TV SCREEN

The BBC globe spins.

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

Fade from this black and white image into...

CUT TO:

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

July 1966.

Fog.


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

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

Blue.

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


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

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

CUT TO:

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

Sitting at the wheel of the car, staring into space, is a grey-faced man, much older-looking than his 58 years. William Hartnell - BILL to his friends. At the moment, he doesn’t have many of those.
There’s a knock at the window. Bill doesn’t seem to hear. REG, the policeman, tries again.

REG
Everything alright, sir?

No answer.

REG (CONT’D)
Are you ok?

Bill seems lost in reverie.

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

Bill turns to him. He looks haunted.

REG (CONT’D)
Sir, you’re in the way.

Bill winds down the window.

BILL
Eh?

Reg turns the torch on him.

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

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

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

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

-- and drives off.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

BILL motors along, but he seems miles away. Tears well in his eyes.
He drives on into the night...

CUT TO:

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

September 1966 - weeks later.

A terrifying face looms hugely into shot.

A CYBERMAN!

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

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

DOUGLAS (O.S.)
Len! For God’s sake!

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIOS. CORRIDOR. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y [38A] - (19:15)

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

LEN
What’s the hold up?

Douglas gives him a ‘look’.
LEN (CONT’D)

Oh.

CUT TO:

5G

INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIOS. CORRIDOR. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y [36C – (19:16)]

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

CUT TO:

5D

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

LEN takes another drag on his ciggie.

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

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

He walks across the studio floor.

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

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

CUT TO:

6

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

-- and he’s inside the TARDIS.

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

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

Bill gazes around the set and then looks up, closing his eyes.
The grinding sound of the TARDIS engines roars, overwhelming Bill’s senses.


Then the whole scene...

WHITES OUT.

CUT TO:

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

March 1963

Music: ‘Dansevise’ by Grethe and Jorgen Inmann.

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

The car streaks into TV Centre car park.

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

HARRY, a uniformed security guard, approaches.

HARRY
Can I see your pass, sir?

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

HARRY
That’s as maybe, sir.

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

HARRY
Still need to see your pass, sir.

With a heavy sigh, Sydney marches past Harry.

HARRY (CONT’D)
That’s not the way we do things at the BBC, sir!

SYDNEY
You don’t say.

CUT TO:
SYDNEY marches purposefully along a corridor.

Beat.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

MERVYN
Right. Erm... correct.

SYDNEY
We got a gap to plug.

REX
Twenty five minutes.

MERVYN
How about another Dickens?

Sydney pulls a face.

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

MERVYN
(drily)
It that something else you’ve brought from ITV?

SYDNEY
I hope so. We need stuff to keep the sports fans hooked and the kids too.
MERVYN
Competitive Tiddly-winks?

SYDNEY
You know what I'm talking about.

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

SYDNEY
It was last time I took a look.

REX
With juvenile boys, perhaps.

SYDNEY
(a steely smile)
I like it.

CUT TO:

EXT. VERITY’S FLAT. NIGHT 2 - (19:21)
Early June 1963
A nice London mews flat. The sound of a hip party in full swing.

CUT TO:

INT. VERITY’S FLAT. NIGHT 2 - (19:22)
It’s a blur of beehives, skinny trousers, ciggsies and jazz. In the corner is a glum-looking heavily PREGNANT GIRL, smoking. A striking, dark-haired young woman, VERITY (LAMBERT) is dancing with JACKIE (JACQUELINE HILL), equally striking, with her hair piled up. She glances over at the pregnant girl and throws a surprised look back at Verity. They yell over the noise of the party.

VERITY
She thought the balloon had gone up.

JACKIE
What?

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

A lot!

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

JACKIE (CONT’D)
So what did they say?

VERITY
“You’re only a production assistant, dear. It’s a bit of a leap”.
(sighs)
I’m giving myself a year, Jackie.
Get on in TV - or get out.

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

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

JACKIE (CONT’D)
(pointing at Verity’s lips)
You’ve got a -

VERITY
Oh.

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

VERITY (CONT’D)
Oh Lord, it’s on, isn’t it?

JACKIE
What?

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

JACKIE
Oh God, yes!

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

CUT TO:
10A  INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY’S OFFICE. NIGHT 2 - (19:23)
SYDNEY gazes out over his new empire. He smokes. Thinks.

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

CUT TO:

10B  INT. VERITY’S FLAT. NIGHT 2 - (19.24)
VERITY and JACKIE are on the sofa, watching the Cosmonaut, fascinated.
The phone starts ringing.

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

JACKIE
Who?

VERITY
The Russians.

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

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

CUT TO:

11  INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY’S OFFICE. NIGHT 2 - (19:24)
SYDNEY
(into phone)
You know anything about children, Verity?

CUT TO:

12  INT. VERITY’S FLAT. NIGHT 2 - (19:24)
VERITY
(laughs)
Not a thing.

CUT TO:
June 1963 - a few days later.

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

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

VERITY
B.E.M.s?

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

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

VERITY
Give me the bare bones.

They go through the doors into --

CUT TO:

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

-- the exterior of the ‘doughnut’.

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

VERITY
Ooh! Lovely idea!

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

VERITY
And what about this other man? The quirky character?

SYDNEY
He’s a Doctor.

VERITY
Doctor?

CUT TO:

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

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

Verity looks appalled.

Ping! The lift doors open and they stride out.

VERITY
Nuts!

SYDNEY
Excuse me?

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

CUT TO:
INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY’S OFFICE. DAY 3 - (10:14)

SYDNEY marches into his office, VERITY behind him.

SYDNEY

Top marks!

(laughs)

That’s junked! I’ve got a much better idea.

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

SYDNEY (CONT’D)

So?

Beat.

VERITY

(sighs)

I’d love to work with you again, Sydney. Really I would. But...

Look, I gave myself a year. Get on or -

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

SYDNEY

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

VERITY

(stunned)

Produce it?

SYDNEY

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

VERITY

Thanks.

Beat.

VERITY (CONT’D)

I think.

Sydney draws on his cigarette again.

SYDNEY

I did a show called ‘Pathfinders’ at ITV. You see it?
VERITY
Um...

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

CUT TO:

18aA EXT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 4 - (19:31)
June 1963 - a few days later.
Two quaint, neighbouring Sussex cottages.

BILL (V.O.)
Ten-hut! You ‘orrible lot. I’ve never seen such a shower in all my born days!

18A EXT. BRICK WALL. DAY 2
The theme tune for ‘The Army Game’ belts out.
BILL is against a wall, dressed as a Sergeant-Major, flanked by two SQUADDIES.

BILL
(on screen)
Wait for it, wait for it! Left turn! Oh my stars! What did I do to deserve you lot? This unit’s got as much future as a ruddy snowman!

19 INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 4 - (19:32)
CLOSE on a small black and white TV showing the Army Game.

BILL
Drivel.

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

BILL (CONT’D)
No-one rung?

HEATHER
Not since you last asked.

BILL
Alright.
HEATHER
Five minutes ago.

BILL
(sharp)
Alright, alright!

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

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

HEATHER
What about that play –?

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

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

Judith starts ‘walking’ the doll up Bill’s leg.

JUDITH
(singing)
“My Grandfather’s a funny ‘un…”

BILL
Don’t do that.

JUDITH
“…he’s got a face like a pickled onion –”

BILL
Stop it.

She gives up. Bill sinks his whisky.

Bernard Bresslaw appears on the TV screen, doing his famous catchphrase – “I only arsked”. Bill glowers.

BILL (CONT’D)
Bloody rubbish.

HEATHER
Bill! Not in front of Judi.
Judith starts again.

JUDITH
“My Grandfather’s a funny ‘un- “

BILL
I said stop it!

Judith reacts as if scalded.

JUDITH
Why are you always so grumpy, Sampa?

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

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

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

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

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

HEATHER
Don’t you like being successful?

He jabs his finger towards the TV.

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

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

HEATHER
(sotto)
I only asked.

CUT TO:

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

Mid-June 1963.
A black cab draws up and VERITY gets out. She’s supremely elegant in a simple black dress and heels. She smooths down her dress and looks up at the impressive new building. Well, here goes.

CUT TO:

20A
INT. TV CENTRE RECEPTION. DAY 5 - (09:12)
VERITY sweeps through TVC, happy, confident and beaming. Heads can’t help but turn.

CUT TO:

21
INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 5 - (09:14)
More heads turn as VERITY passes an open door. Somebody giggles. Verity stops, turns. The giggler is shushed. Discomfited, looks back. Two people have stepped out into the corridor and are watching her. We only see them as silhouettes.

CUT TO:

22
INT. TV CENTRE. ROOM 5014. DAY 5 - (09:18)
VERITY throws open an office door to find REX and MERVYN huddled over a desk, ploughing through 10 x 8 photos of actors. There are lots more photos on the walls. The two men don’t look up as Verity arrives.

    REX
What about Leslie French? He’d be marvellous.

    MERVYN
He’s working with Visconti. Gave us a polite ‘no’.

    REX
Cyril Cusack?

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

    VERITY
I think you’re in my office.

    REX
That’s a rather interesting way of looking at it.
VERITY
I’m rather an interesting person.

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

VERITY
Pending the appointment of the permanent producer.

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

VERITY
You’re looking at him.

Rex ignores her and goes back to the photos.

REX
I keep coming back to Hugh David.

VERITY
Who?

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

VERITY
Not old enough for the Doctor, surely?

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

VERITY
I’ve got some ideas.

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

VERITY
I’d rather you didn’t.

REX
Is that a fact?

VERITY
Waste of time.
There’s a frosty silence.

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

REX
(grumpy)
He’s dead.

MERVYN
Rex -

REX
And American.

VERITY
I said “like”.

Beat.

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

No-one laughs.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

VERITY
Yes.

MERVYN
So this is quite a promotion.

VERITY
Apparently.
MERVYN
Bound to ruffle a few feathers.

VERITY
If feathers don’t ruffle, nothing flies.

Mervyn smiles. Very good.

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

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

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

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

MERVYN
Dear lady -

VERITY
Please don’t call me that.

MERVYN
Sorry.

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

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

He gestures at the equipment.

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

MERVYN
Is that what he said?
VERITY
He’s very blunt.

MERVYN
Ye-es.

Beat.

MERVYN (CONT’D)
Look, all I’m saying dear (lady) -

Verity gives him a sharp look.

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

Beat.

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

VERITY
Piss and -

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

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

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

Verity taps the autocue machine.

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

MERVYN
Yes. Quite a wheeze.

VERITY
Someone’ll make a fortune out of that.

MERVYN
I suppose so. Shame I didn’t get to the patent office faster.
VERITY
Why?

MERVYN
I invented it.

He ambles out of the studio.

On Verity: Oh.

Over this: a phone ringing.

CUT TO:

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

July 1963.

HEATHER picks up the phone.

HEATHER
Hello? Oh, hello, love.
(listens)
Oh yes?

She smiles with relief.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

BILL
(excited)
Is it?

HEATHER
Yes! Like ‘This Sporting Life’.

BILL
I love playing older!

HEATHER
I know.

BILL
Well? When’s he sending it?
HEATHER
Popped it in the post today. He
sounded very upbeat on the phone.
Says it’s a smashing role.

BILL
(impressed)
For the BBC!

HEATHER
And it’s for kiddies!

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

CUT TO:

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

July 1963 - a few days later.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

MERVYN
Am I next?

Verity smiles and pats his arm affectionately.

VERITY
Anything from the design
department?

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

WARIS (O.S.)
What is this?!

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

WARIS (CONT’D)
What’re we going to do with this?
Stone Age Man going ‘Ug’!
(MORE)
WARIS (CONT'D)
It’s crazy! Cavemen and doctors and
disappearing bloody police boxes!
(despairs)
What’re we going to do?

He sinks down into a chair.

Mervyn
(gestures to Waris)
Waris Hussein. Our director.

Verity

She holds out her hand. Waris shakes it absently.

Verity (CONT’D)
What have you just been working on?

Beat.

Waris
(a bit sheepish)
‘Compact’.

Verity
Oh. High art indeed.

Waris
(smiles)
Shut up.

Mervyn
Don’t people say ‘Ug’ in ‘Compact’?

Waris
Frequently. Mostly after a liquid lunch.

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

Waris
And where are we shooting?

Verity
Lime Grove.

(grim)
Studio ‘D’.

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

(MORE)
WARIS (CONT'D)
It’s the wrong shape and the sprinklers go off when it gets hot!

Mervyn
(drily)
But apart from that...?

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

Waris
Oh. I see. Simple as that.

He sighs and throws the script down.

Waris (CONT’D)
It’ll never work.

Beat.

Waris (CONT’D)
(grins)
When do we start?

Cut to:

Int. BBC Club. Night 7 - (19:21)

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

The Barman turns and Waris tries to get served.

Waris
Excuse me -

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

Barmen
Yes sir?

Verity (O.S.)
Vodka and tonic and a red wine, please.

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

Barmen
Sorry, love, I’m serving -

Verity gives him a terrifying glare.

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

WARIS
Thanks. I’d have been stood here all night.

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

Waris looks away, hugely embarrassed.

Verity has noticed.

VERITY
“We are all strangers in a strange land.”

WARIS
Very profound.

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

WARIS
I wish I had your front.

VERITY
I wish I had your behind.

WARIS
Shh!

VERITY
Like a little peach.

WARIS
(laughing)
Shut up!

Beat.

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

WARIS
(nods)
I’m here by the skin of my bloody teeth too. First Indian director this place has ever had!
VERITY
So, we’ve got to stick together, haven’t we? Make our little show work. That’ll teach them.

WARIS
Who?

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

Beat.

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

WARIS
(grins)
I should hope not.

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

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

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

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

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

WARIS
We’re trying to.

VERITY
Yes. Sorry.

Beat.

WARIS
It doesn’t bother you? That they talk?
VERITY
It’s change, Waris. That’s what
they can’t stand. Change. Anyway,
I’ve got a plan.

WARIS
Oh?

VERITY
I’m going to treat myself. Every
Then, when I hear them whispering,
I’ll tell myself it’s just about my
fabulous new wardrobe!

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

Waris raises his vodka.

WARIS
Here’s to us. The posh wog!

VERITY
And the pushy Jewish bird!

WARIS
L’chaim!

VERITY
Cheers.

WARIS
We could have our own series!

VERITY
We do!

They drink.

WARIS
So. What about our lead? Anyone in
mind?

CUT TO:

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

Mid-July 1963 – a few days later.

BILL
I don’t want any of this muck,
thanks very much. I’ll have a
drink.
BILL sits in between VERITY and WARIS at a round table in a Chinese restaurant. He looks sour and more than a little uncomfortable.

WARIS
Right.

Waris looks round for a waiter.

BILL
You’re the director, son?

WARIS
Yes!

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

BILL
Hardly out of the cradle, the pair of you.  
(sighs)
Right. Let’s talk turkey. I’m not sure about this. Not sure at all.

VERITY
No?

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

The waiter approaches.

BILL (CONT’D)
Whisky and soda. Chopee, chopee.

Waris winces a little.

BILL (CONT’D)
Whose idea was all this? That fella from ITV?

VERITY
Sydney Newman, yes. But so many people have been in at the birth of the thing...
(shrugs)
We’d be here all day...

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

Hesitant notes on a piano...

CUT TO:
INT. RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP. DAY 8


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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

VERITY
Oh they’re going wonderfully!
Wonderfully!

CUT TO:

INT. TV CENTRE. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY 8

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

CUT TO:

INT. RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP. DAY 8

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

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

CUT TO:

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

VERITY
The BBC are really excited about the show.

(MORE)
VERITY (CONT'D)
They’re throwing everything at it.
State of the art facilities.

CUT TO:

34 INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. DAY 8

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

CUT TO:

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

WARIS
And in the middle of the junkyard is –

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

VERITY
(shakes head)
No. Too corny.

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

VERITY
Nothing dates faster!

CUT TO:

35A INT. LIME GROVE STUDIOS. DAY 8

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

VERITY (V.O.)
Ours is a space and time machine – that can blend in with its background.

CUT TO:

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

BILL
You mean it’s covered in invisible paint or something?
WARIS
No, it adapts to suit its environment.

BILL
Pricey. Changing what it looks like every week.

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

WARIS
A police box!

CUT TO:

35C  INT. LIME GROVE STUDIOS. DAY 8
The panelled door now in place in the familiar police box shape.

We pull out to see the TARDIS being painted blue.

BILL (V.O.)
A police box?

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

36  INT. RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP. DAY 8
DELIA is carrying reams of magnetic tape the length of the corridor. She runs out of space and makes a snap decision to reel the tape further – into the Ladies’ loo.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. DAY 8

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

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

WARIS (V.O.)
Patterns. Like mirrors, endlessly reflecting. Swooping and pulsing, like butterfly’s wings...

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

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

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

MERVYN (CONT’D)
Oh Christ, no! It’s terrifying!

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

CUT TO:

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

WARIS
And the new Radiophonic Workshop is handling the music and effects. All entirely electronic! It’s heady stuff!
Over this: the grinding sound of the TARDIS engines.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP. DAY 8

MERVYN listens to the effect blasting out of speakers.

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

MERVYN
Yes. How did you do it?

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

DELIA
Brian’s house-keys!

Mervyn laughs, delighted.

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

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

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

MERVYN
Has he heard it yet?

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

MERVYN
What did you say?

DELIA
(shrugs)
Most of it.

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. DAY 8 – (13:45)

BILL
And what about the Doctor himself?

VERITY
Your character?
BILL
(warming)
We’ll see.

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

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

Bill gives him a look.

WARIS (CONT’D)
- but with a twinkle.

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

BILL
You really think so?

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

BILL
Hmph.

Beat.

Bill puts his hands to his lapels.

BILL (CONT’D)
Doctor who?

With a gurgling rush, the theme music ends.

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

CUT TO:

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

FLASH!
August 1963

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

Bill goes off to have some solo shots taken.

VERITY
You’re a brick for doing this.

JACKIE
Contractually obliged, darling –

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

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

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

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

JACKIE
He frightens the life out of me.

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

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

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

CAROLE ANN
Scared to death!

JACKIE
Me too.

Beat.

JACKIE (CONT’D)
Oh well. Goodbye real world!
She turns to the cameras and gives a shy smile.

Flash! FLASH!

CUT TO:

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

VERITY heads for the BBC Design Office.

CUT TO:

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

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

PETER
Patience. Patience.

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

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

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

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

VERITY
Change?

PETER
Revolution!

VERITY
Oh don’t be so melodramatic.

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

VERITY
(temper flares)
A show like what?!
Peter looks up at her and smiles icily.

PETER

Patience.

CUT TO:

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

August 1963 - a few days later.

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

BILL

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

He peers at his lines.

BILL (CONT’D)

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

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

JUDITH

Who’s Susan?

BILL

My granddaughter.

JUDITH

I’m your granddaughter.

BILL

(kindly)

Yes. Yes of course you are, love.

He beckons to Judith and she comes closer.

BILL (CONT’D)

But she’s my granddaughter in the
story I’m doing on the television.
I play a funny old man who lives
inside a magic box.

Bill pats his knee and little Judith jumps up into his lap.
JUDITH
Like a jack in the box, Sampa?

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

Judith looks puzzled.

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

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

JUDITH
The Doctor?

BILL
That’s the old man I’m playing.

JUDITH
A doctor? Does he make people better?

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. DAY 11 – (15:27)

August 1963 - a few days later.

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

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

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

BILL
Don’t you think you’re being rather high-handed, young man? You thought you saw a young girl enter the yard. You imagine you heard her voice? Not very substantial is it?
JACKIE
But why won’t you help us?

VERITY comes over.

VERITY
(sotto)
How is he?

WARIS
(sotto)
Tetchy as hell.

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

RUSS
While you nip off quietly in the other direction?

WARIS
(sotto)
Nice frock.

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

Waris nods to Carole.

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

RUSS
She is in there!

BILL
Close the door, Susan!

Bill and Russ wrestle and Jackie dashes past them.

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

BILL
If it’s ever built!
WARIS
Yes. Ok. Good. Well done. Everyone happy?

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

RUSS
(quickly)
Coffee?

JACKIE          CAROLE ANN
Good idea!     Good idea!
They melt away to the tea urn where ARTHUR, a cameraman sits, reading his paper.

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. DAY 11 – (15:38)

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

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

VERITY
There’s been a... delay.

BILL
It won’t do. It just won’t do!

VERITY
I’m very sorry –

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

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

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

CUT TO:

46A INT. LIME GROVE STUDIO CORRIDOR. DAY 11 - (15:40)
SYDNEY approaches the entrance to the studio.

CUT TO:

46B INT. LIME GROVE STUDIO ‘D’. DAY 11 - (15:41)
BILL
(waves script)
And we must discuss my character!

VERITY
Right -

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

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

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

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

BILL
Thank you. But I need to discuss -

SYDNEY
What was that terrific war picture, you did? What was that?
BILL
Well, I’ve done a few. ‘The Way Ahead’?

SYDNEY
Yeah! Hell of a picture. You were sensational!

BILL
Oh. Do you really think so?

VERITY
(joing in)
Oh yes. Absolutely extraordinary.

BILL
I did get some very nice notices. Yes.

WARIS
(chiming in)
Was that before or after ‘Brighton Rock’?

BILL
Um. Before...

SYDNEY
Of course! You were in ‘Brighton Rock’! Wow! Wonderful performance.

BILL
Oh. Well. Haha. You’re very kind.
(shrugs)
It should have led to much bigger and better things, you know but... I wasn’t blessed.

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

BILL
Well, yes -

SYDNEY
Perfect choice for my little show. My idea anyway. That’s what I do. Ideas! I came into ITV one day. I got an idea, I said. ‘The Avengers’! What’s it about, they said. How the hell should I know, I said. But what a title!
(mimes machine gun)
Pop! Pop! Pop!
He roars with laughter. Bill can’t help but be charmed.

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

BILL
I am?

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

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

BILL
Well, you know. One tries.

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

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

He mimes the machine gun again.

They all laugh.

CUT TO:

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

ARTHUR
(with distaste)
Freaks.

CUT TO:

BILL goes off, still chuckling.

VERITY
Thank you so much, Sydney. You’ve no idea what a diff –

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

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

CUT TO:
INT. LIME GROVE STUDIOS. CORRIDOR. DAY 11 - (16:02)

VERITY marches determinedly down the corridor.

CUT TO:

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

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

PETER
What are you doing?

VERITY
Being patient.

PETER
What?

VERITY
I can be very patient.

PETER
You can’t stay here!

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

VERITY
Now what shall we talk about? I’ve
got all day.

PETER
Don’t be ridiculous!

Verity gestures round the walls at the framed pictures.

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

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

VERITY (CONT’D)
Just turn that blazing talent to my
little kiddies’ show and who knows
what might happen? Won’t take you
half an hour, will it?

PETER
You are a very trying woman -
VERITY
Then I’ll get out of your hair.

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

VERITY (CONT’D)
Maybe the Muse will be with you!
Maybe it’ll be the best thing you ever thought of -

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

PETER
Very well! Very well! Here! Here, madam! Here’s your bloody ‘TARDIS’!

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

We fade from this image to --

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’ - TARDIS. NIGHT 12 - (21:52)

-- the TARDIS interior in all its glory.

September 1963.

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

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

Close on a studio clock. Eight minutes to ten.

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

RUSS
Turned out rather well, hasn’t it?

Jackie nods, thrilled.

JACKIE
Through the cupboard doors and into Narnia!

BILL
It’s too bloody big. Takes up half the studio. What’s the delay, son?
DOUGLAS, the assistant director walks into shot, listening to his head-set. Next to him, behind a camera is ARTHUR.

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. GALLERY. NIGHT 12 - (21:53)

WARIS
But it’s a 100,000 BC!

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
I know.

WARIS
It’s the Tribe of Gum!

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. NIGHT 12 - (21:54)

A hairy caveman - LEN - approaches DOUGLAS.

LEN
I’ll do it!

DOUGLAS
What?

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

CUT TO:

51  INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. GALLERY. NIGHT 12 – (21:54) 51

WARIS
Thank you, Duggie.
The studio bell rings and a red light comes on.

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

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

CUT TO:

52  INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. NIGHT 12 – (21:55) 52

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

DOUGLAS
What?

ARTHUR
Nothing.

DOUGLAS
Watch it, Arthur.

Arthur checks his watch.

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

More burbling from Douglas’s head-set.

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

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He nods to Jackie. She barges through the doors -

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. GALLERY. NIGHT 12 - (21:56)

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’ - TARDIS. NIGHT 12 - (21:56)

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

BILL
Close the doors, Susan.

She flicks a switch and the doors begin to close.

BILL (CONT’D)
These people are known to you, I believe?

CAROLE ANN
What are you doing here? They’re two of my school-teachers.

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

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

Dialogue from the scene continues under...

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. GALLERY. NIGHT 12 - (21:57)

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

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

The camera tries to shift but it’s no good.
WARIS (CONT’D)
Move the bloody camera!

CUT TO:

56

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’ – TARDIS. NIGHT 12 – (21:58) 56
ARThur tries to move his huge, unwieldy camera.

ARThur
(sotto)
Doing my best. I’ll rupture myself.

The huge double doors bang shut with a loud report.

RUSS
Where are we?

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

CUT TO:

57

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. GALLERY. NIGHT 12 – (21:59) 57

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

CUT TO:

58

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’ – TARDIS. NIGHT 12 – (22:00) 58

The door bangs loudly against the wall.

JACkIE
But you look like us, you sound like us!

CArole Ann
I was born in the 49th Century!

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

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

CArole Ann
I made up the name TARDIS from the initials Time and Relative Dimension in Space.

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

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

Then - suddenly - rain!
Carole shrieks.
The studio sprinklers go off, soaking everyone.
Then all the lights go out!
Dimly, the outline of Len the caveman.

LEN
Am I on yet?

CUT TO:

59  INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. GALLERY. NIGHT 12 - (22:01)
Waris lays his head on the desk.

WARIS
Wish I knew what bloody dimension I
was in.

CUT TO:

60  INT. LIME GROVE. CORRIDOR. DAY 13 - (11:55)
Late September 1963 - a few days later.
SYDNEY is marching down a corridor, behind him are VERITY and
WARIS.

STAFF look round, as usual.

CUT TO:

61  INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. DAY 13 - (12:40)
The deserted studio. We pass through the junkyard set as
dialogue form the episode reverberates around.
As we snake through the empty TARDIS set we hear:

BILL (V.O.)
It’s out of the question.
CAROLE ANN (V.O.)
I won’t go, Grandfather. I won’t
leave the 20th Century. I’d rather
leave the TARDIS and you.

BILL (V.O.)
Now you’re being sentimental and
cchildish.

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

Beat.

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

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

The TARDIS engines grind into life...

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. GALLERY. DAY 13 – (12:41)

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

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

The theme music pounds out and the credits roll.

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

The lights come up. Waris and Verity look round.

Sydney doesn’t smile.

SYDNEY
Let’s go to lunch.

CUT TO:
SYDNEY tucks into his food.

SYDNEY
Not eating?

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

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

Verity’s eyes blaze a little.

Sydney looks down at his notes.

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

He shakes his head.

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

VERITY
Did you like any of it?

SYDNEY
Not much. Hate the opening titles.

VERITY
You’re joking?

SYDNEY
Too weird. And the music’s awful.

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

SYDNEY
(sharp)
Hey, I like new, remember? New is what I do! But it’s too scary for the kids.
WARIS
I thought we were trying to scare them.

SYDNEY
Scare them, not traumatisme them!
Change it.

VERITY
Over my dead body.

SYDNEY
It can be arranged!

Frosty silence.

Sydney sighs and rubs his eyes.

SYDNEY (CONT’D)
It’ll cost. And they’ll crucify me for it but...

Waris and Verity look at each other.

VERITY
What?

Sydney wipes his mouth with a napkin and rises.

SYDNEY
Do the whole thing again!

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. DAY 14 - (14:20)

Late September 1963 - a day later.

CLOSE on BILL.

BILL
(groans)
It’s because of me, isn’t it?

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

VERITY
No -

BILL
I knew it. I sensed it!

VERITY
No, no, Bill. Not at all!
BILL
I should stick to what I know. I’m not right for the part -

VERITY
Bill -

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

Verity takes his hands and squeezes them.

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

BILL
Let me down?

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

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

VERITY
Of course I am.

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

VERITY
I’m here for you, Bill.

BILL
Promise?

VERITY
Every step.

Bill squeezes her hand.

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

BILL
Time and tide wait for no man, eh?
VERITY
Time and space, Bill. And they wait
for no woman, either!

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. GALLERY. NIGHT 15 - (21:04)
Mid-October 1963.
The remount. VERITY, WARIS and MERVYN are in the control room, watching:

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

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

RUSS
While you nip off quietly in the other direction?

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. NIGHT 15 - (21:05)
BILL
Insulting. There’s only one way in and out of this yard. I want to see your faces when you try and explain away your behaviour to a policeman, Chesserman – er Chesterton.

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. GALLERY. NIGHT 15 - (21:06)
WARIS turns to MERVYN.

WARIS
He got the name wrong. Can we go back?
VERITY
We’ve already stopped recording three times.

MERVYN
Only one more edit allowed, son.

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

He gestures helplessly.

WARIS (CONT’D)
...primitive!

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

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

CUT TO:

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

November 1963 – a few weeks later.

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

Over this:

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. GALLERY. DAY 16 - (11:55)

BILL (V.O.)
Now what does the radiation read, Susan?
CAROLE (V.O.)
It’s reading normal, grandfather.

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

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

VERITY and Waris share a look of relief.

Sydney gets up and marches out --

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIOS ‘D’. DAY 16 - (11:57)

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

SYDNEY
How are the other scripts coming along?

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

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

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

Sydney stops, turns.

SYDNEY
You got a script?

WARIS
Yes. It’s good.

SYDNEY
What’s it about?

WARIS
Robots.

Sydney looks alarmed.

VERITY
(she glares at Waris)
No, no, no. They’re not robots.
Waris mouths ‘sorry’.

SYDNEY
Rule one. No robots! Rule two -

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

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

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

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

WARIS
Hm.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

70  INT. BRICK-WALLED ROOM. DAY 17 - (12:05 TEXAS)  70

November 22nd 1963.

A brick-walled room.

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

CUT TO:
INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY’S OFFICE. NIGHT 17 - (18:10)

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

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

He reads on with mounting horror.

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

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

SYDNEY paces the office as he reads.

SYDNEY
“You will move ahead of us and follow my directions! Ian breaks away and dashes for it…”

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

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

SYDNEY
“Exterminate! Exterminate!”

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

A gunshot. Then another.
77 INT. HOUSE. NIGHT 17 - (19:30)
A family is grouped around a bakelite TV. A BOY is playing
with his toys on the carpet.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

78 INT. ROUTEMASTER BUS. NIGHT 18 - (17:15)
The following night: VERITY is on a bus. The windows are
steamed up. The bus is crowded with people in wet macs.
They’re all glued to their newspapers.

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

Verity looks bleak.

CUT TO:

79 INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 18 - (17:45)
On BILL’s little TV, the closing titles of episode one of
‘Doctor Who’.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

79A INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 19 - (10:30)
Late November 1963 - a few days later.
A large Welshman, DONALD BAVERSTOCK stomps down a corridor.

CUT TO:

EXT. TV CENTRE. ROOF. DAY 19 – (10:31)

VERITY looks out over London, pensive.

Over this:

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

CUT TO:

INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY’S OFFICE. DAY 19 – (10:32)

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

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

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

Sydney looks downcast.

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

SYDNEY
What are you saying?

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

He looks up.

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

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

VERITY and WARIS sit in glum silence.

WARIS
Reviews were... respectable.

VERITY
Aha.

WARIS
Ratings too. Respectable.
Considering what happened.

VERITY
Mm.

MERVYN walks in.

MERVYN
Sydney wants to see you, Verity.

CUT TO:

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

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

She glances through a window and sees BILL in the middle of a costume fitting. He sees her and gives a hopeful ‘thumbs up’. Sign. Verity responds in kind. But as she walks away her face falls.

CUT TO:

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

VERITY’s fist banging on SYDNEY’s desk.

VERITY
We have not over-spent!

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

VERITY
No!

SYDNEY
Verity, there’s no getting past it.
You’re way over budget.
VERITY
No! Sydney, when you asked me to produce this show you made it abundantly clear that you wanted it to run all year round. Right?

SYDNEY
Yes.

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

SYDNEY
£3000 over thirteen episodes?

VERITY
No - over forty eight. That was the deal!

SYDNEY
You sure you’ve got your numbers right?

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

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

VERITY
No choice! The other scripts fell through -

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

VERITY
Daleks.

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

VERITY
Have you read the script?
SYDNEY

Yes!

VERITY

Really?

SYDNEY

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

VERITY

Daleks.

SYDNEY

Whatever! Bug-eyed -

VERITY

(yelling)

They’re not bug-eyed monsters!

Sydney is taken aback.

VERITY (CONT’D)

(with increasing passion)

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

Beat.

SYDNEY

Well, I wanted someone with piss and vinegar.

VERITY

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

Beat.

SYDNEY

Spread the cost of the time machine...
VERITY
That was the plan.

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

A look from Verity. Obviously.

SYDNEY (CONT’D)
Ok.

Beat.

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

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

VERITY
And I want a repeat.

SYDNEY
What?

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

SYDNEY
Oh, so this is Kennedy’s fault?

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

Beat.

SYDNEY
You’d better be right about these Dor -

Verity glares.

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

CUT TO:

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

POV shot of a corridor ceiling. Strip lights glare.

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DOUGLAS
Ok? You nice and snug?

LEN
Yeah.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

ARTHUR
What the hell’s that?

DOUGLAS
Monster for the next story.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. GALLERY. NIGHT 19 - (20:20)

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

DALEK VOICE
“You will move ahead of us and follow my directions!”
Standing to one side of the set is a man with a sports microphone pressed close to his lips. He is the DALEK VOICE.

DALEK VOICE (CONT’D)
“This way!”

Russ makes a run for it.

DALEK VOICE (CONT’D)
“Fire!”

Russ crumples to the floor.

RUSS
My legs! My legs!

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

CUT TO:

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

RICHARD
Well, everyone. Meet the Daleks!

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT 20 – (17:10)

Late December 1963.

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

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

JOYCE
Michael! Dennis! Your tea’s getting cold!
She turns back towards the house.

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

Over this:

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

We push through the window to find --

86

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT 20 – (17:25)

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

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

DALEK
You and your companions need a drug to stabilise.

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

On the family and the boy. Thrilled!

CUT TO:

86A

INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 20 – (17:26)

On Bill’s TV:

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

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

JUDITH
You said gloves.
BILL
Eh?
(warily)
Yes, yes I did.

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

BILL
Ye- es.

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

BILL
(relieved)
That’s right, love.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUTEMASTER BUS. NIGHT 21 - (20:20)
Late December 1963 - a few days later.

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

KID
“Exterminate! Exterminate him!”

She opens her eyes.

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

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

Verity is delighted.

KIDS (CONT’D)
EXTERMINATE!!

CUT TO:

INT. TV CENTRE. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY 22 - (09:05)
VERITY bursts through the office door. MERVYN and WARIS look
up.
VERITY
You won’t believe what I saw last night on the bus! It’s thrilling!

MERVYN
Sydney wants you, Verity.

Verity’s face falls. What now?

CUT TO:

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

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

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

At last he looks at her.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

She turns. WARIS is there, grinning at her.

VERITY
Getting in touch with our audience, darling.

She embraces him.

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

They whoop with delight and dance about on the roof.

CUT TO:
INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. DAY 22 – (10:15)

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

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

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

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

VERITY
Oh that’s wonderful!

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. GALLERY. DAY 23 – (12:10)

February 1964.

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

The grainy black and white image suddenly expands into --

CUT TO:

INT. LIME GROVE. STUDIO ‘D’. DAY 23 – (12:11)

-- glorious colour! BILL, RUSS and JACKIE are richly costumed for their adventure “Marco Polo”. Bill is smoking and reading ‘The Sporting Chronicle’ whilst playing backgammon with VERITY.
BILL
Lovely stuff, this.

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

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

VERITY
And ten bob, you old devil!

Bill chuckles, reaches over and squeezes her shoulder.

WARIS comes in.

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

CAROLE sweeps onto the set in a beautiful Chinese robe.

CAROLE ANN
What do you think?

RUSS
Oh, very swish!

CAROLE ANN
Do you like it?

JACKIE
It’s gorgeous, Carole.

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

Bill grunts.

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

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

He looks up from the backgammon board.
BILL (CONT’D)
This is an insecure profession, you know. We should all bear that in mind.

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

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

CAROLE ANN
I’m not a child! I’ll spend it how I like!

She storms off.

Verity and Waris share a look.

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

Bill harrumphs and goes back to his game.

CUT TO:

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

February 1964 – a few days later.

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

There’s a small, elegant card.

‘SORRY, KID. LOVE BILL. XX’

CUT TO:

94 OMITTED 94

95 OMITTED 95
INT. BBC CLUB. NIGHT 24 - (20:56)

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

VERITY
Who told you that?

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

VERITY
(laughs)
Rodean, darling.

BILL
Eh?

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

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

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

WARIS
I’ve been offered ‘A Passage to India’.

Bill puts his hands to his lapels.

BILL
One way? Hmm?

Waris smiles. Bill too.

RUSS
Bill! Bill come on!

BILL
What? Oh! Oh, yes, yes!

He grabs a script and crosses to Russ.

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

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

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

She touches his cheek tenderly.

VERITY (CONT’D)
Shoulder to shoulder.

From across the room:

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

A cheer from the back of the room.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

The muffled sound of the party.

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

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

Ping! The lift arrives. Waris steps inside.

CUT TO:

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

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

**YOUNG MAN**

Going up?

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

CUT TO:

February 1964 - a few days later.

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

**BILL**

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

Everyone in the studio bursts out laughing.

**DOUGLAS**

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

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

CUT TO:

June 1964 - months later.

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

Suddenly -

**JUDITH**

Exterminate! Exterminate!

**BILL**

What the bloody hell - !
JUDITH totters onto the set wearing a brand new Dalek playsuit! Russ and Carole play daleks with Judith.

VERITY is behind her, carrying a box.

VERITY
What do you think?

Bill looks at the box.

BILL
(reads)
"Thrills galore. Full size real life Dalek playsuit. From the BBC TV series ‘Dr Who’.

(impressed)
Strike a light! 66 shillings and sixpence!

Verity hands him another box. It’s piled high with ‘Doctor Annuals’.

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

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

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

Bill holds up the annual next to his face.

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

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

VERITY
What?

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

On Verity: Yes. Maybe I will!

CUT TO:

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

June 1964 – a few weeks later.
BILL and HEATHER are sitting on a bench. The dog lies at their feet. Heather has a packet of letters held together with an elastic band.

HEATHER
"Dear Uncle Who..."

BILL
Uncle Who!

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALAN
Teacher said it would be alright.

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

ALAN
Alan.

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

ALAN (CONT’D)
(hushed)
Thank you.

Bill turns back. Alan tugs at his sleeve.

ALAN (CONT’D)
Please, Doctor Who.

BILL
Yes? What is it... um...?
Bill looks over to Heather. She mouths ‘Alan’.

BILL (CONT’D)
What is it, Alan?

ALAN
Please. When are them Daleks coming back?

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

HEATHER
Well, it’s what they do best.

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

HEATHER (CONT’D)
Good heavens!

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BARNES COMMON. DAY 27 – (15:40)

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

HEATHER beams.

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

He stops and looks behind them.

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


CUT TO:

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. DAY 28 – (08:30)

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

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

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

From inside a Dalek...

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

CUT TO:

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

October 1964 - weeks later.

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

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

CAROLE stands apart, pensive. BILL is with LEN.

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

BILL
What?

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

BILL
Don’t be so bloody ridiculous.

LEN
(sulky)
It was just a suggestion.

BILL
Well, stow it.

LEN
What’s up with you?
BILL
Mind your own business.

He walks over to Carole.

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

CAROLE ANN
No. I’ve made up my mind.

BILL
They can rewrite this stuff in a shot!

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

BILL
Of course.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

Mix through to...

CUT TO:

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

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

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

He looks down sadly and operates the TARDIS controls.

BILL (CONT’D)

Goodbye, Susan. Goodbye, my dear.

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

Richard presses the talk-back button.

RICHARD

(into mike)

Lovely, Bill. Really lovely.

(to Verity)

Doesn’t like farewells, does he?

Verity doesn’t reply. But she looks troubled.

CUT TO:

On the set.

BILL

Just stepping off for a minute,
Waris.

He walks off set. RUSS turns to JACKIE

RUSS

Waris?

JACKIE

He’s been doing that a lot lately.

CUT TO:

106 INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 - TARDIS. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y (106
The year-ometer on the TARDIS console clicks onto 1965...

CUT TO:

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

January 1965.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

HEATHER
You look all in.

BILL
Mm.

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

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

Heather looks worried.

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

BILL
Moving on?

HEATHER
You’re shattered all the time –

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

He gets into bed.

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

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

HEATHER
“Vortis? What galaxy is that in?”

CUT TO:
EXT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 30 - (03:40)

The cottage. The light clicks off.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

DALEK (V.O.)
He is becoming delirious. I do not understand his words. He is becoming delirious. I do not understand his words. He is becoming delirious. I do not understand his words...

Bill clicks out the light.

CUT TO:

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

February 1965 - a few weeks later.

HEATHER is walking with VERITY.

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

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

VERITY
What is it?

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

VERITY
Oh dear. Nothing serious?

HEATHER
Not in the short term. It’s arteriosclerosis.
(MORE)
HEATHER (CONT'D)

(off Verity’s look)
Hardening of the arteries.

VERITY
I see.

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

VERITY
Do you think he should stop?

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

Verity is pleased. They walk into the studio.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

They both look over at Bill. He waves cheerily.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

Russ looks blank.

RICHARD
Hold it there, please!

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

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

Bill goes off, mortified at his own failing memory.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

VERITY
Of course.

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

BILL
Bless you.

He puts his arm around her.
VERITY
Actually, I’m glad to have the chance to speak to you, Bill -

BILL
You’re my rock, Verity. You know that. My rock.

VERITY
Oh, I don’t know...

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

Verity smiles sadly.

BILL (CONT’D)
What did you want to tell me?

She looks away, unable to meet his eye.

CUT TO:

INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIOS. NIGHT 32 – (20:35)

Early May 1965 – some months later.

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

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

SYDNEY is mid-speech.

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

He beams at his protégée.

SYDNEY (CONT’D)
So, I am justifiably proud of myself. I can spot talent light-years away.

Laughter.

SYDNEY (CONT’D)
Ladies and gentlemen -

Everyone raises their glasses in a toast.
SYDNEY (CONT’D)
- to Verity. Best damn appointment
I’ve ever made.

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

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

CUT TO:

115A  INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 - TARDIS. NIGHT 32 - (20:42)  116A

The muffled sound of the party.

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

VERITY
Not joining us?

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

BILL
Perhaps in a minute.

Beat.

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

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

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

VERITY (CONT’D)
...and -

BILL
Hmm! Sounds interesting. Very, very interesting.

Slightly awkward beat.
VERITY
Bill. I wanted to say thank you. For everything you’ve done. I’m in demand! And it’s all it’s down to you -

BILL
Oh nonsense.

VERITY
In no small measure, Bill. ‘Doctor Who’ has made me.

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

VERITY
(shrugs)
Life.

Beat.

VERITY (CONT’D)
What about you? Not ready for a rest?

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

His hands go automatically to his lapels.

BILL (CONT’D)
The Doctor’s mine. Mine!

Verity looks round at the TARDIS.

VERITY
(smiles)
I’ll miss all this.

Bill looks away, then points to her mouth.

BILL
Oh, you’ve got...

VERITY
Oh.

She fumbles for a tissue.
BILL

Let me.

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

VERITY

What am I going to do without you?

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

BILL

Until we meet again.

CUT TO:

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

The hum of the party continues as VERITY leaves.

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

MONSTER

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. TV CENTRE. DAY 33 – (11:19)

May 1965 – a few weeks later – Flash!

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

CUT TO:

OMITTED

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

December 1965 – some months later.

BILL is alone on the TARDIS set.

The DIRECTOR’s tinny voice drifts down from the gallery on
the talkback.
DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Alright, when you’re ready, Bill.

Bill’s eyes flash.

BILL
Mr Hartnell to you, sonny.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Oh. Sorry -

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

Beat.

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

BILL
The scanner.

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

BILL
No, no. Can’t do that.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Beg pardon?

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

DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Does it matter?

Bill’s face is a picture of fury.

BILL
Of course it matters!!

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

BILL
Thank you. I will.
DIRECTOR (V.O.)  
(sighs)  
Ok. Top of the scene, then.

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

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

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

BILL  
Well?

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

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

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

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

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

BILL  
Careful with that.

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

The stagehand starts to pull clumsily at the time rotor.

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

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

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

At last he straightens up. He looks out to see the cameras  
pointing at him. A red light comes on. He starts the scene.
BILL (CONT’D)
Now they’ve all gone. All gone.
None of them could understand. Not even my little Susan. Or Vicki. And there’s Barbara and Chatterton - Chesterton!

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

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

Bill stops dead. Just stares at the camera.

BILL (CONT’D)
I can’t...

Beat.

BILL (CONT’D)
I can’t...

Beat.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Everything ok...? Mr Hartnell?

BILL
I can’t... I can’t...

He puts his hand to his eyes and shuffles off the set.

CUT TO:

120
INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 – TARDIS. FLASH-FORWARD NIGHT Y

ECU on the year-ometer. In slo-mo, it falls like tablets of stone onto... 1966.

CUT TO:

121
EXT. TV CENTRE. DAY 35 – (11:13)

May 1966 – Flash!

Another press call. BILL poses with two new companions.
Young, trendy and attractive MIKE (MICHAEL CRAZÉ) and ANNEKE (WILLS). Bill looks infinitely weary.

CUT TO:
June 1966 - a few weeks later.

SYDNEY is presiding over a meeting. With him is MERVYN. Sydney’s going through a sheaf of memos.

MERVYN
As you can see -

SYDNEY
Yeah. I hear you.

MERVYN
It can’t go on. He’s become so difficult to work with. And his lines...

He shakes his head.

SYDNEY
I hear you!

MERVYN
(gentler)
Poor chap’s worn out.

SYDNEY
Shame. Goddam shame.

MERVYN
So, that’s that, I suppose.

SYDNEY
(looks up)
What do you mean?

MERVYN
Well, we can’t have ‘Doctor Who’ without Doctor Who, can we?

Sydney draws on his cigarette. Thinks.

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

CUT TO:

July 1966 - a few weeks later.

The flaring lights of a dressing room mirror. BILL’s long white wig is on a block. He’s staring into the mirror.
A light knock at the door. It’s the First AD - DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
Mr Hartnell, sir? They’re asking for you.

No response.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
Shall I tell them you’re coming now?

BILL
Tell them what you like.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
Beg pardon, Mr Hartnell?

BILL
Tell them what you bloody well like!

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
Listen, I’m only doing my job -

BILL
(shouts)
Sod off will you? I’m not ready.

Beat.

BILL (CONT’D)
I need more time.

Douglas sighs and goes away.

Bill glances over at his famous costume, hanging off the back of the door. With difficulty, he slumps into a chair -

CUT TO:

123A  INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 36 - (19:40)  123A

- opposite his own TV. BILL is washed out. Totally drained. He cradles a whisky.

JUDITH comes trotting happily down the stairs.

JUDITH
Sampa! Sampa!

BILL
(weary)
Oh. Hello there.

She runs up and kisses him.
JUDITH
Where are you going to take the TARDIS next, Sampa?

BILL
(gently)
Oh I don’t know, love -

JUDITH
Miss says you should go back in time and see Oliver Cromwell and tell him not to be so horrible.

BILL
Yes, maybe I should.

JUDITH
But I want the butterfly men to come back! They were pretty. We did them at school and I was a Zarbi.

BILL
Listen, Judi -

JUDITH
They could have a big fight with the Daleks and you could fly on their backs with a bow and arrow -

BILL
Listen, darling. You mustn’t expect too much of your old grandfather, you know. I get very tired these days and -

JUDITH
Graham Potter says the TARDIS will run out of petrol soon -

BILL
- I need to take things a bit easier.

JUDITH
But I told him he was stupid. The TARDIS will go on and on forever because it’s special and magic. Like my Sampa.

BILL
I...

JUDITH
My Sampa’s Doctor Who. And he can do anything.

On Bill:
A glimmer of renewed energy. And something else. Hope.

1CUT TO:

123B INT. TV CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 37 - (14:30) 123B

July 1966 - a few days later.
Outside Sydney’s office.

BILL (O.S.)
I hope you don’t think it presumptuous of me to ask for this meeting, Sydney...

CUT TO:

124 INT. TV CENTRE. SYDNEY’S OFFICE. DAY 37 - (14:31) 124

SYDNEY
Presumptuous? Hell, no Bill. I... I was going to ask you to come in, as it happens.

BILL
Oh yes?

SYDNEY
Yeah. Things... can’t go on the way they are.

BILL
Exactly, Sydney! Exactly! You see, I’m committed to ‘Doctor Who’. Hundred percent committed. But I need more time off. The bloody schedule would kill a man half my age.

SYDNEY
Aha.

BILL
And all those lines they give me! The kiddies don’t want to hear all that waffle. Perhaps it would be best if the writers just... well sort of sketched in the story and left me to make up the rest?

Sydney reacts. Bill picks up on it.

BILL (CONT’D)
No. That’s probably a step too far. But you take my meaning? I’m the star of the show.

(MORE)
BILL (CONT'D)
I’m the Doctor. And if we’re to continue, you need to take account of that. Proper account.

Beat.

SYDNEY
We’ve got great plans for ‘Doctor Who’, Bill, believe you me. Great plans. We’re hundred percent committed too.

BILL
I’m very glad to hear it!

SYDNEY
But we’re looking at ways of... refreshing it. Um... Regenerating it.

BILL
Hm. Yes. Quite right. Spice things up a bit.

SYDNEY
Bill -

BILL
I’m glad we’re on the same wavelength anyway!

SYDNEY
Bill... hell, there’s no easy way of saying this... We want ‘Doctor Who’ to go on.

BILL
Yes.

SYDNEY
But not with you.

Silence.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Like you said. Things have got to change.

Beat.

BILL
I see.

Bill nods. He knew this was coming. He looks almost relieved.
BILL (CONT’D)
A new face?

SYDNEY
Yes.

BILL
Who... who have you got in mind?

SYDNEY
You’re a hard act to follow, Bill -

BILL
No need for the soft-soap, Sydney. You know me better. Who?

Slowly, Sydney takes out a photo from a thick file and slides it across the desk. It’s of a saturnine, much younger man with dark hair - PAT.

SYDNEY
You approve?

BILL
Quite. Patrick Troughton! Excellent choice.

Beat.

SYDNEY
I’m so sorry, Bill.

Bill waves a dismissive hand.

BILL
“Fortune, good night, smile once more; turn thy wheel!”

SYDNEY
Huh?

BILL
‘Lear’. I did it once. Carried a spear. Long time ago.

He stares into space.

BILL (CONT’D)
Long, long time ago.

He gives a mirthless chuckle.

BILL (CONT’D)
I said right at the start, if we’re lucky, ‘Doctor Who’ could run five years, didn’t I?
SYDNEY
(kindly)
Yeah. You sure did. Who knows?
Maybe even longer.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARNES COMMON. NIGHT 37 (X) – (18:46) 125

BILL’s car roars away from REG the policeman.

REG
You’re him, aren’t you! You’re
Doctor Who! Wait till I tell the
kids! They bloomin’ love you!

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT 37 – (20:30) 126

BILL stands in the cottage, warming his hands over the fire.

BILL
It’s been agreed... by... um... by
mutual consent that I should -

He clears his throat.

BILL (CONT’D)
Pack it in.

HEATHER
Right.

BILL
Give it up.

HEATHER
I see.

She goes over to him and, a little hesitantly, snakes her arm around his waist.

HEATHER (CONT’D)
I think it’s for the best, Bill.
Truly I do. You can’t go on like this.

BILL
(nods)
And I’ve made my mark. Showed
everyone I could do it. I’m sure
it’ll lead to lots more interesting
stuff, eh?

Heather nods. But she doesn’t look him in the eye.
HEATHER
How about a nice cup of tea, eh,
love?

BILL
Yes.

She goes into the kitchen. Bill turns back to the fireplace.
Suddenly, his eyes are wet with tears. He manages to stifle a
sob - but Heather hears and comes dashing back in.

BILL (CONT’D)
I... I don’t want to go.

Heather embraces him and shushes him as the tears flow.
Bill closes his eyes.
Darkness.
Over this:
The sound of the TARDIS engines.

CUT TO:

127

INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 - TARDIS. NIGHT 38 (Y) - (19:18) 127

September 1966 - BILL is still looking up, eyes closed. He’s
standing as he first was, by the console.

He lowers his head and opens his eyes to find the studio is
now full of CREW.
And three people stand facing him. MIKE and ANNEKE, the new
companions and the dark, beguiling PAT, the new Doctor Who.
He has a mop of black hair and is dressed in baggy check
trousers and a beaten up frock-coat.

Silence.
Tense silence.

The old Doctor and the new Doctor face each other. Then --

PAT
Well, then. Who’s who?

Bill smiles. The mood is broken. Pat comes over and shakes
him warmly by the hand.

PAT (CONT’D)
I won’t lie to you. I’m scared
stiff!
BILL
Oh, you’ll be fine. In fact, you’ll be wonderful. I told them, you know, there’s only one man in England who could take over.

PAT
Oh. Couldn’t they find him?

Everyone laughs.

Bill looks at the stuck glass cylinder and, without a word, he goes over to the console and clicks a switch. The hydraulic pump goes into action and the time rotor moves smoothly up and down.

CUT TO:

INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1. GALLERY. NIGHT 38 – (19:26)

The gallery is crowded with expectant faces. On the monitor in black and white, BILL, MIKE and ANNEKE. Bill presses his hands to the console, drawing strength from it.

CUT TO:

INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1 - TARDIS. NIGHT 38 – (19:27)

Red lights on, cameras are grouped around the three cast.

BILL gazes down at the dials, gauges and winking instruments for the last time. This is it. His eyes fill with tears as he contemplates the end.

The roar of the TARDIS engines...

Then Bill notices something else. On the opposite side of the hexagonal console.

Another pair of hands, imitating his own gesture.

Bill looks up.

Facing him is –

THE DOCTOR.

The Eleventh in that illustrious line. Matt Smith.

Bill stares at the stranger.

Matt adjusts his bow tie and just - winks.

Bill smiles.

CUT TO:
Photo Caption:


Photo Caption:

*Waris Hussein went on to a highly successful career in film and TV in Britain and America, including many further collaborations with Verity Lambert.*

Photo Caption:

*Verity Lambert went on to produce such landmark productions as ‘Budgie’, ‘The Naked Civil Servant’, ‘Rumpole of the Bailey’ and ‘Quatermass’, becoming something of a legend in British broadcasting before her death in 2007.*

Caption:

*Debilitated by his illness, William Hartnell secured only a few more acting roles before his retirement. He died in 1975 aged 67.*

Caption:

*But his legacy lives on in the character he created. The inimitable, the extraordinary, the immortal Doctor Who.*

CUT TO:

**130**

**INT. RIVERSIDE STUDIO 1. GALLERY. NIGHT**

On a monitor, a clip of the real BILL, hands to lapels.

**BILL**

One day, I shall come back. Yes. I shall come back. Until then, there must be no regrets, no tears, no anxieties. Just go forward in all your beliefs - and prove to me that I am not mistaken in mine...

Fade to black.

**END**