

Erasure
for 'DOCTOR WHO'
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INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

Sparkling amber energy bursts from The Doctor's body, whizzing through the TARDIS, as hands become older, frame becomes thinner, and shoulders stretch as they regenerate.

The energy rises up The Doctor, focusing solely on his head, faint amber trails closing in tightly to form a blinding sphere of light. Just as suddenly as it began, the energy spins away into nothingness, leaving a new face resting on The Doctor.

A face with eyes which cast slowly downward from hope to confusion, and from excitement to fear.

The Doctor loses strength in his legs and falls to the ground. Weak hands grip the TARDIS console, pulling him slowly back up.

The Doctor laughs sharply, in despair, as his body fails him.

But slowly his expression turns to terror, as The Doctor looks inward to find his mind, as never before -

completely empty.

In silence The Doctor stumbles from the TARDIS console, down a corridor he has paced a thousand times, yet scarcely recognises. The mechanical whirrs and hums of the TARDIS are harsh and disorientating to the Doctor, his vision flickering in and out of focus as doorways and hatches come into view, beckoning to rooms beyond.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR

The bright corridor stretches and twists forwards, an endless array of doors and pathways lining its walls.

The Doctor drags himself forward, eyes jolting from side to side as spectacular, overwhelming views draw his panicked gaze:

Of luxurious bedrooms and beautiful lounges, twisted to enormity,

Of glistening stone chambers cut in twisted, alien curves,

Of vast hoards of objects, items spilling out of endless drawers and shelves,

The corridor lights grow dimmer as The Doctor staggers through the TARDIS's maze. The only light now is from the door windows, which too grow smaller, now shining out in spotlights, which cast hard shadows on The Doctor's bewildered face.

The Doctor bumps and crashes into walls and doorways now alien to him, and distracted, he crashes into a door at the end of the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - OLD CONSOLE ROOM

An old console room, powered down, now surrounds The Doctor. He breaks into a stumbling run, doors bursting open automatically, leading to older and older console rooms in the TARDIS.

Sounds and echoes blend into cacophony as we follow The Doctor through a route laid out for him by open doors.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS HALLWAY

Suddenly the noises stop. The Doctor finds himself in a dim hallway, with a dark, battered door before him, with no window, its front simply labelled 'WORKSHOP IN PROGRESS,' and 'NO ENTRY' scribbled below it. The lettering is nearly faded from its sheer age. It is deathly silent.

Naturally the Doctor enters.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS WORKSHOP

Dust covers every surface of the dark room, particles caught dancing in the dim light as The Doctor cautiously opens the door. He searches for a light switch, and finds a giant lever screwed to the wall, which he pulls down, rust scraping in the mechanism.

Warm, thin filaments glow from dusty bulbs, and illuminate the room. As the Doctor blows away the dust, he sees that the room is oddly small; it's a workshop. Hundreds of tools are lining its cramped walls, hung by nails.

Old metal machines, and modest oak desks are squeezed underneath, adorned with worn, yet delicate dials and mechanisms, which begin to light up from long needed power.

The Doctor brushes away the dust from a seat, and sits.

Once again he looks inward, struggling to see anything at all.

Nothing.

There's a sudden noise from the corner cupboard.

The Doctor jolts up with a start, muscles tensed, hands splayed forwards.

Another noise, some kind of mechanical movement hitting the cupboard door.

Slowly, The Doctor edges forwards, grabbing a hammer from the wall.

Another noise, now louder.

The Doctor is at the cupboard, his hand now on the door. He is shaking uncontrollably.

With a desperate and final snap of muscle The Doctor opens the door.

It's a robot. It looks dead. It's heavily damaged too.

Slight relief smooths The Doctor's expression.

But with a jolt the robot comes to life, eyes alight with a green pulse. It stares directly into the Doctor's soul.

Brief silence.

KAMELION
(cold, cutting)
There's nothing left, is there?

THE DOCTOR
(barely able to speak)
I, I don't-

The robot stares coldly. It's joints begin to whirr as it pulls its broken body upright. It stands, hunched, one leg limp. It looks up once again to The Doctor.

KAMELION
You were going to- / - fix me- /-
800 years- /- ago.

The Doctor tries to stutter out an answer, but fails. The robot yanks a large cord from its chest, and begins to limp away.

KAMELION (CONT'D)
(looking back)
Follow. If you want to know.

The Doctor, after trying to comprehend the situation, nods slowly.

The broken old robot lumbers forward, back out into the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - RED HALLWAY

The hall has changed, however. It is now lined with deep red velvet, and two new corridors stretch ahead, one dim, the other pitch black.

KAMELION
(repressing deep anger)
Look in 'Records'. I'm going to
waste disposal, to savour my new
sense of disrepair.

The broken old robot shuffles his rusted limbs away into the dim corridor, its syncopated footsteps fading slowly away into the hushed echoes of the TARDIS.

Beside the black corridor The Doctor sees the sign:
'RECORDS ROOM:-/- CATEGORY: LIFE -/- SUBJECT: TIME LORD -/-
OCCUPATION: DOCTOR -/- NAME:##### who?'

The word 'who,' unlike the others, has been written in by hand, next to something that has been covered by paint.

The Doctor brushes his fingers across the sign, his nail catching on the paint, and begins to scratch away at what covers his name. A light shines from ahead. The Doctor, torn, leaves the sign and walks on, slowly, into -

INT. TARDIS - THE RECORDS ROOM

There's a person in the room. A wooden person, motionless, and stood inside a recess cut into the wall, which illuminates him like a museum piece. He is wearing tweed trousers, and a navy blue jacket, a dark ribbon bow tie spilling onto his cream waistcoat. An oddly shaped fur hat covers slick silver hair.

The Doctor stares intently at the figure, his head tilting in curiosity at the novel costume.

Suddenly pink holographic features flash onto the mannequin, shrewd, bright eyes opening with a start. The figure has come to life.

FIRST DOCTOR

Hello, hello! You're looking rather short this time, don't you think? Ha ha! I can't see you of course, merely making assumptions. Correct assumptions, mind you, boy.

He wags his finger pointedly at the Doctor.

Well anyway, what in the dickens is going on, you've probably just said to Susan. Hope you're doing well, my dear!

The FIRST DOCTOR waves to empty space.

Well, you see, I thought I'd make something of a document of myself, if you'll indulge me. Don't want you forgetting *me* old boy! I hope you've retained some of my dignity, but in the likely event that you've discarded it, I've got some things for you to remember.

He retrieves a crumpled piece of paper from his jacket pocket.

Right, yes yes, what do we have here.. Ah yes, number one: you will see many faces and people come and go, so MOVE ON. Don't want you dwelling on the past. Next, let's see, ah yes - this infernal character you liked to play when you were younger, arrogant and proud, ignorant and - awful lot of good it did you young man; yes, it'll never get you far, playing the idol. Play the fool who needs to learn! Something I've nearly perfected myself. Pick up a damn book once in a while! It took a long time to get a nice selection for you, take care of them my dear.

He gives a wry wink.

I shall keep this brief because you're attention's most probably on something else - yes, of course it is - Just a brief warning for you then. You see this infernal machine of mine -

He gestures outwards, referencing the TARDIS.

Has made a - problematic analysis, having to do with myself, yes. I suppose it serves us - serves *me* right for being a damn coward...

He hesitates before continuing.

Our regeneration cycle is - flawed, slightly. Nothing much to worry about mind you, not for a long while at least, young time lord!

The Doctor looks at himself to see a weary body.

FIRST DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Every time you regenerate, that brain of yours has to clean itself a little to stay in working order. Give your new self a bit of space to work with, you see. Well there's a small part of our mind that can't do it, stays the same. Insignificant, yes, insignificant amount of course. But that part of you will grow old, and weary. And won't heal. I have some good news though! A bit of luck really, found it in the er, library, yes yes.

The First Doctor pulls up a book, and puts on some spectacles to read from it.

It appears that when a Time-Lord's mind is damaged or destroyed, it can be regrown during regeneration. This infernal machine can do it for you actually, just tell it which bit to burn so it can grow back again. Be tad painful I suppose, but would make this problem go away indefinitely!

(MORE)

FIRST DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So in the frankly improbable circumstance I haven't, in my undying generosity, done this for you already just before, or perhaps just after, yes, there'd be residual energy, yes - you must do it after, for me - for us, dear Doctor! Otherwise I might risk much greater damage, yes - It'll take you a couple of hours maximum I should suppose, yes. Well, anyway,

He looks down in brief guilt or contemplation, The Doctor cannot tell.

FIRST DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Goodbye.

The figure reaches up to press something in thin air, and then, suddenly, is once more a mannequin. As The Doctor walks forward, the second half-pipe shaped alcove lights up, A new mannequin alive, clothes more decrepit and a jet black mop of hair.

SECOND DOCTOR

Hello, probably don't have as much time as before, I went on a bit, didn't I? Anyway, all's good with me, I'm afraid I didn't have the wits about me to perform the procedure after regeneration, I think the plan was lost somewhat as our mind was making space for me, so we'll have to wait until next time - the resistant brain matter hasn't spread much at all, actually, so the idea should be much the same as my predecessor suggested. Anyway, yes of course, I suppose my lessons would be -

The Doctor moves, more hurriedly now, to the next mannequin. It wears frills and velvet.

THIRD DOCTOR

Perhaps if I hadn't been banished to earth for most of my life I might have had a chance to get this over with, and there's no point complaining about it, it's doubled in size now so I don't want any excuses.

(MORE)

THIRD DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I've placed a button on the TARDIS console to perform the function automatically, so you just have to press it after you regenerate. If that's not too difficult, Doctor. I have no lessons, except that you better not mess up the work I've put into your apparel, Doctor.

The Doctor moves on, now desperate to learn the conclusion of this. A lengthy scarf whirls as the next hologram plays.

FOURTH DOCTOR

-It's a risky business, being a Time-Lord. I'm afraid that, considering the necessity of the memories you seem to want to destroy, I wasn't able to perform the procedure, which had a good chance of properly killing me. However, I may have found an alternative solution, involving some new technology - so I might advise not burning your brain off just yet, or at least not before I make the idea of it obsolete. I'll see you make a full recovery!

He gives a toothy grin, and fades back into a still mannequin. The next mannequin seems less secure of himself.

FIFTH DOCTOR

-Look, I thought I could forget about this problem, but it seems whatever methods have been tried in the past have failed. It's at least 30% that's resistant now. I mean, as far as I'm concerned, unless we reach some ludicrous age like 1600 this shouldn't be an issue anyway!-

SIXTH DOCTOR

-Your safety is not *my* responsibility! Nor should I be obliged to create some obfuscated plan to perform a very delicate procedure on a brain that has done nothing but excel itself for me! Alongside the fact that the task is evidently far more likely to succeed if done *after* regeneration, it's a responsibility for someone other than a Doctor 15 years into a new life!

(MORE)

SIXTH DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Anyway, where was I? Ah yes, chapter 2: I had found myself trapped in a deadly ravine, and perhaps to the other less resourceful in my 'troupe,' seemed in dire straits. But without their knowledge, you see, I had managed to...

The Doctor moves faster through the corridor, yet another mannequin adds to the now building cacophony of voices all speaking over each other.

SEVENTH DOCTOR

I don't think you take this as seriously as you should, Doctor. It is quite probable your age is not what you think it is. Be warned. If you leave this too long, it will be dire.-

Another mannequin jumps to life.

EIGHTH DOCTOR

- I've made a fresh start. So few Time-Lords have ever reached the age we are suggesting; for us to worry about it this much is, time wasting. -

NINTH DOCTOR

-Since when did Time-Lords care about their own futures? I haven't seen any others of you care, you just criticise like you always do. I agree, forget about this, just forget it.-

TENTH DOCTOR

-This shouldn't be an issue, should it? I mean I'm feeling great, better than ever, this can't be as bad as you lot are talking about! Anyway, I'm busy, busy busy busy, so, uh, I'll see you around. Good luck.

ELEVENTH DOCTOR

I have fixed it! Yes, ladies and gentlemen, one and all, the problem has been fixed, thank you! Okay, some notes. 1. Bow ties-

TWELFTH DOCTOR

-It is definitely - not - fixed! I mean how, OF ALL THE STUPID THINGS, did this happen? I mean I've got no reason to change now, have I? I'm close to it now, the point where if nothing changes it's irreversible, so why bother? Seeing as you all never did-

The cacophony of voices reaches a crescendo, all of The Doctor's speaking over each other, shouting quips and catchphrases that blend into a blur of sound.

The final alcove lights, and suddenly, the rest are silent. The last hologram is looking downwards in shame.

THIRTEENTH DOCTOR

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I don't think I really acknowledged even the idea that this day would come. If you are watching this, you'll have lost at least ninety six percent of your memory. Permanently. You've still got your brain, I suppose there's that. The potential for greatness is still there, but almost all memory of who you are, won't be. I've had to automate the process through the TARDIS, so when you regenerated, your brain will have been mostly destroyed. -

She looks around.

THIRTEENTH DOCTOR (CONT'D)

-Look, I have to go. I'm sorry it had to be like this, really I am. Also, you won't be able to use the sonic, the telepathic link has been lost. I'm sorry. Good - goodbye.

The projection fades into a motionless mannequin once more, it's costume identical to The Doctor's.

He looks to see all of the other mannequins are holding a sonic screwdriver, apart from the one in front of him. He reaches into his pocket to find it still there, but as he attempts to use it, the iconic noise slows, and the sonic glows a deep red, now completely useless. He reluctantly places it in the hand of the mannequin.

The Doctor looks back to the row of mannequins, and begins to walk past them. As he does, new, empty mannequins light up before him.

The Doctor breaks into a stumbled run, mannequin after mannequin lighting his way.

Suddenly the room grows even brighter.

A new row of empty mannequins above the rest flashes alight, and one by one the wall reveals endless rows of empty mannequins stacked on top of each other, the endless capacity of the Doctor's life towering in front of him, ominous music swelling.

J CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY

The Doctor is sat in a large oak desk amongst the vast bookshelves of the library, poring over several books, one titled: 'The story of the Time Lords'.

We see several files of newspapers with headlines of his past adventures, one line reads: 'One point of note that the authorities will surely want to thoroughly investigate are the several reports from onlookers of a strange man who fled the scene very shortly after, giving only his name: The Doctor'

CLOSE UP OF 'STRANGE MAN' 'GIVING ONLY HIS NAME' AND 'THE DOCTOR'

He looks through more newspapers, seeing more headlines

CLOSE UP OF 'MYSTERIOUS POLICE BOX DISAPPEARS AFTER DISASTER AVERTED' AND 'ARE ALIENS TO BLAME?'

We see dusty drawers, The Doctor's hand falls on a small photograph of himself and Susan in front of the TARDIS. Turning it over he sees the name 'Susan' written. He mouths the name silently as if trying to comprehend it.

MONTAGE OF READING BOOKS

-The Doctor walks with trepidation past dimly lit bookshelves. He picks up a torch from a table, casting a light across the shelves which illuminates certain titles: 'How to travel safely in time and relative dimensions', and 'Gallifreyan fragments: a lost race', which he pulls out.

- He reads pages lined with Gallifreyan text, surrounding a printed illustration of Time-Lords, outfitted in their traditional gowns.

- While reading 'Species of Ursa Minor and the greater nebula,' he sees pictures of Zygons, Macra, and Ice Warriors.

-He sees pictures of people disappearing after bumping into someone due to the 'causality' of time, stating 'Chapter 1: being aware of your surroundings' 'Chapter 2: How to avoid Agents of Time'.

- Whilst leafing through 'A history of the Time War, the chronological edition', he sees a picture of a Dalek, and a sharp memory of their terror flashes across The Doctor.

- Finally, after many hours of reading and studying, The Doctor gets up to leave the library.

As The Doctor tries to open the door, it hits something hidden behind it, making a soft bump. The Doctor looks to find a large black book, labelled -

'TARDIS MANUAL, TYPE 40'.

He places the book carefully on the desk, and he opens it, pictures of components and controls filling its pages.

CLOSE UP OF TEXT 'TIME TRAVEL MACHINE' 'USING TRANS-DIMENSIONAL ENGINEERING' 'BIGGER INTERIOR THAN EXTERIOR'

He reaches the chapter 'Room layout for the Type 40 TARDIS, [automatically redrawn in case of redecoration]'

He finds a map, showing many different rooms. His finger traces a route that leads to a library. It's the library he is in.

The Doctor looks around. Then quickly back to the manual.

The Doctor traces another path, which leads from the library to a vast room titled 'MAIN CONTROL ROOM, AND EXIT'.

The Doctor lifts the book up and breaks into a run.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR

The Doctor speeds through the TARDIS, consulting the TARDIS MANUAL which is open in his hands, illuminated by torch light. After many twists and turns, he finally finds -

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The Doctor walks through darkness, consulting the TARDIS MANUAL in torchlight to make sure this is the right place.

He walks into a dark shape with dim lights blinking across it, the silhouettes of dials and switches visible.

The TARDIS console.

The Doctor reaches out and rests his hand on the console, and suddenly, light erupts through the room, revealing a vast space, the music swelling to fill it.

Platforms and doorways are held up by slim columns that are extended from a great engine, which begins to rotate the platform that the central console is on. Filament bulbs hang from the far above, their light never quite reaching the TARDIS walls. Platforms and corridors spin around the the Doctor.

The Doctor is amazed, eyes wide as he takes in the vast, intimidating spectacle of the TARDIS.

He sees the TARDIS door, its windows beckoning.

The Doctor places the TARDIS MANUAL on the console, and begins to walk towards the exit of this strange place.

He reaches the edge of the disc which houses the console, a narrow platform now extending to the door, black void below.

Panels on the platform light up one by one, beckoning to the exit.

The Doctor walks cautiously. Nervously.

He reaches the door. All seems quiet now. He looks back to the console room, then to his mind, a memory trying to get through.

He opens the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The TARDIS door opens, and the Doctor is exposed to the terrifying beauty of space. He's awestruck. Amazed, his face edges forward, out of the doorway. He looks left and right at the beautiful abyss. He edges further out, his hand reaching out into the stars. He pushes through something - a forcefield.

The Doctor's hand begins to freeze over, now truly exposed to space. He pulls back instinctively, but seal of the field breaks, and the vacuum of space begins violently pulling the air out of the TARDIS.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The Doctor strains his muscles to pull back from the doorway, his hair and clothes blasted forward by the air escaping.

Barely strong enough, The Doctor just manages to close the door.

The force of it closing throws the Doctor backwards, falling off the narrow platform and barely able to hang onto its edge.

The dark depths of the TARDIS's machinations rasp and grate below him, The Doctor's hands struggling to keep hold of the platform's ledge as it spins around the console, its centripetal force pulling him back.

The Doctor hears syncopated footsteps grow louder and louder, and he freezes in place.

POV SHOT FROM DOCTOR'S PERSPECTIVE;

Metal ankles come into view on the ledge, and as we slowly tilt up we see Kamelion's inscrutable face looking back.

CLOSE UP OF DOCTOR'S FACE, AN EXPRESSION OF SUPPLICATION

Kamelion walks back from the ledge to the console, and with a click the rotation stops. The Doctor is able to get up and dust himself off.

KAMELION

(resting on the console)

It appears you have forgotten the nature of this machine.

THE DOCTOR
 (turning away in
 embarrassment)
 Seems like it.

KAMELION
 I shall have to teach you.

THE DOCTOR
 (sincere)
 Well, thank you - I - I never asked
 your name.

KAMELION
 I do not have a name. Merely a
 model. I am a 'Kamelion' android.

THE DOCTOR
 Oh.

KAMELION
 (oblivious)
 There is much to do if you wish to
 pilot this ship. I see you have
 found the Manual, what do you know
 so far?

THE DOCTOR
 (sincere)
 Well, this is a - time machine, as
 I take it, that's my - home, too.
 It seems rather large for a home.
 And I go around helping people, or
 helping Time, I'm not sure which
 yet. The outside is small,
 unremarkable, but the inside is -
 endless. And, from what I've read,
 it seems Time works differently
 when you're inside here. You can
 travel forward a - million years
 outside, and only age a day in
 here.
 And the worlds out there don't,
 don't fit with us. We're on our
 own, looking over all of Time.

The Doctor looks at Kamelion's aged, rusty body, and his own
 weary self.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 And it's looking back at us. Even
 in a Time machine we can't escape
 it. Is that right?

KAMELION

(solemn)

Yes.

THE DOCTOR

I - I suppose we oughtn't waste it then. What's first?

Kamelion swiftly operates the controls, and the TARDIS begins to move, the corridors and platforms surrounding it spinning once more, like the gears of a clock on overdrive.

We spin faster and faster around the console-

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM - LATER

We spin around the console as Kamelion instructs The Doctor opposite him.

KAMELION

The TARDIS is not simply a time machine. It cannot control time, nor does Time control it. A delicate balance must be achieved. The TARDIS works by exploiting the fundamental properties of the time vortex, namely the temporal waves that move through it. With an experienced pilot, the TARDIS is able to harness these waves. However, put the TARDIS in the hands of a novice, and it can become a slave to the powerful currents of space-time. Simply engage manoeuvres at the wrong moment, and the careful balance we have attained is lost. You must work *with* the pulsing forces of the time vortex, not against them.

THE DOCTOR

(slowly dawning on him)

It's like we're dancing to the rhythms of the universe.

KAMELION

Yes, I suppose it is. Now, let's try something else.

(MORE)

KAMELION (CONT'D)

I've positioned the TARDIS above the surface of an M class planet, one that you knew know quite well, before. I want you to lock on to these co-ordinates and execute a materialisation, you know what to do.

The Doctor nods, and begins a well-rehearsed procedure of pressing switches and pulling levers.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET

The TARDIS begins to materialise on a quiet city street. An old man, sitting outside a newsagents, is amazed by the sight and rushes inside to tell all.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The Doctor steps back from the console with pride, the TARDIS's familiar sound growing louder.

An odd clicking sound attracts The Doctor back to the console however. An analogue readout of 'longitude' begins to click westward, '0.127804' becoming '0.127805', increasing faster and faster, the numbers now whirring past.

THE DOCTOR

(concerned)

Uhh, what's going on?

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET

As the TARDIS warps quickly in and out of reality, struggling to fully materialise, it begins to move.

The TARDIS slides down the street, and as the old man returns with others to see, it has slid out of sight.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

THE DOCTOR
We're - moving?

KAMELION
(irritated)
No - we're not moving, the Earth
is. You locked on to the
coordinates, but you didn't account
for the fact that - the Earth
rotates.

A screen on the TARDIS console flashes red with the warning
"SPATIAL DOCKING ERROR".

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE

The TARDIS glides through the city, skyscrapers rushing past
on each side, now hovering above the hustle and bustle of the
city street. Far up ahead, a skyscraper stands at the end of
the road, and the TARDIS is speeding up, the familiar sound
of materialisation raising in pitch.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The console blinks in red and amber LEDs, the screen now
flashing "PROXIMITY WARNING", alongside a feed of the
skyscraper fast approaching.

THE DOCTOR
(scared, overwhelmed)
How do I slow down?!

KAMELION
(pedantic)
I think you mean speed up, Doctor.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE

The TARDIS is fast approaching the skyscraper, warping in and
out of existence.

It speeds forward, unwavering in its direction. Crowds stare in shock at the flying, flashing box in the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

THE DOCTOR
(shocked)
SPEED UP?!

The proximity warning beeps faster and faster.

KAMELION
Relatively speaking, Doctor. It's
which direction you speed up in
that's important.

The Doctor looks down in panic at the console, eyes darting across the controls. A moment of calm however points his eyes to a readout titled "DIMENSIONAL FLUX", its needle moving left and right in sync with the noise of the TARDIS materialising.

The Doctor's hand rests on a lever below. He's waiting.

He's watching the proximity sensor as it beeps and counts down distance to impact, "2000 metres, 1900 metres, 1800 metres..", and also watching the pulse of the "DIMENSIONAL FLUX" needle. We can hear their sounds are out of time with each other.

Kamelion peers past the console's central column in confusion at what The Doctor is doing.

The Doctor tilts the lever upward.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE

The TARDIS, flashing and warping, pushes forward even faster, now spinning and tilting slightly due to its new-found speed.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The vast engines of the TARDIS begin to whirr and spin below.

KAMELION

(angry)

I meant backwards. I meant speed up
backwards!

The Doctor glances back at Kamelion, a glimmer of thrill in his eyes.

THE DOCTOR

I know, I just don't think there's
enough time. I'm testing something.

His hand slams the lever fully upwards.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE

There's a BOOM as the TARDIS breaks the sound barrier,
zooming ever closer to the skyscraper blocking its path.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The Doctor stares intensely at the console readouts,
adjusting the lever in tiny amounts, trying to synchronise
the pulsing from the PROXIMITY readout and the wiping of the
DIMENSIONAL FLUX dial. It isn't working.

KAMELION

(passive aggressive)

What you are doing, is going to
crash us.

THE DOCTOR

Well can't you help?

He glances to Kamelion. Kamelion stares blankly back, with his flickering green eyes.

The Doctor closes his own eyes in frustration, focusing purely on the sounds of the readouts. Slowly bringing the pulses closer to each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE

The TARDIS zooms ever closer, now spinning faster-

CUT TO:

INT. SKYSCRAPER OFFICE

Through the window, we can see the TARDIS zooming towards an expansive office floor.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The PROXIMITY readout says "COLLISION IMMINENT". The pulses are now in sync.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE

The TARDIS zooms into the skyscraper, warping out of reality just before hitting it.

CUT TO:

INT. SKYSCRAPER OFFICE

An office worker notices a small gust of wind blowing at the papers on her desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE

The TARDIS speeds out of the skyscraper, just barely escaping it before re-materialising.

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The PROXIMITY readout now states "CRISIS AVERTED" in bright green. The beeping has stopped.

The Doctor opens his eyes, and heaves a sigh of relief.

KAMELION
You still need to land, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR
(no longer relieved)
What?

KAMELION
You haven't completed your task.
You have merely evaded a problem
you yourself created.

THE DOCTOR
(looking with annoyance)
Wha- Uh, fine, right.

The Doctor looks to the TARDIS Manual, quickly flicking through the pages.

KAMELION
If you do not wish to collide with
another building, I suggest you
lock the TARDIS to the earth's
rotation.

THE DOCTOR
Yes yes, alright.

The Doctor pulls the lever from before all the way downwards.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY MOTORWAY

Above the road, the TARDIS slows, now moving at the speed of the cars below.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The Doctor looks to see the TARDIS is still moving, even at max reverse speed.

THE DOCTOR
(confused)
We're still moving.

KAMELION
Yes, we are.

THE DOCTOR
So how do I stop? The control's at
max reverse!

KAMELION

You need to redistribute power to the vector engines.

THE DOCTOR

And how do I do that?

KAMELION

This is not my test, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

Just tell me!

KAMELION

...You need to be fully materialised to redistribute power.

THE DOCTOR

Wha - and how do I materialise?!

KAMELION

You need to be locked to land on earth to secure the materialisation.

THE DOCTOR

But we're still moving!

KAMELION

Yes.

THE DOCTOR

What?! Are there any other options?

KAMELION

This is your test, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

Urgh! Right - I can't land without stopping, I can't stop without materialising, and I can't materialise without landing. Great! I guess I'll just have to do two at once then-

The Doctor slams the "HEIGHT VECTOR" control.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY MOTORWAY

The TARDIS lowers slightly to see the road below. It's busy, the cars are caught in traffic.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The Doctor can see red dots pulsing on the TARDIS screen corresponding with cars on the motorway.

THE DOCTOR

Too busy. Needs to be quieter.

KAMELION

What are you doing?

THE DOCTOR

Improvising.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY MOTORWAY

The TARDIS lifts up again and speeds onward.

FADE TO:

EXT. SEASIDE SUBURBS

The TARDIS is now over a small seaside town, and it breaks its smooth movement through the sky, now spinning downwards, still breathing in and out of reality.

A pleasant town with quiet streets gets ever closer below.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

KAMELION

I would not advise this.

THE DOCTOR

Well you do something then.

Kamelion does nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASIDE SUBURBS

The TARDIS descends to street level, speeding through the quiet streets. Houses rush towards the TARDIS on either side.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The Doctor sees more proximity warnings on the readout, and grabs two joysticks.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASIDE SUBURBS

The TARDIS performs a kind of stumbling ballet as it tries to weave through the streets. Houses knock into it, and some it phases through without trouble.

For one house the TARDIS re-materialises whilst going through its side, and a chunk of bricks are eaten out of the house wall-

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

Part of a brick wall appears in the TARDIS, and immediately falls into the depths surrounding the console.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASIDE SUBURBS

The TARDIS centres itself on a straight road, empty except for a cyclist in front, wearing full gear, Lycra, sunglasses and snack pack on his back. The TARDIS grinds against the road, sparks flying. The cyclist assumes the TARDIS is a car and waves for it to pass him.

CYCLIST
(waving forwards)
Go ahead!

Despite the grating of the TARDIS against the ground, it edges closer to the cyclist.

CYCLIST (CONT'D)
 (shouting over the wind)
 GO PAST, GO PAST!

The TARDIS bumps the back of the cyclist's bike just as it becomes solid. The cyclist begins zigzagging across the road.

CYCLIST (CONT'D)
 HEY! WATCH IT!

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The Doctor, looking at the cyclists annoyed face on the screen, clenches his teeth as he nudges the controls.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASIDE SUBURBS

The TARDIS, whilst immaterial, passes into the back of the bike, and eats the rear wheel as it becomes solid again, rising over the cyclist and whizzing off ahead. The cyclist, now absent a back wheel, tips backwards crashing into the road.

CYCLIST
 HEY! --- ARGH! COME BACK HERE AND
 TAKE WHAT'S COMING TO YOU! ROAD
 COWBOYS!

The TARDIS spins away towards the sea, which we can see just beyond the edge of the town.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The Doctor cringes as he continues to pilot the TARDIS towards the sea.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASIDE PIER

The TARDIS bursts from a street, locked on the long expanse of the pier.

It's base lowers to the pier, and begins churning up the wooden boards, barely struggling to stay upright. As it makes contact with the pier, it finally materialises fully-

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

A light blinks green, and the Doctor is able to plug a cable into another slot, the readout now saying "INCREASED VECTOR POWER" - a lever reveals itself from inside the console, and the Doctor slams on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER - AFTERNOON

The TARDIS grinds heavily to a halt, slowing just enough to land at the very edge of the empty pier, debris from the crash landing tossed into the sea as the TARDIS stops in place.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

Kamelion lowers his metal hand from the console silently.

The Doctor is smiling for the first time since regeneration. He looks to Kamelion and his smile lessens.

KAMELION

Don't disregard my suggestions,
Doctor. You will take longer than I
anticipated to teach.

THE DOCTOR

Well it worked, didn't it?

KAMELION

You were being reckless.
Needlessly. You created a risk from
nothing. You haven't changed.

THE DOCTOR

I could only use what I had - it
was an impossible situation - why
didn't you help?

KAMELION

You never needed it before.

Kamelion limps away, the foot on his bad leg loose, almost coming off.

THE DOCTOR

Do you have a - a manual? You need fixing- I could try and-

KAMELION

(offended)

I am not a machine, Doctor. I am a sentient android. There is a difference.

THE DOCTOR

(irritated)

Well you're not *well*, then. You need medicine, or-

KAMELION

(more offended)

Nor am I a warm being of flesh and blood, requiring constant means of chemical consumption. I am functioning as you left me.

THE DOCTOR

I can help-

KAMELION

You have done more than enough, Doctor.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR

As Kamelion limps angrily away into a corridor, and then another, his foot snaps off, and he slips and collapses, sparking slightly on the ground, green eyes fading and flickering.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The Doctor, hears the muffled crash of Kamelion falling over, but turns back to the TARDIS console. He presses a button by the screen which shows the outside. It looks calm and sunny, so the Doctor walks, slowly, to the TARDIS door.

EXT. PIER - EARLY EVENING

The cold hits the Doctor as he exits the TARDIS. Large waves are now crashing against the shore, tossing up mist into the grim fog that lets only silhouettes of boats and buildings through.

The Doctor walks, buffeted by the wind, confused at the difference between this and what was on the view-screen.

A lone bench sits behind the fog, and the Doctor walks slowly towards it, pulling his lapel upwards to block the cold.

As the Doctor approaches, the fog peels back to reveal a middle-aged woman sitting on the bench, wrapped in cosy woollen garments, watching the sea through small, round spectacles.

She doesn't look up to the Doctor, only to the crashing waves, now strong, now calm, loud crashing turning to deafening quiet, and back and forth, back and forth.

The Doctor takes a seat next to her, looking out onto the folding fabric of the sea. They sit there for a moment, silent. The stranger pulls her scarf from her face.

STRANGER

(in jest)

It's not the kind of weather for that kind of outfit, don't you think?

The Doctor laughs out of courtesy, shivering slightly, arms crossed tightly.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

You should be wearing a coat in this kind of weather.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, Sorry.

STRANGER

You don't need to apologise. I have some - gloves if you want them-

She rummages around in a cloth bag, and finds a hat and some gloves. The Doctor take them after a brief hesitation, putting them on with some relief.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

I'm glad they fit, I made them for my nephew. They were a bit too colourful for him, I think.

THE DOCTOR

Well they're very nice, thank you.

STRANGER

You're welcome. As long as it's appreciated.

They look in out silence over the ceaseless waves.

THE DOCTOR

Do you come here often?

STRANGER

Sorry?

THE DOCTOR

Do, do you come here a lot?

STRANGER

Me, oh yes, helps me clear my mind a bit, and it get's me out of the house, you know. I'm guessing you don't.

THE DOCTOR

I don't know.

The woman looks across slightly confused.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I - I mean - no I don't come here, no.

STRANGER

Well you're here now, aren't you?

Another moment of silence.

THE DOCTOR

Can I ask you something?

STRANGER

Well, It looks like you're going to anyway.

THE DOCTOR

Have you ever, felt like - you don't know who you are anymore? Or you can't remember, what was supposed to *define* you?

STRANGER

Ooh, never, no.

The Doctor looks away a little downhearted.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Why, have you?

THE DOCTOR

..yeah.

STRANGER

(after a pause)

Well go on then.

THE DOCTOR

About what?

STRANGER

About forgetting who you are. You might figure something out from the way you tell it to me, so go on. I'm not going anywhere.

THE DOCTOR

Oh. Well, it's like I've been built on something, from a long time ago. Like I had some kind of idea, or moment, that told me who I was. And now it's been pulled from under me. And all the things I know I did afterwards don't make sense to me, without the thing below them. The reason isn't there, and it's *my* fault. I can't go on without that, surely? Otherwise I'll change, much more than I have before. And maybe even with some memory of the past I could have been closer to who everyone needs me to be. But, it's all been swept away. All of it. And I'm left with an empty head, now. It used to be full, I think. Full of fire, and flare, and stories, and people. But now it's empty. And I'm alone.

The Doctor draws back from his introspection, and looks to the woman.

STRANGER

I think you need a break. You sound like my Silvia, working in that bloomin office. Is that where you work?

The Doctor looks down to his knees.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

(New sense of seriousness)

Look. You want some advice? You can't change what's happened in the past. I know we all want a Time Machine, so we can go back and win the lottery or whatever-

The Doctor glances back to the TARDIS.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

(As she speaks, her voice melds and switches to the voices of all the Doctor's of the past.)

But you know what? If you start changing things like that, you stop caring. If we all had hindsight, I think we'd stop wanting it. You'd know too much. I don't want to know when my husband dies, or I'd never find time to love him, I'd just be thinking about the inevitable. It's a gift, I think, not knowing what will happen. Because with every path, you've got to take life as it comes. You've got to. You can plan all you want but you've got to, at some unexpected moment, stop all that and rely on yourself. And you might feel sad, or worn out sometimes, because of it. But you feel alive, too.

As they look at the sea, the Doctor can see the time vortex within it, pulsing louder and louder in his mind.

It's like the sea out there. You can plan a course across it all you like, but when you get out there you've got to take the waves as they come. And they can take you somewhere you never would have thought of, where you get to be yourself all over again. And it's wonderful.

I think you feel people needed you, or still do. You can do something about that. And if you're very lucky, people might do something back. You'll find your way.

The woman gets up, cloth bag on her shoulder, and begins to walk away into the fog.

THE DOCTOR
(taking off gloves and
hat)
Do you want them back?

STRANGER
Keep them. They're yours. And I'm
sure it'll come back round to me
somehow. If I let it.

The Doctor is left alone on the pier, looking out onto the waves, with a new sense of meaning at their crashing pulse against the shore.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The Doctor walks slowly back into the TARDIS, leaning back on the door after closing it.

He wanders to the console, and a new platform lights up, leading to a doorway. The Doctor, with new confidence, walks on.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR

The Doctor finds himself in the same corridor he was in just after he regenerated.

He looks slowly into the rooms, now taking in all they have to show. His eyes rest on a store room for a while, looking in at all of the items and gadgets stored on its shelves. A certain box jumps out to him. It looks tattered and worn.

As the Doctor walks on he comes to another door, this one much more ostentatious than the rest. As soon as he sees what's inside he rushes in.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS WARDROBE

The Doctor wanders through the vast collection of clothes housed in the room. Clothes he has worn before line the racks upon racks of clothing. The Doctor brushes his hand through them, trying to remember their meaning to him.

As he walks through the maze of clothes, the racks become more scarcely filled, and the clothing becomes much more formal. He walks further and further until he finds a lone rack of clothes, dimly lit in a small alcove of the room, dust covering them.

He walks over to pick them up. The clothes look like some kind of loose uniform, a scuffed black suit and ribbon tie with odd quirks, like extra pockets lining the outside, buttons in unnecessary places, and a lapel with pockets hidden behind it.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR

The Doctor exits the wardrobe, and we see in slow-motion as he walks in his new outfit, dusty, old, and yet it fits him perfectly.

He walks on, and comes to a junction of corridors. As he looks right he sees Kamelion, collapsed on the floor, limbs barely attached, eyes no longer alight.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS WORKSHOP

Kamelion wakes to see the Doctor above him, tinkering away at his body below. His green eyes, once flickering, are now constant and bright. The workshop looks much cleaner now, and feels more alive, the once empty desks now filled with sketches and tools.

THE DOCTOR

Ah! You alright? I couldn't do an awful lot, I thought there might have been schematics or something I could use somewhere, but all I could find were for the TARDIS. So I just re-soldered your battery, I think the connection had rusted away over time - and put you back on charge. The power had been off in here for so long I think you'd ran out of charge. And I tried to oil your joints up a little, too. The foot's still off though, I'm afraid.

The Doctor holds the foot up to Kamelion. Kamelion jerks upright and snaps it out of the Doctor's hand.

KAMELION

You meddled with my circuits? You could have done serious damage to my processing core. I'll have to run a diagnostics.

Kamelion presses a button on the side of dentist's chair, the top of which rises up to support his back.

He pulls his chest open, a great metal heart at its centre, amber crystals pumping what looks like liquid electricity through clear fibres around his body. He presses a switch, and the heart begins to pump slower and faster, the liquid swirling and pumping in enticing patterns.

KAMELION (CONT'D)

Power efficiency improved. Hmm. I still don't forgive you. You're still the one that left me here for all that time.

The Doctor tries to smile away Kamelion's comment.

THE DOCTOR

Of course. So do you have any spare parts anywhere? I think the whole leg might need replacing.

KAMELION

(slight sadness)

Well, yes, I think so. There's an archive, where you used to keep all sorts of items. Spares for the TARDIS, old machines, anything, really, that you weren't going to use for a long time. Things to forget about. It's one of the more evasive rooms, unfortunately. I don't know where it is. It likes to move around a lot, and stay out of the map in the manual.

THE DOCTOR

What does it look like?

KAMELION

Like a vast store room, with towering shelves, and endless cabinets of objects.

THE DOCTOR

(looking back to recent memory)

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I think I know where it is. Let's go.

KAMELION

You might not have noticed, Doctor, but I am lacking the means of bipedal movement at this particular moment.

The Doctor looks down to see a foot-pedal brake for the wheels of the chair Kamelion is sitting in. He flips it off and pushes Kamelion speedily out of the workshop, much to Kamelion's shock.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR

Kamelion and The Doctor dash through the TARDIS, Kamelion shouting from the chair.

KAMELION

Slow down! You'll crash me into waste disposal!

THE DOCTOR

I thought you said I was reckless?

KAMELION

You are reckless, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

Yep, I guess I am.

The Doctor continues to speed the chair through the corridors, slowing before a door.

The Doctor slows, and pushes Kamelion through the dim doorway below a sign which flickers alight, on it written "TARDIS ARCHIVE".

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS ARCHIVES

Kamelion's bright green eyes cast mysterious shadows on the walls of the dark room.

KAMELION

Keep me left.

The Doctor turns the chair left, and his eyes begin to adjust to the dark. He can just make out Kamelion's hands, glinting green as they rise to a lever on the wall, and pull-

The lights of the room flicker on, one by one, showing an ever greater expanse of the hoards that make up the TARDIS Archives. The music of discovery swells as the Doctor looks around, awestruck.

A computer terminal stands next to Kamelion, who snaps his hand backwards, and plugs his forearm into a connection slot.

Vast shelves and cabinets begin to move as he directs them through the computer.

The Doctor rushes over to the nearest set of shelves, observing the names written on each box:

"TYPE-40 FLUID LINKS",

"ROUNDEL MODULE A-113",

"REPLACEMENT FAST-RETURN SWITCH",

"FAULT LOCATER FOR FAULT LOCATER (RECURSIVE)"

The Doctor sees a box titled "CHAMELEON CIRCUIT", and begins to remove it.

THE DOCTOR

Has this - has this got something
to do with you, Kamelion?

He looks over to see Kamelion out of his chair, his rusted joints straining to search various boxes of the STORE ROOM, balancing precariously on one leg.

The Doctor takes the box and goes to help.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Need some help?

KAMELION

No.

THE DOCTOR

I found a box here with your model
name on it.

KAMELION

(glancing briefly, in
disdain)

That is a component of the TARDIS,
not I.

(MORE)

KAMELION (CONT'D)

It disguises the exterior of the ship based on its surroundings. I doubt you've ever replaced it. Notoriously temperamental technology when in Time-Lord hands.

The Doctor sighs, puts the box down, and steps on it to stretch to the box Kamelion is reaching for.

He snatches the box out. It's labelled 'BIPEDAL JOINTS,' and he places it on a nearby table.

The Doctor rummages around to find a full android leg, and crouches down with it in front of Kamelion, who is still clinging to the shelf for support.

THE DOCTOR

How do you - detach it..

Kamelion snatches the leg from the Doctor's hands.

KAMELION

(sarcastic)

Thank you.

With a brief effort, Kamelion's right leg bursts off with enormous force, and the replacement snaps magnetically in place.

THE DOCTOR

Wow.

KAMELION

(sarcastic)

I'm glad you're impressed. Now, seeing as I can be independent again, I shall leave you in peace. Goodbye.

THE DOCTOR

(confused)

What? You don't need to go.

KAMELION

Goodbye.

Kamelion begins to walk away.

THE DOCTOR

(after building up the courage)

Kamelion, I'm not who I was. I don't even know if I want to be. It seems impossible now, anyway.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So can you just see me as someone new? Please? Because I can't apologise for something I cannot *remember* being. You know what I will anyway. I'm sorry. I don't want to be the person who left you for so long. So now, I'll be something new - and - I can't do this alone - you saw me piloting this thing, I nearly crashed it on the first try! You could help me, like you already have. Can't you help me? Please?

Kamelion stares back, his green eyes softening slightly.

KAMELION

Of course. I'm sorry, Doctor. I hold on too much, to old grudges. I shall move on.

Kamelion extends his hand, and the Doctor shakes it, pulling Kamelion's hand off in the process. He looks agasp at what he is holding, then to Kamelion, who is smiling. They both laugh, and the Doctor gives back the hand.

THE DOCTOR

Thank you, -

KAMELION

K. Call me K.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

Pacey and uplifting music swells as the Doctor and Kamelion smile, pulling various switches and dials.

THE DOCTOR

Which switch?

KAMELION

The - blue one, if I'm not mistaken.

The Doctor looks down to see a hundred identical blue buttons.

THE DOCTOR

Which one?

Kamelion looks over.

KAMELION

The - oh. The red one. My eyes
aren't what they were.

THE DOCTOR

Well - they could be.

Kamelion looks to the Doctor, and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS ARCHIVES

The Doctor is looking through another box titled "VISION
PROCESSOR AND E.M. SENSORS", and Kamelion is looking through
another box. The Doctor finds some eyes, and shows them to
Kamelion, who nods.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKSHOP

Kamelion is once more being operated on, his head hidden by
the Doctor's back who is working on him. Sparks fly.

KAMELION

Remember, it's the third
connection, Doctor.

A sound of buzzing, and Kamelion gets up, blinking his eyes.

THE DOCTOR

How's that?

KAMELION

(in jest)

Well, either you're on the ceiling,
or you made the wrong connection.

THE DOCTOR

(upbeat)

Ah. Round 2 it is then.

Kamelion leans back down, and sparks fly once more.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

The Doctor, more confident now, dashes around the console to
each panel, making careful adjustments.

Kamelion watches from the console platform's edge, his voice sounding more rough than usual.

KAMELION

Now remember, When you're travelling in time, you have to move *with* the temporal waves, otherwise you'll get pulled by their currents into unwanted areas of the time vortex. Now, lets try going forward. Pitch up, and roll back.

The Doctor puts both hands on joystick looking controls.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIME VORTEX

The TARDIS appears in the deep violet folds of the Time vortex, pushed and pulled gently by the fabric of space-time. The TARDIS leans forward and glides through the vortex, a little unsteadily.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS NEW CONSOLE ROOM

Kamelion's voice is even more rough now.

KAMELION

(voice breaking up)

Now, this is important, don't ^\$"£ \$*£^ " !&!£\$ to !£"^ and !"^£%\$

THE DOCTOR

You alright? You're voice is breaking up.

KAMELION

I'm fine, just don't !^"£!^%£&\$^£ %^!"^

The Doctor lets go of the joysticks and turns to Kamelion.

THE DOCTOR

Don't what?!

KAMELION
!"%\$£!" LET GO OF THE "%£\$
CONTROLS!

CUT TO:

EXT. TIME VORTEX

The TARDIS looks like it's moving forwards, but slowly grinds to standstill.

A massive temporal wave of deep ruby slams the TARDIS backwards.

WIPE TO:

INT. TARDIS ARCHIVES - LATER

Another box, this time titled "DIGITAL LARYNX". The Doctor finds a small voice-box inside, Kamelion sees it and nods.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS WORKSHOP

More sparks, The Doctor once more stood over Kamelion, holding something akin to a spanner onto the side of Kamelion's head and slowly twisting.

KAMELION
(lets forth a shriek of agony that slowly warps higher, then lower as The Doctor switches rotation direction)
Not that high! Lower! Yes, that should do.
(Kamelion's voice is now perfectly mid-range, almost indistinguishable between female and male pitch, but warm)
Now, if you just screw closed my thermosensor, it should be fully functional.

THE DOCTOR
Of course. Well, you sound like a new android.

KAMELION

By the time we're finished
repairing me I think I will be.

A smile briefly shows on Kamelion's steel lips.

INT. STORE ROOM, LATER

The Doctor on a spindly stool peering onto shelves and opening cupboards with interest. Kamelion is looking much better for wear, rusted metal now mostly gleaming.

KAMELION

(genial)

I tell you Doctor, if you've thrown
away my Bi-neural links I shall
never so much as look at you again.

THE DOCTOR

Yes, well I'm sure you won't,
without them you won't be able to
tell me from a lamppost, will you?

KAMELION

Well, quite.

The Doctor rummages and suddenly lifts out a dishevelled old box, with the words: SPARES scrawled across the top. He takes the box to a workbench, and Kamelion follows.

KAMELION (CONT'D)

(in banter)

Oh wonderful, how immensely
gratifying to know that I esteem
the honourable title of SPARES in
your mind, or did at least.

THE DOCTOR

(rummaging through box)

Well it might not be in here, K.

KAMELION

Well we've looked in every other
box in the section, I don't see how
it could be anywhere else, Doctor.
Doctor?

The Doctor is holding, awed and transfixed, an antique, and slightly battered sonic screwdriver. He presses the button, and a crisp sound emanates from the device. Rotors begin to spin below a screw thread at its top, the device shimmering in the light, polished metal shining back at the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR
 (amazed)
 It works..

KAMELION
 That's an old model. Mk-2 I believe. Hand-made on Gallifrey. No telepathic circuits, so it should work fine for you. Needs a head, though.

The Doctor looks across in surprise.

THE DOCTOR
 How do you know that?

KAMELION
 I'm reading the receipt, it was in the box.

THE DOCTOR
 Ah.

KAMELION
 Before they became so multi-purpose the functions had to be split into different attachments, look -

Kamelion reaches into the "SPARES" box, coming out with a handful of different fittings and attachments for the screwdriver.

KAMELION (CONT'D)
 That one, is for lock-picking - that one's for hacking and circuit-bending, that's for amplifying sonic waves, and - *this* one is for - where's the crystal gone?

Kamelion holds a head that's missing a crystal, that would act as a light. He looks through the box again, before looking down at his chest, which glows faintly, a thought dawning upon him.

THE DOCTOR
 What?

Kamelion opens his chest and removes an amber crystal from his heart.

KAMELION
 It's not ideal, but, it's the same kind of crystal the sonic will use
 -

THE DOCTOR
I can't accept that-

KAMELION
-I don't need all four crystals in
my equilibrium processor. Please.
Take it.

The Doctor accepts it wordlessly, staring at Kamelion, before turning back to the sonic and placing the crystal in the end of the sonic with a satisfying click, instantly the crystal glows brightly amber, and the familiar hum rises to fill the soundscape, The Doctor gazes wondrously as if reunited with a lost limb.

THE DOCTOR
(Quietly)
Thank you.

He looks to the sonic once more.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
So, what can this thing do?

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS WORKSHOP

The Doctor stands in a comical 'action' stance that is ill-suited to the sonic screwdriver he is holding, exemplifying his uncertainty and naivety. He's wearing protective goggles and heavy gloves.

Kamelion sits in the background at a screen on a computer terminal, logging data from the sonic testing.

KAMELION
(Briskly)
Okay, test 367, with adjusted coil
settings, on the Sonic Light
Attachment.
(more softly)
Now remember, the light emitted has
a kind of mass, which means it
moves more slowly than you'd
expect, and have quite a kick, so
to speak, so don't turn the rotors
too far. And please, try not to
cause another fire.

The Doctor appears mildly irritated, and turns the rotors on the sonic all the way to the right, looks forward and presses the screwdriver. At first nothing seems to happen.

But then, a tiny ball of bright light begins to swell from the sonic's crystal, growing and growing. Now the size of a football, the Doctor is barely able to hold the Sonic in place from the sheer force exerted. He reaches up to turn the rotor back left, and as he does so the ball of light explodes outwards, blasting the Doctor backwards.

THE DOCTOR
 (hair blown upright)
 Well, that was certainly better
 than last time, don't you think? K?

The camera pans to Kamelion whose head is revolving at a steady whirring speed while he clamours to grab hold and stop it.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS WORKSHOP - LATER

KAMELION
 Okay, test 429, with Tesla coil
 attachment. Ready when you are-

Kamelion is interrupted by a crack of lightning that ZAPS past him, sparks flying from the wall it hit.

KAMELION (CONT'D)
 You are supposed to wait for me to
 finish my sentences, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR
 Sorry - had the setting far too
 high. And uh, K?

KAMELION
 Yes, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
 I think - I think the batteries
 dead. And, um, K?

KAMELION
 (exasperated)
 Yes, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
 I think the Tesla coil head might
 not work anymore.

The Doctor lifts the charred remains of the Tesla coil attachment into view.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF THE DOCTOR USING SONIC;

- Finding a new battery core in the archive, slotting it into the screwdriver via a hidden panel in its leather handle.

-Kamelion's words "TEST 560" are interrupted by the sound of a loud bang.

- Screwing on an ear-looking attachment to the sonic, cupping it to the wall and listening through the wall as Kamelion speaks on the other side, the Doctor writing it down.

-"TEST 592" - followed by an eruption of flames - Kamelion is noticeably exhausted.

- after plugging in a unit into Kamelion's back - Using a remote control attachment to control Kamelion's movement, as he bumps into walls, stumbling, then falling! -

-"TEST 617" interrupted by an warning saying "Corrosive gas level, 50%" in an oddly smooth voice and extremely harsh klaxon -

- Using a circuit bending attachment to fix Kamelion's internals, wires sprouting from the sonic to Kamelion's chest unit. Kamelion points to areas in his chest, smiling, the Doctor in complete focus. Kamelion feigns getting an electric shock, and the Doctor jolts back in fear of hurting him, Kamelion laughing. They both smile and laugh -

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM, LATER

The Doctor is poring over the TARDIS manual as it rests on the controls. His finger follows a line across the page while he silently mouths the words, like a child learning to read.

Kamelion is sitting gazing patiently at The Doctor with his hand on a silver lever.

THE DOCTOR

(Nervously)

Okay, I think I've checked all the emergency procedures in case we lose power, I just can't be sure though that I'll remember the sequence-

KAMELION

(Kindly)

Doctor, we've been through this very thoroughly, you'll never learn how to pilot again if you don't push yourself, there's nothing to worry about, I can assist you if you need me to. Just work with the TARDIS and you'll be quite fine. Ready?

THE DOCTOR

(Pauses, a slow snapping beat grows slowly louder, growing also in frequency for the rest of the dialogue)

Okay. I almost feel like I should say something at this point, perhaps? Like 'here we go!' or 'BAM!' or something.

Kamelion stares with a total lack of expression. An eye flickers slightly in its glow, as if twitching.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Okay, that's a no.

He pulls down sharply on three levers simultaneously whilst in the background K pushes one lever up and winds a handle as if charging a capacitor. The familiar noise rises and builds to a crescendo before The Doctor presses a button- the entire room shakes and whirrs tremendously as The Doctor and K cling onto the control panels, the familiar music of adventure also grows.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIME VORTEX

The TARDIS appears, and begins to dance with the violet folds of the Time Vortex.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

THE DOCTOR
(Shouting)
How much longer?!

KAMELION
Keep going, I'll countdown; five-

-Switches are pulled-

KAMELION (CONT'D)
- four -

-buttons are pressed-

KAMELION (CONT'D)
- three -

-the TARDIS console spins and whirrs-

KAMELION (CONT'D)
- two -

-We zoom out and whirl around the console, briefly seeing the vast scale of the TARDIS once more-

KAMELION (CONT'D)
- one.

Simultaneously, they pull and release two levers - there is a crashing, rending sound, like screeching tyres, and then stillness.

KAMELION (CONT'D)
Well, that wasn't too bad was it?
We are *locked* to the planet this time, are we not?

THE DOCTOR
(emotional, looking slowly towards the door)
Yes, I double checked it. K, would you, would you mind if I just... just went out on my own this first time?

KAMELION
(Looks uncertain initially but grows into understanding)
Of course, of course Doctor. I'll look after things while you're gone.

The Doctor begins to walk towards the door.

KAMELION (CONT'D)

Oh and Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Yes?

KAMELION

Good luck.

THE DOCTOR SMILES, AND WALKS VERY SLOWLY TOWARDS THE DOOR, WE FOLLOW BEHIND UNTIL HE REACHES THE WINDOW

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN CITY - NIGHT

Smoke and steam push through the empty streets of an alien city. The Doctor wanders out, closing the TARDIS door behind him, into the strange new world. Three moons spin and glow deep red in the sky, as do the stars, which twinkle deeper purple.

CUT TO:

END CREDITS