits down in a wing chair facing him and unwraps a humbug.

DOCTOR: But I remember so little – I have to take things on faith. The things in my dreams can never have been true, obviously. Things like the Glass Men of Valcea, the Keys of Marinus, the Mad Cacti of Zolpha Thura.

I do remember San Francisco and it was New Year. I kissed a woman in a park. I hardly knew her. I kissed her because she'd given me back part of my memory, with just an inadvertent word. I wonder if I could somehow find her again and she could tell me more. Is San Francisco the place I come from? Oscar Wilde once said anyone thought missing will be found, eventually, in San Francisco. You know the shirt he was wearing that day was made in Paris by the same woman who made mine ... No, that can't have been. Can it?

His private Doctor shrugs noncommittally, still smiling kindly.

At any rate, now I'm in the North East of England. Adventures have begun in far more surprising places.

40. EXT. MALL CAR PARK. NIGHT.

There is a sound of rending metal as Iris shears a hole in the emergency exit with her blaster.

IRIS: Home and dry!

They look around the now largely deserted, snow-laden car park.

MADDY: From here we should be able to see the lights of the town, at least. Where are the tower blocks? The lights on the bridge?

BIG SUE: Whatever knocked the power off in the shops must have done the same to the town. It happens in winter sometimes.

MADDY: Not like this.

ICARUS: Mum's right. There is something else at work here.

BIG SUE: *(to Iris, who is striding away)* Where are you leading us now? We just want to find our car.

MADDY: I'll never get the car through this snow. It was bad enough getting here.

IRIS: We're going to my bus. We'll all be safe on the bus. And we can have a nice drink and a change of clothes and warm up.

BIG SUE: Her bus? Why's she got a bus?

MADDY: There was a bus beside our car. When we arrived.

ICARUS: It was a Number 22 to Putney Common. Was that yours?

IRIS: That's the one!

They move forward – though a little uncertainly. They hear shrieking from behind them; the owls are clearly out here with them in the darkness.

BIG SUE: Where do they come from?

IRIS: A small rocky world called Ichor. It's in the Enclave. And, if I'm not very much mistaken, so are we.

BIG SUE: What?

IRIS: If you look up, none of your usual ... um, stars and constellation things are there any more. And it's not just the weather. Look. You can see other stuff forming there. It's very interesting, actually.

She sounds unconvinced by her own half-hearted attempt at astronomical orientation.

BIG SUE: Well, where are we?

ICARUS: *(suddenly frightened)* Enclave? Enclave?

MADDY: I'm more bothered about those owl things.

IRIS: There's more than owls here! If I'm right – and I generally am – then there are going to be all manner of beasties and nasties hanging about!

MADDY: Oh Lord.

IRIS: Which is why we have to find the – *(She catches something cherry red in the beam of her flashlight.)* It's here! It's here! We're safe!

Looming ahead of them, just discernible in the darkness, is the reassuring shape of her bus. She kicks back the snow to clear a space in front of the hydraulic doors, then produces an odd-looking key from around her neck, jams it into the lock. Immediately the lights cough and flicker.

MADDY: That's no ordinary bus.

She is staring – now that the bus is fully illuminated – at the array of furniture: tasselled lamps, a chaise-longue, and shelves and shelves of ornaments and books and maps.

BIG SUE: It looks like an antique shop.

IRIS: Antique! Some of that stuff is beyond priceless!

The pneumatic doors shush open, and they clamber aboard. Iris makes straight for the driver's cab. She flicks a switch and the door closes again, and she activates the bus's various tremulous instruments. She pulls down what looks like a 1970s novelty television set—the spherical kind that resembles a spaceman's helmet—from the ceiling. Its picture flickers and resolves to show reams of alien script and a kind of diagram that looks like a knitting pattern.

I was right. We are inside the Enclave.

MADDY: *(kneeling on the chaise-longue and peering out of the window)* That's my car! The snow's up to the roof. We won't be going anywhere in that tonight.

IRIS: Plenty of room aboard the bus! Not as transdimensional as some, but we've got everything we need here.

BIG SUE: What is this thing, exactly?

IRIS: I told you. It's my TARDIS.

Big Sue scowls but doesn't pursue the matter. Iris pulls a telephone from a small cupboard under the stairs. She dials a 20-digit number, and the dial lifts itself neatly off, displaying a more complex set of controls underneath. These look almost organic, pulsing with life. Iris stabs at the quivering matter several times. Then she puts the receiver down.

I hate using low-tech stuff. But when needs must.

ICARUS: What were you doing?

IRIS: Contacting an old friend of mine. Someone whose help I think we could do with at this point. He's already caught up in this. All right, girls. While we're waiting, I think it's time for a drinky. Sue, the cabinet's over there. Do me a very stiff gin, would you? I'll be changing upstairs. Back in a mo.

41. INT. TARDIS.

The time rotor in the centre of the control console is rising and falling, and the sounds of flight can be heard. Romana is standing in front of the console, calm and still, reading information from the hanging screen. Fitz is sitting in the Doctor's chair, looking very nervous – all efforts at careless bravado gone.

FITZ: Romana? What the bloody hell is happening? What are you doing?

ROMANA: I'm doing nothing. The ship is responding to a summons.

FITZ: We can't just leave the Doctor.

ROMANA: Well gosh, Fitz, thank goodness you're here to remind me of that. The summons is to Valcea. What does that suggest?

FITZ: *(sheepishly)* The Doctor sent an S.O.S.?

ROMANA: I'd call that a good working hypothesis. Although admittedly it's odd he didn't contact *me* telepathically.

She stares in fascination at the screen.

These readouts are incredible. And I mean that in the really, really literal sense. As in 'impossible to believe.'

Fitz comes over and leans against one of the iron girders surrounding the control area.

FITZ: So you can't tell me anything sensible, then?

ROMANA: There are 43 different sets of data here. Apparently we're in 43 places at once.

FITZ: We can't be ... Can we?

ROMANA: The one constant in all this is the word 'Enclave.' Hmm. Never heard of anything like this. I think I should call the Time Lords in.

She reaches towards a small button under a glass cover with the word 'Panic' over it. Just then, the TARDIS makes the scraping and throaty-booming sounds that denote materialisation. Romana withdraws her hand.

But there again ... Let's go find the Doctor.

She looks down at one of the small readouts on the console.

'Breathable but Brass Monkeys.' What does that even mean?

Fitz steps forward to look.

FITZ: Does it really say 'Brass Monkeys'? *(Looking down at the readout, and chuckling)* Oh, he's a one all right! It means, your supremacy, we need to wrap up warm.

Fitz moves over to the hat-stand, and pulls down a vividly plaid Inverness cloak. He reaches for one of the Fourth Doctor's long scarves.

ROMANA: *(Calling to him over her shoulder as she heads to an interior door)* Okay, bub, you get the cape, but the burgundy scarf is mine.

42. INT. THE BUS, LOWER DECK. NIGHT.

Upstairs, we can hear the sounds of Big Sue and Maddy selecting clothes from Iris's wardrobe. Iris comes down the stairs, carrying a bundle of clothes, speaking to them as she goes.

IRIS: Find something warm, for heaven's sake; and keep your hands off those cami-knickers.

She is hardly modelling dress for warmth; she has on a gold and cream coloured kaftan. She finds herself alone with her stiff gin and Icarus, who is gazing at her attire with an expression that is difficult to read.

What are you staring at? I think best when I'm wearing this outfit.

She throws him the pair of jeans and thick jumper that she has brought down.

These belong to a friend of mine, David. He travelled with me for a bit. He was about your size.

He pulls off his damp tracksuit; Iris looks at him appraisingly – she seems to be staring in particular at his shoulder blades. Then, from a compartment in the ceiling, she produces some red patent-leather boots.

These were his, too. Or they may have been Nigel's.

Icarus takes them gratefully. Iris sits down with her gin, and puts a cigarette into her holder.

You knew I would be here to save you, didn't you?

ICARUS: What do you mean?

IRIS: You're part of all this, aren't you, little Ian?

He shrugs, suddenly truculent. Iris returns the shrug, pulls a face, and takes a large swig of gin.

All right, no need to sulk. I'm not going to *beg* you for information. I'll find it all out soon enough. I always do.

With a knowing expression, she puffs on her cigarette.

43. EXT. VALCEA. NIGHT.

Fitz emerges from the TARDIS in the Inverness, a matching deerstalker with the flaps down and tied under his chin, and heavy suede gloves. For good measure he has wrapped the shortest of the Doctor's old multi-coloured scarves around his neck. Behind him comes Romana: she has complemented her 50s attire with a slinky contemporary ski jacket, fur-trimmed hat and boots, in a colour which tones beautifully with the Doctor's old plum chenille scarf. She has managed to turn the scarf into a fashion accessory which neither Audrey Hepburn nor Capucine would disparage, having artfully draped it into a kind of shawl and secured it with a big brooch.

FITZ: Where do you suppose we are?

She draws parallel with him, and it is obvious that he is suddenly taken with her cuteness.

Here, do you fancy a snowball fight?

ROMANA: *(ignoring this and pointing up)* Look.

FITZ: It's the *Nepotist*. But where's the city?

Without speaking, she takes him firmly by the shoulders and turns him around.

Bloody hell! It's huge! Hey, what are those?

He points. Silvery threads are materialising across the heavens from the city, radiating in all directions from the glass turrets and spires. They describe arcs and loops across the black sky, a few touching down on the snowy landscape.

ROMANA: I believe they're ... Corridors.

There is a shout behind them, a little muffled by the whipping wind and snow, but still clear.

IRIS: *(VO)* DOCTOR!

44. INT. THE BUS, LOWER DECK. NIGHT.

Iris has been joined by the ladies, who are newly kitted out in her clothes. Big Sue looks disturbingly like Iris's last incarnation, even though she's now shed the lilac wig; she is in layered cardigans and a sensible tweed skirt, with lisle stockings. Maddy is wearing a wool trouser suit that looks as though it came from the early 1930s, and a beret. She looks like a rather 'mumsy' version of Dietrich in male dress. Of course, neither of them is in any danger of upstaging Iris herself. They are peering out of the window; Icarus sits impassive. Iris has opened the pneumatic doors and is waving frantically and jumping up and down.

BIG SUE: *(seeing the slow weaving of the Corridors)* What are those? Iris, will you listen? What's going on up there around those glass towers?

IRIS: It doesn't matter! He's here now! DOCTOR! OVER HERE!

She pauses for a moment, considering.

Hang on, I'm not being terribly feminist, am I? Oh well, bugger that. Here he comes!

A heavily clad figure galumphs up to the doors, and doffs his deerstalker. Iris looks at him uncertainly.

Doctor?

FITZ: At your service, madam.

Romana steps out of the darkness beside Fitz.

ROMANA: Hello, Iris.

IRIS: *(immediately hostile)* Oh bog roll. It's her nibs. *(To Fitz)* What d'you want to bring her for?

45. INT. DAEDALUS'S THRONE ROOM. DAY.

The room is lit by jade and emerald flames which lick and lap busily in braziers set in custard-yellow glass walls. The floor is chrome. The Doctor and the Nepotist crew are gathered before a throne, several trios of Glass Men (the one nearest to the Doctor being Marn) in attendance. On the throne sits an elephant, of normal Indian elephant size, but perfectly green, only the white of his tusks and the amber of his eyes relieving the monochrome. He has long, tapered, human hands with fine, blade-like nails whose curves echo those of his tusks. He wears robes, in and out of which periodically scamper mouse-like creatures, which seem to be grooming him.

DAEDALUS: *(flexing his fingers, which causes his nails to rattle together like sabres)* Come ... closer.

As the Nepotist team approaches, Belinda, Timon and Garrett seemingly on the verge of clutching each other like Dorothy's party in 'The Wizard of Oz,' he speaks again, smoothly.

I think we have a small misunderstanding.

BLANDISH: *(suddenly coming into his own)* There's no misunderstanding as I see it. This whole city, this world, whatever it is – your world, whoever you are – *(with heavy emphasis on each word)* **shouldn't - be - here.**

DAEDALUS: I do hope, Captain, that you aren't going to be tiresome. I've seen your sort before, you know.

BLANDISH: You are breaching Federation space. This – apparition – of yours is tantamount to an act of war.

DAEDALUS: Hmm.

BLANDISH: We of the *Nepotist* patrol this sector, maintaining the equilibrium. It's a very delicate balance. You have no idea what you're messing up here, blundering in like this. If our neighbours get wind of this incursion of yours, they'll assume it's a Federation plot – they always do – to invade their precious border, and –

DAEDALUS: Oh, pipe down, Captain. If you will let me explain ...

BLANDISH: Explain! You take us prisoner! You sever connections with our ship! You refuse to let us transmat back aboard and you –

DAEDALUS: You cannot be allowed to return to your ship.

DOCTOR: Captain, perhaps I might intervene?

BLANDISH: I think we've heard enough from you. This isn't your battle.

DOCTOR: I hope it isn't any kind of battle. If you let Daedalus speak, you may just find that he wants to be here even less than you want him.

DAEDALUS: Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Well, I don't see any point in shouting all the time.

DAEDALUS: Indeed. But you're quite wrong, Doctor.

The Doctor looks crestfallen, like the star pupil who, for once, has given an incorrect answer in class.

I fully intend for Valcea to be here, in this position. And what is more, I know precisely what boundaries and treaties and strange local customs I am infringing by bringing my world here. I'm not as hapless as you may think. All of it is deliberate.

He withdraws a mouse from his robes, snaps its neck and throws it into a nearby brazier.

DOCTOR: *(nonplussed, but recovering well)* Oh. Then I think Captain Blandish has a right to know your reasons for being here.

BLANDISH: (*dripping with unsubtle irony*) Oh, thank you, Doctor. (*Tugging down his jacket, and addressing Daedalus again*) Well?

DAEDALUS: There is someone I need to find.

GARRETT: (*suddenly snapping*) Now, Timon!

He pulls out his blaster, and wildly shoots down half the braziers in the room, hitting a couple of ornaments and accidentally catching a Glass Man, who with a shriek shatters into shards. The other Glass Men discharge goutts of flame from their chairs. Timon is intent on protecting Belinda, and his gun arm is singed as he pushes her to the ground. The Doctor dives behind a plinth with sculptures on it, just before Garrett's wild shots destroy one of them.

DAEDALUS: (*roaring*) Do not kill them! Do not kill them!

BELINDA: Tell them to stop!

BLANDISH: Garrett, who gave that order?

Garrett is not listening; his face is clenched in absolute hatred as he discharges bolt after bolt of energy.

DAEDALUS: Isolate them!

From the metal grille of the ceiling, three distinct pillars of flame descend, fixing on Garrett, Timon and Blandish, and holding them immobile.

That was very foolish, Captain.

BLANDISH: Garrett – acted – of – his – own – accord. He's – been – experiencing – emotional – conflicts – of – late ...

DAEDALUS: Oh, dear. You don't appear to run a terribly tight ship, Captain. I expect the people who belong to me to do exactly as I tell them.

DOCTOR: (*getting up and brushing his parka down*) Belong to you? People don't *belong* to you, Daedalus, no matter who you are.

DAEDALUS: I think you'll find that they do, Doctor.

DOCTOR: (*breezily*) Oh, I see. Another one.

DAEDALUS: Another what?

DOCTOR: Another tyrant. Another evil despot intent on jiggery-pokery.

DAEDALUS: (*hurt*) I shall ask you to take that back.

DOCTOR: I shall ask you to free my friends first.

DAEDALUS: They're hardly your *friends*, Doctor. Captain Blandish can't stand the sight of you.

DOCTOR: That's as maybe, but you can't keep them against their wills. It just isn't on, Daedalus.

DAEDALUS: Would you set yourself against me, Doctor?

DOCTOR: (*brightly*) Oh, yes. I've brought down better megalomaniacs than you.

DAEDALUS: Guards ... be so good as to show the Doctor and his girlfriend back to their quarters, will you?

BELINDA: Girlfriend?

DAEDALUS: The Doctor needs to learn a thing or two about my reasons for being here.

DOCTOR: What about the others?

BELINDA: If you've killed them, I'll ...

Daedalus stares her down with his blazing amber eyes.

DAEDALUS: They are quite safe here and out of harm's reach. Now leave me, all of you. I've got myself all worked up over this.

DOCTOR: We'll talk later.

46. INT. VALCEA, CORRIDOR. DAY.

Marn is at the head of the trio of Glass Men escorting the Doctor to his quarters. The others appear to pay no mind as he talks to the Doctor. Belinda is being herded along in the rear.

MARN: I must apologise. You caught our leader in a tricky mood.

DOCTOR: *(with a tight smile)* Well, I can't say I'm not disappointed. But people are often out of sorts when they meet me.

MARN: Daedalus isn't usually like this. He's a man of great learning. A philosophical man. The last traveller we presented in the palace room, he just showed them his glass collection. He's got some lovely pieces.

DOCTOR: *(wearily)* Somehow I think he's got more on his mind than ornaments today.

MARN: Things haven't been the same just lately.

DOCTOR: Go on.

MARN: *(He glances uneasily at his fellow Glass Men.)* No, I can't talk now. I'll come to you later.

DOCTOR: I'll look forward to it.

47. INT. DOCTOR'S ROOM. DAY.

The Doctor steps into his room – and suddenly Belinda barrels in after him, and flings herself despondently down on his bed.

BELINDA: We're going to be trapped here forever! Or they'll simply murder us and no-one will ever know.

DOCTOR: *(emptying the contents of his trouser pockets on to his glass dressing table)* Oh, nonsense.

BELINDA: We will, you'll see. Oh, why was I so keen on coming down on a mission! With no Timon to protect me, and Garrett and the captain all frozen and hopeless.

DOCTOR: *(sharply)* What do you want, Belinda? Someone to come and rescue us?

BELINDA: Yes.

DOCTOR: *(gentle again)* It isn't going to happen. In this world we have to organise our own little rescues. *(He grins.)* And that's exactly what we're going to do.

48. INT. VALCEA, DOCTOR'S ROOM. NIGHT.

The Doctor is tinkering with what he has created from the odds and ends in his pocket. Belinda is lying on the bed gloomily.

BELINDA: It looks like a hairdryer.

DOCTOR: If you've got nothing sensible to say, say nothing.

The lights go down. He jumps up and waves the hairdryer device under her nose.

I'll need your help for this. Your being the ship's communications expert and all.

BELINDA: *(obviously flattered)* My help?

DOCTOR: *(with his most disarming smile)* Why, absolutely.

BELINDA: But what are we going to do?

DOCTOR: Free your friends and send them back to the ship!

Belinda opens and immediately closes her mouth again, guppy-like. She stares at the 'hairdryer.'

49. INT. VALCEA, CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

The Doctor and Belinda stand before the door to the Throne Room.

BELINDA: What if Daedalus is still in there?

DOCTOR: I shouldn't think he is. Elephants may never forget, but they need their sleep more than you do.

BELINDA: What's that supposed to mean?

He opens the door and they enter.

50. INT. VALCEA, THRONE ROOM. NIGHT.

DOCTOR: No sign of Daedalus or the Glass Men. What did I tell you?

The Doctor hurries over to the trapped figures and sets to work. He lays the hairdryer device on the ground, taps it, and a host of coloured leads and wires spill out. A series of dials and ratchets, each apparently clockwork, fans out and extends around the machine. A sphere the size of a tennis ball rises out of the mess and opens itself, revealing three crystals, each a different shade of pink. The Doctor plucks one out and tosses it away.

Broken. But two will do.

BELINDA: I've no idea what that's supposed to be.

DOCTOR: Well, it might look like a Louise Bourgeois sculpture, but actually ...

He produces a coat hanger from inside his jacket, twists it roughly into the shape of a Yorkshire terrier and attaches it to the mess of components on the floor.

... it's just what your pals need to set them free and send them home.

BELINDA: You mean this stuff will stop the transmat blockage?

DOCTOR: Like a good strong laxative.

BELINDA: Go on, then.

DOCTOR: I need you to talk to the *Nepotist*. You're the communications lady.

He sets the globe full of crystals spinning on its tiny clockwork axis. The wire coat hanger starts to crackle and hum. He gestures her towards the contraption, and starts to lay a loop of wire round and round the three columns of fire and the prisoners.

BELINDA: This is Belinda hailing the *Nepotist*. Do you read me? I repeat, this is –

NEPOTIST CREWMEMBER: (VO) Belinda?

DOCTOR: Don't lose them! Get them to fix on our location ...

BELINDA: Hello, *Nepotist*? Can you get a fix on our –

NEPOTIST CREWMEMBER: (VO) Got you loud and clear, Belinda. What's been happening?

DOCTOR: Tell them to zip Blandish, Garrett and Timon up there now. I've lashed this up so that the transmat doo-dah will free them from this awful flame stuff.

BELINDA: Transmat Chamber 5, three to transport. Sorted?

NEPOTIST CREWMEMBER: (VO) Sorted.

The three figures are suffused in a silver, tinselly glow. In the same moment, the green flames rush back to the ceiling. Just as the three men begin to move freely, they disappear in the transmat's plug-hole vortex.

DOCTOR: Ha!

His gizmo explodes, and he jumps back with a yelp, sucking blackened fingers.

51. INT. THE BUS, LOWER DECK. NIGHT.

Icarus, Maddy and Big Sue are sitting in silence, though there is no shortage of kerfuffle: Iris, Fitz and Romana are arguing volubly upstairs.

ICARUS: I have an offer to make. To you both.

MADDY: Ian, I don't think we need hear any more ...

Icarus gives her a withering glance, and she falls silent.

ICARUS: We don't want to be on this vehicle. This woman, Iris, has done enough to get us out of the building. But we don't want to stay on her bus. She isn't evil, really, but she has been known to whisk people off against their will when it suits her.

BIG SUE: What do we have to do?

ICARUS: Get back to the car. Maddy's Morris Minor.

MADDY: We'll never drive in this weather –

ICARUS: We only have to go a little distance. I know the way.

MADDY: Where? Home?

ICARUS: My father's home. We can be there in hours. You must follow me.

BIG SUE: His father? What is all this about?

MADDY: I really don't know. I don't know anything about his father.

ICARUS: It's true. He's waiting for me. All of this around us is simply to get me back.

BIG SUE: I don't know who you really are, son, but I'd say Maddy here has done quite enough on your account. She took you in and gave you a home. Why should she help you now? Sounds to me like you've been lying to her the whole time.

ICARUS: If you help me now, I shall reward you. I can't make this trip myself.

He grips himself as though in pain.

Mother ... please ... help me with this.

MADDY: Of course –

BIG SUE: This reward. What is it?

ICARUS: If you come with me to Valcea, my father will grant you your youth again.

Big Sue gapes at Maddy.

52. INT. THE BUS, UPPER DECK. NIGHT.

Amidst the formidable array of clothing racks, jam-packed with garments, and the even more formidable array of hard-back volumes, which constitute Iris's journals, is the adventuress's desk and revolving chair. A couple of bentwood chairs are on the other side of the desk, jammed up to it. Fitz sits guiltily in one, which has a set of manacles attached to the crossbar. He is eyeing these uneasily. Romana is sitting alongside, listening to Iris's bluster with barely concealed impatience.

IRIS: It's a very dangerous game, impersonating the Doctor. Especially to an old friend like I am.

Romana rolls her eyes; Fitz fiddles with the tassels at the end of the Doctor's scarf, which lies on the table between them.

FITZ: It was a spur-of-the-moment idea. I obviously didn't think I'd get away with it: not with Romana there.

IRIS: Never mind her: *I'd* know the Doctor a million miles away. It's a hormonal thing.

Romana makes a 'yuk' face.

FITZ: Who exactly are you, anyway?

IRIS: I am one of the Doctor's oldest compatriots –

ROMANA: (*under her breath*) Well 'oldest' is certainly indisputable.

IRIS: (*studiedly ignoring her*) I am Iris Wildthyme, transtemporal righter-of-wrongs, wronger-of-rights, meddler, artist, writer, glamour-puss and occasional Time's Champion.

Romana clicks her tongue and shakes her head. Iris looks at her malevolently.

And a very old flame of the Doctor's.

FITZ: When you say 'old flame,' do you really mean that you and he –

IRIS: (*smugly*) We're terribly discreet.

ROMANA: (*clearly losing the last vestiges of patience, but at this point still icily collected*) The Doctor is on a mission to Valcea, and –

FITZ: That dark horse! Fancy hiding you away like this! I thought he must –

IRIS: It's been going on for simply ages. People aren't meant to know.

ROMANA: He's with the crew of the *Nepotist*, the spaceship which is caught in Valcea's gravity field above us right now. We seem to be in some region of collapsed space-time –

FITZ: Mind, I don't blame him, really, for keeping you a secret.

IRIS: (*giggling*) What do you mean by that?

FITZ: Well, I never thought a fussy old confirmed bachelor like the Doctor would have someone fabulous like you on the side ...

IRIS: (*bridling slightly*) 'On the side'? Fitz, darling, if there's anyone being had 'on the side', then it's *him*, not me! I –

ROMANA: (*leaping up*) Oh, for Pete's sake, can we stop talking about your sexual fantasies and get on with finding the Doctor, now that you've been silly enough to summon his TARDIS here?

IRIS: (*purring lethally*) Calm down, Romy, honey. Put your feet up: you look a little peaky. Now are you telling me that the good Doctor needs rescuing?

ROMANA: He's gone into the city, and some powerful force is blocking his telepathic contact with his TARDIS and with me, so it would seem likely, don't you think?

FITZ: Added to which, he stuck with an awful crowd of trigger-happy fools from that spaceship.

IRIS: Well, I certainly owe the old fella one. So let's get this show on the road. Just let me change into something slinkier.

FITZ: Slinkier! Far out!

Romana sits down and covers her face with her hands.

53. INT. THE BUS, LOWER DECK. NIGHT.

The three time travellers come thudding down the stairs, Iris in advance in a lime-green PVC catsuit, even saucier than the pink one. The pneumatic doors are open, and the bus deserted.

FITZ: They've gone!

ROMANA: Again, such penetrating observational skills.

IRIS: *(looking out of the window to where the Morris Minor used to be)* Bugger! They're sodding off on their own. The idiots! It's all down to that Ian – that's who's behind this.

ROMANA: The boy?

IRIS: I knew he was up to something ... He's not what he seems – he's dangerous.

ROMANA: It would have been nice if you'd told me that sooner!

IRIS: And you can just have less to say, missy. This all happened because of you two distracting me!

She hurriedly sits down in the driver's cab.

FITZ: Oh, Iris, we're sorry –

ROMANA: *(mercilessly bearing down on Iris)* Whereas, of course, your boasting about your sordid relationship with the Doctor didn't distract you in the least.

IRIS: Shut up, you little madam! I'm trying to get a fix on them.

She fiddles with her controls.

ROMANA: I think it's fairly obvious where they're headed, isn't it?

Arms folded, she stares out of the side window and up at the city.

54. INT. MORRIS MINOR. NIGHT.

Maddy is hunched over the steering wheel, trying to make out something other than darkness in the clear section of the windscreen, through the unhelpful glare of the headlights. She brakes, and the car skids slightly.

MADDY: But where is your father, Ian? You still haven't explained where we're meant to be going.

Icarus points up to the meandering trails of silvery light from the city.

BIG SUE: And what are those things?

ICARUS: Corridors. Leading up to the City of Glass. To Valcea and my father. That's where we're going.

MADDY: How do we ...?

Again, Icarus points; this time directly ahead, to where, a hundred yards away, one of those silvered cords touches the ground and terminates in a huge aperture. It is lit from within.

Suddenly Icarus spasms in pain again; sweat has sprung out on his brow.

ICARUS: Just drive!

BIG SUE: If it's true and his father really is at the end of that tunnel thing, then maybe he can help him. We can't.

MADDY: So we just drive into that thing ...? We give ourselves over to this madness ...?

BIG SUE: If you care about your boy, I think we have to.

Maddy falters for a moment, and then revs the engine, trying to find the right gear to get a grip in the icy snow.

55. INT. VALCEA, DOCTOR'S ROOM. NIGHT.

The Doctor is lying on his bed, apparently asleep, but his eyes snap open when the automatic door operates. Marn enters, gliding over to the bed and extending a hand to the Doctor.

DOCTOR: *(sitting up irritably)* It's all right, I'm awake. What are you doing? How did you get here?

MARN: It's almost dawn.

DOCTOR: I had the most amazing dream!

MARN: I don't believe you slept a wink, Doctor. I know exactly what you were up to all night, and quite soon Daedalus will know it, too.

DOCTOR: Oh, really?

He presses a control on the arm of his chair and the room is illuminated.

MARN: I was there. I saw you free the members of the *Nepotist* crew. What was that device you used?

DOCTOR: *(pulling on his parka nonchalantly)* Just something I knocked together. The usual kind of thing.

MARN: Yes, I read the file on you, remember? The thing is, Daedalus will be furious.

DOCTOR: That's his problem. I don't approve of people taking other people captive.

MARN: But don't you realise what you've done? Blandish is bound to try something stupid. He'll attack the city ... or worse.

DOCTOR: Exactly. Which is why I'm up at the crack of dawn.

MARN: Where are you going?

DOCTOR: Straight to Daedalus.

56. INT. VALCEA, CORRIDOR. DAY.

The Doctor and Marn are moving smartly along the chrome walkways, past stained glass windows with scenes from Valcea's history; Belinda is following in the shadows.

DOCTOR: Tell me, Marn, how did the Glass Men come to be ruled by Daedalus? A creature of another race entirely? I mean, from what I've seen, the Valceans are fairly peaceful, unless provoked.

MARN: It's true. We are mostly concerned with spiritual matters – and the preservation of ourselves. As you will have observed, we aren't exactly built for combat.

DOCTOR: But Daedalus is something of a tartar, isn't he? When I accused him of being just another warmongering despot, I think he was secretly rather flattered.

MARN: Daedalus believes that the entire Enclave belongs to him. By right as well as might.

DOCTOR: The Enclave?

MARN: That's where we are, Doctor. This whole system. Don't you remember?

DOCTOR: Marn, as far as I'm concerned, I haven't been here yet. It was obviously a future version of me that came here in your past. I'm a time traveller; this sort of thing is always happening.

Marn digests this for a moment. They have reached a pair of glass doors, frosted with condensation.

MARN: If you really must see Daedalus, he will be in his garden. But I warn you –

DOCTOR: Oh, he's a gardener, is he?

He steps forwards to the doors, eyes gleaming with impatience.

57. INT. NEPOTIST, BRIDGE.

Blandish is in his command chair. All eyes are on him. Garrett hovers to one side, no longer his serene and confident self – he looks haggard and pale.

BLANDISH: Put the city on the screen. Open hailing frequencies.

GARRETT: *(nervously)* Um, Sir ... Belinda is still down there, remember? Would you like me to stand in for her?

Blandish nods wearily. The city appears on the screen.

BLANDISH: I want a weapons report on the firepower necessary to destroy that thing. I want a costings estimate within the hour.

GARRETT: Sir, that would require my stepping back into my usual role. Do you want me to do both jobs at once?

BLANDISH: Blast it, man! Of course I do! What's wrong with you, Garrett?

GARRETT: Permission to speak candidly, sir. In the oval office.

BLANDISH: Very well.

They move towards the office door.

58. INT. NEPOTIST, OVAL OFFICE.

BLANDISH: Well?

GARRETT: It's like this, sir. I recognised that creature. That elephant they called Daedalus.

BLANDISH: Oh, yes?

GARRETT: On my homeworld of Nova-Kain Six, sir. He attacked us with no provocation. He wiped out much of our civilisation.

BLANDISH: Are you saying this Daedalus is the one responsible for the destruction of your homeworld and your being made a refugee?

GARRETT: For my joining the FDP and dedicating myself to the policing of the perimeter of Federation space? I am, sir.

BLANDISH: Then why don't we know this? Why isn't Daedalus known as a war criminal?

GARRETT: He disappeared, Captain. He vanished from the final confrontation on my homeworld. We thought he'd been killed.

BLANDISH: And it turns out he's here ...

GARRETT: It was suspected at the time that he had been helped by someone to escape. Someone we thought was working for the Federation in liberating Nova-Kain Six.

BLANDISH: Who was this?

GARRETT: A mysterious traveller in time and space, sir. Known only as ... Iris Wildthyme.

59. INT. VALCEA, CORRIDOR. DAY.

Marn is lingering by the door to Daedalus' garden, seeming to eavesdrop. Belinda tries to tiptoe closer without coming out of the shadows. Suddenly Marn wheels.

MARN: Belinda? What are you doing here? Things have become somewhat delicate.

BELINDA: You're telling me! I just want to go home.

MARN: You know the Doctor is in there, with Daedalus.

BELINDA: But he'll kill him, for what he did last night!

MARN: I trust in the Doctor's resourcefulness. Come with me. The Doctor can look after himself. We can't. We've got to get away.

BELINDA: But where, Marn? Where can we go?

MARN: We are going to enlist some support for the Doctor!

60. EXT. VALCEA, GARDEN. DAY.

Daedalus is seated in a pool of mud amidst exotic, corseted trees several storeys high. The Doctor is sitting opposite him in the pool, trying to look appreciative; he has fastened his parka right up to his chin, and periodically checks that his Federation-issue over-trousers and galoshes are not letting in mud.

DAEDALUS: Very good of you to join me in my bath. My people have a saying. Something about if you can't sit in the mire with your best enemy, then ... something, something ... It's been so long since I've seen any others of my kind, I can't remember our most commonplace sayings. Never mind: we'll have some tea in a moment.

DOCTOR: Tea?

DAEDALUS: I hear tell it's the correct thing to offer you. But before that, I'd like you to explain what you did last night.

DOCTOR: Oh, that ...

DAEDALUS: I should be rather cross with you, you know. Much as your knack with bits of old junk impresses me, it isn't really on, to go round freeing someone else's prisoners.

DOCTOR: I didn't think you'd mind, really. All those space people, crashing around and shouting. I thought you'd prefer to be shot of them. Especially that dreadful Captain Blandish. Better off without 'em.

DAEDALUS: *(in a gloating tone)* Do you know, I think you're right? In fact, I'd go so far as to say that, actually, I really *wanted* you to send Blandish and the others back to their ship. And that, really, you have done me a very great service.

DOCTOR: *(frowning in dismay)* Have I?

DAEDALUS: Oh yes. And what do you think they'll do now. Hmm? Now that they're back on board their lovely *Nepotist*?

DOCTOR: Go home?

DAEDALUS: I don't think so. I don't think they're that type. Shall we go and have a look, Doctor? Shall we see what they're up to?

His nails clatter together as he waves one hand. He and the Doctor vanish –

61. INT. NEPOTIST, BRIDGE.

– and reappear on the Nepotist bridge, still dripping mud. The Doctor stands up and whips round, to find himself directly in front of the captain's chair.

DAEDALUS: Captain Blandish! How nice of you to have me on board!

Blandish is immediately on his feet, pointing furiously at the green elephant.

BLANDISH: *(Spluttering with anger)* See, this is another directive you've breached. No unauthorised beings, non-beings, alien incursions, extra-dimensional spectres or intelligences to manifest themselves upon the bridges of authorised Federation vehicles –

DAEDALUS: Enough, please, Captain. I haven't come all this way to have you throw the book at me.

BLANDISH: *(to his crew)* Clear the bridge now. Skeleton staff only.

DAEDALUS: *(roaring)* No one leaves!

DOCTOR: Ehm ...

DAEDALUS: *(pleasantly)* Yes, Doctor?

GARRETT: *(pointing at the Doctor)* You! You're working with him! You were his accomplice all along.

BLANDISH: That fits. It was only after the Doctor came aboard that we encountered the city, and –

DAEDALUS: Alas, gentlemen, much as I would like to be able to say that I have the Doctor in my employ, I would never make so bold. He's a free agent, is the Doctor, and not easily bought.

TIMON: Where is she? What have you done with my Belinda?

DAEDALUS: *Your* Belinda, is it? Well, you'll be pleased to hear that she's currently hatching a rather tricky and hazardous plan. She has corrupted one of my people and they are at this very moment travelling down into the city of the Ghillighast in a rather misguided attempt at causing a revolution of some sort. *(Chuckling)* Is your Belinda given to such acts?

DOCTOR: They're doing *what*? I never told them to ...

DAEDALUS: Now, now, Doctor.

BLANDISH: What do you want with us?

DAEDALUS: Simply to provoke you, Captain.

The Doctor marches towards the elevator.

TIMON: One step more and I shoot.

BLANDISH: Where do think you're going?

DOCTOR: *(steely)* I'm going after Marn and Belinda. I don't know what they think they're doing, messing about with the Ghillighast. Now let me past.

Daedalus chuckles evilly.

GARRETT: You can't fetch your TARDIS.

DOCTOR: And why not?

GARRETT: Because it's gone. While we were down there, in the City of Glass, it vanished.

DOCTOR: What?

GARRETT: With your friends Romana and Fitz inside it. Evidently they got tired of waiting for you.

DOCTOR: *(aghast)* But ... Romana –

There is a sudden shrill bleeping from Garrett's workstation.

DAEDALUS: Ah, here is a piece of information I think we've all been waiting for.

GARRETT: *(digesting the data on his screen)* Sir, we can afford 5 reasonably large discharges of sonic energy at the city. Enough to disable it, at any rate. We can't destroy Valcea, but we might at least degrade its potential for utilising weapons of mass destruction.

BLANDISH: See, Daedalus? We've got you beaten! We've got you at our mercy! I only have to give the order and –

DOCTOR: *(hushed but urgent)* Captain, you *can't* mean this. Surely you can't –

BLANDISH: We're going to bomb them.

DOCTOR: But Federation policy –

BLANDISH: – is quite clear on matters such as this, Doctor. We either leave in peace, having not interfered in the indigenous situation at all, or we degrade their potential for causing war. In this situation I see only that we take the latter course. Mr. Timon, would you care to prepare to act on my command?

DAEDALUS: Oh, oh, bliss!

DOCTOR: *(staring wildly around at the crew)* You're mad. You don't know for sure that Valcea has any weapons of mass destruction! You've no idea whether it poses a threat to the rest of Federation space!

BLANDISH: *(icily)* It shouldn't be here. It has my ship caught in stationary orbit, thus impeding my capacity to complete a delicate mission. And its supreme commander is ruthless and evil and quite antithetical to our project.

DAEDALUS: Oh, how priceless. All I can suggest, Captain, is that you fire at will.

DOCTOR: Why would you want them to attack? Why would you encourage them?

DAEDALUS: What would you do now, Doctor? What would be your usual response to these events?

DOCTOR: I – I – I would *stop* them. I'd stop them doing this. Firing on an unknown world like this, on *any* world, is never the answer, it's, it's, it's – so *clumsy*, so stupid. Civilians will be killed ... Valceans who don't even know what's happening to them.

DAEDALUS: So you would prevent them from firing on my city?

DOCTOR: Indeed I would.

DAEDALUS: I cannot allow you to intervene like that, Doctor. So I am removing you from the ship at this moment.

The bridge dissolves from view; Daedalus and the Doctor are momentarily suspended in an emerald vortex. Then –

62. INT. VALCEA, THRONE ROOM. DAY.

– they reappear in Daedalus' throne room, Glass Men forming a respectful entourage.

DAEDALUS: In the normal run of things, you would be the one to stop them, Doctor. But I have interfered. I have changed this small portion of this small history. And how does that make you feel?

DOCTOR: *(beside himself)* Why are you doing this?

DAEDALUS: *(with fanatical urgency)* They have to fire on my city. They have to attack Valcea. This is the new order of things, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What?

DAEDALUS: You aren't used to knowing less than your opponent, are you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: *(floored)* What do you mean?

DAEDALUS: About the future. About possibility. Quite often you know all the implications, all the consequences. You like knowing enough to nudge things back on track, don't you? You know all about Time?

DOCTOR: What do you know, Daedalus? What have you found out?

DAEDALUS: *(gesturing expansively around)* There is a reason why I came to rule these people. The Valceans have potential, you see. In their own small sector, in this region known as the Enclave, they have the potential to evolve into Daleks.

DOCTOR: I don't believe it.

DAEDALUS: You didn't believe it of the Daleks, either, when you were given the chance to avert their ascendance. You thought they might suddenly learn how to be nicer.

DOCTOR: You know nothing about me.

DAEDALUS: Someone told me about that adventure of yours. Someone told me you had the chance to put things right and that you never quite managed it.

DOCTOR: Who told you that?

DAEDALUS: No matter. The important thing is, I've put a stop to what the Valceans might become. I'm having them destroyed now, before it all turns rotten. Me! I'm doing it! Doesn't that make you feel good, Doctor? Really to put paid to the genesis of monsters! Isn't that really what you'd like to do?

DOCTOR: You're the monster, Daedalus! You are!

DAEDALUS: *(shrieking)* Time has chosen me for her Champion, Doctor! And since I'm so very good at it, she needs no other!

He moves forward menacingly. The Doctor turns to run, but is hindered by the entourage of Glass Men. With surprising speed and agility, Daedalus spears the hood of his parka, and swings him through the air like a rag doll. The Doctor hits the ground and is winded. The elephant looms over him, his other hand with its clattering talons raised high for a killing blow ...

PART TWO

1. INT. SPIRITUALIST CHURCH. NIGHT.

The Doctor is inside a small, simply furnished and slightly ramshackle church with whitewashed walls, very unlike the imposing, high church, Victorian Gothic pile to which Romy is affiliated. He is admiring the sprays of irises and lilies bedecking the altar, and basks in the lambent candlelight.

DOCTOR: (VO) It's a place I sometimes go to on a Sunday evening. I don't tell the others. I slip out of the house and across the park and I'm back after a couple of hours. It's the kind of place you can go to and are welcomed with no questions asked.

He becomes aware that two women are leaning towards one another, both looking at, and clearly talking about, him.

They're gazing admiringly at 'my Edwardian finery.' That's what someone at the Spiritualist Church called my clothes when I first came here. Edwardian finery. Until then I'd never realised that what I wore was that old-fashioned.

I feel buoyed up by the atmosphere here, and it gives me a small measure of faith in something. And there's always a chance, I suppose, that one day I'll get a message from one of my deceased loved ones. Whoever they are.

The visiting medium, a slightly fey looking woman in a pink tracksuit that looks as though it's made of crushed velvet, is standing patiently in the pulpit, while a non-descript man with half-moon spectacles and a navy-blue-and-red striped cricketing blazer, fair-isle pullover and beige pinstripe trousers, makes various introductions and announcements. A striking middle-aged woman with big Joan Collins hair, tinted glasses and an electric blue outfit sits behind the man; she looks at him in a proprietorially wifely way until in due course he is finished and she takes his place. (The medium is to our eyes an older Nyssa; the man and his wife the Fifth Doctor and Peri Brown, again older.)

The worst week of the worst December on record, and still they managed to bring in a medium from outside. A medium! She doesn't quite look the part. I'm not sure if that makes me any less embarrassed or not about listening to her. How Fitz would laugh if he knew I was here.

[All the while that the Doctor's internal monologue is proceeding, the spiritualist man and his wife in the blue outfit are giving the following addresses, before insisting on a communal sing-along:

SPIRITUALIST MAN: ... And we are still looking for performers for the Christmas show. Anyone with a talent, any talent at all, should see me afterwards. And don't forget that Thursday night is for line-dancing lessons, to be held in the crypt where Healing-the-Sick goes on of a Saturday afternoon, and, indeed, where we will all in due course repair for our cups of tea ...

SPIRITUALIST WOMAN: (In a low, rhapsodic voice) ... Our world is interpenetrated by the World of Spirit. This other world is nothing to be afraid of; the spirits are only keeping a gentle watchful eye on us. We shouldn't think of them as beings from another dimension, but as our dear friends, who long to see us again ...

After these addresses, the earnest, bespectacled man plays guitar while the congregation sings, in ragged unison, 'I Believe in Angels' (I Have A Dream) by Abba.

At last, the medium does her thing: she goes into a trance and her eyes flick back, showing their whites:

MEDIUM: Is there a Gladys Kempshall here? You recently lost your beloved Fulton — he wants you to know that he's glad you never buried him in the blue sweater you knitted for him, the one that didn't fit. Alive, he never had the heart to tell you he hated the thing.

The wife gasps, as if slapped. While others politely avoid making eye contact with the recipients of messages, the Doctor watches her reaction, intrigued.]

2. INT. SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, CRYPT. NIGHT.

The service is over. The Doctor is among the congregation, jostling good-naturedly for tea in blue china cups.

DOCTOR: *(VO)* It's a strange place to have tea and biscuits with people you only half know – where you know them only to smile and say hello to, and because you'd heard what their dead relative had to say to them. It's a curious kind of intimacy to have with someone.

The Spiritualist Man who made the announcements comes up to the Doctor, and plonks his teacup on the crisp white cloth of the small crypt altar. He gives a dazzling smile.

SPIRITUALIST MAN: Do forgive me, but neither my wife nor I actually know your name.

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor. Though I don't really heal the sick.

SPIRITUALIST MAN: Quite. We were just a trifle curious about you. My wife, Patrice—the one with all the hair—has quite a talent herself, you see. Not for mediumship *per se*, but for spotting mediums themselves. She's rubbed shoulders with so many over the years that something is bound to – well, rub off, as it were.

DOCTOR: I'm not sure I follow.

SPIRITUALIST MAN: Patrice says you have quite an aura about you, Doctor. She says you must have the knack. The talent. In fact, you must have a prodigious talent.

His manner remains mild but there is something insinuating and dark about him all at once.

Patrice says she can see great things in you.

DOCTOR: *(hurriedly putting down his cup)* Excuse me.

He pushes past and up the stairs. Half way up, he literally bumps into the medium. Without pausing a beat, she flies into a trance, gripping his arms.

MEDIUM: Iris will come to you soon. She'll free you and explain to you. She says you will say she's got some explaining to do. As usual. You'll not recognise her at first. But she's there for you. And it's about the Glass Men. It's about Valcea. You are trying to believe they are from a dream, but they're not. They are real! And Iris will save your life. She promises that, when the time comes, she will pull you out of the way. You might hate her for it at the time, but she will save your life!

The Doctor pulls himself free, and flings himself through her gaggle of sycophants.

She put you here, Doctor. She's put you in this place far beyond the pale in order to save you! You, Doctor, you are saved!

The Doctor is racing up the stair to the door.

3. EXT. PARK. NIGHT.

Still pulling on his coat, the Doctor runs pell-mell across the park, slipping slightly by the bandstand. Something stirs in the trees, but unlike Romy, the Doctor is not attacked. He passes his private Doctor without recognising him. The Doctor's Doctor raises his eyebrows, watches the receding figure in concern, and then continues on his nocturnal stroll.

4. INT. VALCEA, GALLERY OF GLASS. DAY.

Marn's gold chair wheels along; Belinda tags along compliantly, awestruck by the sight of the vast, blue, translucent tubes that the city has apparently grown overnight – the Corridors. They reach a chrome door, and Marn's chair extrudes an arm which starts to prise off the lock. Dolac, an elderly Glass Man approaches.

DOLAC: Marn?

MARN: Dolac. What are you doing here?

DOLAC: I've got orders – I've got orders to – I've got orders to guard the entrances to the Corridors. Daedalus put us on alert last night. You know what these things are like. Anything could come out of these tunnels and get into the city. We have to keep a beady eye on them. The Corridors connect us with all kinds of undesirables.

MARN: Quite. No, I've got a favour to ask of you, my old, old friend.

DOLAC: Oh, yes?

MARN: My friend here has to get away from this city. Both she and I are in rather a lot of trouble with Daedalus.

DOLAC: *(his eyes narrowing)* Really?

MARN: If he found us now, in fact, I believe he would kill us.

BELINDA: Oh, get on with it, Marn!

DOLAC: You are going into this Corridor?

MARN: Yes, we are.

At this moment the lock springs apart and the door starts to rumble open.

DOLAC: I can't allow this, Marn.

MARN: But Dolac ... you know me! You knew my father and my mother before that! You can't –

DOLAC: I have my instructions, Marn.

His chair emits an ominous rattle and hum.

Step away from that door, Marn. We must obey Daedalus.

MARN: No we mustn't! He's evil, can't you see? I'm leaving, Dolac. Now.

Dolac's chair emits sheets of flame, and Marn's replies. Marn's shot is accurate, and Dolac is engulfed. Marn is unhurt, but his chair is ablaze.

Help me! Get me out of this!

Finding her nerve, Belinda grabs him and kicks the chair back down the walkway. She manhandles him through the now-opened doorway into the Corridor.

You'll find a sled in there. Get us both inside it. Start it up. You won't have to give it directions. It will take us down the corridor ... to the other end ...

Belinda finds the sled – a sleek three-seater, bobsleigh-type craft, waiting at the top of a bend in the tube that gives onto a sheer drop. After bundling Marn into the back seat, she examines the controls, and her expression suggests that they are blissfully easy.

I can never go back ... I can never go back ... I have murdered one of my own people ...

BELINDA: That old git was asking for it! He fired on you first, remember! Now tell me, before you pass out, where are we going?

MARN: To the domain of the Ghillighast.

BELINDA: Are they friends of yours?

The sled pitches forward down the tunnel.

MARN: They are the greatest enemies we Valceans possess.

Belinda looks over her shoulder, horrified. Then she screams as the sled gathers speed and momentum.

5. INT. VALCEA. THRONE ROOM. DAY.

Like any good diabolical mastermind, Daedalus seems unable to resist gloating now that he is within a hair's breadth of killing his quarry. His hand remains raised over the apparently stunned Doctor.

DAEDALUS: I believe this is the moment where I should say 'Die, Doctor – die!'

Before he can strike, the throne room is rocked by a massive shock, as the Nepotist begins its sonic bombardment of Valcea. Daedalus pauses for a moment – and then the chamber takes a direct hit. Glass walls, furnishings and about half the Glass Men explode in fragments. Daedalus roars as shards of glass spear the exposed sections of his flesh, including the

raised hand. While he is distracted, the Doctor—who has been shielded by the elephant’s bulk from the shrapnel—slips neatly out of his parka, leaving Daedalus holding an empty sheath. He sprints to the door, staggering as a Nepotist bombardment rocks the city again.

6. INT. MORRIS MINOR.

Maddy is driving as she’s never driven before, roaring up the Corridor, in spite of the hazards presented by the surface – it is not only sheer, but also gives like fabric, buckling and sliding as the car thunders along. They are going up a sharp incline. Icarus is in the passenger seat, gripping himself with pain. She glances across at him. Suddenly Big Sue roars from the back seat –

BIG SUE: Maddy! There’s a bend! Watch out!

The Corridor shears off at a difficult angle. Maddy hauls on the wheel and pulls the car round. Its tyres grind into the silk walls of the tunnel. Suddenly there is something vast ahead, blocking the Corridor: a squat black tank-like vehicle, bristling with tubes and pipes. As they approach, they see figures in armour clustered around the tank.

ICARUS: *(feebly)* Get past them, get past them ...

BIG SUE: *(shaking her head)* It’s a road block.

7. INT. THE BUS, LOWER DECK

Iris is at the wheel, bellowing like a Valkyrie.

IRIS: Let’s get the bus back on the road!

She swings the great red beast round and follows the rapidly vanishing tracks of the Morris.

What are they thinking of?

ROMANA: Well, if nothing else, it must have taken a good deal of courage. People from this time can’t be used to the sight of incursions like this.

IRIS: *(tossing her head)* I think you’ll find – *(with malevolent emphasis)* dearie – that this little era is awash with incursions. When I worked for the Ministry, we –

FITZ: *(clearly petrified)* Keep your concentration for driving!

IRIS: I beg your pardon?

FITZ: *(hotly)* It might be safer to keep an eye on the road, rather than arguing with –

IRIS: I can drive this thing in my sleep! And sometimes I do! Why don’t you two just belt up, and sit back there?

Fitz and Romana ease their way to a sofa.

ROMANA: *(matter-of-factly, to Fitz)* I could put her to sleep. And then I could pilot this TARDIS myself – more efficiently than she can, pathetic relic though it is.

FITZ: *(appalled and at the same time clearly fascinated by her cold-bloodedness)* Let her get on with it. And we’ll ...

They are yanked of their seat, as the bus hurls itself into the Corridor, and puts on a burst of speed. Iris gives a ‘Yee-Ha’ from the cab.

8. EXT. THE DOCTOR’S GARDEN. DAY.

The Doctor and Fitz are sitting on a stone bench against the garden wall, leaning against one another back to back. The Doctor is in his pyjamas again, and an old-fashioned green plaid dressing gown with braiding. Fitz is wearing the Doctor’s long green coat over his T-shirt, and Wellington boots; he is smoking, with a closed book in his free hand.

DOCTOR: The cold is exhilarating, isn’t it? I remember once being unable to feel the cold. I remember – when I was younger, somehow – being able to stride about in the ridiculous wastes of the Antarctic tundra in my shirtsleeves, while everyone else was turning blue, swaddled in their anoraks and boots.

When was that? I remember digging with my bare hands, and then with an ice-pick, deep into blue arctic ice and recovering a seed pod, the size and shape of a brain, a dark green brain that was wedged into the permafrost.

And I remember taking a scarlet double-decker bus across a landscape of snow and endless ice and the cold hardly striking me as uncomfortable at all. But when was *that*?

Fitz says nothing. He is gazing up at the white-grey sky, but is clearly interested – and curiously untroubled, now – by the Doctor’s bizarre assertions.

When I dream, I so often see lines, doodles, scribbles ... Timelines. And something has happened to them, or is happening to them still, or is about to ... Almost as if something shadowy, and terrible, has occurred to leave the lines pliable and open to influence.

FITZ: (*distantly*) Timelines ... lines of time. I like the idea of them being vulnerable – like those lines in the pebbles in a Zen garden.

There is a pause. Fitz leans his head forward to take a pull on his cigarette; his gaze is caught by a plant against the crumbling redbrick wall, showing lustrous green amid the shrouds of snow.

Hey, Doctor, our passionflowers survived! What’s more, they’re blooming. Isn’t that weird?

DOCTOR: (*dreamily*) I remember something about passionflowers. A bit of general knowledge, which pleases me, because lately it’s been as if I know nothing about anything at all. I, who used to be such a storehouse of impossible facts.

FITZ: So what are you now, a well of endless fictions? Or lost plots?

There is a silence. Fitz drops his cigarette butt and reaches back to pat the top of the Doctor’s head affectionately.

Sorry. Didn’t mean that badly.

DOCTOR: (*determinedly cheery*) Anyway, what I remember is this: the passionflower is plagued by caterpillars of the most virulent type. The grubs trail over each of its spiralling vines quite systematically, munching and munching and munching. They can shred the healthiest plant down to nothing in a matter of hours.

To defend itself, the passionflower pulls off a blinding trick. It develops yellow eggs of its own – sham eggs to deter butterflies from spawning there. ‘This spot is already taken – look! I’m covered in a freight of precious eggs.’ So the butterfly moves on. Clever old passionflower.

He leans forward, away from Fitz.

When, at times, I’m feeling ... less than authentic, it occurs to me that what I could be, really, is one of those counterfeit eggs. I could just be an extrusion of my own environment, pretending to be the real me, and by my very unwitting presence, warding off the presence of the real, real, real me.

FITZ: (*standing up*) Makes sense. Better than thinking someone else has made an environment for you.

The Doctor looks up sharply.

DOCTOR: (*rising*) But what if someone has ... popped me here for safety? I wouldn’t like that at all. No. I’ve grown here naturally. That’s the best way to think about it.

FITZ: You’re a natural hybrid.

He puts an arm around the Doctor’s waist, and steers him towards the kitchen.

Come on; I’ll make breakfast with you. Remember, the day after tomorrow’s your big day – you know, dinner with your friend Sally, and her batty neighbour? You’ve got to plan a menu. And have you read *any* of Sally’s novel?

DOCTOR: (*guiltily*) Something keeps putting me off getting to that manuscript.

FITZ: I’ve read it all, believe it or not. It’s ... far out.

9. INT. CHAMBER OF PESST. DAY.

In a rock-lined, cavernous room full of robed and chanting figures, a high priestess makes obeisance before an effigy – of some strange, bloated, multi-limbed creature hewn of stone. The walls are covered with tapestries, braziers and mystical symbols. The priestess tosses back the hood of her cloak to reveal a bat-like face with voluptuously furred ears. This is Meisha, venerable priestess and Empress of Ghillighast. She throws back her robe and opens silken wings, and declaims:

MEISHA: Enough! They are about to arrive. We are lucky to live in such times, to witness the arrival of the Lord Marn and the Lady Belinda. Praise to Pesst!

They all bow to the effigy.

All of the Ghillighast's written and prewritten history is geared to this moment! Everything we have accomplished, everything our forebears have attained, all of it was laid in place, ready for the moment our race greets the Man of Glass and the Lady from the Land of Nepotists. We know something momentous must happen then.

One of her acolytes pipes up.

SIMAF: And what of our powers, Majesty? Will they vanish at midnight? Are we to lose them altogether in the third millennium?

MEISHA: We shall see, Simaf. Come – let us bear witness to the Arrival.

10. INT. CORRIDOR-SLED

Marn is now at the controls; Belinda is looking anxiously past him at the growing light in the tunnel – they are reaching the end of their journey.

BELINDA: Tell me more about them.

MARN: They are the Valceans' sworn enemies of hundreds of years standing. They seem to have mastered many black arts and magicks, and that's why we can't be doing with them.

BELINDA: I see.

MARN: Also, they are rumoured to be possessed of a great and mysterious power. Something to do with the very fabric of the universe. Something that lets them into the secrets that bind the whole thing together and which tells them the future.

BELINDA: What is it, this mysterious power?

MARN: Reports from various Valcean spies seem to suggest that their power resides in their ability to manipulate lice.

The Corridor ends and Marn lowers the sled into a dark and icy courtyard. Twenty Ghillighast are waiting for them. It turns out they are all only about three feet tall. They wave enthusiastically at the newcomers.

They seem friendly enough.

BELINDA: Lice? They mastered the fabric of the universe by manipulating lice?

MARN: Apparently. Lice know a thing or two, by all accounts. They are everywhere. Tiny but omnipresent. The Ghillighast are powerful, they believe, because they listen to the tiniest, most insignificant of life forms. It's just the kind of reverse snobbery you'd expect from them.

He notices Meisha in her resplendent cloak.

She looks important. Let's talk to her.

11. EXT. GHILLIGHAST COURTYARD. DAY.

As the sled capsule opens, Meisha steps forward.

MEISHA: Welcome! Welcome to the Ghillighast moon, Lord Marn and Lady Belinda!

The travellers look at each other in some surprise.

12. INT. VALCEA, GALLERY OF GLASS.

The Doctor is in the galleries looking for an exit to the Corridors, whose waving, curvilinear forms are clearly apparent through holes in the shattered walls. The scene in the gallery is one of complete devastation – all the glass of the walls and fixtures have been vibrated to fragments, or dust, by the sonic bombardment. Appalled at the devastation, he picks his way through shards of glass towards a Corridor portal. He moves gingerly, afraid that he may be treading on the dying remains of the Glass Men. He comes upon a group of overturned wheelchairs. Several Glass Men are moving feebly amidst smoking wreckage and burst glass corpses. The Doctor bends over them.

DOCTOR: What can I do? How can I help you? Tell me ... Please!

KERNA: There is little you can do. We aren't as resilient as you. You can fling yourself down into that corridor and come out safely at the other end, wherever that is.

She gestures feebly to the Corridor portal.

We cannot throw ourselves in the same way. If we do, we would shatter.

DOCTOR: Nothing to be done, Doctor. It is ... the Doctor, isn't it?

KERNA: I met you last time. I am Kerna.

DOCTOR: Daedalus is sacrificing you all. He caused all of this. He's doing it for a reason. He wants to create chaos. I must ...

KERNA: You must get yourself away, Doctor. That is the best service you can do us Valceans. You have helped us enough in the past.

DOCTOR: *(running his fingers through his hair)* Have I? This time I've done nothing. Nothing. Now you've been destroyed.

KERNA: You must help everyone else. All the other worlds in the galaxy you inhabit. Daedalus is bringing them into war. He is destroying Valcea like this to bring them all into war. If you don't get out and warn them, Doctor, he will have his wish – to draw the Sahmbekarts, the Steigertrudes and Ghillighasts and Owl races of the Enclave into war with your galaxy. He mustn't succeed – don't let our sacrifice be for nothing. Assist me to that portal.

He helps her limp, on brittle legs, to the Corridor entrance. She punches in the entry code and the circular door opens.

We let Daedalus in because of the promises he made us ... We thought we were the most precious beings in existence and that Daedalus would protect us. And now we must pay for our selfishness.

The Doctor pauses before jumping into the cool blue of the Corridor.

Oh and Doctor? Give my regards, when you see her again, to Iris.

He opens his mouth as though to quiz her – but she shoves him, with surprising strength, into the Corridor. He drops into free fall as the portal closes after him.

13. INT. THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE, HALLWAY. DAY.

Fitz comes down the stairs to find Romy looking at a note pinned to the front door. She pulls it down and passes it to him. It reads "Gone to check on Mother."

FITZ: I never even knew he had one. Did you?

She shakes her head, and opens the door. The scene is one of arctic stillness, relieved only by the flurries of drifting snow. The shape of the Beetle is vaguely discernible under the deep snow. The Doctor's footprints are already partially filled in. Romy and Fitz look anxiously at one another.

Who knows where she lives, and how long it'll take him to get there? Should we worry?

ROMY: *(closing the door)* No. He's all right, and he'll be back. I'm sure of it.

Fitz turns to go the kitchen.

Fitz – I should warn you, I have to leave on the 7.30 train this evening. Assuming they've cleared the tracks, which I think they will have.

FITZ: *(sneering savagely)* Oh, what, your retreat? That's more important than your old friend?

ROMY: No, Fitz, I have responsibilities – to the church. Something's come up and I'm needed in Guildford. Immediately. And I feel bad, because I actually should have seen this coming. Anyway, neither of you need me. I'm just in the way. The Doctor has difficult challenges ahead, but it's *you* he relies on now. Even if he has a funny way of showing it.

FITZ: *(glowering at the floor)* I'm going for a ciggie.

He turns away. Romy watches calmly, but with more than a hint of sadness.

14. EXT. COTTAGE GARDEN. DAY.

The Doctor, swathed in coat, woolly hat, gloves and scarf, and hiking boots, clammers over a largely submerged dry-stone wall, pushing aside the foot-deep crest of snow. He plods laboriously through undisturbed snow to the front door, looking up briefly to confirm that there is smoke coming out of the chimney.

15. INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE, HALL. DAY.

The Doctor enters the hallway, which looks like a taxidermist's storeroom – mounted heads of moose and crocodiles, glass cases of posed badgers and birds everywhere.

DOCTOR: Mother?

The sound of Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grapelli issues from a door at the far end of the entrance hall. He follows the sound.

16. INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE, STUDY. DAY.

The Doctor's mother is sprawled in a wine-red armchair beside the gramophone; her lower, half covered by a tartan rug, rests on a pouffe. What protrudes from the rug is not a pair of legs, but a fish tail, terminating in iridescent fins. She is heavily made up, with great black rings of kohl around her eyes, green eyeshadow, and dressed as a party girl from the 1920s. Her voice is smoky, drawled and Eastern European.

MOTHER: Jonny, Jonny, Jonny!

DOCTOR: Hello, Mother.

MOTHER: What is it for, that you come to see your old mother, Jonny? Are you in love? Are you seeing some girl?

DOCTOR: *(irritably)* Why is that *always* your first question? You know it's ... not straightforward.

MOTHER: But I hear that nice Romy stays with you again. You are, perhaps ... special friends, yes?

The Doctor glares at her, tight lipped.

What is it, then? Why do you come? Are you in danger, in difficulty again?

DOCTOR: I'm sorry to say I am.

MOTHER: And your mother will help you. You come back to her in the end, no?

DOCTOR: I don't come running every time, Mother. I do all right by myself.

MOTHER: It is true. I wish that you did want your mother more often, Jonny.

DOCTOR: I'm not sure what you can do to help.

MOTHER: Tell me. Tell me, Jonny. You've not been having your episodes again, have you?

DOCTOR: Almost the same as before. The dreams, the hallucinations ... but something else.

MOTHER: But your Doctor ... is he not helping you? He was recommended to me, that Doctor. He is the best. And such a wonderful character, so impressive – the definite article, in his velvet waistcoat and checked trousers.

DOCTOR: He's been giving me these pills to block my dreams and fantasies ... But they make me worse. For one thing I fret and keep going over things in my mind. I see things like these spiders ... this matriarchy of spiders on a world of cut-blue crystal ... and things like giant foetuses –

MOTHER: Jonny, you must stop this. It is no good for you. The stress on your hearts ...

DOCTOR: But the other thing ... I'm in some pain.

He bends to expose his left leg. The moleskin of his trousers is carefully split up the seams: beneath, we see his calf is massively bloated.

MOTHER: What is this you have done to yourself? Oh, come to mother!

He kneels and sprawls ungainly over her lap, burying his head in her clothes, like an overgrown child. As she embraces him she squints down at his exposed calf.

Jonny, Jonny, Jonny – I always knew something unique was going to happen to you. It was in the stars and charts from the very beginning ...

17. INT. THE BUS.

Iris is still at the wheel; Romana has ventured up beside her – Fitz, seated further back on the chaise-longue, is craning to hear their conversation.

ROMANA: In the Corridors, it's not as simple as you might expect. You can't simply ride in and chase after people. They loop, they cross over, they furcate and double back. It's a huge cat's cradle of cross connections and strands. You could end up chasing after your own shadow forever.

FITZ: Great.

Iris locks the bus on to automatic pilot and stands up.

IRIS: You seem to know an awful lot about the Corridors.

ROMANA: Yes, well that's probably because I've been looking at your readouts, Iris. Have you?

She points at the pull-down scanner. Iris gives her an evil look but says nothing. She squeezes past—ostentatiously avoiding physical contact as Romana remains implacably positioned by the cab—and goes to refresh her vodka-tonic. Fitz looks at Iris expectantly. She sits down on another sofa with her drink, and tries hard not to catch his eye.

FITZ: *(desperately seeking a conversational gambit)* That catsuit's genuine 1960s, isn't it? A couple of years after my time, mind. Did I tell you I came from the 1960s?

IRIS: *(through gritted teeth – and with great finality)* Yes, honey, you did.

Fitz, deflated, falls silent. Iris stares gloomily out of the window. Then there is an urgent beeping from the dashboard.

ROMANA: *(looking at the pull-down screen)* Life signs.

Iris shoves past her, and twiddles the dial on the scanner. It shows the tunnel further ahead, with a flock of white creatures, wings spread, flying towards the screen in ragged formation.

IRIS: It's those owls. They attacked the mall. Now they've come after us again.

FITZ: *(coming forward)* Do you know, knocking around with you is absolutely no different from hanging around with the Doctor?

IRIS: *(cawing with laughter, suddenly energized and pleased)* Well, we both have fantastic adventures, but he's a bit of a wuss compared to me.

ROMANA: The owls are almost here. I'm assuming they're dangerous?

IRIS: *(flashing a grin)* They're appalling. But I'm sure you can deal with them, dear.

ROMANA: Do you have any weapons?

IRIS: I used to have a harpoon gun, but I had to leave it behind on Skaro.

She straps herself into the driver's seat, again, and sets the bus back on manual, grabbing the wheel.

ROMANA: *(aghast)* You were on Skaro? Doing *what*?

IRIS: *(airily)* Oh, the Daleks can't stick me at all. Right! Evasive manoeuvring! Watch this, kiddiwinks!

She pulls the bus round at full speed; it sways and threatens to overbalance. The insubstantial fabric of the Corridor convulses.

ROMANA: We're going to break through the side. You're going to breach it!

IRIS: Exactly!

The Owls are upon them, clutching at the sides of the bus, peering in with large green eyes, screeching and keening.

ROMANA: You're doing it – you're breaking through!

Iris bellows in triumph as the Corridor punctures and bursts out. The bus shoots through – and into another Corridor. The hole that Iris has made starts immediately to seal itself.

Now, Iris! Get past them! We can outrun them, surely.

But the Owls are already through. The pneumatic doors are forced, and Owls surge in, bearing down on the occupants. Romana charges down the bus; Fitz is pulled out by the shoulders; then Iris is dragged from her cab, and borne aloft by two of the creatures. In a moment they are gone.

The Owls seem content that they have completed their task, and leave.

Romana emerges cautiously from the stairwell. There are feathers and broken glass everywhere. The bus is still plunging heedlessly, madly into the Corridor. Romana eases her way towards the cab. As she sits at the controls, there is a resounding tolling sound.

The summons to Gallifrey? *Now?*

18. INT. CORRIDOR.

Maddy, Icarus and Big Sue are manacled and chained, each attended by one of their captors, the Steigertrudes. These are warthog-like warrior women with tusks and horns and golden armour. As the captives watch helplessly, one of the Steigertrudes pulls what looks like a hosepipe from their tank, and turns it on the Morris Minor. It turns out to be a flamethrower of remarkable power; the car is reduced to cinders in an instant.

The lead Steigertrude, Emba, turns her attention to Icarus, sniffing at him. His guard, Karlotta, speaks:

KARLOTTA: He keeps saying he has to get back to his father, ma'am.

ICARUS: My father! He'll destroy all of you if he finds you've kept me prisoner!

EMBA: Oh, yes?

ICARUS: He wants me to go back to him. All of this ... Everything that's happened is because of me. He wants me back.

BIG SUE: *(nudging Maddy)* Is that true?

MADDY: I don't know. I never knew he had a father.

EMBA: Tell me, boy. Who is your father?

ICARUS: Daedalus! That's who! The ruler of all the Enclave, if he has his way. And if you keep me prisoner like this and he –

He is suddenly convulsed with pain, and then passes out.

MADDY: Ian!

EMBA: Get them into the Engine. We've got to keep moving. If the boy is correct, this could put us all in a very interesting position.

19. INT. NEPOTIST, BRIDGE.

The bridge personnel stare at the shattered city of Valcea on the viewscreen. Blandish seems transfixed, as though in a trance.

GARRETT: Captain, we must stop the bombardment.

BLANDISH: (*gesturing to Garrett to cease fire*) We've destroyed them.

GARRETT: Negative, Captain. We have merely acted upon your orders and degraded their potential and purported arsenal.

BLANDISH: What about Daedalus? Did we get him?

GARRETT: We have no way of knowing that at this point, sir.

TIMON: Of course we don't. And we know he can just transmatt at will. He was here and then he was gone. Of course he'll have saved his own neck. All we've done is murder the Valceans ... and Belinda, too.

GARRETT: (*moving to Belinda's workstation*) Captain, we are being hailed. This seems urgent.

BLANDISH: Put it on screen.

The viewscreen shimmers, and the crew gasps at the new image – a lizard-like being with a vast head, peering into the camera. It has a massively disproportionate jaw, with tiny, savage teeth. The lizard creature speaks:

LIZARD: I am the Commander of the Sahmbekart fleet, which you may or not, in your foul bloodlust, have noticed occupying the space around the City of Valcea. Yours, Captain, is an act of war and aggression against the collected peoples of the Enclave. You may consider yourself as the sole instigator of the hostilities which will now, of necessity, ensue.

There is silence as the viewscreen image changes to show an orange, salamandrine warship closing rapidly on the Nepotist, a vast fleet of smaller ships surrounding it.

20. INT. CHAMBER OF PESST. NIGHT.

In a rowdy procession, Belinda and Marn are led into the Chamber with the carved effigy. Some of the High Priestess's robed fellows begin to chant again, in high, whinnying tones. Belinda looks pleased: she is obviously starting to feel like visiting royalty. Marn is in a wheelchair again, being pushed by Ghillighast.

BELINDA: (*cheerily*) We seem to be flavour of the month.

MARN: Something is wrong.

BELINDA: Oh, live a little. They've given us drink and now they're putting on a little show, look. Singing, dancing.

Meisha is back before the carved effigy.

MEISHA: We praise Pesst for millennia-old promise and prophecy fulfilling. We praise Pesst for the esteemed visitors in our midst – for delivering us our destiny!

BELINDA: (*speaking over this incantation*) She's singing to that insect thing.

MARN: I told you. They worship lice. They believe the lice in their hides give them insight into the very workings of the Enclave.

MEISHA: Lady Belinda!

BELINDA: Um. Yes?

MEISHA: You will come here to undergo the final stages of our history.

MARN: Good luck.

BELINDA: *(stepping forward a little woozily)* What do you want me to do?

MEISHA: Why, you are to be the Bride of Pesst!

21. EXT. VOLCANO CRATER. DAY

Fitz and Iris lie side by side, Iris sprawled elegantly, her head on a fan of her own blond hair, Fitz lying awkwardly, with the upturned collar of his borrowed cloak irritating one nostril. Iris comes around groggily: she sits up to look around, taking in the circular ring of crags that identify their eyrie as the bowl of an extinct volcano, and the threatening, orange sky. Around them are being who must once have been human, dressed in filthy rags and furs, matted and blackened with blood. They grunt and shriek, but do not come too close.

Iris rises, yawns and stretches, brushes off her catsuit and shakes out her honey-coloured hair, then checks her make up in a compact that hangs, fob-watch-like, at her side, and pulls her blaster out of her boot top. She nudges Fitz with one of her stacked heels.

IRIS: Get up, Fitz. We've been left on the Planet of the bloody Apes.

Fitz groans.

FITZ: Let me die. Just let me die. I've never been so scared in my life.

Iris tuts.

Where are we now?

IRIS: Looks to me like somebody's larder.

FITZ: Oh, great. You know, Iris, when I said being with you was the same as being with the Doctor, I was wrong.

IRIS: Oh yes, dear?

FITZ: Being with you is like being in a sodding B movie.

IRIS: Bless your heart.

She adjusts the setting on her blaster, and fires six rounds of pink energy beams into the broiling sky above them.

All right, you lot. Listen to Auntie Iris. Now. You pre-verbal, pestilential darlings are going to do exactly what I tell you.

There are stirrings of revolt from among the group of tattered creatures, but most are content to listen and stare.

Me and my little boyfriend here need transport. Back into the real world, where the real adventure is going on. We need to get away from the owls ...

PRIMITIVES: *(looking up in terror)* Owls, owls!

FITZ: You're just frightening them.

There is a stirring behind Iris, and she swings round, aiming her blaster. There are horses tethered up to stakes in the centre of the expanse.

IRIS: Hors d'oeuvres, look. They'll come in handy. We're getting out of here. Untie those horses for us. Look, does no one around here talk?

As she says this, a figure hitherto unnoticed stood up from among the filthy crowd. Her hair is bleached – and she is wearing ski pants and a ripped anorak. It is Nesta.

NESTA: Don't listen to her! It was her who got me into this!

IRIS: Nesta!

NESTA: Kill them! Or she'll bring the owls back!

The ravaged half-human figures begin to advance on Iris and Fitz.

FITZ: Iris, you really know how to make pals, don't you?

22. INT. CORRIDOR.

The Doctor, who has now shed his bulky over-trousers and galoshes—and therefore seems like a small black ant dwarfed by the vast, billowing, blue Corridor—walks along as briskly as the resilient surface will let him. He frowns, and peers ahead uncertainly, as though trying to make out horizons in a misty landscape. As he does, architectural shapes loom up around him, forming a city, all of blue. He rubs his eyes, and looks all around, to check he is not hallucinating.

Clock towers bonging out irrelevant hours; steps heven from frangible, azure stone that promise to lead everywhere and nowhere; alleyways and ginnels, walkways, vennels and hidey-holes; all of blue.

The Doctor looks down at his feet; he is now walking on violet cobbles leading to a slimy indigo jetty and the lip of a rank, Prussian blue canal. The water is moving with a kind of sluggish grace; icebergs protrude from the water. A gondola waits for him: he climbs aboard.

He punts himself surely, strenuously, into the dead centre of the freezing canal. A vista of bridges of every possible shape opens up, or rather narrows in. It becomes clear that he is still in the Corridor after all, and that he still has a long way to go. The gondola glides swiftly on.

23. INT. CHAMBER OF PESST. NIGHT.

The ritual continues, though Belinda does not yet seem to be required to do anything particularly betrothal-like. Marn is stationed at her right hand; she is perched on one of the outstretched limbs of the vast effigy of Pesst. She casts a sidelong glance at the thing, and shudders. Marn notices this:

MARN: You seem troubled. Surely the superstitions of these creatures do not disturb you?

BELINDA: It's not that, it's ... *(Looking again at the effigy:)* This thing reminds me of ... *(She shudders again.)* Back on my home planet, my parents run a wet-fish shop in Motherwell. I was back there just a few months ago, deciding whether I wanted to go on a second tour of duty in the *Nepotist*. It's just my mother now, poor thing. My parents' whole place is *permeated* with the smell of fish. Scales stuck everywhere, upstairs in the flat, in the carpets, the furniture, the sheets – even my mother's hair. I always despised the place – and while I was back, I developed this horrible fear of sea fish. Those weeks when I was home, looking after my sick mother, I'd get this awful rising panic: "I'm turning into a squid! If I stay here I shall become a squid woman." So I came on the second tour; left my mother to the carers. I may never see her again. But I thought if I got back out among the stars, I'd lose that nasty, clammy claustrophobia. That fear that I'd become a squid. And here I am bloody marrying one.

24. EXT. SPACE, ABOVE VALCEA.

The viciously pointed craft of the Sahmbekart are arraying themselves around the Nepotist.

BLANDISH: *(VO)* Emergency message from Captain Blandish to the fleet. *(A pause.)* After six years of treaties and meetings and creeping around the policies and foibles of ministers; after negotiations and barterings and beseechings in the distant outposts and armpits of the universe, *this* is what it comes down to!

25. INT. NEPOTIST, BRIDGE.

Blandish is addressing a camera which has apparently come from a panel in Belinda's communications console. It is clear that he is recording a video message. Garrett is manning her position.

BLANDISH: All-out war. And because of one mistake – one lousy mistake. How were we to know we were so close to Sahmbekart space? How were we to know what the Sahmbekart even were? *No one* knows what they are!

GARRETT: Captain, perhaps you ought to moderate your speech for the official record.

BLANDISH: I'll say what I like, mister. And I'm not forgetting your part in inflaming this whole affair.

He turns back to the camera.

In short, members of the Federation of planets, we have become somewhat ineluctably embroiled in a situation which has blown up in our faces. We appear to have ... instigated war with the combined races of

the Enclave, a pocket galaxy of which we had no previous knowledge whatsoever. The Captain and crew of the *Nepotist* can by no means be held responsible, now or in posterity, for what ensues.

He turns again to Garrett.

Send that as it is, Mr. Garrett. Oh, you might edit out your small aside and my reply if you fancy yourself working for the Federation ever again.

He tugs his tunic and makes to return to his command chair – only to find himself confronted by Daedalus, flexing his talons.

DAEDALUS: *(in a wheedling voice, as though to a naughty child)* Now, who's been rather rash, then?

26. INT. STEIGERTRUDE FIRE ENGINE.

Maddy and Big Sue are confined back to back, manacled to a pole-like support in one corner of the greasy, sweltering vessel. It is smaller than it seems, and the Steigertrude are virtually sitting on top of one another at their control stations. They seem to have perfected a curious system of working, whereby they reach over and around each other to get to the relevant controls, muttering a ritualized series of excuse-mes and thank-yous as they get on with their duties. They all ignore their captives.

BIG SUE: Maddy, love, I can feel myself suffocating.

MADDY: Is it your claustrophobia again?

BIG SUE: I don't even use the buses any more, it's that bad.

MADDY: Deep breaths.

She wrestles vainly with her manacles.

BIG SUE: Hairpins! That's what we need. And luckily, my wig was stuffed to the gills with them – when I took it off, I put most of them in the pocket of this cardy. Help me get them out.

She heaves her not-inconsiderable bulk as far round as she can, looking furtively at the Steigertrude, until Maddy can just about claw the cardigan material, pulling the pocket towards her ...

MADDY: I wonder where they took Ian?

27. INT. STEIGERTRUDE FIRE ENGINE, UPPER CHAMBER.

Emba's private chamber is a kind of treasure trove, with caskets and trunks brimming with jewellery and statuettes, shimmering in the meagre light. Books and manuscripts are heaped and rolled in corners; maps are strewn with criminal abandon.

ICARUS: Where is this?

EMBA: Somewhere quiet to talk. My own private storehouse.

ICARUS: For treasures and artworks? You surprise me, Emba. Isn't this the very opposite of what a Steigertrude commander is supposed to do with her life and resources?

EMBA: What would you know about it?

ICARUS: I know enough. I know that this is a Steigertrude fire engine and that your race is pledged to trawl the Enclave in perpetuity, burning up artworks of any kind. You're known for it. Art criminals who pride themselves on their militant philistinism.

EMBA: Huh. For an earthling – and a mere stripling—you seem to know an awful lot about us.

ICARUS: As you've guessed, I'm nothing of the sort.

EMBA: So long as you're not one of the children who, thinking that they're some sort of "homo superior," jaunt about the place in their one-piece spacesuits and go righting wrongs for the Federation.

ICARUS: No fear there. My name is Icarus.

EMBA: And do you approve, Icarus, of my little hoard?

ICARUS: I don't understand why you have all this.

EMBA: Call me unique. Not even my crew realise what I have accrued. From every burning, I have rescued one item. What you see here are the salvaged remains of a thousand and one terrible missions.

ICARUS: What do you plan to do with it?

EMBA: Take it to your father. I hear Daedalus often has his head turned by such trinkets.

ICARUS: So you will return me to him?

EMBA: If you can prove who you are.

ICARUS: I can now that my growing pains have ceased.

He shucks off his sweater and shirt and reveals his slim, boyish torso. Emba watches in fascination as he turns, demonstrates new wings – bright blue and sticky with newness as they flex and test themselves.

Is this proof enough?

28. INT. CORRIDOR, CANAL.

The Doctor's gondola approaches a humpback bridge. Something makes him look up: a large, red double-decker is coming to a halt.

DOCTOR: It's Iris!

He waves frantically.

Iris, I'm here! I'm so pleased to see you ... You've no idea!

He grabs one of the cutwaters of the bridge as the boat passes, and hauls himself up. The bus's hydraulic doors open – and Romana steps out. She looks slightly dishevelled – and grave.

29. INT. NEPOTIST, BRIDGE.

DAEDALUS: How does it feel, Captain? How does it feel to be the cause of this oncoming storm?

BLANDISH: How do you think it feels?

DAEDALUS: Pretty bad, I would imagine.

He rears up and starts to pace around. Ensigns with electronic clipboards scatter as his swaying bulk approaches them.

I should be very cross with you, Captain. You have virtually destroyed my home and all of my adopted people. You have laid waste to the small fragment of a world I could call my own. And as for the Glass Men themselves, why, I think we could just about call that genocide.

GARRETT: Your people? You dare to call them *your* people? You are a parasite ... You move from world to world, adopting new races to patronise and subordinate ... You couldn't have cared less for the Valceans, and you were just the same on my world, when –

BLANDISH: Enough, Garrett, enough. Look, we've got a situation, Daedalus. And, whether I am to blame or you are, it doesn't matter now, least of all to that fleet out there. If we don't get on with dealing with those lizard things and get some backup from the Federation, then we're all finished, right?

DAEDALUS: Agreed. So what do you want to do?

BLANDISH: I want you to leave us alone and stop interfering. I want you to go back to your world and let us try to sort this out.

DAEDALUS: Captain You only had to ask. *(He starts to fade out of existence.)* Good luck with the Sahmbekarts. You think I'm bad. The Sahmbekarts are the wickedest bastards the Enclave has to offer.

30. INT. STEIGERTRUDE FIRE ENGINE.

Emba thuds in, followed by Icarus, who stands in the middle of the tank with his wings stretched to their fullest extent. Maddy and Sue, seeing him, drop the hairpins with which they are agitating the archaic locks on their manacles.

MADDY: Ian!

BIG SUE: I knew there was something about him.

ICARUS: I have a destiny, Mother. There is something I have to do.

MADDY: I think I understand.

ICARUS: You took care of me for a while, and I'll always be grateful for that. But I have my father waiting for me. My father granted me these wings. He needs me.

Behind him, the Steigertrude women seem agitated – they are gesticulating at the view-screens.

MADDY: But who took you away from your father, Ian?

ICARUS: I was kidnapped as a fledgling. I was taken by a race my father has pledged to destroy. A race of vermin so powerful even he himself is afraid of them. They are the Ghillighast. And I am to be instrumental in their destruction.

MADDY: Destruction? But Ian, you can't!

EMBA: We have arrived. We have found our way out of the chaos! We have arrived on Valcea!

All crane to see the screen; what looms up is a scene of almost complete desolation.

ICARUS: No! Father! It can't be true!

31. EXT. VOLCANO CRATER. DAY.

The primitives approach Fitz with dirty fingernails outstretched. Iris coolly levels her blaster at Nesta, the cause and linchpin of this situation, and wings her. Nesta lets out a shrill bleat of rage and collapses back. Her hirsute minions pause in their rampage.

NESTA: Get her! Get that skinny bitch in the PVC!

IRIS: I can't shoot them all – I'd never be able to live with myself.

The shaggy prisoners start to lurch towards Fitz and Iris again.

FITZ: It's them or us. Look at them! They're barely human. What have they got to look forward to? Being eaten to death by gigantic owls.

IRIS: And the most enlightened of their number is poor old Nesta!

FITZ: Shooting them would be a mercy.

At just this moment he is struck in the chest by a hunk of magma thrown by one of the savages.

IRIS: Quickly! Those horses. Get the two least decrepit ones and untie them. Can you ride?

FITZ: No.

IRIS: Bugger it. Do it anyway. I'll hold this lot!

She fires a series of deft pink reports, which anger the primitives further. Nesta is back on her feet.

NESTA: You let the owls carry me off, you cow!

IRIS: What could I do, Nesta? And look, I came after you! I'm rescuing you!

NESTA: Don't give me that!

IRIS: Fitz, hurry! Or it's going to be a massacre!

FITZ: Iris, I've got them!

IRIS: Not before time, lover boy!

She fires one more blast at the horde, and mounts her horse in one swift leap.

FITZ: Jesus! That must have taken some practice.

IRIS: Tell me about it, sweetheart. Come on! There's a track leading to the side –

An all-too-familiar keening fills the air; the owls circle above, dropping lower and lower into the dusty bowl. The primitives cover and moan in terror.

FITZ: It's distracting them, anyway. Show me the exit. While they're busy we can – hey!

Iris is already riding off at speed.

32. INT. CHAMBER OF PESST. NIGHT.

Belinda, now happily sizzled on the intoxicating brew the Ghillighast have been giving her since their arrival, realises that her part in the solemnization seems to be over. She is garlanded with local blooms, and the Ghillighast are dancing and singing – again.

What looks like an ancient carriage clock, the size of a small cow, is wheeled in. The room falls silent as it counts down the last few seconds of something or other. As the clock hands meet at what looks like midnight, it chimes; then the clock face opens like a tiny door and one hundred golden clockwork bats totter out.

MEISHA: The new millennium begins! We are free at last of predetermined history ... and we have a new queen for Pesst. And what would you have us do to mark this new beginning, Your Majesty?

BELINDA: (*swaying in a less-than-regal fashion*) More singing! More dancing!

MARN: Wait. We must mark this turning of the celestial gyres by going to Valcea. We must use the Corridors and go to my home world.

SIMAF: Why? So your precious brethren can wipe us out entirely? So you can lead us into a trap?

MARN: No: our foolish leader, Daedalus, has brought disaster down on my people. Valcea has been almost totally rent asunder. As perhaps the last one in a position to fetch help, I beseech you all to come with Belinda and me to join forces with the Glass Men and bring Daedalus to his knees!

The Ghillighast roar their approval.

I have your agreement, madam?

MEISHA: We must consult our Queen Belinda.

BELINDA: Hmm?

MARN: Tell them, Belinda. Tell them we have to go back to Valcea.

BELINDA: Oh, not there again.

MARN: It's your only chance of seeing your ship again, your people!

BELINDA: (*shrugging*) It was a rubbish job anyway.

MARN: (*steely*) Belinda ...

BELINDA: Oh very well, then.

She gives a surprisingly effective regal wave.

MEISHA: Prepare the dogs and the sleds! And can you find this Corridor that you say will deliver us to Valcea?

MARN: I can indeed, ma'am.

Meisha and the other Ghillighast hurry off to make arrangements.

BELINDA: Well, thanks a lot, Marn. *(She swirls her flagon of brew.)* I might as well finish this off if we're going out in that bloody cold again.

MARN: You do want to see Timon again, don't you?

BELINDA: Timon!

Her expression becomes wistful, and then merely dopy. She dozes off, dropping the flagon.

33. CORRIDOR, CANAL.

Romana solemnly helps the Doctor on to the bridge. He hugs her – her response is at first somewhat limp, but then takes on a sudden urgency: she clings on as though for survival. A tear is rolling down her cheek. He disengages and stands back to regard her, a little uneasy. She wipes her face dry.

DOCTOR: Well, I'm certainly glad to see you. And the trusty old Number 22 to Putney Common! When did you meet up with Iris? Where is Iris, by the way?

ROMANA: *(Bleakly)* She may be dead. She was taken off screaming by giant owls from the moon of Ichor. The same with Fitz.

DOCTOR: What happened? I mean ... they can't be dead! Iris couldn't ... How did you escape?

ROMANA: I hid on the bus. They overlooked me.

The Doctor seems galvanised into action. He strides authoritatively to the bus. Romana does not move.

DOCTOR: Right, we're going after those owl things. We're going to find out what happened.

ROMANA: No, Doctor, not *we* – you.

The Doctor falters.

I brought the bus to find you because your own TARDIS is out of reach. You'll need one if you're going to make your way to Ichor. But I can't come; I have to return home.

DOCTOR: What?

ROMANA: I received the Summons from Gallifrey just after the owl attack. The High Council needs me.

The Doctor is stunned.

DOCTOR: But ... you can't just go – not now! *(Joking nervously.)* It is customary for my companions to wait until the *end* of an adventure to decide to leave, you know!

ROMANA: I would love to stay with you; but this is your adventure, not mine. And by rights I should have gone a while ago.

With the usual asthmatic groan, a TARDIS materialises by the bridge. It takes the form of a blue gazebo. Two Time Lords guards step out and stand, sentinel-like, on either side of the door.

DOCTOR: How ever did they get to us here?

ROMANA: Not every TARDIS is as imprecise as yours – or Iris's.

The Doctor looks grumpily over at the Time Lord attendants.

DOCTOR: *(acidly)* Well, having negotiated their way into an unstable pocket of collapsed space-time, I think they can stay long enough to help us all negotiate our way out. And help put paid to Daedalus's schemes while they're at it.

ROMANA: *(reaching out and taking him by the arm)* Doctor, your life is woven into the history of the Enclave now; but that doesn't mean the rest of our people have to get involved. We – I have larger concerns, as President of the Time Lords.

DOCTOR: No, wait – wait, you can't ...

He tails off, speechless, as Romana, in a gesture heavy with redolence, takes off his scarf and hands it back to him.

ROMANA: Goodbye, Doctor. I don't think it'll be long before our next meeting.

She turns and steps into the newly arrived TARDIS, followed by her aides, and it dematerialises.

DOCTOR: *(forlorn)* Goodbye.

He lets the scarf fall, and it drops over the edge of the bridge into the inky water of the canal. Still looking shell-shocked, he climbs aboard the bus and sits down in the cab. He pauses for a moment and then guns the engine.

34. EXT. VOLCANO SIDE. DAY.

Fitz and Iris are looking down a steep incline of black rock and clinker.

FITZ: Oh my god! We've got to get down *that*? On these tired old nags?

IRIS: *(radiantly energised)* Depressing, isn't it?

FITZ: I don't think I'll make it.

IRIS: Yes you will, my sexy little fella. Come on!

Iris plunges her horse down into the hazardous decline. Fitz follows suit.

FITZ: *(VO – internal monologue)* She called me sexy! Nah, she didn't mean it. She was just trying to get me to do what she wanted. But what a woman! What a fantastic bird! And ... and what if she *does* like me? Could I leave the Doctor for her? I can't imagine never seeing him again. So much we haven't said and done ... God, why does he have this power over us all? Even Romana, neglecting her presidential duties for him? All that intelligence, all that charming intensity ... even if he is raving mad.

It's *me* that's raving mad! I'm probably about to die, and in the final few minutes of my life, what's passing through my mind? My chances of getting laid by Iris – and even of getting laid by ...

IRIS: There's some kind of rock formation coming up. Look! The ground flattens out, but we'll be in a kind of ... maze.

They are entering a labyrinth of petrified lava, with high walls of filthy, sooty rock – a passageway only just wide enough to admit them and their horses. Just as they enter, Fitz hears the shriek of the owls.

FITZ: Iris! They're coming after us.

IRIS: Then come on! Give it a bit of welly!

She spurs her horse.

35. INT. NEPOTIST, BRIDGE.

Blandish is slumped in his command chair, listening to a report from his chief engineer on the communicator.

CHIEF ENGINEER: *(in a thick Norfolk accent)* I'm sorry, Captain, but the engines are just 'bout drained after that bombardment. I can't give you any more.

BLANDISH: Thank you, Mr. Nice. *(Under his breath.)* We're sitting ducks. Where is that Federation back up? *(Aloud.)* Garrett? What can we do?

The bridge crew look at him askance, never having seen their captain without some plan or scheme up his sleeve. Then the Sahmbekart strike – and everyone is thrown from their stations. The com link buzzes again. The Captain stands up and responds.

Yes, Mr. Nice, report.

CHIEF ENGINEER: The shields are going, Captain. One more hit and we're pretty much done for.

GARRETT: *(stepping up to the Captain's chair, a febrile gleam in his eye)* It's quite easy. We use the *Nepotist* itself. We take ourselves out of the firing line and we do the most damage we can.

BLANDISH: How do we do that?

GARRETT: We switch off our shields. And then, quite simply, we crash through the Corridors. We take the whole lot with us. And then, finally, we crash-land on Valcea.

36. INT. THE BUS.

The Doctor is driving with an air of mock cheeriness, humming to himself. He fumbles for a cassette tape in Iris's glove compartment. He pushes one into the player: "I just don't know what to do with myself" sweeps forth.

DOCTOR: Dusty Springfield! (*To no one in particular.*) You know, when I was exiled on earth in the 1970s, I met Dusty. She was hired – incredible though it might sound – by the United Nations to go undercover in Memphis. There'd been alien abductions and whatnot. Anyway, I was called in and met her. She'd been kidnapped herself by then and I had to free the poor girl. She was lovely. Quite charming.

There is, of course, no response. His forced smile fades, and he stares at the route ahead with saturnine heaviness, as Dusty sings on: "Come back, I will be around just waiting for you; I don't know what else to do ..."

37. EXT. MAZE. DAY.

The passage through the labyrinth is becoming tighter and tighter. The owls circle overhead, apparently unwilling to descend into the ravine. Fitz coughs, his eyes smarting: the horses are kicking up clouds of dust, which are being whipped up further and further as the gully narrows.

FITZ: Iris! We're causing a dust storm! They're bound to find us!

IRIS: (*reining in her horse*) You're right.

She jumps to the ground and slaps the creature's rump. It pelts back the way they come. Fitz follows suit.

That should distract them.

Fitz is sweating and breathing heavily. He loosens the Doctor's cape, and unwinds the old multi-coloured scarf, which he's been wearing underneath.

FITZ: He, we could use this to ... like, if we unravelled it ... we could use it to find our way through the labyrinth.

IRIS: It's been done before. I've seen the Doctor get through more scarves than Salome does fans during a dance. In fact, I saw Salome doing a fan dance with one of the Doctor's scarves once upon a time. Anyway, that old laying-a-trail ruse never comes off. Come on.

She sets off on foot.

FITZ: I'll be bruised head to foot in the morning. I never though riding was such hard work.

IRIS: You've never been riding with me before.

FITZ: Quite.

She stops and rounds on him.

IRIS: Let's get this straight, sonny Jim. Any more of your double entendres and I send you home this minute.

FITZ: I wish you could. Anyway, what do you mean, double entendres?

IRIS: You know. You've been flirting away like made with me, from the very first moment we met.

FITZ: I've done no such thing!

IRIS: Pretending to be the Doctor and all. Oh, I know your game, my lad.

FITZ: And?

IRIS: And you, sweetheart, don't stand a chance.

FITZ: Oh no?

IRIS: I'm out of your league.

FITZ: Aren't we travellers in the fifth dimension together?

IRIS: What do you want, some inter-dimensional version of the Mile-High Club? We aren't the jet set.

FITZ: I think that that's exactly what you are.

IRIS: Flattery.

She darts forward and kisses him suddenly, grasping his unshaven face smartly in both hands. Then she releases him.

Don't tell the Doctor.

Fitz is rooted to the spot, his mouth open. Then an owl appears directly overhead, and Iris, seeing it, drags Fitz bodily around the next twist in the ravine. She scolds him, as though he has been holding her up:

Oh, do come on!

They round the next corner and find that they have arrived at the dead centre of the maze. There is steam and a pool of black mud, popping with sulphurous fumes. In the middle, like a trophy, is a vast green egg, decorated in gilding and platinum. Guarding it is a crowd of owls, massed and resplendent in ivory.

Bollocks!

From behind them come the owls that have pursued them through the maze. Mission accomplished, they join their mates.

FITZ: They've got us now!

IRIS: God, Romana was right: you really *do* state the bloody obvious, don't you?

38. INT. NEPOTIST, OVAL OFFICE.

BLANDISH: Captain's personal journal. Where are the empirical laws of physics? Call me prissy, pedantic if you like, but I do like to know where I am.

How can races and worlds a million light years apart be brought into the same arena like this? My Science Officer Garrett points out—not for the first time—that any alien technology, sufficiently advanced, will look to the uninitiated like magic. Well, I say: bullshit. We all live in the same universe, don't we? So we all have to operate by the same physical laws. We *do* all live in the same universe, don't we?

His communicator buzzes.

Yes, what is it?

GARRETT (VO) The Sahmbekart leader is hailing us sir. He's asking to come aboard.

BLANDISH: Transmat him directly to my office.

A moment later the tinselly effect breaches the still air, and the Sahmbekart leader appears. It looks very much like an anthropoid T-Rex, with massive legs and puny forearms.

Greetings. I hope we can come to some amicable arrangement now.

SAHMBEKART: You mistake me, Captain. I am not here to bargain with you – you are in no position for that. I am here to tell you what is to happen to you.

39. INT. GHILLIGHAST SLED. NIGHT.

As the Ghillighast are whipped along across the snow by dogs, Marn and Belinda look out at the sky from the open side of the pagoda-like tent that dignifies their royal conveyance. The sky seems almost congested with moons, satellites and other phenomena, all interlaced by the snaking arms of the Corridors.

BELINDA: Were all those moons there before?

MARN: Something very bad is happening.

BELINDA: I shouldn't worry about it. What can we do?

MARN: We can fight.

BELINDA: Who?

MARN: Daedalus. He's behind this. For hundreds of years the races of the Enclave hardly bothered each other at all. Now he's stirring it all up.

The dogs howl louder; there is a slight bump as they enter the Corridor.

40. INT. VALCEA, CITY. DAY.

The Steigertrude fire engine smashes through the remains of a coloured glass wall, and turns on the walkway, which creaks and groans under the mass.

41. INT. STEIGERTRUDE FIRE ENGINE.

EMBA: *(to Icarus)* Where is your father? Where will he be hiding?

ICARUS: The throne room. Head for the heart of the city.

42. INT. CORRIDOR.

The Doctor is still driving along. There are no longer buildings around the bus; he is entering a vast, sapphire-blue, heart-shaped cavern. From the ceiling, floor and walls depend coils and fleshy tubes. They twist and ravel, and from them hang weighty objects, slightly larger than ripe melons. They drift as though there were no gravity in the chamber, or as though it were filled with water, neither of which is true.

The bus stops, its pneumatic doors open, and the Doctor steps out, gingerly. He looks up and around.

DOCTOR: I can't drive through here.

The camera zooms onto one of the clusters of floating objects: the tubes are umbilical cords, and from the end of each floats a baby, hugging itself, its eyes shut. There are perhaps ten thousand bright blue babies afloat in the room.

As the Doctor steps tentatively forward, one baby floats up behind him and a tiny blue fist closes on the calf muscle of his left leg. He cries out and the hand relaxes. As he retreats to the bus's first step he pulls up his trouser leg. The little fingers have left a purple mark.

43. EXT. MAZE. NIGHT.

The owls stand and observe Fitz and Iris, but none of them has advanced. Fitz stands against the rock wall, watching them warily. Iris is just finishing building a fire; she ignites it with her pistol.

IRIS: Come and sit down, honey. You're making me nervous.

FITZ: *(nodding to the owls)* And they're not?

IRIS: I've told you; they don't want to rip us to shreds, they just want to talk. Come on, love. *(She pats the ground beside her invitingly.)* I'm gagging for one of your ciggies.

Fitz sits down, and no sooner has he done so than there is a flurry, and another owl arrives. Fitz jumps up again, and Iris, seeing that this one is wearing a cloak of mixed feathers, rises too, and bows. She prompts Fitz out of the side of her mouth:

It's the leader, Fitz: bow, for goodness' sake.

OWL LEADER: Felicitations, Iris Wildthyme. The cloak I wear sports feathers of every species of bird in the Enclave. It is this that enables me to speak to you.

IRIS: Well, I've certainly heard of odder things. Go on, then.

OWL LEADER: This is one of two eggs belonging to our race. The story goes that they were entrusted to us, when we quite young, by our god. They were never to leave our grasp.

FITZ: Your god?

Iris nudges him.

OWL LEADER: A great white bird who, when the galaxy was half its present size, roamed everywhere looking for somewhere safe to bury his eggs. They were not to be hatched. They were simply to be watched until their time came. If they were hatched early, there would be calamity, and we were to murder the offspring.

IRIS: Sounds a bit harsh.

OWL LEADER: For generations we owls have mulled over the meaning of the white bird's instructions. Now we think, for the most part, that there was only a metaphorical truth to the warning. We were simply to look after the eggs.

FITZ: Where did the white bird go?

OWL LEADER: No one knows. We only know him as the great white bird who began time.

FITZ: I see.

IRIS: And someone stole one of the eggs.

OWL LEADER: That was the reason we left our world. We are not an aggressive race. We prefer to remain here, going about the task we were given in the first place.

IRIS: Who stole it?

OWL LEADER: Daedalus, the self-styled king of Valcea.

IRIS: Daedalus, you say? But –

OWL LEADER: Years ago he sent out the first of his Corridors and arrived with the evil Glass Men who are under his thrall. What chance did we stand? We had to watch as he marauded on to our world and took one of the eggs. The other we hid, deep inside the volcano.

FITZ: *(to Iris)* Do you know this Daedalus?

Iris pulls a face.

OWL LEADER: The egg has hatched. This much we know. To taunt us, soon after, Daedalus sent us the shattered remnants of the shell. The mucus inside was still fresh. *(To Iris.)* You have seen the offspring.

IRIS: I believe I have, yes.

FITZ: Ian? That young lad?

OWL LEADER: When we attacked you in the place with the glass ceilings and the fountains, it was him we were seeking. You prevented us.

IRIS: I thought you were going to kill all of us! You didn't exactly explain yourselves. You just attacked.

OWL LEADER: Our real enemy, against whom we must join forces, is Daedalus.

IRIS: Yes, I think you're right.

OWL LEADER: We fly to Valcea, this very night.

44. INT. VALCEA, PUBLIC ROOM. DAY.

The Steigertrude engine bursts through another room and stops; the tusked women, overtaken by a primal instinct, get out and unspool their hoses, turning them on the myriad objets d'art in the room.

45. INT. STEIGERTRUDE FIRE ENGINE.

Icarus and the captives are watching the Steigertrude in their destructive rampage.

BIG SUE: It's barbaric.

MADDY: This is your city, then ... Icarus?

ICARUS: All of it ruined.

All at once he smiles.

We're unguarded. We can leave them!

BIG SUE: Help us out of these chains and things!

But Ian is already at the controls; the engine bursts into life.

46. INT. VALCEA, PUBLIC ROOM. DAY.

The tusked women are disturbed from their reverie of righteous art censorship, and turn to look in horror as the tank rolls towards the far wall, yanking their hoses as it goes. Those in its path leap for cover, Emba roaring oaths.

47. INT. NEPOTIST, BRIDGE.

To the horror of the bridge crew, the Sahmbekart commander emerges from the oval office. Timon's hand moves to his weapon: Blandish inconspicuously signals to him, and he withdraws it.

BLANDISH: *(quietly, with pitiful supplication)* Will you talk to your fleet? Pacify them? Tell them the Federation means no harm?

SAHMBEKART: I promised no such thing.

He seems to yawn, and makes a gargling sound: a column of flame bursts forth from his jaws. He generates another, and yet another. Within each column of fire appears an armoured Sahmbekart warrior. Each of them follows his lead, and within a few moments, the room is filled with the lizards.

Do you mind, Captain, if I invite my friends along? And then you can tell them yourself?

One of Timon's monitors bleeps.

TIMON: Captain, the ship is being boarded: at least two Sahmbekart vessels are docking.

48. INT. CORRIDOR, CAVERN.

DOCTOR: The question is, Doctor, are these babies real or illusory?

He ponders for a moment, and rubs his bruised left leg.

This is no illusion. Nothing in the Corridors is unreal. Everything has been brought here from somewhere, from some time: it's just all without rhyme or reason.

So the next question, Doctor, is, how do you proceed from here? Continuing on foot would be not only dangerous but foolish: without the bus your chances of handling the space-time anomalies are next to non-existent.

He climbs into the bus --

49. INT. THE BUS.

-- and settles back into the cab.

DOCTOR: Only one thing for it. I have to dematerialise and try and lock on to Ichor; though the idea gives me the willies, given my history with Iris's bus.

He fiddles with the co-ordinate settings, gives the dashboard a hefty bang, and plunges the dematerialisation switch. Outside the windows, the cavern disappears, to be replaced by the swirling colours of the time vortex.

Here goes nothing ...

50. INT. VALCEA, THRONE ROOM. DAY.

The Ghillighast sleds sweep into the vast room, surrounded now only by vestiges of crazily fractured glass walls.

MEISHA: *(exultantly)* We've made it! Praise be to Pesst!

BELINDA: *(poking her head out of her pagoda)* Back again.

She helps Marn back into his wheelchair and pushes him into the centre of the chamber.

MARN: There is little left of the city. This was our most sacred building.

Meisha is a little way off, barking in triumph. Under a fallen glass pillar, bleeding but still alive, is pinned the great leathery body of Daedalus. One of his tusks has snapped; he is breathing stertorously, glaring with contempt.

DAEDALUS: Help me out! Immediately! Let me out and I will give you this world. The Ghillighast will rule unimpeached.

The Ghillighast shriek with laughter.

MEISHA: *(unimpressed)* Daedalus, we already do.

51. INT. NEPOTIST, OVAL OFFICE.

The bridge crew have been herded into here. Blandish sits impassive in his chair, Garrett and Timon flanking him.

GARRETT: We should never have agreed to arbitration. *(He looks down at his calculator and harrumphs.)* It proved an expensive decision.

He drops the calculator and grinds it under his heel. Blandish continues unresponsive.

TIMON: We gave in. We should have gone down fighting. While they were firing on us, we should have given it all we had. We should have flung ourselves at the mother ship. Taken them with us.

Blandish gets up and goes to his desk, clearing it of reports and flipping open a hidden panel.

BLANDISH: The Sahmbekarts don't know about this. I had it installed after the first 5-year mission. How many times before that did we need something to override the main controls? How many times was our bridge taken over by hostile alien forces?

GARRETT: 47 in all.

BLANDISH: Exactly! And each time we came through, didn't we? We *always* come through!

He taps away at the controls.

TIMON: What are you doing?

BLANDISH: I'm taking your cue. Since you're in the mood for a kamikaze mission, I'm following Mr. Garrett's brilliant recommendation: I'm giving instructions to override the bridge. I'm telling the *Nepotist* to crash-land – on Valcea! Computer: lock the door. Silent countdown. Everyone – brace yourselves!

52. INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The Doctor is trying to get parboiled potatoes out of their water. He burns his finger on the edge of the pan.

DOCTOR: Bother!

He hears sounds from the hall. He abandons the potatoes, and hurries out.

53. INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE, HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Sally is entering, Canine under her left arm. With her free hand she brandishes an expensive bottle of red wine. Fitz, who uncharacteristically looks dapper, is still casual, takes it and extends a hand to be shaken.

SALLY: Hello! I'm Sally. You must be Fitz – yes, I'm *very* glad to meet you. The Doctor talks about you so much. This is my friend Iris.

She turns and motions to the vast old lady behind her. In our universe this would be the old, pre-regeneration Iris, with lilac hair and heavy make-up. Her bulk is increased by many layers of coats and cardigans of different colours, some of which she enlists the gallant Fitz to help her remove. Then, with a roguish look, Iris grabs the Doctor's hand in both hers and grips it. He seems a little dismayed; Fitz is trying not to laugh.

IRIS: And so you are the Doctor? Sally has told me a surprising amount about you, young man.

DOCTOR: Has she?

IRIS: *(eyelashes fluttering – as though she were a medium)* You have a very great future. Or a very great past. Which is it?

DOCTOR: *(uncomfortable)* I must go and check on the dinner.

54. INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Sally follows the Doctor in. The sounds of Iris cooing over the fish and the lizard in the glass tanks in the living room, and commenting with brutal candour on the violet paint, can clearly be heard.

SALLY: Don't mind Iris. She likes to be all mysterious.

The Doctor is at the bench, carving the roast, as the potatoes sauté, fizzing, in a frying pan.

DOCTOR: I feel like I've seen her before.

SALLY: Perhaps you have.

She pinches a bit of meat.

Mmm! Melts in your mouth. You always could cook.

DOCTOR: I saw my mother the other day.

SALLY: *(coolly)* Oh yes. How is she?

The Doctor shrugs. There is a pause; there is obviously something on Sally's mind.

You haven't said anything yet.

DOCTOR: About what?

SALLY: *(looking hurt)* My book. That package I gave you last week. You've had a whole week to read it.

DOCTOR: You know I'm not a fast reader. My concentration has been all over the place. And ... with the weather like it's been ...

SALLY: What's the weather got to do with it?

He does not reply at once, but focuses on plating the food.

DOCTOR: Everything's been ... like a struggle for survival recently. As though we were slipping into a second ice age.

SALLY: And that stops you reading a book by your oldest, dearest friend. Who really needs your opinion.

She pokes at something on the kitchen table – a leather-bound volume.

At least you're reading *something*.

DOCTOR: Er ... actually that's Fitz. He found it in the attic among my family's old stuff.

SALLY: *(flipping through)* The *Aja'ib*. Hmm. "Chapter 19 ... In Which Our Hero Knocks Down the Bridges Into the Citadel To Allow The Green Men To Conquer, Little Knowing That The Grey Men Are Not Far Behind." Sounds like rum stuff. *(She flips again.)* Listen to this: "In Which Pale Shadows From Another Land Impersonate Everything Familiar to Our Heroes."

DOCTOR: Fitz loves that sort of thing.

SALLY: *(dryly)* Hmm. Maybe *he'll* like my book.

He picks up two of the plates and loads them onto the hostess trolley.

DOCTOR: *(with a sidelong glance)* Actually, I think he does rather like it.

SALLY: *(aghast)* So he's read it – but you haven't?

55. INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

Sally and the Doctor enter with the trolley, and find Fitz, scotch in one hand, unsteadily lighting candles with the other.

DOCTOR: Where's Iris?

FITZ: (*shame-faced*) I think I upset her. I said the old red bus outside was an eyesore. Turns out it's hers.

DOCTOR: She has a *bus*?

SALLY: Yes, she drove me here.

DOCTOR: Where is she now?

FITZ: Up in the bathroom, with her G and T and Sally's dog. (*Looking down guiltily into his scotch.*) Sobbing her eyes out.

56. INT. VALCEA, THRONE ROOM. NIGHT.

Daedalus is shackled in a corner; Meisha is settled on his throne, taunting him. Marn watches all this in horror, and Belinda in turn watches Marn.

BELINDA: What's the matter? You hate Daedalus; you wanted to see him fall. And he has! Without us doing anything. He has just given himself up.

MARN: What makes you think the Ghillighast will be any better? There's no telling what they'll do now that ... now that my people are extinct.

BELINDA: Not quite extinct, Marn. You're still about.

MARN: There is only me! Daedalus didn't know what he was doing letting the humans fire on the city. He has wiped out for sure.

BELINDA: If there's one thing I've learned from travelling with Blandish, it's don't reckon on the ending before you get to it. Anything might happen yet.

MARN: Don't mention that man's name to me.

BELINDA: You blame him for attacking Valcea?

MARN: Of course I do.

BELINDA: I don't believe Blandish would do such a thing. Honestly, I don't. For one thing, Timon would never let him ... and Timon controls the weaponry aboard the *Nepotist*.

MARN: You don't understand, Belinda. Daedalus can make people do what he wants. He has a brain the size of a wheelbarrow. He can control you without you even knowing it. How else do you think he got most of the Glass Men to do what he wanted?

BELINDA: So ... even captured like this, tied up, and defeated-looking, he could still try to ...

MARN: Don't let him fool you!

BELINDA: So he could be messing about with our minds now, and we might not even know it?

MARN: Exactly. We have to be on our guard. Hallucinations, everything.

MEISHA: So this is how our history recommences. In glory and victory and the effortless sacking of our enemy's city. Thanks be to Pesst and his delectable bride, the Lady Belinda!

The Ghillighast applaud. Over in the corner, Daedalus's eye turns on Belinda, burning with a peculiar malevolence.

MARN: Belinda! What's happening to you?

She is starting to grow – to bloat. Marn backs away from her; the Ghillighast are staring in horror. Within a few moments, she has to all intents and purposes been transformed into a giant, mauve squid, pathetically waving its tentacles.

SIMAF: What has become of the Lady Belinda?

MEISHA: How am I to know? It's all the doing of Daedalus. It must be.

SIMAF: What do we do, madam? Shall we kill her?

MEISHA: *Kill* the Bride of Pess? Why, that is tantamount to blasphemy! No ... it is Daedalus we must slaughter. And do it now – before he causes worse disasters.

She claps her paws, and her people advance on Daedalus, tiny daggers raised. As they are poised, the Number 22 to Putney Common materialises smartly in the centre of the room.

57. EXT. SPACE, OVER VALCEA.

The Nepotist surges forwards, delivering a massive glancing blow to the Sahmbekart flagship, scattering smaller ships and then careering down among the whorl of Corridors towards the snowy surface of Valcea.

58. INT. NEPOTIST, OVAL OFFICE.

The bridge crew pick themselves up. There is a pounding at the door, as the Sahmbekart try to enter.

GARRETT: It's really happening. We really are destroying the *Nepotist*. After all our years together – this is it.

BLANDISH: And we've given ourselves a fighting chance. We destroy the commander of the Sahmbekarts, and give the fleet something to think about. We do what we always do – we save the day.

The din of the engines becomes deafening, as the ship reaches ramming speed. The door buckles and collapses, and the Sahmbekart commander's oversize head appears in the aperture.

SAHMBEKART: What have you done?

59. EXT. SKY OVER VALCEA. NIGHT.

The owls are descending on Valcea from their Corridor, which, appropriately enough, ends in mid air high above the city. Fitz and Iris are each in the clutches of an owl; bringing up the rear are twenty more owls collectively carrying the gleaming green egg. Iris gasps as she sees the devastation of the glass city. Then there is a searing light some distance from the city, followed by a pall of smoke – a wad of black fuel and drear steam.

IRIS: *(craning around to see)* What was that?

FITZ: It's the *Nepotist*! Didn't you see? It fell out of the sky ...!

They are carried on towards the city.

60. INT. VALCEA, THRONE ROOM. NIGHT.

The bus's pneumatic doors open and the Doctor steps out, trying to take in the scene. All eyes are fixed on him in wonder or, in Daedalus's case, malice.

DOCTOR: *(talking very fast)* I'm always doing this – sorry! Interrupting again! It's funny though, it seems that whenever I'm in Iris's bus, the old thing drops me in the most hectic and embarrassing spots. Nothing like my own ship, which makes a habit of landing me on the outskirts of things, so that I usually have a long walk to get to where the action is. It must be that Iris is terribly lazy or impatient or something. But anyway, here I am again, back in the thick of things. And goodness! It seems like I've got some catching up to do.

He gazes up at the distraught squid.

Hello, Belinda, old girl! You've grown a bit. *(Patting a tentacle)* I'll sort it out. Don't you worry.

He wheels to where the Ghillighast are poised over Daedalus with their knives.

Oh, am I in time to watch a decapitation? Never cared much for that kind of thing. I've always thought there were more interesting methods of dealing with people like this.

He casually disarms the Ghillighast, who make no protest.

Mind you, when I say ‘people like this,’ you realize of course I really mean ‘villainous scum.’ Because that’s exactly what I think of you, Daedalus.

MEISHA: And who might you be?

DOCTOR: Me? I might be any number of things. Who exactly are *you*?

MEISHA: (*furiously*) This is not how our new history is supposed to be.

The two twin doors of the throne room crash inward and the Steigertrude fire engine ploughs in.

And what is this?

DAEDALUS: (*standing, and breaking his shackles with no effort*) It is my son! My son has come for me.

DOCTOR: (*baffled*) Who?

61. INT. NEPOTIST, OVAL OFFICE.

The room is dark and on a slant, and filled with dust, smoke and dirty snow. Blandish awakens to find himself sprawled over the Sahmbekart commander, which has been neatly decapitated by the chrome-framed screen from his command chair. He struggles to his feet.

BLANDISH: Garrett? Timon?

Timon is picking himself up at the far end of the room.

TIMON: We made it. But who else did?

Garrett is lying face down but eyes open, with a monstrous head wound, across Blandish’s desk. No one else is stirring.

It’s only us.

BLANDISH: I thought so.

Blandish is staring down at Garrett; at length he puts a hand on the dead man’s shoulder.

TIMON: You thought a lot of Garrett, I know, sir.

BLANDISH: More than that, Mr. Timon. We never spoke of this. No one realized this in all these years. But Garrett and I were lovers from our first assignment on this ship.

Timon’s jaw drops.

Shocked, are you, boy? You shouldn’t be. (*After a pause*) We were supposed to die in battle together.

He gestures towards a crack in the hull, where the snow is coming in. Timon moves towards it, Blandish following.

And so you see, I’ve got nothing to lose now.

They clamber out on to the tundra.

62. EXT. VALCEA, CRASH SITE. NIGHT.

As dust and snow settles, the shattered remains of the City of Glass become visible. Blandish gestures towards it.

BLANDISH: We caused that. And because of it, because of us, there is bound to be war. What say we go and deal with Daedalus once and for all, eh?

63. INT. VALCEA, THRONE ROOM. NIGHT.

The whole room is now staring at the figures who emerge from the Steigertrude fire engine – first Maddy and Big Sue, then Icarus. Daedalus, now apparently restored (apart from his damaged tusk), thunders past the scattering Ghillighast to greet the winged boy.

DAEDALUS: You came back to me, after all.

ICARUS: I received the call.

DAEDALUS: You were on Earth?

ICARUS: This woman took care of me. She treated me as her own.

DAEDALUS: Then she shall be rewarded.

Maddy and Big Sue are gazing at the elephant, dumbstruck.

Have you nothing to say, Earth woman?

BIG SUE: But ... it's a bloody elephant!

ICARUS: I promised these women that, if they brought me here, Father, to you, they would be rewarded with their youth again. It is what they most desire. Another chance.

DAEDALUS: Don't we all? Of course, their minds will be wiped. They will recall nothing.

Icarus nods. Daedalus clenches and unclenches his talons, which shimmer and glow with light. This gradually extends to cover the two women. The glow becomes intense, and then fades, leaving a teenage Maddy, still wearing the borrowed clothes which are now much too big for her. In her arms is a squalling baby.

I am sending you both back home. This child I give you, Madeleine, in exchange for my own child. On the condition that you name her Susan.

GIRL MADDY: Yes, sir.

ICARUS: Goodbye, mother.

He steps forward and kisses her on her cheek. She stares at him hopelessly, as if she can remember his face but can't place his name. Then Maddy and Susan fade away.

You will get them home safely?

DAEDALUS: For my son, anything.

MEISHA: He is your son, your true heir?

DAEDALUS: He is indeed.

MEISHA: Then you shall both be our prisoners. And we shall execute you both!

DAEDALUS: What do you think the Ghillighast are, Meisha? Do you really think they are destined to rule the Enclave?

MEISHA: I *do* believe it.

DAEDALUS: You should have listened to the vermin you routinely consult, Meisha. Because the Ghillighast themselves are just so much vermin themselves. You're nothing! You're not fit to rule your own moon, let alone anyone else's world! I only let you live so close to Valcea because you amused me. Do you really think you can threaten me now?

MEISHA: But this is the time of the Bride of Pesst ... This is her apotheosis!

DAEDALUS: I think you'll find this is no one's apotheosis but mine.

He looks up: the Owls are swooping down through the remains of the shattered glass ceiling. Two bearers deposit Fitz and Iris and then join their other twenty-eight comrades encircling Daedalus and Icarus. The confused Ghillighast scatter: Marn and the squid Belinda watch in mute horror; and the Ghillighast's sled dogs begin baying.

What ...?

As the birds close on Icarus, he spreads his wings and stands defiant.

ICARUS: Kill me if you must! If the compulsion is so great, if the force of your mythology, of what is bred in your hollow bones, leads you to desire my desecration; the bursting of my gizzards, the shredding of my wings; then do it – act out your history, figure your mission out upon me.

Unconsidered, the Doctor stealthily makes his way around the crowd of birds to Iris and Fitz.

DOCTOR: *(quietly)* Quick – in the bus.

They edge across the chrome floor.

64. INT. THE BUS.

By the time Fitz and the Doctor are on board, Iris has already set the controls. The doors whoosh closed, and in an instant the glowing colours of the vortex surround them.

FITZ: *(looking out queasily at the rushing multi-coloured whirl)* Why are we here?

IRIS: We're buying time. We can pop back when need be. I've bookmarked the exact moment.

Fitz sinks on to the chaise-longue and fishes a bottle of brandy and a snifter glass out of the drinks cabinet.

FITZ: I've had more than enough. Why don't we just sod off for good? Hey, hang on, where's Romana?

Iris and the Doctor are too distracted to reply: she has him in a bear hug, to which, after a moment, he somewhat unenthusiastically responds.

IRIS: It's been far too long! But I knew you were here.

DOCTOR: *(through a mouthful of honey-coloured hair)* Hmmff.

FITZ: Where's Romana?

IRIS: You just took so long getting to me! I had to get to you!

DOCTOR: Quite. What were those owls?

FITZ: *Where's Romana?*

IRIS: *(ignoring him)* Well ... Look, it's a long story: why don't we just have one of our little mind-melding thought-transfer Time Lord telepathic conference things?

DOCTOR: *(shuddering)* It always feels as if someone's rummaging through my sock drawer.

IRIS: Good. Then I can see what you're hiding in there.

She clamps her fingers to his forehead, and he reciprocates. After no more than a couple of seconds, they break off, and Iris addresses Fitz.

Of course, we don't really have to touch each other to make contact. It's just that the Doctor likes running his fingers through my hair.

DOCTOR: *(looking grim)* So we're in quite a pickle. *(Irritably.)* While I was stuck in the Corridors, you've been busying about causing even more trouble! Bringing the owls to Valcea, of all things! How is that supposed to help?

IRIS: *(grumpily)* I had to get here somehow.

FITZ: And come off it, Doctor, it's not like the owls gave us much choice.

DOCTOR: *(slightly beleaguered, and therefore becoming petulant)* But I'd almost sorted the whole thing out! Daedalus had go Icarus back – that was all he wanted really, I'm sure of it. He'd just stop all of this nonsense – and then the Federation people could have come and taken him away.

IRIS: Well, even if what you say about Daedalus wasn't naïve bollocks, which it is, the Nepotist has crashed itself. A kamikaze mission.

DOCTOR: I could have prevented it! I could have saved Blandish ... all of them ... I could have sorted it out ...

IRIS: No, Doctor. And getting Icarus back wouldn't have stopped Daedalus.

DOCTOR: Oh, so we needn't worry that the owls are now going to rip Icarus to shreds?

IRIS: *(sighing)* As I said. I've bookmarked that point. It doesn't have to happen.

DOCTOR: That's not the way I do things.

IRIS: (*furiously wagging her finger at him*) It's how *I* do them, buster!

FITZ: (*taking a gulp of brandy*) Doctor, Iris: why –

DOCTOR & IRIS: (*rounding on him*) Shut up!

IRIS: Daedalus wants this war to happen. He knew that if he caused enough trouble within the Enclave, he would get it to draw the attention of the rest of the universe – a universe which had, hitherto, been completely oblivious to it. He wants that kind of unpleasantness.

DOCTOR: Why should the rest of the universe be so interested in a little cul-de-sac like that?

IRIS: Oh, come on Doctor. The Enclave is part of the Obverse. It would be terribly valuable for all sorts of reasons. You've seen how things work here. You've seen the Corridors. Obverse physics, or whatever you like to call them, could have a profound effect on our – on your – universe. It should have remained a secret.

DOCTOR: The Obverse?

IRIS: Yes, I've not told you much about that before, have I, Doctor? The Obverse is my home.

FITZ: (*muttering*) Obtuse, more like.

DOCTOR: Are you saying you're not who you claim to be?

IRIS: That and more besides. Now, shall we get back and wrap up the end of this thing?

FITZ: Before we do, can I just ask something? Where *is* Romana?

65. INT. VALCEA, GALLERY OF GLASS. NIGHT.

Blandish and Timon have encountered the Steigertrude women; Timon has killed one – the rest are standing with their arms raised.

EMBA: I suggest we join forces: find the heart of this city and seize it.

BLANDISH: It doesn't matter now.

EMBA: What kind of a soldier are you?

BLANDISH: The Federation will be sending ships soon. So will the Draconians, the Daleks, the Martians, the Sontarans and Cybermen. We don't stand a chance and neither does the rest of the universe while this city is still here.

EMBA: (*matter-of-fact*) Then we must burn it.

BLANDISH: Exactly. So this is going to be a *real* kamikaze mission: we're going the whole hog. (*He looks Emba up and down*) If you'll excuse the expression.

TIMON: What do you mean?

BLANDISH: I mean I'm activating the weapon that I've never tried before.

TIMON: Surely not the ...

He tails off. Blandish regards him gravely.

BLANDISH: I don't see why not.

EMBA: What are you saying?

BLANDISH: I am going to tick myself down to annihilation. A Federation ship's captain always has his spleen replaced with a small nuclear charge.

EMBA: An explosive?

BLANDISH: Precisely.

EMBA: Will the devastation be great?

BLANDISH: A firestorm to end all firestorms.

They move ahead purposefully. An unearthly shriek goes up from nearby – the roaring of an enraged elephant, but with a note of all-too-human despair in it.

66. INT. THRONE ROOM. NIGHT.

Blandish and his companions enter a scene of carnage. Daedalus is bellowing and clashing his nails, flapping at the Owls, who circle in a tornado of wings. They descend en masse on Icarus. There is a flurry of feathers, some of which float, while some fall limply, stained red ... Daedalus swats the huge birds with his talons, oblivious of their savage pecking of his flesh ... The Belinda squid thrashes in the corner, pulling Marn's chair away from the battle at the centre of the room, while the Ghillighast cower in horror. Blandish takes a small chrome device from his belt. It looks like a mobile phone, but when flipped open it reveals only a single red button. Blandish brings the device down to touch his abdomen, and raises his thumb over the button ...

67. INT. THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Iris is at the table, apparently back on form. She is still swilling the gin and tonic, and holding forth, sometimes tripping on a syllable or slurring her words. The Doctor and Sally listen patiently. Fitz, trying to make up for upsetting her, wears an expression of earnest attentiveness; it is a little excessive – and not entirely plausible, as he is clearly somewhat in his cups. She seems to sense his goodwill, and periodically pats his arm when she is making a particularly emphatic point.

IRIS: So, I say pooh-pooh to the pooh-poohers. Cryptozoology, as a science, may not have the endorsement of the Richard Dawkinses-es-es and Lewis Wolperts of this world. But it is much maligned. I myself had first-hand experience of Bigfoot when I was in the Canadian Rockies in '64, and I have a friend who almost got run down by that old loch monster in '75.

She pauses dramatically. Canine, who has been sitting on her knee, spoils the effect by reaching up and licking her nose.

Fitz, darling? Be a love and take Sally's dog out, would you? He needs a wee-wee. *(Winking conspiratorially.)* And I'm sure you could do with a woodbine while you're out there; Auntie Iris might pop out for a puff herself in a while, when she's finished boring everyone to tears.

Fitz gratefully makes to leave, ignoring the stony stares from the still-trapped Sally and the Doctor. He looks down at Canine and pats his thigh: the dog leaps off Iris's lap and gallops out ahead of him.

68. EXT. THE DOCTOR'S GARDEN. NIGHT.

By the time Fitz comes out, Aja'ib in one hand, cigarette in the other, the dog is munching on something in the herb garden.

FITZ: Hey, boy, stop eating the wild thyme! Hey – whatever your name is! *(Mutters.)* Something tautological.

The dog cocks his head and then replies to him in a light, pleasant voice, tinged with world-weariness.

CANINE: Canine. It's purely descriptive. Nothing tautological about it at all.

FITZ: You can talk!

CANINE: Why should that be such a surprise to you? Look at that book you're reading.

FITZ: This old thing? It's all fantasy.

CANINE: Yeah, yeah.

FITZ: But it is! Look at the things it talks about. All of it is meaningless. The Shaft, the Obverse ... the Enclave. Those terms make perfect sense in the book ... but not in the everyday, the rational world outside this book.

CANINE: Oh? Listen, Fitz. Learn to think of all these things as stories. And stories can't contradict each other because, in the end, they're all made up. Nothing can take precedence then. All right?

FITZ: I'm not sure what you're on about.

CANINE: Well, you reckon the world you live in takes precedence over the world you're reading about. So you've established a hierarchy, yes?

FITZ: Of course! I'd be out of my tree not to!

CANINE: Maybe. But think how happy you might be if you didn't have to make those choices about what you should invest belief in. Here in the Obverse you can think of it all as a kind of fugue.

FITZ: Fugue?

CANINE: Yes. No contradictions any more. Every story holding equal sway. It means there are always alternatives. And it means no natural ending.

Fitz takes his last drag on his cigarette and grinds it out on the windowsill.

FITZ: I don't believe it.

CANINE: No?

FITZ: No. One reality has to be more valid than the other. It has to be realer.

CANINE: Well ... what if you found out that the one you're in was the less real one? What if you found out that you yourself are less than real?

FITZ: *(laughing)* You're one hell of a dog! Do you know that?

CANINE: *(primly)* Oh, yes.

69. INT. THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

There is a lull in conversation at the table. Iris is sampling port and staring with beady eyes through the French doors at the dim silhouette of Fitz's back. Sally seems lost in a contented postprandial glow; the Doctor looks nervous. At length he turns to Sally.

DOCTOR: I did read your book, you know. Every bit of it. I read it twice. I stayed up two nights running with it. Sat up in bed, afraid to go to sleep.

SALLY: *(shocked)* Then why did you lie to me? Back there in the kitchen?

DOCTOR: I don't know.

He yelps in pain and clutches his leg.

IRIS: Are you all right?

DOCTOR: It's my leg.

She peers under the table.

IRIS: You should see a doctor.

DOCTOR: It's very hard, when someone you know writes something. Especially when it implicates you. And you have to say what you think. I mean, what if it wasn't what you expected ... or you're disappointed?

SALLY: I just want your honest opinion. I'd respect that.

DOCTOR: I was afraid to go to sleep because of the dreams I'd been getting. But the dreams I'd been getting were just like your book. How did you know, Sally? How did you know what went on in my head? The Men of Glass with their ruby hearts, the Scarlet Queen of Jam, the Mock Turtle, the Bearded Lady, the savage owls, the angel boy, the demoniac elephant – all from my dreams; the ones I was meant to suppress.

SALLY: *(simply)* I made it all up.

IRIS: *(tipsily)* Darling, there's no such thing.

70. INT. THE BUS.

The Doctor is poised by the doors.

DOCTOR: Iris, take us back! Now!

As Iris materialises, the vortex fades, the doors open and he hurls himself out –

71. EXT. WOODLAND. NIGHT.

– only to find himself ankle deep in snow, on a woodland track near the edge of the trees, a sharp wind ruffling his hair. The Doctor turns—mouth open, speechless—to Iris, who is stepping down from the bus. Fitz follows, huddling inside the Doctor’s scarf again.

IRIS: I’m sorry, Doctor.

DOCTOR: You did it on purpose! You stopped me helping everyone!

FITZ: *(to Iris)* Did you?

IRIS: There was no way I could *really* get back to that exact moment. He should have known that. I saved our necks. Isn’t that enough?

DOCTOR: *(roaring)* No! I could have done it! I could have stopped this war!

IRIS: *(shaking her head firmly)* No. You can’t *always* win. It had to go on. The universe and its Obverse – you can’t impose yourself between them.

DOCTOR: I don’t know what you’ve done!

IRIS: It’s your TARDIS you should blame, lovey. Or your little friend Romana and her cronies in the Celestial Intervention Agency. But not me. You think it’s coincidence you keep getting plonked right in the middle of all these dimensional disturbances encroaching on your precious Earth?

DOCTOR: What are you saying?

IRIS: I’m saying your own ship knows more than you do ... it knows what’s going to happen – what *has* to happen. It’s heard the scuttlebutt on the TARDIS grapevine; it’s doing the rounds, trying to prove itself, and all that Gallifreyan telepathic gossip, wrong. But you *mustn’t* go back to the Obverse, Doctor. You simply *mustn’t*.

He stands limply, looking pathetically at her like a jilted lover.

DOCTOR: I don’t even know who you are any more.

She puts her arms around him.

IRIS: I’m just glad I could save your life. All our lives. That’s enough for me.

He pulls back, now regressing to infantile rage.

DOCTOR: I *want* to go into the Obverse. You know about it. Tell me how to get there!

IRIS: No, Doctor. I’ve sorted it out – just so that you *don’t* have to go there.

The Doctor stares lividly at Iris: her expression is kindly but defiant. At length he breaks her gaze.

DOCTOR: Fitz! We’re leaving.

FITZ: *(hurrying to the Doctor’s side)* How? I mean, where are we?

The Doctor points through a gap in the trees. At the bottom of a steep hill is the mall, the lights of Tyneside an orange miasma beyond. The mall blazes with late-night shopping lights. At the near corner of the car park stands the TARDIS.

How did you know?

DOCTOR: *(ignoring him)* I’m going now, Iris.

IRIS: *(nods)* One day you’ll see. There are things we really can’t get in the way of.

DOCTOR: Perhaps one day you'll care enough to explain to me.

IRIS: *(tears in her eyes)* I will – I do. Gods, if you don't know that already, you ought to. Doctor, one day you'll sit and listen to me, and I'll tell you the whole lot. Everything. One day you'll stay with me long enough.

DOCTOR: *(not without tenderness)* Iris ... I don't think I want to stay with you that long ... not just yet.

Iris watches them go down the hill and climb over a fence. The Doctor pauses. She waves once; but he does not look back. Slowly she climbs into the bus.

72. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.

The Doctor wanders in, disconsolately. He picks up his black overcoat, which Romana has left draped on his damask chair, and pulls it on, as though suddenly chilled. Fitz moves to stand quietly at his side; the Doctor smiles wearily at him.

DOCTOR: I've got to look again at the people I trust, Fitz. I never used to be so ... gullible. Pliable.

FITZ: Does that just apply to Iris? *(Acidly.)* Or does it apply to our dearly departed President Romana, too?

DOCTOR: I hate the feeling that *either* of them knows something I don't, something that they're not telling me. *(Smiling wryly.)* Iris especially.

He moves over to the control table.

It's like something hanging over my head.

He seems uncertain about what to do next, staring down at the winking lights of the controls. The TARDIS console chatters and whistles, as though trying to reassure him. Fitz leans against one of the iron girders and fishes in his pocket for a woodbine.

FITZ: Don't you wish – just sometimes – we lived a quieter life?

73. INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

Fitz has fallen asleep with his book, on one side of the fire; Sally has passed out, wine glass perched precariously on her belly, on the chaise-longue, Canine snoozing in the crook of her arm. Iris is sitting in the wing chair opposite Fitz, regarding the Doctor, who is at the window, looking up at the stars through a small gap in the curtains.

DOCTOR: Nights like these leave you prey to the demands of numberless worlds. They sparkle and gleam and try to seduce and lure you into places you'd only dream about otherwise. They tell you that this town isn't the only one where you might live.

IRIS: *(pulling a tartan rug of her legs and getting up)* I'm off for a midnight walk. It's something I often do. Will you join me?

She marches out. The Doctor stays for a moment, staring up at a silver skein in the sky – which then fades like an aeroplane trail. He pulls the curtains to.

DOCTOR: Why not?

74. INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE, HALL. NIGHT.

By the time he gets out, Iris has stripped off her clothes, and is standing starkers on the welcome mat. The Doctor tries to avert his eyes.

IRIS: Oh, didn't I mention I used to be a naturalist? Don't be bashful! You should try it. Come on, cast off your Edwardian finery, Doctor!

Before the Doctor has time to say no, she is helping him off with his velvet coat. Suddenly gripped with enthusiasm, he begins to strip more rapidly. Both of them are now giggling like school children. Iris folds his clothes neatly as he discards them.

75. EXT. PARK. NIGHT.

Iris and the Doctor plough through the snow, illuminated by a filtered moon, with clouds periodically scudding across it.

DOCTOR: Strange how warm I'm starting to feel.

IRIS: See? Don't you wish you'd done this before?

He is walking slightly unevenly, with a suggestion of a limp. She looks down at his left leg.

Something's growing in there.

DOCTOR: That's what I've been thinking.

IRIS: It needs letting out.

DOCTOR: How?

She reaches up into the branches of the dark tree next to them, and snaps off the sharpest, most jagged icicle she can see.

What are you doing?

She bends with a grunt, and seizes his leg, plunging the diamond-sharp icicle into his flesh. The blood runs freely. She makes a long incision, and pulls something out from beneath the subcutaneous fat and between the calf muscles. It moves slightly. Iris continues to pull, freeing whatever it is. She cups it in her bloodied hands, much as one might hold an injured bird.

IRIS: He comes from the Enclave, a space filled with Corridors in which he was free. A space between two worlds. He has to stay free to move between those worlds.

The Doctor grips his leg.

We'd better get you home. And I can stitch that leg. I'm a dab hand.

DOCTOR: But what is it? What are you holding?

She opened both her palms to reveal a very, very small boy, all of blue. As he dries, wings are shaking loose and fledging out. She steps back and holds her hands aloft.

IRIS: Off you go.

As they watch, the tiny blue angel takes off and soars into the black sky.