

THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD episodes 9-12

TERROR OF THE VERVOIDS

By Pip and Jane Baker

Mysterious Theatre 337 – Show 200802

Revision 1

By the usual suspects

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DUN DE DUN

MINIMALIST THEME PLAYS

COLIN SMILES

LOTS OF COLORFUL THINGIES

THE LOGO GOES WHOOSH

TITLE

BY PIP AND JANE

PART NINE

The Doctor sits down, dejected. He has lost Peri. I guess he must have secretly liked her.

INQUISITOR

We are all aware of your feelings of sorrow, Doctor. Has the recess given you sufficient time to overcome the distress of your bereavement?

DOCTOR

I doubt that there will ever be sufficient time for that, my lady.

VALEYARD

May we not proceed, my lady? The cavalier manner in which the Doctor permitted his young companion to be destroyed militates against this charade of concern.

INQUISITOR

The Doctor is fighting for his life, Valeyard. However, I do take your point. Doctor, are you ready to present your evidence?

DOCTOR

Yes.

He reflects for a moment.

Oh, here we go.

God help us.

She won't.

It's a trial, all right.

Is there a problem?

Recess!

Line!

Stop talking in double negatives.

Execute him.

DOCTOR

Yes, I am grateful to you, Madam, for according me the same privileges of the Valeyard and allow me access to the Matrix. My excursion will be into the future.

VALEYARD

The future? Is it going to be the Doctor's defence that he improves?

The Doctor considers a wise-ass remark, then pauses for gravity before keeping it sane.

DOCTOR

Precisely.

VALEYARD

This, I must see.

Oh, you will, Valeyard, you will.

He takes his seat.

DOCTOR

My submission concerns a crisis which threatens the lives not only of a group of people confined together with no means of escape, but would, if unresolved, threaten every mortal being on the planet Earth.

INQUISITOR

Proceed.

The Doctor presses a button next to him. The Time Lords turn to watch, as does the Valeyard.

DOCTOR

Mogar. A Planet on the Perseus Arm of the Milky Way. Rich in rare metals. A top priority consignment of these precious metals is being loaded aboard Hyperion III, an intergalactic liner that ferries between Mogar and Earth. A scheduled flight in the Earth year two thousand nine hundred and eighty six. The crew is aboard. The last passengers are reporting in. Many will never complete the journey. For, in order to protect a secret hidden on the space liner, one will become a murderer.

Professor Lasky strides bitchily into the lounge, shouting.

LASKY

Am I expected to trust my life, for millions

Line!

That is the ONLY time you'll ever hear anyone say that regarding this story.

(like us) Conventiongoers?
Earth!? Earth!?
Don't you mean Ravalox?
Why should we care about Earth anyway?

Mogar's a myth.

Do you think Pip and Jane had to take a week off after writing that?

of miles, to a bunch of incompetents who can't even get my luggage aboard without losing it?

JANET

Your luggage, Professor? It's not in your cabin?

LASKY

Really! Do I have to repeat myself?

JANET

I'm sure we can sort it out.

RUDGE

Problems, Janet? Let me help.

LASKY

And who are you?

RUDGE

Security officer Rudge, Professor. Now, which cabin did you go to?

LASKY

You're asking, and you're the security officer?

Rudge chuckles at the bitch.

LASKY

Cabin six. Where else?

RUDGE

May I see your key, please?

She hands it over, and he looks at it.

RUDGE

Ah, no. The other way round, I think. You are in cabin nine, and that is where you will find your luggage, Professor.

Instead of apologizing for her rude manner, she snatches the key away and bitches more.

LASKY

Let's hope so.

Another man comes to the desk. I think it's Michael McDonald.

JANET

You're in cabin six, Mr Grenville.

GRENVILLE

Goldfingaaaaaaah!

Ohh, snap.

Ah, cabin six, our worst cabin.

Oh, nine, the one with all the murders.

I don't want it any more.

Thank you.

He walks off carrying his laptop.

RUDGE

Mr Grenville. Security officer Rudge. If you have any problems... (interrupted)

KIMBER

Mr Hallet, how pleasant. At least one face not belonging to a stranger.

GRENVILLE

I'm sorry, I think you must be mistaken.

KIMBER

No, surely not. We met three years ago, on Stella Stora. You came to investigate shortages in the granary.

GRENVILLE

My name is Grenville, and I've never been to Stella Stora. You're obviously confusing me with someone else.

As he walks off, it seems the entire group of people in the lounge are looking at him suspiciously.

KIMBER

But I could have sworn. Even the voice is the same.

Lasky's cronies Bruchner and Doland confer with her quietly.

BRUCHNER

An investigator?

LASKY

Bruchner, go and check the safety measures for the isolation room. Immediately.

In someplace that looks like a garbage hold, Grenville snoops down the stairs. Crew people in gray work suits and welding masks (worn up) are busying about. Grenville looks around, then takes one of the gray suits hanging from a peg and starts to get into it.

DOCK MAN

That's the final batch. Get your men ashore.

Grenville finishes dressing in the suit as the others lower their visors and head to the door.

Stella D'oro? Don't they make breadsticks?

Shut the hell up, you're blowing my cover!

When E F Hutton talks...

And those beautiful green eyes. (sigh)

Everyone panic.

Welding party to deck 9. Welding party to deck 9.

They're making cookies?

Ooh ee oh, ohohhhhhoh.

On the rather empty looking bridge.

VOICE (o.s.)

Hyperion flight 113 is now in progress.

The liner begins its wobbly voyage.

In the TARDIS, Mel is forcing the Doctor to exercise to appalling music.

Mel stands with a stopwatch, while the Doctor furiously rides an exercise bike of some alien kind. Mel and the Doctor count off in unison.

MEL and DOCTOR

23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30...

Mel walks off, still counting. The Doctor keeps counting too, but as soon as her perfect backside is turned, he slows his efforts to a stop while keeping the count at the same pace.

DOCTOR

31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38...

Mel has obviously come back in as the Doctor resumes his grueling cardio work.

DOCTOR

39, 40. For ... ah.

The Doctor stops his workout.

Mel, grinning, has brought two glasses of juice. She hands one to him. He grimaces.

MEL

This will keep you up.

DOCTOR

Carrot juice!

MEL

It'll do you good. Honestly, carrots are full of vitamin A.

DOCTOR

Heh. Mel, have you studied my ears lately?

MEL

It's your waistline I'm concerned about.

DOCTOR

No, no... seriously, though. Is it my imagination or have they started to grow

If only this EPISODE would make some progress.

What the hell?

Where did SHE come from?
Can I just say I hate her already?

As long as she keeps walking away from the camera, I'm happy.

Argh, this music. I thought Keff didn't start until next season.

Viagra cocktail?

Rabbit joke incoming!

longer?

MEL

Listen. When I start to call you Neddy, then you can worry. Drink up.

She clinks glasses and turns away.

DOCTOR

You'll worry sooner when I start to bray.

He takes a sip and makes a two-year-old with gas pain look.

Back on the Hyperion III.

A crewmember is looking at a screen that's supposed to be a radar display. It reads "Warning. Unidentified Craft Grid Ref -14,28.8 Extreme Range No ID Possible"

Elsewhere, Janet walks down a corridor.

A hand touches her back and she spins around, startled by the sudden and inexplicable sting heard on the score.

JANET

You startled me.

MOGARIAN

Ub hib uh hob im tiltil. Oob litzel.

JANET

You haven't got your translator switched on, sir.

The Mogarian presses a huge green button on a diamond-shaped plastic box on his chest, and it lights up conveniently.

MOGARIAN

Why did we not depart on schedule?

JANET

We were delayed for a late arrival. A gentleman from your planet, as a matter of fact.

MOGARIAN

A Mogarian?

JANET

Yes, sir.

The Mogarian strides away. Janet continues up to the door marked Crew Only Beyond This Point, and enters.

(Drink up) Neddy.

Chug chug chug chug!

Hey, it's Ace!

I'm.... so..... startled....

Foreshadowing!

No way! I wonder if it's my cousin.

It is the room in which the radar screen is being monitored. A crewmember sits at the small desk. There are more controls in this small room than on the bridge.

JANET

Anything interesting?

EDWARDES

Maybe. Unidentified craft. I've tried all the standard frequencies.

JANET

Without response?

EDWARDES

Not a bleep.

JANET

Perhaps it's a piece of space flotsam.

EDWARDES

You make delicious coffee, Janet.

JANET

Oh well, if you don't want the benefit of my advice.

She gives him a snarky but flirty smile, and leaves.

EDWARDES

Let's try you on hyperfrequency.

He is engrossed in what he is doing and fails to notice the door has reopened behind him.

A man's hand reaches up to his neck, and injects him with something that knocks him out instantly.

The hand begins to manipulate the controls on a panel, and a staccato beeping emanates from somewhere. It sounds like a signal.

Back in the TARDIS console room, Mel is showing off by skipping rope while the Doctor is stupidly unappreciative.

MEL

69, 70, 71, 72, 73...

The beeping noise is heard, and the Doctor reacts immediately.

DOCTOR

Quickly, Mel, press the red button. Get the message on the screen.

He fumbles with the straps holding his boots onto the

Whew, it's only you, I can go back to browsing pornography.

Or maybe even jetsam.

And so ends a lovely evening.

Don't you mean the bass clarinet frequency?

As Tegan would say, ZAP!

Hyperion III to Radio Shack, come in please, over.

Heheheh she said 69.

Yup. Still hating her.

exercise bike pedals.

He frees himself and dashes to the console.

DOCTOR

Press it, press it!

MEL

I have!

He reaches the panel and presses a button.

MEL

You said red.

DOCTOR

Did I? Must be the carrot juice making me colour blind.

Mel gives an exasperated gasp.

*On the monitor, the words appear: Mayday Message -
perative traitor be identified before landing earth mayday
end*

MEL

Mayday call? We have to respond!

DOCTOR

Practically on our doorstep.

*The TARDIS materializes on the dock of the Hyperion with
a wheezing, groaning sound often represented in writing by
repetition of the word VWORP.*

Mel is out first.

MEL

Come on, Doctor. Come on, hurry.

He comes out carrying his coat, and closes the door.

DOCTOR

How I keep up with you is a constant source of amazement to me.

MEL

No one sends a mayday call unless it's a matter of life and death.

The Doctor puts his coat on.

DOCTOR

Yes. Let's exercise the grey cells for once, shall we? Rather than the muscles...

Push out the hate, pull in the love.

Does carrot juice do that?

Okay, first question, WHERE is the TARDIS? WHEN is the TARDIS?

And WHY is she in the TARDIS.

(rapid breathing)

Or unless it's a trap.
(a la pepperpot) OooOOOooh, hadn't thought of that.

A guard walks cautiously and quietly on the catwalk above them, unseen.

DOCTOR

That was no ordinary mayday call. It was beamed specifically at the TARDIS.

MEL

So it's from someone who knows you.

A Mogarian ducks out of sight nearby.

DOCTOR

In which case, why wasn't it signed?

MEL

Panic. Desperation. Well, we won't find out by hanging about in here, will we?

She moves forward, but the Doctor stops her.

DOCTOR

We won't go blundering into a trap, either.

MEL

I've never seen this side of you before. You're usually the one who goes charging in regardless.

DOCTOR

Can't you sense it, Mel?

MEL

Sense what?

DOCTOR

Evil. There's evil in this place.

The guard sneaks toward them down a side corridor.

DOCTOR

I've got a better idea. Let's go to Pyro Shika, a fascinating planet with...
(interrupted)

MEL

Doctor!

The guard is holding his weapon up to Mel's face.

MEL

Doctor...

DOCTOR

So much for your enthusiasm. Let me do the talking.

Whatever you say, Uhura.

(Desperation.) Illiteracy. Stupidity.

(Grampa) That doll's Eevil!

You're holding it upside down.

It's for you.

Another guard comes up behind the Doctor and pokes a gun in his back. The Doctor smiles and laughs.

DOCTOR

Now, listen, my man. I can explain. We...

GUARD

Shut up. Move.

Up on the bridge.

RUDGE

You never heard anything?

EDWARDES

Not a sound.

RUDGE

Nor saw anything?

EDWARDES

I've already told you.

RUDGE

Eheh, no one's blaming you, laddy, but I thought perhaps now that your head is clearer.

EDWARDES

I was concentrating on the unidentified craft.

RUDGE

From which you failed to get a response.

COMMODORE

Mr Edwardes, what about the security tape?

EDWARDES

Deactivated, sir.

COMMODORE

Which indicates knowledge of our procedures.

RUDGE

Uh, just my thoughts, too, Commodore.

COMMODORE

I'm sure. How about the rest of the equipment?

EDWARDES

In perfect order, sir.

No, dude, I wuz wearin' my iPod.

Yes, the acne medicine did wonders.

So they still use tape in the future?

64.

I cleared the browser cache.

COMMODORE

That leaves only one objective your assailant could have had.

RUDGE

To send a message.

COMMODORE

I was trying not to state the obvious, Mr Rudge. That'll do. Report to the medic before returning to duty.

EDWARDES

Thank you, sir.

The Doctor is being led in.

DOCTOR

Will you please stop poking that contraption into my spine!

GUARD

We heard a noise in the cargo hold, Mr Rudge, and found these two.

DOCTOR

Is it? Yes, it is. Captain "Tonker" Travers.

COMMODORE

Commodore.

He stands.

DOCTOR

Oh.

COMMODORE

Of all the places in this infinite universe, you have to turn up on my ship.

DOCTOR

Commodore? That means this is a grade one security craft.

RUDGE

Yes. And I should like to know how you got here.

COMMODORE

Don't bother, Rudge. I know how. What I don't know is why.

DOCTOR

Didn't you send the mayday call?

Leslie Nielsen IS Commodore 64.

Heheheh, duty.

Oh, to the left, I've got an itch.

(Airplane)

Tonker toys?

(Commodore?) Don't turn around, oh oh oh, Der Commodore's in town oh oh oh.

COMMODORE

Me?

MEL

We had to respond.

EDWARDES

That's true, sir.

COMMODORE

I am fully conversant with the navigational code, Mr Edwardes. I thought you were reporting to the medic.

My guess is that he saw Mel's bottom and stopped for a longer look.

EDWARDES

Yes, sir.

He leaves.

COMMODORE

I authorized no mayday signal. My communications officer is attacked and then you appear.

MEL

Oh, and a fat lot of thanks we've got for our pains.

COMMODORE

If I seem to lack gratitude, young woman, it ... (interrupted)

DOCTOR

Er, Melanie, known as Mel...

COMMODORE

...it is because on the previous occasion that the Doctor's path crossed mine, I found myself involved in a web of mayhem and intrigue.

What kind of fucking line is that? Geez!

DOCTOR

Ah, saved your ship, though, Commodore.

COMMODORE

Yes, you did, though whether it would have been at risk without your intervention is another matter.

MEL

Whatever happened in the past doesn't

And don't call me Shirley.

Hey, don't call me fat.

Man, that was awkward.

WHAT kind of line is THAT?

Only the ripest, choicest nuggets of dialogue from Pip and Jane.

alter the fact that a mayday call was sent.

DOCTOR

Not by you, though, Commodore, so let's make this hail and farewell, shall we?

COMMODORE

Stand easy, Doctor, you're not leaving.

DOCTOR

We're not?

COMMODORE

No, I'd rather have you where I can see you, than swanning around outside. Conduct them to the lounge. Consider yourself restricted to passenger quarters.

MEL

In other words, welcome aboard.

She leads the way to the door.

RUDGE

Stowaways. I could have done without that on my final service report.

COMMODORE

If you're expecting an easy ride on your last voyage, mister, I'm afraid you're not going to get it.

RUDGE

I think you're being a mite unfair, sir.

COMMODORE

Am I. Well, don't be too diligent in pleasing the Doctor.

RUDGE

Can I have clarification of that instruction, sir?

COMMODORE

Give him enough rope and he will snare our culprit for us.

Rudge silently considers the Commodore's words.

There's a sign that reads WARNING! High Intensity Light Forbidden Infra-spectrum light only. It sits on a wire mesh wall covered in clear plastic sheeting, and is accompanied by ominous music. The camera pans down and we see the plastic sheet and wire mesh is pushed away from the lower corner, as if something has gotten in or out.

(Swan about) Ooh get her whoops I've got your number

The guard looks fascinated by all this.

Oh, no! Not the retiring officer thing!
HE'S dead.
That's like wearing a red shirt.

With a rope.

This means you.

There's gonna be a facehugger in there.

Inside the chamber, the body snatcher pods hang from irrigation grids. The seed is planted. Terror grows.

A Mogarian is inside a corrugated steel lab room situated in the corner of the chamber. Unfortunately, he has turned on the lights in the lab, and left the door open. A sliver of light shines on one of the pods, which begins to pulse slowly with an inner glow.

Inside the lab, the Mogarian has a glass jar in his hand. He dumps the contents into a petri dish - about sixteen large lozenge-shaped, chrome plated objects. Demeter seeds (the glass jar is labeled "Demeter" as he sets it down on the work table). Taking the full petri dish, the Mogarian turns out the light and exits the lab.

The pod outside the door stops pulsating as the lab lights go out.

In the lounge, the Doctor and Mel sit doing nothing.

DOCTOR

Eh. Far cry from the carefree life of Pease Pottage, eh, Mel?

MEL

I'm not complaining.

She is grinning, but her smile fades.

MEL

You're really worried, aren't you?

DOCTOR

I can't rid myself of the feeling I'm being used. Whoever sent that message knew me.

MEL

There's a made-to-measure candidate.

DOCTOR

There is?

MEL

The Commodore. He's met you before.

DOCTOR

He'd have said.

MEL

Would he? Admit he needs outside assistance?

DOCTOR

An intriguing possibility, but that's all.

They're coming! They're already here!
Meglos 2, Electric Boogaloo.
Voyage of the Triffids.

This is boring.
It needs louder music.

No thanks, I'd rather have Necco wafers.

Whole lotta nothin' goin' on.

(used) Look who your companion is.

We need 10 assistants, preferably Swedish.

A Mogarian walks past them, and they watch him.

*Actually it sort of walks in a wide arc that passes them.
Really obvious.*

MEL

The quickest way out of this is to solve the mystery.

DOCTOR

That could also be the quickest way into trouble.

MEL

Why don't you ask for a passenger list?

DOCTOR

Don't hassle me, Mel.

MEL

Who's hassling? All I'm saying is that you might recognize a name.

The Doctor sighs.

MEL

Simple, isn't it?

DOCTOR

Mmm. Meanwhile...

MEL

Meanwhile, I wander around, poke my nose into a few nooks and crannies, see if anyone tries to make contact. Remember, we were restricted to the passenger quarters. This is only the lounge.

She gets up and bubbles away.

A Mogarian watches from the balcony in front of the huge plate glass window looking out into space.

Mel sparkles down a corridor. She stops to look at a few doors, but walks right past a map of the galaxy that looks more interesting.

She pauses and heads to the door of number 8. She is about to try and open the door when she hears someone approaching from the other direction, and she shifts into "I'm acting nonchalant" mode.

RUDGE

Looking for something, Miss?

Don't hassle the Hoff.

Beacon.

(nooks and crannies) Ooo-er!

Wait, I wasn't listening, what was she saying about trannies?

Just ignore her.

(Steve) How can you ignore - that?

Nothing! Nothing...

She is pretending to look at the map of the spaceship.

MEL

I see you've a gymnasium.

RUDGE

Needed on a long trip like this.

MEL

I thought I might do a bit of limbering up.

RUDGE

That's the spirit. Let me take you there.

MEL

So you can keep tabs on me?

RUDGE

Heh. Heheheh. Why would I want to do that?

She shrugs.

Back in the lounge, the Doctor hops to his feet and approaches the registration desk.

DOCTOR

I wonder if you can help me.

JANET

I'll do my best.

DOCTOR

I'd like to see a copy of the passenger list.

Elsewhere, one of Lasky's cronies, wearing a surgical mask, walks past a guard posted outside the Isolation Room, and enters the room.

In the gym, Prof Lasky is doing situps while Mel is putting on shoes. Rudge is inside the sound booth.

Mel grabs a pair of headphones from off the wall, but looks around the room without donning them.

RUDGE (into microphone)

Put the headset on, Miss.

She puts them on.

Inside the booth, Rudge pushes the volume slider all the way up, and tinny electronic music is heard.

Mel is startled by the loud music blasting in her ears.

RUDGE

It's really just for ME so I can watch the all the bouncing and jiggling.

How about a LOT of limbering up?

Steve, quit daydreaming.

I doubt that.

Noooo! Not the isolation room!
I feel so alone.

I... so... Laaaaayshun... I solation, isolaaaaaation.
Stop.

Sorry.

The music sounds like a cover of the ethnic dance music from Four to Doomsday.

RUDGE

If you get tired of aerobics, just select another tape. They come complete with instructions and music.

Mel nods and begins her workout.

MEL

Thank you.

Rudge turns away.

Coming in from the corridor is Lasky's other crony.

DOLAND

Professor, we have a problem in the hydroponic center.

LASKY

The hydroponic center? What's happened?

DOLAND

It's been broken into.

LASKY

Get Bruchner down there. He's in the isolation room.

Her last words can be heard inside the sound booth over the speaker.

As Lasky and her crony leave, Lasky grabs a towel from the custodian just entering. At the same time, someone inside the sound booth switches the music off. Mel stops bouncing.

Mel hears something in the headphones.

MEL

Yes? Yes, I heard, but who's speaking?

She looks into the window of the booth but can't see anyone inside.

She dashes into the room and sets the headphones on the console before opening the door to the corridor. She steps out and looks around, but can see no one. She hops back into the booth.

Meanwhile, the Doctor is playing magic tricks for Janet to bribe her.

What if I get tired of this tape?

The hydroponic center? What is it?
It's a special room in the hold, but that's not important right now.

Isolated.

Don't turn around, Mel. If you look at me you'll die.

"Hi, it's Michael Grade, Tell Colin he's sacked."

JANET

Hehehe. You're very persuasive, Doctor.
But I can't possibly...

She stops as Rudge appears from around the corner.

JANET

Ah, here's the man who could give you
permission.

DOCTOR

No, no, no, no, don't bother.

RUDGE

Permission for what?

The Doctor laughs defensively.

DOCTOR

Ah, it's not important, it's just a whim. I'm
subject to whims, so I'm told.

JANET

The Doctor wants a passenger list.

RUDGE

Why not? Indeed, the idea makes good
sense.

The Doctor is surprised, but pushes on.

DOCTOR

Mmm! Well, if I could just spot a familiar
name.

RUDGE

We'd get our culprit, you'd bid us farewell.
Heheheheh. Then, I should have thought of
that myself, Doctor. Sign of age. I'm due to
retire after this voyage.

*Mel enters the lounge and heads for the desk. The Doctor
has finished looking at the list.*

DOCTOR

No. No, all complete strangers, I'm afraid.

Rudge glances at him suspiciously.

RUDGE

Pity.

DOCTOR

Thank you.

... Sleep with...

Shtumm! Shtumm! Ixnay!

Hehehe, to go out with your daughter here.

And wind.

I shouldn't have picked this week to quit smoking.

He nods at Janet and heads toward Mel.

MEL

He's been in touch. He wants you to meet him in cabin six.

DOCTOR

Did you see him? Get a name?

MEL

No, just a message. Let's go.

DOCTOR

Now, before you go rushing off, Mel, do you know what a Judas goat is?

MEL

Uh... yes, it's a decoy goat... that's tied to the stake to lure the tiger out into the open.

DOCTOR

Getting badly mauled in the process. I think I shall...refuse the role.

He walks past her.

MEL

Well, then, where are you going?

DOCTOR

For a non-provocative stroll around the deck.

Lasky and her servants are walking quickly toward the hydroponic center, past the TARDIS. Lasky sees the plastic sheet in disarray.

LASKY

You appalling dunderhead, couldn't you've repaired this?

DOLAND

I assumed you'd want to see the damage for yourself, Professor.

LASKY

And I suppose it never penetrated your thick, academic skull to check the pods.

DOLAND

That was the first thing I did. They're stable.

BRUCHNER

Professor Lasky! The Demeter seeds. They're gone.

That's what you made for dinner the other night, right?

Mall!

Follow the middle-aged harridan.

We've been checking them all day, man!

No they're not, they're right there!

*Elsewhere, the seeds rest on a desktop in someone's cabin.
On the cot nearby is an open tool kit and a single shoe.
Knocking is heard several times, until finally the door
opens to admit Mel.*

MEL

Hello?

There is no answer.

MEL

Anyone at home?

The door closes as she enters the room fully.

*She looks around idly and is startled by a sliding door
opening behind her. She grabs the shoe and holds it like a
possible weapon.*

In through the sliding door comes the Doctor.

DOCTOR

You're not supposed to be in here.

MEL

And what about you?

DOCTOR

Hmm?

MEL

Going for a stroll? You just said that to put
me off.

DOCTOR

Well, there's no sense in putting two heads
into the noose.

MEL

Ever heard of safety in numbers?

DOCTOR

Mmmm.

MEL

Looks like someone's been in a fight for
their life.

DOCTOR

Yes. Question is...

*He picks up the Demeter seeds resting on a card and
dumps them into his right hand.*

DOCTOR

Housekeeping? Housekeeping?

I watch?

No, they're not at home, they're on an interstellar cruise.

Hi Mel's bottom.

Safety in numbers? Together you add up to one and a
half.

I'll take lunar shuttle disasters for 300.
Circle gets the square.

...Did they succeed?

Get it? Seed?

Back on the bridge, a beep is heard.

COMMODORE

Yes?

RUDGE (o.s.)

Would you come down, sir?

COMMODORE

Where?

RUDGE (o.s.)

Eh, waste disposal unit. There's been an, erm, accident.

On the main level, an alarm is going off. Janet walks quickly down the corridor, passing the Doctor.

DOCTOR

What is it?

JANET

Emergency in the waste disposal unit.

The Commodore's got there fast. He uses a communicator to issue an order.

COMMODORE

Cut the klaxon.

The alarm stops.

COMMODORE

Accident? Why can't you use plain language, mister? Whoever's been dumped in there has been pulverized into fragments and sent floating in space, and in my book that's murder.

I think it would be in anyone's book, actually.

COMMODORE

Have you called a medic for this man?

RUDGE

Of course, sir. Straight away.

COMMODORE

Then I suggest you begin earning your salary and find out who that belonged to.

He indicates a single shoe, matching the one brandished by

I made some waste.

Emergency. Emergency. There's an emergency going on.

Anybody's book, really.
(pepperpot) Has there been a murder?

Mel moments ago in cabin six. The Doctor and Mel enter the scene.

DOCTOR

I may be able to help you there,
Commodore.

COMMODORE

Somehow that doesn't surprise me.

DOCTOR

Well, if you'd rather I left it to Mr
Rudge...

MEL

The passenger in cabin six sent for the
Doctor. When we got there, he was gone.

COMMODORE

Doesn't follow that he wound up in the
pulveriser.

DOCTOR

The room was a wreck.

MEL

And there was a single shoe, exactly the
same pattern as that.

DOCTOR

To be complete, the syllogism only
requires its grim conclusion.

Oh, good grief.

COMMODORE

And naturally you have never met the man
or know why he sent for you.

MEL

We don't even know his name.

RUDGE

It was Grenville, sir. A mineralogist.

COMMODORE

Any suggestions why a mineralogist who
wanted to see you should be killed?

The Doctor shrugs heavily.

DOCTOR

None at all.

COMMODORE

Or why it is that every time you appear on

Do you mean style?

Please, make it stop.

Get his rocks off?

the scene, people begin to die?

MEL

Hey, I don't care who you are. You've no right to say that to the Doctor.

The Doctor sighs and looks guilty.

DOCTOR

Yes, he does, Mel.

*Back in the lounge, Professor Lasky reads a book.
Bruchner comes in.*

LASKY

Well?

He gestures at the passing Mogarians.

LASKY

Never mind them. Is the isolation room safe?

BRUCHNER

Yes. The emergency was in the waste disposal unit.

LASKY

Then we can relax. Nothing to do with us.

BRUCHNER

That's your assessment, is it, Professor?
The danger's passed?

The Doctor and Mel stop in the gymnasium to have a look around. The Doctor lets out a loud sigh.

DOCTOR

Well. That's it, then. End of the line.

MEL

What do you mean?

DOCTOR

Well, our contact. Obviously he's the one who's been pulverized.

MEL

So we give up.

Someone is in the sound booth watching.

DOCTOR

What else?

MEL

Oh, okay then, keep going, I'm sure there's more.

It's been isolated.

I can go back to exercising.

All change.

No, it's a treadmill, it doesn't end.

The hydroponic center. I told you about the sudden panic when I was in here.

DOCTOR

My dear Melanie, if you wish to pursue this completely arbitrary course, pray, hurry along to the hydroponic center and leave me to my static and solitary peregrinations.

Mel gives him a look as he begins to walk on the treadmill.

Back in the trial room, the Doctor objects loudly.

DOCTOR

Hold it! Just a minute! I don't remember that.

INQUISITOR

How could you remember? These events are in your future.

DOCTOR

But... but I reviewed that section earlier when I was preparing my defence. There have been changes. That isn't what happened. The girl - Melanie - her information was important! I wouldn't have just ignored it, completely uncharacteristic, and the words. Misused. Didn't even sound like mine.

VALEYARD

What isn't completely uncharacteristic is this resort to excuses and subterfuge. To gloss over the death of Peri, the Doctor conveniently presents us with another companion.

INQUISITOR

Hardly a convenience, Valeyard. These events are in the Doctor's future, he would not have met the young woman yet.

VALEYARD

I stand corrected. But my assumption of why he has pursued such an arbitrary course in aborting this tale still remains.

DOCTOR

Arbitrary course?

INQUISITOR

Your assumption, Valeyard?

VALEYARD

Jane, stop this crazy thing!

See, that proves it, the future IS changeable.

Well, yeah, they did, actually.
...And those clothes, ridiculous, I would never wear anything like that!

Oh, what a giveaway.

That she, too, is going to her death.

DOCTOR

No! No, I'm sorry, Madam, I can't explain, but I have a feeling I am being manipulated. That the evidence is being distorted.

VALEYARD

Preposterous! Absolutely preposterous! Forgive me, sagacity, the idea the Matrix could lie. No. It is we who are being manipulated.

DOCTOR

No!

VALEYARD

To obscure the damaging truth!

DOCTOR

No, this is total fabrication!

VALEYARD

The truth, Doctor! You sent your companion down the cargo hold into a situation which you described, I quote, 'Can't you sense it, Mel? Evil. There's evil in this place.'

DOCTOR

No! No, this is all wrong. Every instinct of which I am capable would have made me prevent her.

VALEYARD

Yet you did not!

INQUISITOR

Doctor, either you continue with your submission or I must consider the evidence for the defence to be concluded.

He thinks for a moment, and takes his seat again.

The Time Lords all spin in their chairs to watch tv.

Mel has entered the cargo hold area.

Someone is observing her from on the scaffold.

He makes his presence known.

EDWARDES

What are you doing prowling around down here?

We live in hope.

Methinks the man doth protest too much.

Like Eddie's spoilers.

Time Lord TiVo.

Looking for yooooou.

MEL

Prowling? Why should I be prowling?

EDUARDES

Because this is off limits and I suspect you know it.

MEL

I just wanted to have a peep at the hydroponic center.

EDUARDES

Any reason in particular?

MEL

I think it might tie in with that mysterious mayday call. I'm not going to touch anything. Heh. What harm could it do?

EDUARDES

I'll no doubt regret this, but come on, a conducted tour only, no wandering off on your own.

MEL

Tell me, who's the woman with the dragon's voice?

EDUARDES

Professor Sarah Lasky. She's an agronomist. So are her two assistants, Bruchner and Doland.

MEL

So was the hydroponic center set up specially for them?

EDUARDES

Yes, we had to allocate part of the hold.

MEL

Why is only low spectrum light allowed in the place?

EDUARDES

Something to do with photosynthesis. Low spectrum light allows the plants to stay dormant.

He scans his palm print at the door.

EDUARDES

Now I'll go first. We don't want you breaking your neck. At least, not until...

I hate peeps.

Well, that's a convincing enough reason for me.

This part, actually.

Mood lighting, baby.

What's photosynthesis?

I've had a kiss.

As his hand makes contact with the inner door to push it open, sparks fly and a loud explosion is heard. Edwardes screams and his body glows. Mel's scream pierces the eardrums of all living creatures.

Chain reaction explosions run along the wiring, and Mel catches her breath to begin another scream. The outer shell of a pod plant breaks open and a bud of some kind, looking like fingers, pushes outward.

END OF EPISODE ONE

More explosions occur, and another pod shoots forth a tendril that amusingly works like a party noisemaker. Mel continues screaming throughout, before finally deciding to make a run for safety.

She almost immediately encounters two guards in red uniforms.

GUARD 1

What are you doing here? You were told not to come here.

MEL

Back there! Edwardes! He's dead!

The second guard runs to look.

MEL

He just touched the fences. (interrupted)

GUARD 1

Save your explanations for the Commodore, lady.

GUARD 2

He's dead, all right.

GUARD 1

Stay with him. I'll send help.

He grabs Mel and drags her along.

GUARD 1

Move.

Through a green haze, something has Guard 2 and Edwardes in its eyesight as it approaches. An electronic sound is heard, and Guard 2 turns to see something that terrifies him.

The image becomes one on the screen above the trial room, as the Time Lords somehow instinctively know it's time for a commercial break, and turn around before the image fades.

I don't want to set the world on fire...

Dude, did that weed just grow a HAND? Man, I am SO stoned.

You checked his pulse?

The Commodore lady?
I bet she's easy. Like Sunday morning.

Wheee!

BEHIND YOU!

VALEYARD

Another death, Doctor? But for the caprice of chance, the victim would have been your companion, Mel. Your culpability is beyond question.

INQUISITOR

You could have prevented her from going into the cargo hold. Instead you appear to encourage her.

DOCTOR

When I viewed the Matrix earlier, that isn't what happened.

VALEYARD

More futile grasping at straws when the facts tell against you, cry fraud.

INQUISITOR

Do you wish to reconsider, Doctor?

DOCTOR

No, Madam. I am being manipulated. But the only way to discover why, and by whom, is to press on.

He restarts playback, and takes his seat again.

The Matrix helpfully shows an establishing shot of the spaceliner.

Loud crashing noises are coming from the isolation room.

The guard posted outside is a bit concerned. The door opens and Doland comes out carrying a large plate. The plate and his tunic is covered in a mess of food and broken china.

DOLAND

Just an accident, no cause for concern. The stewardess will take care of that.

He hands the plate to the guard.

The Doctor is hanging out in the gym idly winding his pocketwatch.

Professor Lasky comes in haughtily. She grabs a wrist strap from the wall rack.

LASKY

Why aren't you wearing a pulseometer? The heart should be monitored while exercising.

How do they know when it's time to turn around?

When I watched it before, I thought it was GOOD.

When did you EVER think this was good?

What, under the table?

Press on what?

Press on nails.

Nachoes? Quesadillas? Space nachos. Spaceadillas. Didn't like 'em, whatever they were. It was the salmon mousse.

The Doctor appears to be considering a smart aleck response, and goes for a mild one.

DOCTOR

Which heart would you suggest, Madam? Unfortunately, that doesn't register a double pulse.

LASKY

A double pulse? What are you, a comedian?

DOCTOR

No. More a sort of clown, actually. Would you care to hear my rendering of *On With the Motley*?

Apparently not, she walks off without another word.

Through another door comes Rudge accompanied by two guards.

RUDGE

Doctor. You're required on the bridge.

DOCTOR

Ah! The Commodore wants a chat. Good, I shall enjoy that.

RUDGE

I don't think you'll find enjoyment's on the agenda.

On the bridge.

MEL

I don't need anyone to speak up for me, I'm quite capable of defending myself.

Rudge and the Doctor enter.

COMMODORE

How long have you known this woman?

DOCTOR

Uh... time is a comparative concept, Commodore.

MEL

Not now, Doctor, just answer the question.

COMMODORE

I should accept that advice and drop the sophistry. Can you vouch for her?

Not laughing.

What's a bridge for? Crossing!

And screaming.

Twenty Five minutes.

DOCTOR

Completely, utterly, what's all this about, Mel?

MEL

Communications officer is dead, and they think I did it.

RUDGE

She was caught running from the scene. She can't deny that.

MEL

I haven't tried! I persuaded Edwardes to show me the hydroponic center. It was booby-trapped!

DOCTOR

Booby-trapped?

A beep is heard coming from Rudge's communicator.

MEL

If it hadn't been for Edwardes, it would've been me who was killed.

Rudge is on his cell phone.

RUDGE

What, are you certain?

COMMODORE

What is it?

Rudge listens further.

RUDGE

It's the medical team. They say they can't find Edwardes anywhere in the hold, sir.

MEL

But he must be there!

DOCTOR

Well, perhaps he wasn't dead. The weird atmosphere down there could lead to phantasmagoria.

MEL

Oh, come on, you know me. Am I prone to that sort of imagination?

DOCTOR

Ehhh...

COMMODORE (to the guard)

He was watching her on the surveillance camera.

If only that thing had a microphone and earpiece in the right places.

No body, no murder.

P'raps he's a zombie.

I thought you left a man down there.

GUARD 1

I did, sir.

COMMODORE

Well, where is he? Rudge?

Rudge is still listening to his communicator.

RUDGE

They say there's no sign of him either, sir.

MEL

The guard's disappeared, too? Well now perhaps you'll accept that I'm not responsible. You've had me in custody.

DOCTOR

The perfect alibi, Commodore.

COMMODORE

Organise a search, Mr Rudge. I want those men found.

RUDGE

Yes, sir.

The guard and Rudge depart.

COMMODORE

Now, since you put in an appearance, first a passenger, now my communications officer and the guard have gone missing. Two, if not all three, murdered. But you, standing there in your divine state of innocence, you can't tell me what's happening, can you?

MEL

I can. The answer's simple enough. You've got a killer on board.

The Doctor gestures in a "what she said" manner.

In the hold, all seems quiet. A Mogarian is inside the hydroponic center looking around. He inspects the damage, then looks at the walls. On the floor he finds a green leaf. He picks it up and examines it closely. He begins to hear noises, and leans toward a wall ventilation grating to listen closer.

In the corridor, Mel and the Doctor walk past the guard at the door of the isolation room (who no longer has the messy plate). The Doctor waves.

I'd like to have her in custody.

And find me some other men while you're at it. Do you like... gladiator movies?

Mr Under and Mr Over have been sucked out of the airlock.

(leaf) Uh-oh, Adam and Eve are running around naked.

What happened to the messy food tray?

MEL

Look, Doctor, you can't just play a passive role. We were sent for, remember?

DOCTOR

I'm cogitating.

MEL

About what?

His gaze shows he is thinking about the guard they've just passed.

DOCTOR

Whether his job is to keep unwanted visitors out or...

MEL

Keep someone in.

Elsewhere, Bruchner and Doland are heading somewhere together.

BRUCHNER

No matter how you and Professor Lasky rationalize the situation, we should never have proceeded to the point we've reached.

DOLAND

How you became a scientist, Bruchner, baffles me. You have the temperament of an overcautious rabbit.

They arrive at the hydroponic center and the sight halts them in their tracks.

DOLAND

Did you leave the gates open?

Bruchner dashes into the room.

BRUCHNER

Doland! The pods!

Bruchner circles the vegetation to assess the damage.

BRUCHNER

Every one of them! Empty.

DOLAND

Some fool must have introduced high-intensity light into the center.

BRUCHNER

We are confronted with a catastrophe and that's your reaction? Don't you realize

Do that too much and you'll go blind.

I didn't become a scientist, I became an actor.

Oh no, not the pods!

Against the express wishes of the sign outside. Hydroponic center, this is high intensity light. High intensity light, this is hydroponic center.

what's been unleashed?

Back at the isolation room door, the guard amazingly has the plate again, and hands it over to Janet. She looks at it with a sickly expression. As she turns, Rudge is there.

RUDGE

Not again.

JANET

What's going on in there?

RUDGE

Don't ask me, I'm only the security officer.

The two go in opposite directions.

Back in the lounge, the Doctor and Mel come through the door upon Kimber and Professor Lasky, who is sitting reading.

MEL

Where are they?

DOCTOR

Where are who?

MEL

You know exactly what I mean. Where are the seeds? The ones you picked up in the wrecked cabin. Or did you think I'd forgotten?

The Doctor produces a handful of them. Mel reaches to pick one up but he snatches them back.

DOCTOR

Uh-uh!

MEL

Oh, come on!

DOCTOR

Well what do you want them for?

He holds them up in the air out of her reach.

MEL

Professor Lasky. She's an agronomist. I'm going to ask her.

DOCTOR

Is she? An agronomist, eh? You'd better leave me to cope with this.

MEL

Oh, THERE'S the plate.

I shouldn't have picked this week to quit drinking.

Keep away from Mel!

Put your arm down, Phew!

You?

DOCTOR

Mmm. This is a situation that requires tact and finesse. Fortunately, I am blessed with both.

He strides over to Lasky with a smile on his face.

DOCTOR

Professor Lasky.

LASKY

Oh, it's you, the comedian. What do you want?

DOCTOR

I understand that you're an agronomist.

LASKY

A thremmatologist, to be precise.

DOCTOR

A thremmatologist? Then you're well qualified to tell me about these.

He displays the seeds in his hand to her.

She jumps out of her seat.

LASKY

Stewardess! Stewardess!

Janet approaches.

JANET

Something wrong, Professor?

LASKY

Fetch the security officer.

JANET

Can I help?

LASKY

At once!

JANET

May I be told what's wrong, Professor?

LASKY

This man's a thief!

The Doctor lets out an indignant gasp toward Mel.

Janet pulls out her communicator.

In addition to impeccable fashion sense and a demure manner.

My silver plated cashews!

This man just showed me his nuts!

JANET

Mr Rudge to the passenger lounge, please.

MEL

Now what have you landed us in?

Comedy music plays as the Doctor does a Stan Laurel.

Down in the hydroponic center, Doland and Bruchner are still evaluating the situation.

A noise is heard and Bruchner whirls.

BRUCHNER

What was that?

The Mogarian is shown scurrying away.

DOLAND

Nothing. Pull yourself together, Bruchner.

BRUCHNER

There's someone in the hold.

DOLAND

Bruchner, you're allowing hysteria to take... (interrupted)

BRUCHNER

I know what I saw! It was a movement.

Together they begin looking around.

Enzu the Mogarian hides behind some drums. No, not the musical instrument.

Enzu the Mogarian looks a bit panicked.

Back in the lounge.

LASKY

That puts an entirely different complexion on the situation. Pity your friend the comedian wasn't as lucid.

DOCTOR

I never had a chance to be... (interrupted)

LASKY

I can't understand why they were in cabin six. Or why a mineralogist would steal them.

MEL

Are they special, Professor?

You get paranoid when you smoke all that weed, man.

Ewwwww.

Science!

DOCTOR

Just what I was going to... (interrupted)

LASKY

The Demeter seeds? Yes, they are. They represent a tremendous advance, a colossal leap.

DOCTOR

Do they? D -- (interrupted)

MEL

Did you call them Demeter seeds?

DOCTOR

Name of a god... (interrupted)

LASKY

Food of the gods. Heh. Bruchner, my assistant, bit of a romantic, highly strung, he christened them.

DOCTOR

But that still doesn't explain...
(interrupted)

LASKY

He wasn't just being pretentious. They'll increase potential yield threefold, and even more, they'll grow in desert sands.

Rudge, who has been conferring with Janet, interrupts.

RUDGE

Erm...

LASKY

What is it, man? Don't stand there hovering.

DOCTOR

You sent for him!

LASKY

I did? Oh yes! Not to worry.

RUDGE

But I do worry. Especially when serious allegations are made. You accused the Doctor of being a thief.

LASKY

Oh, that! A mistake. The fellow may be a fool, but he's not a criminal.

And there was that thing with the nuts.

The Doctor lets out a sigh, and then does something utterly astonishing that nobody reacts to: throws one of the Demeter seeds up in the air, catches it in his mouth, and chews. Unbelievable.

Back on the bridge.

COMMODORE

Project our course through the sector ahead.

An overlay comes up on the window.

COMMODORE

Put us on to a straighter course.

Data comes on screen.

COMMODORE

Reduce the diversion to a point-nought-three safety margin.

COPILOT

I estimate that brings our ETA forward by 72 hours, sir.

COMMODORE

72 hours closer to getting expert investigators on board. Carry on.

He gets up from his chair and walks off.

The ship is shown in an establishing shot. Looks like the same shot as before, only reversed.

Back in the lounge, two Mogarians are playing Galaga on a transparent plane that hovers between them. For some reason they allow their ship to be hit by one of the fast red flies, and the game seems to be over because the hovering screen vanishes. They nod to each other.

Janet is holding a tray of food as the Doctor takes a piece. Mel slaps his wrist.

MEL

No, Doctor.

He gives Janet a pained smile.

DOCTOR

No.

Janet walks round to Kimber, who is just rising from his seat.

KIMBER

Okay, he IS a fool.

Unbelievable. Why didn't we go back to the courtroom after that?

Does that mean anything?
You're just saying words.

But there's no escaping the hour left in the episode.

Hey, does this thing do anything other than Galaga?

When's the murderer gonna take HER out?

No thank you.

He makes it a few steps when suddenly a rumble is heard, and the ship shakes, making him stumble. The Commodore is just coming in the room, and helps Kimber regain his balance.

COMMODORE

No need for concern, just a navigational adjustment. As you can see, it doesn't even require my presence on the bridge. Now, for your information, the change of course will bring our landfall forward by 72 hours.

The Mogarians rise and address the Commodore.

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

[Sector we are approaching this surely we are] (backwards)

COMMODORE

Switch on your translator.

The Mogarian does so. It beeps, and a light comes on.

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

Surely we are approaching the sector with the Black Hole of Tartarus.

COMMODORE

That's correct.

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

If you are saving time, we must be going closer to the black hole.

COMMODORE

There's no danger, the safety margin is more than adequate.

Enzu comes over to join them.

Atzo switches his translator on.

ATZO (Mogarian Green)

That is hardly a denial.

ENZU (Mogarian Gold)

Simply a bromide.

The Doctor gets a closeup to let us know that he noticed the bloody obvious fact that Goldy didn't switch on his translator but was understood perfectly.

COMMODORE

(he stumbles) Poor guy's had too many.

As a matter of fact I was thinking of leaving for a while.

Landfall. Sounds so much nicer than 'crash'.

Hey, he didn't switch –oh.

Shhh! Not yet.

YES, we noticed too. EVERYONE NOTICED.

You sought reassurance, I've given it.

ATZO (Mogarian Green)

That word, reassurance, bears sinister undertones for we Mogarians.

COMMODORE

Indeed.

ATZO (Mogarian Green)

It is the word the earthlings used when first they persuaded us to allow them to seek mines on Mogar.

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

A limited concession was all they requested, and now they are stripping our planet bare.

Guess you're too wimpy to fight back, eh? Go Earth!

ENZU (Mogarian Gold)

Truth is a stranger to the earthlings.

COMMODORE

If you'll excuse me, politics do not come into my realm of influence.

DOCTOR

Then they should.

The Commodore just raises his eyebrow at the Doctor, then leaves.

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

Who are you? Another prospector?

DOCTOR

Only of knowledge. I have visited your planet. It's very rich in natural resources.

ATZO (Mogarian Green)

Which will soon be exhausted if these earthlings are not restrained. They are going through the universe like a plague of interplanetary locusts.

Back in the trial room.

VALEYARD

Are we to be subjected to a dissertation on interplanetary politics now, sagacity?

DOCTOR

Is that all you think it was?

Where Gandalf fought the Balrog!

That's right, loves, nod your heads when you talk so we can tell which one is talking!

Well, it WAS, anyway.

VALEYARD

Mining rights, Mogarians versus earthlings? What else would you call that?

DOCTOR

You are so pathetically intent on incriminating me you haven't been watching what's going on.

VALEYARD

My eyes never left the screen.

DOCTOR

Well, you may have been selected to prosecute me, Valeyard, but I hope you'll never be chosen to defend me.

VALEYARD

An occasion that will not arise, Doctor. Your lives are forfeit, as I've ably proven.

My dad can beat up your dad. Plus, my dick is bigger than yours.

DOCTOR

Something vital just happened in that scene. And the Valeyard perversely switched our attention to more trivial matters.

VALEYARD

Then, for pity's sake, tell us what it was that happened and enjoy your moment of triumph.

DOCTOR

Triumph? Heh. There's no cause for celebration. One of the occupants of that lounge is about to die.

VALEYARD

Another murder?

DOCTOR

Yes. And if you had been watching, you would know who was the intended victim.

INQUISITOR

Gentlemen, is this case to be resolved with a battle of words, or to be conducted via the Matrix?

They all turn and resume watching.

Janet brings Enzu a drink. The others already have drinks. Enzu's looks like coffee. He already has a straw poking

Trivial pursuit?

Sounds kind of like Bush.

Yeah, we all saw it. Trust me, everyone in this room noticed it.

(Rob does the snap thing)

If Pip and Jane have their way? Battle of words. Ro sham bo him! Right in his Demeter seeds!

Oh, naturally, there's a Starbucks there too.

through his mask, and puts it into the drink.

On the lounge balcony, the Commodore and Rudge confer.

COMMODORE

You've drawn a blank where Edwardes is concerned?

RUDGE

Yes, sir. Perhaps we should search the passenger cabins.

COMMODORE

No. The passengers are already uneasy, do you want them to realize they're trapped with a killer on the loose?

In the lounge, Lasky goes over to Bruchner and Doland who are waiting out of the Doctor's earshot.

DOCTOR

You're very quiet, Mel. Not quite your style to go into a brown study.

MEL

Brown study? Is the vocabulary of all the Time Lords so antediluvian?

Enzu stands up quickly, coughing. He waves his arms and stumbles, clearly choking on something. He falls to the floor. The Doctor and Mel are the first to reach him.

The Doctor makes to remove his mask.

COMMODORE

Are you trying to kill him?

DOCTOR

I'm trying to save him!

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

He will die if you remove his helmet!

RUDGE

Mogarians can't breathe oxygen! Surely you're aware of that!

DOCTOR

He's not a Mogarian!

MEL

He's not?

COMMODORE

Then who is he?

Is it the special brown study in the basement?
In the Brown study, with the candlestick.

See, even the Starbucks in space are awful.

DOCTOR

If you'll kindly allow me to remove his face plate, though I fear this poor fellow is beyond help.

JANET

Mr Grenville?

RUDGE

Grenville? The passenger from cabin six.

COMMODORE

The man who was supposed to have been dumped in the pulveriser.

DOCTOR

His name isn't Grenville. It's Hallet.

No it's not, it's Spartacus.

The Commodore checks for a pulse.

After checking, he rises to his feet and pops open his communicator.

COMMODORE

Send a stretcher party to the lounge.

Woo hoo, stretcher party!

COPILOT (o.s.)

Yes, sir. I'll organize that immediately.

COMMODORE

Carry on, Mr Rudge.

KIMBER

Poor Mr Hallet. I knew it was Hallet. I recognized him. Remember?

Janet shakes her head.

DOCTOR

You recognized him?

KIMBER

Yes.

RUDGE

But he denied it. He insisted his name was Grenville.

DOCTOR

Well, he would.

Because it was!
I'm confused.

MEL

Well, whether his name's Grenville or Hallet, why did he stage his own death in the pulveriser?

DOCTOR

This gentleman's just given us the answer.

KIMBER

I have?

DOCTOR

Hallet had presumably been assigned to investigate something or somebody on this ship. Then he had the bad fortune to be recognized. A chance encounter that put his entire mission in jeopardy.

RUDGE

Are you saying we had an undercover agent aboard and I wasn't informed?

The Doctor snickers.

DOCTOR

Well, you may have been a suspect.

RUDGE

Me?

DOCTOR

Together with everybody else on this voyage.

RUDGE

Is all this guesswork? Or have you any more tricks up your sleeve?

DOCTOR

Oh. No tricks, Mr Rudge. I knew Hallet. And admired him. But I assure you, until I removed that faceplate, I had no idea he was on board.

RUDGE

All nice and lily-white, Doctor, but it does leave one nasty little problem.

DOCTOR

It does?

RUDGE

How did you know the dead man wasn't a Mogarian?

Back in the trial room, the Valeyard displays a shameful stupidity by pressing the point.

VALEYARD

Yeah. How did you know? Have you been editing the Matrix and denying the court

Guess he should have worn a disguise then.

Need to know, Ruddy old boy. Need to know.

Liberty Hall.

Eh?

Except me.

All eight passengers?
Tickets must cost an awful lot.

Small universe. EVERYONE knew Hallet.

Who invented liquid soap, and why?

all the evidence to which it is entitled?

INQUISITOR

That would be a serious offence, Doctor.

DOCTOR

At the risk of appearing impertinent, sagacity, I would point out that you, the Valeyard, and everyone here present could have acquired the same knowledge.

INQUISITOR

Perhaps we may hear your explanation.

DOCTOR

With respect, you will not hear it from me.

He presses a control at his side, and a scene from earlier repeats. The Mogarian speaks backwards again.

COMMODORE

Switch on your translator.

The Mogarian does so. It beeps, and a light comes on.

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

Surely we are approaching the sector with the Black Hole of Tartarus.

The Doctor presses fast-forward. Apparently the Matrix is on tape, as the audio goes high-pitched for a moment.

COMMODORE

There's no danger, the safety margin is more than adequate.

Enzu comes over to join them.

Atzo switches his translator on.

ATZO (Mogarian Green)

That is hardly a denial.

ENZU (Mogarian Gold)

Simply a bromide.

The Doctor stops playback with smugness.

DOCTOR

As you saw. The bogus Mogarian did not switch on his translator.

Whoop-de-shit.

VALEYARD

Very astute of you, Doctor, but don't stop

If I edited the Matrix, I'd cut out the entire second and third movies.

Thank god for that.

Mmmm tartar sauce.

Apparently the Matrix is on tape.

You just said the explanation wouldn't come from you. You couldn't resist, could you?

there. Let us assume the murdered man was responsible for the mayday call. Perhaps you will now direct your deductive gifts towards justifying his extraordinary behavior.

INQUISITOR

Yes, the investigator Hallet's methods were very unorthodox.

DOCTOR

Agreed. And I'm indebted to the prosecutor for putting his finger on the nub of my defence, the reason why I could no longer stay on the sidelines.

He begins playback again, and they all turn to watch.

Stewards are cleaning tables in the lounge.

Mel and the Doctor are on the balcony.

MEL

Anyone there could have poisoned his drink.

DOCTOR

Providing us with a plethora of suspects.

MEL

Us? Do I detect a commitment at last?

The Doctor simply shrugs and lets out a sniff.

MEL

Because of Hallet's death? You said you admired him.

DOCTOR

I did. He was one of a rare breed. A maverick. Even the highly organized society of the 30th century has need of his kind. He'll be missed. And he left these seeds for me to find.

MEL

To lead you to where I've been telling you all along. They hydroponic center.

He considers, then wraps his arm around her, and together they move on.

A grating in the hallway is vibrating and loud noises are emanating from behind it, as if something was trying to get through it.

Hello sailor.
He did what, now?
Put your finger on my nub.
That's what SHE said.

(sniff) Did he fart?

(Maverick) Oh don't use that word. Brings back bad recent memories.

That is a REALLY bad chromakey effect.

The guard on the door of the isolation room comes around the corner, drawn by the noise. He looks at the grating. Bruchner arrives as the noise stops.

BRUCHNER

What are you doing away from your post? The isolation room is under no circumstances to be left unguarded. If it happens again I shall report you to the Commodore.

Bruchner waves his head, and the guard heads back.

Down in the hold.

MEL

Hallet must have sent that mayday call.

DOCTOR

Yes, he wanted me here as a catalyst, and to divert attention away from his own activities.

MEL

Heh. You do that without being asked.

DOCTOR

Hallet was an unorthodox man, but he was also a subtle man. So why did he resort to such blunderbuss tactics? Why use me as a Judas goat?

MEL

Well, he was running out of time. The mayday message said as much. "...perative traitor be identified before landing Earth." I guess the incomplete word was "imperative", wouldn't you?

DOCTOR

Do you know, I've always envied you that.

MEL

I should probably regret this, but...go on, I'll buy it. Envied me what?

DOCTOR

Your amazing ability for almost total recall.

MEL

Compliments? You are undergoing a change.

DOCTOR

Well I could have been comparing you to

I was tryin to sneak away to get to the stretcher party, man!

Give 'im hell, Fonzie!

What, my superb backside?

an elephant. Well, figuratively speaking.
They never forget.

MEL

Doctor, I realize you're trying to take my
mind off poor Edwardes.

DOCTOR

If you'd rather wait here?

Mel considers.

MEL

No.

She walks past him. He sighs.

They enter the hydroponic center.

MEL

What have you got there?

DOCTOR

A leaf from Hallet's pocket.

MEL

I didn't see you take it.

DOCTOR

Aha. Neither did anyone else. Another one
of my ...

He performs magic on the leaf to make it disappear.

DOCTOR

...tricks.

Chuckling. Mel did so, as the Doctor did likewise.

DOCTOR

What do you make of these pods, Mel?

MEL

I'm not into agronomy. Ask the professor.

DOCTOR

Ah. Thremmatology. The professor said
she was a thremmatologist.

Mel shakes her head.

MEL

You're gonna have to enlighten me. It's out
of my range.

DOCTOR

Who? Oh, oh.

Psychic paper.
Triffid detector.

Now he's being Sylvester McCoy.
Shouldn't he have used a word bigger than "trick?"
How 'bout "prestidigitatorous tendencies?"

Or Mary Ann.

Science of breeding or propagating animals and plants under domestication.

MEL

I'm not much wiser.

DOCTOR

Well, think, Mel! You've got a good brain. Think!

He gets up from his crouch and goes over to a pod.

It is hollow inside, and he steps fully into it, as if it were a tiny tent.

DOCTOR

I wonder what came out of this.

Green haze again as something is on the prowl. It sees corrugated ductwork as it ambles down a hall.

BRUCHNER

Will you end this charade, this pathetic pretence of normality? Can't you accept we're on the brink of disaster?

DOLAND

Bruchner, will you stop panicking? Our work must remain secret whatever the cost.

BRUCHNER

You're completely without conscience, Doland. I'm aware of that. But I expected the professor to grasp the enormity of our folly.

DOLAND

So you're suggesting that we jeopardize years of scientific research for the sake of some hypothetical danger?

LASKY

Exactly! We've no reason to believe the results of our experiments are other than benign.

BRUCHNER

Benign! Have you been in the isolation room lately?

LASKY

An unfortunate mishap that has no relevance to this situation. In any case, it's academic now.

Science!

Why were they growing plastic plants?

Brazilllll!

The Edge of Destruction.
Inside the Spaceship?

Or grasp your enormous folly.

No, I'm a social person.

BRUCHNER

I lack your lofty detachment.

LASKY

Do you also lack loyalty, Bruchner? To your colleagues? Before we left Mogar, we agreed that our discovery should be divulged to no one. No one. Until we reached Earth. Unless you have concrete evidence to prove there is danger, I expect you to keep your word.

BRUCHNER

You simply don't understand, do you? The crime we are committing in the name of science will make us infamous! And that's assuming there's anyone left to pass judgment.

Behind the grating high on the wall, a vervoid watches.

Janet walks down the hall and smiles at Mr Kimber.

JANET

Decided to get some rest, Mr Kimber?

KIMBER

Yes. Though I doubt if I'll sleep. At my age one doesn't like to be reminded of mortality.

JANET

May I fetch you a warm drink? Might help.

KIMBER

Thank you, that's very gracious.

She walks past the guard on the isolation room door on her way out. The isolation room is next to Kimber's cabin, number 8.

A plantlike hand pushes aside a white sliding panel to reveal Kimber in his room. Kimber's peripheral vision is useless. The plant slides the panel back a bit. But it's a door Kimber is about to go through. He slides it open, and is startled. He screams as the plant shoots out a tendril and a stinger is left in his neck. Crying out, he falls to the floor.

Janet arrives again carrying a tray. She knocks on the door. There is no answer.

JANET

It's the stewardess, sir.

When there is no response, she pushes the door open.

IN famous... That's, like, BETTER than famous!

How can I with that stretcher party going on all night next door?

Fetch me some Viagra too, young lady.

Whoo! Do fries come with that shake?

So much for him gettin' some tonight.

Correct.

She enters the cabin, and goes to the inner door. She knocks.

JANET

I've brought you a warm drink, sir.

Kimber is unconscious or dead on the floor of the water closet. As a cover, the plant hands turn on the shower tap.

JANET

Shall I leave it on the dressing table?

She does so, and exits the cabin, closing the door.

As Janet walks down the corridor, the guard watches her, the isolation room door opens to an exiting Professor Lasky, and the Doctor and Mel come into the corridor at the far end. The Doctor gets a quizzical look as he passes Lasky. As they reach the near end of the corridor, the Doctor poses a thought to Mel.

DOCTOR

What's a thremmatologist been doing in an isolation room wearing a surgical mask?

MEL

Well, seeing as there's only one way to find out, you've got two problems.

DOCTOR

Two?

MEL

Apart from getting rid of the guard, you're going to need a mask. And you can hardly ask the professor to lend you hers.

The grating behind them rattles.

Mel is startled.

MEL

Did you hear that?

The Doctor simply reaches for a fire axe and goes to smash an alarm pull.

As the alarm sounds, the guard runs the six feet to them.

DOCTOR

Quickly! The lounge! There are passengers trapped! On the double, man! There are lives at stake!

He hands the guard the axe, and the guard runs away.

Yeah, I like that.

Science!

No, and neither did you.

There are also LEAVES at stake.

Commodore says I'm not supposed to touch the axe.

He pulls two gas masks from the wall, and leads Mel to the isolation room.

They enter slowly. The room is murkily lit with an orange glow until the Doctor turns on the light.

Mel comes in and he gestures to her to close the door, which she does.

He turns his attention to something that looks like an ice freezer covered in a sheet of black plastic on the side wall.

He takes a corner of the plastic sheet, and pulls it aside.

Under is what looks like a human female with horrific vegetation growths all over her skull, including a branch or root coming straight across her forehead. And a piece of liver on her eye.

The root pulses. The Doctor leans in closer.

The female opens her good eye.

Mel shrieks again.

END OF EPISODE TWO

RUTH BAXTER

No!

The half-plant-woman reaches toward Mel feebly.

RUTH BAXTER

Stop her! Stop Lasky, you've got to stop her! Stop her!

Lasky barges into the room followed by her cronies. It's kind of loud and chaotic.

RUTH BAXTER

Stop Lasky!

DOLAND

Out! Out!

As the Doctor and Mel are dragged out of the room, Lasky comes in and fits a mask over the thing's face. It falls unconscious almost immediately.

Out in the corridor, the Doctor's voice can barely be understood through the mask he is still wearing.

DOCTOR

What's going on in there? What are you trying to hide?

Aww, we missed the stretcher party.

I think William Hurt is in there.

You know, I've heard about putting a cold steak on a black eye but that's ridiculous.

Must be another episode break, there's the scream.

Boy, tattoos are getting more exotic every day.

Get a load of this!

*He reaches the end of the corridor and takes off his mask.
Doland is right there.*

DOCTOR

Look, will you please stop mauling me!

DOLAND

I should drop the innocent party act if I were you. Any moment now, that guard will be back. He's going to be even less enchanted by your antics.

MEL

Never mind the guard, that monstrosity - what is it in there?

DOCTOR

Does the Commodore know what's been isolated in there?

DOLAND

I don't know by whose authority you ask. But if it'll put a stop to your meddling, I'll explain.

He looks at Mel.

DOLAND

That monstrosity, as you call her, is my lab assistant, Ruth Baxter. We're taking her to earth in the hope that we can reverse her condition. Our facilities on Mogar were too primitive.

MEL

What happened? How did she get in that state?

DOLAND

The experimental nature of our work entails some calculated risks.

DOCTOR

Calculated risks! Are you telling me that sad travesty is a statistical possibility?

MEL

The word should be criminal.

DOLAND

Very well, perhaps I should have said 'unforeseen.' During a particularly delicate cross-fertilization, a speck of pollen penetrated a minute scratch on my assistant's thumb. She should never have

Mall!

The innocent party is a lot less interesting than the stretcher party.

In the ISOLATION room?

Once upon a time...

Calculated risks, calculated risks?
Plus or minus 5 percent.

Everything this guy says sounds scripted. Oh...yeah.

left the room unaccompanied...
(interrupted)

GUARD

There he is!

The Doctor takes one step.

GUARD

Halt, or I'll fire.

RUDGE

Oh, Doctor. You do have the knack of landing yourself in hot water.

DOCTOR

Satiable curiosity, like *The Elephant's Child*.

MEL

Never mind the *Just So Stories*. That guard looks trigger happy to me.

RUDGE

He's only doing his duty, miss. The regulations are quite specific. Anyone setting off a false alarm on an intergalactic liner is to be arrested forthwith.

DOCTOR

No need to quote the book, I can explain.

RUDGE

Not to me. To the Commodore. He's expecting you. Take him.

DOCTOR

No, that's all right, I know the way.

MEL

Doctor?

DOCTOR

Hm?

MEL

It's that way.

DOCTOR

Yes, I know, it's that way.

Back in the trial room, the Valeyard stands up.

VALEYARD

Stop the matrix. I fail to comprehend this evidence. The Doctor is on trial for his life.

Nominee for worst line ever.

She's from the future, how does she know the Just So stories?

Roughly from behind.

Start Johnny Mnemonic.
Thanks for the reminder.

Nice reminder.

VALEYARD

Yet in his defence, he presents us with a situation in which he is deliberately flouting accepted authority.

INQUISITOR

Much of your evidence does seem to contradict your stated aim, Doctor. Are you saying the matrix is again being falsified?

DOCTOR

No. And if the Valeyard would exercise the same restraint as I showed during his presentation of his case against me...

VALEYARD

Ha!

DOCTOR

And could suppress his bloodlust...

INQUISITOR

Doctor! This court is dedicated to giving you a fair trial. Do not abuuuuuse its indulgence.

The Doctor cultivates a moment of consideration.

DOCTOR

I apologise.

INQUISITOR

The matrix, Doctor. I suggest we return to the Hyperion III.

The Time Lords all turn in unison.

The matrix again presents us with a convenient establishing shot, showing the liner flying by with a sort of black holey thing in the distance.

COMMODORE

Bring us in closer.

Controls are manipulated.

COMMODORE

Reduce the margin by a factor of point nought one to point nought two.

Bleeps are heard, and the display moves.

Just like the Third Doctor.

Showed while getting dressed this morning.

Not another sequel.
That one Time Lord looks really pissed off.
It's because he doesn't have a speaking role.

Um, why?

How is that reducing?

DOCTOR

Very narrow margin of safety,
Commodore.

COMMODORE

Not to a ship of the Hyperion class.

DOCTOR

Still risky, though. Quirky phenomena,
black holes, they can gulp with
unpredictable turbulence.

COMMODORE

When I want your advice, I'll ask for it.

He addresses the guard.

COMMODORE

I'll handle this. Get back on duty.

The guard leaves.

COMMODORE

What I do want to hear from you is a
reason why I shouldn't throw you in the
brig. Fire alarms are not playthings for
irresponsible buffoons.

*Back in the corridor, Mel is helping Rudge tidy up, putting
the masks back on their holders.*

Janet comes rushing down the corridor.

JANET

Mr Rudge! Mr Rudge.

RUDGE

What is it, Janet?

JANET

Mr Kimber has disappeared. He didn't
report to the fire assembly point and he's
not in his cabin.

*Rudge looks exasperated, and lets out a noise of concern.
Together he and Janet head away into Kimber's cabin.*

JANET

He hasn't touched the drink I brought him.

RUDGE

Well, maybe he just wandered off. Absent-
minded.

JANET

Without his jacket or his watch?

I took a Hyperion class. I got a C.

Irresponsible buffoons? 3x

Picked the wrong week to stop sniffing glue.

Or your tea sucks.

RUDGE

Now, when did you last see him?

JANET

I didn't. See him, that is. He was in the shower. I spoke to him through the door.

Rudge goes to look in the shower.

JANET

Where can he have got to? With all these killings - !

RUDGE

That'll do. Pull yourself together. Going to pieces won't help.

Rudge thinks for a moment.

RUDGE

We'll search the passenger quarters before we start assuming the worst.

Janet leads the way out of the cabin.

Mel is waiting outside the door, waiting for them to leave.

After they've gone, she goes into the cabin herself.

She goes into the water closet, and sees a leaf stuck in the grating in the wall. She picks it up and examines it closely before getting her familiar determined look, and dashing off out of the room.

Elsewhere, bodies are piled up as two plant-men drag Kimber along and add him to the count.

Then we get our first real look at the Vervoids. Lordy, that's funny stuff.

Back on the bridge.

COMMODORE

Grim picture.

DOCTOR

I've no reason to lie, Commodore.

COMMODORE

I'm not questioning your honesty, simply your methods. However, I'm left with little alternative but to begin to cooperate.

DOCTOR

Begin? I take it you mean begin overtly to

I didn't want to see his willy.

Think of England.
That'll do, pig.
Heyyy!

Run! It's a leaf!

(First sting) Excuse me.
Look at the size of those heads.
Vervoids! Look more like Dildoids to me.

cooperate.

He gives a look of surprise.

DOCTOR

You've been using me, Commodore. I would never have been allowed to run free if you hadn't condoned it.

COMMODORE

Fair comment.

DOCTOR

Frankly, I think you should notify the authorities about the death of the investigator Hallett, and insist on being given full details of his mission.

COMMODORE

You underestimate me to that extent, do you?

DOCTOR

Sorry. They refused.

COMMODORE

Top secret. By the time they've gone through channels, we'll probably have docked.

DOCTOR

Well, that can't happen.

COMMODORE

No one will be allowed to disembark. The murderer won't escape.

The Doctor remains thoughtful.

DOCTOR

Murderer. Yes.

He makes to be on his way and approaches the door, but turns around like Columbo.

DOCTOR

You'll let me know as soon as you get a reply?

COMMODORE

Certainly, Doctor. I'll match you for candor.

Comedy music plays as the Doctor frowns.

Rudge approaches Janet at the registration desk. She is

Ahh, just one more thing.

hanging up the phone.

JANET

Did you find him?

RUDGE

Not a sign. And you?

Janet shakes her head.

RUDGE

I'll have to report we've lost another passenger. Heheh. That'll improve the Commodore's temper, I guarantee.

Mogarian Red, sitting at a nearby table, switches on his translator.

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

Mr Rudge!

RUDGE

Um... later!

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

Wait. Come here.

Rudge, unsure, looks at Janet first, then approaches the Mogarians.

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

We want to know what is happening.

ATZO (Mogarian Green)

Yes. Where was the fire?

RUDGE

It was a false alarm. There is nothing to worry about. You must excuse me, I have urgent things to do.

ATZO (Mogarian Green)

Sit down, Rudge.

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

There is only one thing you have got to do.

ATZO (Mogarian Green)

That is to tell us exactly what is going on.

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

And I suggest you do so right now.

In the corridor, the vent grating is shaking again. The guard approaches with his weapon drawn. He opens the grating, it swings out like a door, and sticks his head

Picked the wrong week to quit popping Quaaludes.

You will obey me!

Why don't they just leave their translators on?
The light bulbs would burn out.
And they'd have to run next door to Target to buy new ones...

The red translator is for the green mogarian. The green translator is for loading and unloading only.

inside.

Nothing grabs him and pulls him in. But from further down the corridor, a vervoid stalks him, pun intended. It takes its time shuffling toward him, and instead of shooting it he tries to send a message on his radio, but another vervoid belatedly comes from the vent and stings him on the side of the neck. The guard falls to the floor.

On the bridge.

COMMODORE

Yes? What is it?

COMMODORE (o.s.)

State your position.

VERVOID 1

(?) Help me with this.

The vervoids, breathing heavily, stuff the guard into the vent.

COMMODORE

Who the blazes was that? Trace that call.

Doland is back down in the hydroponic center. He can hear rustling noises.

The noises are coming from inside the lab.

Doland goes in to find Bruchner trying to destroy evidence.

DOLAND

Have you gone out of your mind?

BRUCHNER

I have been, but not any more, I've regained my sanity.

DOLAND

It's not only your own work you're destroying. Other people have contributed. You've no right to do this!

BRUCHNER

You long ago lost sight of the difference between right and wrong.

DOLAND

Why, because of some unexplained incidents?

BRUCHNER

On my way down here, I heard of another unexplained incident. That harmless old

Help the plants are attacking!

I knew I shouldn't have watered them.

He should have shot him with his banana.

Use the shredder!

Let me give you an example. This episode is *wrong*.

man is missing. How many more, Doland, before you and Lasky accept responsibility?

Bruchner abruptly goes back to his work destroying papers.

Doland simply leaves the lab shack, and closes and locks the door from the outside, trapping Bruchner.

In the exercise room, Mel is showing the leaf to Lasky who is doing about 20 mph on her bike.

LASKY

I've no time for a horticultural discussion now, young woman. You and your erratic friend have already disrupted my routine.

MEL

I only asked you if you'd tell me what this leaf is.

LASKY

After my workout and that's final!

Doland comes in.

DOLAND

I need to speak with you privately, professor.

She stops cycling.

LASKY

Really! Not now, Doland!

DOLAND

I know how much you object to your work schedule being interrupted but this is absolutely vital.

LASKY

Well?

DOLAND

You must speak with Bruchner. Calm him down.

LASKY

Can't you?

DOLAND

Look, he won't listen to me.

LASKY

Where is he?

He's gonna die, isn't he.

You can lead a whore-to-culture but you can't make her think!

Three more laps.

Leave me alone, I'm playing Motorstorm.

DOLAND

In the hydroponic center.

She throws her towel at him and strides imperiously out of the exercise room.

Doland follows, carrying the towel.

MEL

Mr Doland?

She indicates the towel bin. He throws it in.

MEL

Let's pick up where we left off while you're in the mood for explanations.

DOLAND

Did I give you that impression?

MEL

What are those pods in the hydroponic center?

DOLAND

The results of another experiment.

MEL

I could have made an educated guess at that. What was in them?

DOLAND

Giant fruit. And anticipating your next question, we left the fruit on Mogar. We're merely taking the shucks as an example to fellow agronomists in earthbound laboratories. Now if you'll excuse me.

He leaves. She doesn't look convinced.

Then she hears a noise.

It sounds like breathing, and it's coming from a vent in the soffit.

It gets her attention. She dashes over to the wall and climbs up the exercise bars like a ladder. Mmmmm. Such a nice view.

She listens for a moment.

Then she jumps down again and reaches over to grab one of the headsets.

She climbs up again. Ahhh.

(at that) But I didn't.

(shucks) awww, shucks.
Is he wearing eye shadow?

They've GOT to stop building spaceships with walk-through ventilation shafts! Just askin' for trouble!

She twists the headset a bit so she can wrap it around the grating, so it remains in place. Then she jumps down again, the music mickey-mousing her move once more.

She runs over to the control room and goes inside.

MEL

Think. Think... um... amplifier.

She hits a red button and tweaks some knobs, oo-er.

MEL

Amplifier.

The voice of a vervoid comes across.

VERVOID (o.s.)

We must not make animal-kind aware of our existence. They still outnumber us. If we are to kill them all, we must hunt them down secretly.

As Mel is listening, a white-gloved hand comes from behind her and places a gas mask over her mouth. She screams.

The Doctor enters the empty lounge.

DOCTOR

Is there anybody there, said the traveler.
Hmm.

He sniffs.

DOCTOR

Perhaps she's in the gym.

He walks across the room and goes through the other exit.

Mel, unconscious, is inside rubbish bin number 126.

A hand places a towel over her, then closes the lid on the bin.

Amazing timing...the doors then open admitting a staff member pushing an empty rubbish bin. He bends round the hanging plant, leaves the bin he pushed in, and begins pushing bin 126 out as the Doctor comes in.

The Doctor holds the doors.

DOCTOR

Ah. Allow me. Wish I could get rid of my waste as easily, eh? Heheheh. Em.

Ohh, I forgot how to think! Owwww!

Tap tap Is this thing on?

Nope, didn't muffle the scream at all. Try harder.

(sniff) What fabric softener do you use?

So they pulverize their towels after one use?

Gee, these towels are mighty heavy, but I won't look to see why.

He pats his stomach.

Looking around, he sees no sign of Mel. The control room catches his attention and he walks over to it.

Inside, a red light is flashing, and a buzzing is heard.

He checks behind the door. Mel's small, but not that small.

The red light is a RECORD light, he notices.

He pushes a red button and the light stops flashing.

Then he presses a green button, and it lights up as a rewinding sound is heard.

He pushes the green button again to stop it.

Then he pushes a yellow button.

The vervoid voice is heard again.

VERVOID (o.s.)

We must not make animal-kind aware of our existence.

In the corridor, the staffer pushes the bin slowly down the hall.

Nearby, another worker is dumping numbered bins by hand into an incinerator. 34 is going first, next is 5.

Back in the control room.

VERVOID (o.s.)

We must hunt them down secretly.

Mel's scream is heard on the playback. The Doctor is startled.

The worker continues lazily pushing bin 126 down the corridor.

The Doctor next hears his own voice on the recording, and realizes that it's been only seconds since Mel's scream.

DOCTOR (o.s.)

Ah. Allow me. Wish I could get rid of my waste as easily, eh? Heheheh. Em.

He runs off quickly.

Bin 126 is rolled into the incinerator room and it stacks up with the others.

The Doctor dashes into the lounge and accosts Janet.

Records? In the future?

More cowbell.

Is this thing on?

Wow, they really do pulverize their towels.

In the future, they've lost the ability to launder.

Boy, I sound weird on tape.

DOCTOR

The waste bins, where do they go?

JANET

Waste bins?

DOCTOR

Quickly, woman, where are they taken?

JANET

Well, the pulveriser.

DOCTOR

The pulveriser!

He runs off through the lounge.

The worker is emptying bin 3 into the incinerator, or pulveriser, whatever, and bin 126 is next.

The Doctor runs down another corridor.

The worker sets aside bin 3.

He drags bin 126 up to the mouth of the pulveriser.

DOCTOR

Stop!

The Doctor reaches the bin and pulls off the lid.

He lets out a sigh as he lifts the towel off Mel's face, and she begins to come to.

The worker seems completely nonplussed that there's a woman in the bin.

DOCTOR

Don't throw the towel in, Mel.

She grimaces.

The Hyperion III is heading awfully close to the black hole. Which looks more like a blender in space.

COMMODORE

Why in Hades haven't you reported before now? As a security officer, you're an unmitigated disaster.

RUDGE

That's hardly fair, sir.

COMMODORE

We've had a passenger

To the furnace!

Where else would you put dirty towels?

The tickets for this liner must cost a lifetime salary.

The worker seems unbothered.

Thank you. I've tried hard to become so.

murdered...according to you, another one's disappeared. Three crew members are missing, unaccounted for, and you haven't a clue as to why they've gone or where they are.

They're in a larder.

And the vervoids are carrying another guard's body in to add to the pile.

They set the body down, then take up their marks in front of the camera.

VERVOID 1

We are doing splendidly.

VERVOID 2

Congratulations must be delayed until that is full.

VERVOID 1

We shall not have long to wait.

*The Doctor and Mel dash back to the control room.
Crappy music, synthesized trumpets, plays.*

DOCTOR

Oh! It's gone.

MEL

What has?

DOCTOR

The tape. The proof we need to force Lasky's hand.

MEL

It's a waste of time. Our killer has obviously removed it.

DOCTOR

Hmm. Just as he tried to remove you.

MEL

He? Why not she?

DOCTOR

Lasky?

MEL

Or the stewardess, Janet?

DOCTOR

Heh! Janet?

Or what, or when, or how.

I see them, right there.

You're such a dick!
I know you are but what am I?

Why are we whispering?

He considers, but not for long.

DOCTOR

No. Ch.

MEL

Well it wouldn't have taken a man's strength to lift my weight. A woman could have dumped me in the waste bin.

A kid coulda done it.

The Doctor has climbed up the wall, and Mel climbs up next to him.

DOCTOR

What are they? And how do they link with these murders?

MEL

Whatever they are, they're not human. And we're all to be destroyed, remember?

The Doctor jumps down.

DOCTOR

Still got that bit of leaf?

Mel jumps down too.

She takes it out of her pocket and hands it over.

He slaps two leaves together and puts on a determined look.

MEL

Where are you off to?

DOCTOR

Hydroponic center. There has to be a connection.

MEL

And what about me?

DOCTOR

Well, follow your lead. See if Janet has got the tape, but... Mel, be careful.

He tweaks her cute wittle nose y wosey.

MEL

You too, Doctor.

Janet is serving those layabout Mogarians.

Awwwww. Blehh.

JANET

Can I tempt you with a coffee, sir?

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

No. Thank you.

JANET

How about you, sir?

*Atzo just smashes the tray out of her hand. Fucking prick.
Janet bends over to pick up the tray.*

Atzo activates his translator.

ATZO (Mogarian Green)

Sorry.

JANET

Not to worry. It's easily changed.

She walks off.

*Mel has entered a cabin. She starts going through clothes.
The sign on the door outside says 'Stewardess' as a
vervoid, its distinctive hissing breathing giving it away,
casts a shadow over it.*

*Cut to the communications room, which is sparking and
crackling and has been smashed to pieces. Standing in the
middle of the room is a satisfied Doctor, holding a fire axe
with mad staring eyes, sighing with satisfaction.*

In the trial room, the Doctor reacts.

DOCTOR

I didn't do that!

INQUISITOR

Stop the matrix.

He switches it off but is speechless.

The Valeyard looks wearily bored.

VALEYARD

Are we to be subjected to more chicanery,
sagacity?

DOCTOR

It wasn't me in there!

VALEYARD

Ridiculous! We all saw you. You're hardly
mistakable in that outfit.

DOCTOR

I didn't smash the equipment!

Just like any other rude traveler.
Mogarians or Americans?

He just wanted to see her bend over.

I saw that in *The Shining*.

Speak for yourself.

INQUISITOR

Are you saying the communications equipment was not sabotaged?

DOCTOR

No, no, it had to be, to prevent the Commodore getting information from earth, but I didn't do it!

INQUISITOR

Then who did?

DOCTOR

The murderer!

VALEYARD

The murderer? I think, Inquisitor, the Doctor is telling us more than he realizes.

The Doctor rolls his eyes and sighs.

DOCTOR

The prosecutor delights in scoring cheap victories, my lady. I swear to you, when I viewed that section earlier, I was nowhere near the communications room.

VALEYARD

So once again, the defendant is accusing the matrix of being wrong.

INQUISITOR

Are you, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Yes. Yes, I am.

INQUISITOR

If you are questioning its veracity, is there any point in continuing with the matrix?

DOCTOR

But what else have I got? Without evidence to prove my innocence, I'm condemned.

VALEYARD

And with it, you are also condemned, it seems, Doctor.

He sneers. He'd twirl his moustache if he had one.

VALEYARD

Shall we continue?

Silence.

It's only taken him three episodes to decide.

As we've said, they should've stopped after the first movie.

The end. Can we go home now?

INQUISITOR

Doctor? Shall we continue? You had, as before, sent your companion into danger.

The Time Lords turn, and the Doctor presses to play.

Mel is searching one of Janet's uniforms. The pockets are empty.

She hears a noise, and turns her head to see the doorknob turning. She goes into the water closet and gets into the shower stall to hide.

The door opens and a vervoid comes in.

It looks around the room. You can tell its peripheral vision is nonexistent. It doesn't turn its head, it turns its whole body.

Mel peeks, then slides the curtain closed.

In the communication room, the Commodore inspects the damage.

COMMODORE

Let's hope we don't need to call for outside help. There's no way we can repair this. We're completely isolated.

He and his officer leave the room, the officer shutting the door behind them.

Lasky is in the lab shack sifting through half-burned papers. She gets mad.

LASKY

Sheeeeeer vandalism. And utterly useless.

BRUCHNER

Is that how you see it, professor?

LASKY

How else?

BRUCHNER

Because I put an end to this obscene experiment?

LASKY

I should think that when man first discovered fire, there were those who were equally appalled and wanted it suppressed. If they'd prevailed, the human race would still be cowering in caves.

Well, that's what I do... that's my thing!

Ohhh, this is too big for me. Everything I find is too big for me.

All right!
Shower scene!

Hello!
Are you decent??

Did you order me online?

That's their only transmitter?

Mmmm. Toast.

BRUCHNER

To use your own phrase, that's all academic now.

LASKY

If you were rational, you'd realize how pointless this is. We can't unlearn knowledge. You're no illiterate. How often does a great advance produce this reaction? Think of Galileo!

BRUCHNER

Galileo? Oh, is that it, you see the name 'Lasky' inscribed in the history books?

LASKY

Rubbish. This has been a team effort.

BRUCHNER

With you as leader. Well, you fulfill that role to the last, you've led me to see the fault in my strategy. You, me, Doland, even the creatures we've spawned, the sole representatives of this great advance. And we're all encapsulated on this ship. On this... SHIP!

He grabs a heavy tool and attacks her. She cries out.

The Doctor is approaching the hydroponic center. As he reaches the door, Doland, running, shoves his way past him.

DOCTOR

I didn't even hear the dinner gong.

He shakes his head.

Vervoids are nearby, they have been listening.

The Doctor finds Lasky slumped to the floor. He checks her for signs of life.

VERVOID 1

That man must be stopped. We are unique, the only members of the vervoid species. If he succeeds in eliminating us, vervoids will cease to exist.

VERVOID 2

Forget your previous orders. Bruchner's death is now our priority. He cannot be permitted to prevent us from reaching planet earth.

In the corridor, a guard stands, still and quiet.

Glad to see they still use TRS-80s.
Let me show you my 8 inch floppy.

What's unleeceeeaaaaarn?

(snore)

(snoring)
I said ship!

Rimshot.

Please... please...

Now I may just be talking out of my urethra, but...

Doland sneaks up behind him and gives him a chop at the back of the neck. Always works on tee vee.

The guard is knocked out. Wow. Doland takes his gun and dashes off.

Back in the lab.

LASKY

I don't care what you heard on some mythical tape.

DOCTOR

You're letting arrogance blinker you, professor. It may not be your intention, but you are in danger of joining an extensive roll of dishonor. Misguided scientists who claim the pursuit of truth as an excuse for immoral experiments.

LASKY

This is no time to debate ethics. I made that mistake with Bruchner. I tell you, the man's demented. He's out to destroy the ship and everyone on it.

She shoves the Doctor out of the lab.

DOCTOR

Just a...

Bruchner, armed, is going backward down the corridor. He passes the open vent as a vervoid comes out and tries to sting him.

He cries out, then slams the vent door.

Inside Janet's cabin, the vervoid is throwing things around, making a mess. Mel continues hiding in the shower stall behind the curtain.

In the corridor, Lasky and the Doctor find the unconscious guard.

LASKY

First things first. Let's find Bruchner.

DOCTOR

Ep. Dm. Er... he'll live.

On the bridge, the Commodore reaches for a control, and Bruchner fires a laser bolt at his hand.

COMMODORE

Ahh!

(Miss Piggy hiiiiyaaa!)

I am angry!
Hulk smash!

He's hiding out in South America.

BRUCHNER

Get out of here. Now! Or I'll kill both of you!

The Commodore and Shaggy slowly leave the room, the Commodore nursing his arm.

Bruchner slams a control and the door closes.

He takes the seat and begins messing with the controls.

The display moves around and numbers scroll up the screen. The implication is that he is moving the ship toward the black hole.

Outside the doors.

COMMODORE

Later. Get the laser lance up here immediately.

LASKY

Bruchner?

COMMODORE

Yes, but why, what's his motive?

DOCTOR

I rather think his intention is the vital question.

COMMODORE

All right, then, what's... just tell me, Doctor.

DOCTOR

He's determined to destroy this ship.

LASKY

And the rest of us with it.

COMMODORE

Does the lunatic know anything about flying a spacecraft?

Lasky nods.

LASKY

Bruchner's been trained as an astronaut. One of the team had to be. Obligatory requirement.

How convenient.

COMMODORE

Stupid GPS, can never get a signal near a black hole.

Aww, someone deleted all my station pre-sets!

Stop wasting my time.

Lunatic? The Doctor? No.

How convenient.

Very thorough.

No, convenient.

Doland continues making changes to the course. The ship turns and heads directly for the black hole. Well, almost directly.

DOCTOR

Can the power to the bridge be cut off?

WHAT?

COMMODORE

Well, I hope. It's designed to be hijack-proof.

The whole ship shakes.

Inside Janet's cabin, the vervoid spews vapor from its urethra.

Mel still hides in the shower, the shower curtain shaking.

In the lounge, everyone holds on to something. The copy of Murder on the Orient Express sitting on the table shakes, too.

The Hyperion III moves closer to the black hole.

Bruchner looks like he's playing a video game, piloting the ship.

In awe of the embiggening black hole, he rises from his seat and stares, mouth open.

Outside, the others are shaken off balance.

LASKY

What's happening?

COMMODORE

Isn't that obvious? Running into turbulence.

Um... turbulence in space? What?

DOCTOR

Rather more than turbulence.

LASKY

Don't talk in riddles, man.

DOCTOR

Your colleague is aiming the Hyperion III into the eye of the black hole of Tartarus.

No, convenient.

What!?! Can the power to the BRIDGE be cut off? Sure, this close to a black hole, great idea.

What's happening?

Well, Johnny, when a plant loves a woman... This is wrong on so many levels.

Agatha Christie, now that would be a good subject for a Doctor Who story!

My god, it's full of stars.

Turbulence in a vacuum, there's a new concept. This gets better every second.

END OF EPISODE THREE

Elsewhere, two Vervoids wobble in a different corridor.

VERVOID

Bruchner must be stopped. Get every Vervoid to the bridge area.

The Vervoids flail around a bit.

Stuff falls off shelves in the bathroom where Mel is hiding.

A Vervoid crawls into an access hatch.

Mel looks all scared and stuff. She hops out of the shower and coughs.

The Doctor points a giant cigarette lighter at the wall.

Some people stumble around near some scaffolding with plants on it.

We see a cool, high tech 80's video game.

Bruchner watches it transfixed.

A Vervoid pounds on some grating, and spews smoke out of its pie hole. (Well, I hope it is!)

Back in the corridor, the Doctor et al continue to play with the cigarette lighter.

A crewmember punches a hole through the wall. Everyone starts to cough as smoke fills the area.

Bruchner falls over.

Back to more coughing with the Doctor and friends.

DOCTOR

Marsh gas?

LASKY

A methane derivative.

COMMODORE

Marsh gas? Where the devil has that come from? What is it you two know that I don't?

DOCTOR

Questions later. Will smoke masks be any good?

LASKY

Aim for the red swirly thing.

Wow, still going?

He must have sent away for some. . . of . . . no.

That's the worst version of Tetris I've ever seen.

Come in!

Heeere's Johnny!

Ugh. I open door.

A marsh?

Marcia Marcia Marcia...

No, they'd be completely inadequate.

COMMODORE

You're saying that none of us can go in there?

LASKY

It'd be suicide.

DOCTOR

Let me go.

COMMODORE

No, it's my ship. If there's a risk to be taken, I'll take it.

DOCTOR

No!

RUDGE

There's no need for heroics from either of you.

RUDGE (into radio)

Come to the bridge.

The ship heads towards the black hole.

Two Mogarians walk through a smoky corridor, enter a room, sit down, and mess with some controls.

Back with the Doctor and company.

COMMODORE

If they make a hash of it in there we're finished.

RUDGE

I doubt if that will happen, Commodore.

On the shaky bridge, the Mogarians continue to mess with the controls, Eventually the ship stops shaking. The Mogarians turn around in their chairs.

The ship is gliding smoothly through space.

Back in the corridor.

COMMODORE

I'm grateful to you both. Now that the air is breathable, I'll resume command.

RUDGE (brandishing gun)

I'm afraid that isn't going to be possible, Commodore.

Oooh. Digital shake.

Mwaaaahh ha ha ha haaaa!

Nice job, Sam.
You too, Etsu.

MOGARIAN

What he is stating, in the usually devious human manner, is that we are taking over the ship.

DOCTOR

A hijack? But you Mogarians are a peace-loving race. Violence is repugnant to you.

MOGARIAN

No one will be harmed, if they obey orders.

COMMODORE

Rudge, I will personally see to it that you rot in jail!

RUDGE

I should restrain that tongue of yours, Commodore. The Mogarians may not believe in violence, but I don't share their qualms.

The Doctor moves forward, as if he's pretending that he's actually going to disarm Rudge. Rudge points the gun at him and continues.

RUDGE

All my life, someone like you has been patronizing me. Treating me with contempt. Well. I'd welcome the opportunity of settling the score.

MOGARIAN

Mr Rudge, take the hostages to the passenger lounge.

The Mogarian walks out. Rudge points, and the Doctor starts to move.

Doland walks quickly through the passenger lounge to where Janet is seated.

DOLAND

Surely you can contact the bridge now?

JANET

Still not responding, Mr Doland. I've just tried.

DOCTOR

Hold on, Rudge. If we're being hijacked, I think we deserve an explanation.

RUDGE

Any more unexpected moves, and it won't

(hijack) With a Chiquita?

Take this spaceship to Cuba.

No gold watch for you.

Don't threaten me while I'm holding this banana!
Don't make me peel!

be an explanation you'll get.

Mel runs into the lounge.

MEL

We're being hijacked! If you don't want to get caught, come on!

They run through a door as it closes.

The hostages enter the room. The Doctor begins to run towards the door.

RUDGE

No, Doctor! Over there, away from the door. Then you won't be tempted to try anything stupid.

Rudge walks forward, pointing his "gun".

RUDGE

On moment, Commodore. I'll take the keys to the vault.

COMMODORE

Blazes you will.

Rudge karate chops the Commodore, and he falls.

Lasky screams.

The Doctor runs forward.

RUDGE

Stay back. (Pause) Professor Lasky, reach into the Commodore's pocket and take out the keys. Carefully!

DOCTOR

What do you want in the vault?

DOLAND

For me, not a thing. The Mogarians are after the consignment of precious metals. Got this quaint notion it was plundered from their planet. They're just recovering stolen property.

DOCTOR

That can't be your motive.

LASKY

It's greed.

She tosses the keys to Rudge.

All Gonds leave the hall now!

Because aliens ate my Buick.

Wow, what a crushing blow.

Uh, Professor, those aren't my keys.

RUDGE

Not completely, pride as well. After this voyage I was being written off as a has-been. And put out to grass, so I decided to arrange a more comfortable retirement.

The Commodore groans.

LASKY

If you have any decency left, you'll get this man some medical treatment.

RUDGE

There's a first aid kit in the cabinet.

DOCTOR

Rudge, this hijack is just a sideshow. There's a much greater menace.

RUDGE

Not my problem, Doctor. In less than an hour we rendezvous with our pick-up.

The caveman brings the first aid kit over, and the Doctor takes it.

DOCTOR

Here, let me. After all, I am a Doctor.

He goes over to the Commodore.

LASKY

Rudge, you're nothing but a squalid criminal.

Back in the corridor.

MOGARIAN (on tannoy)

The Hyperion III is no longer under the command of Commodore Travers.

Mel, Janet and Doland run down the corridor.

MOGARIAN (on tannoy)

All personnel must remain at their posts. If there is any attempt to approach the lounge or the bridge, the hostages will be killed.

MEL

I'll put out a call for help.

Mel runs off, with Janet following. They go into the Transmitter Room© and find all the equipment slashed.

MEL

Oh. Great!

For a tap on the shoulder?

Mel!

You got a pickup? What kind o pickup you got, man?

The indefinite article, you might say.
Per se.

HEEEELLLLLLLLLLLLLLP!

Mel and Janet come out of the room.

MEL

Millions of miles away from anywhere and we're completely isolated.

DOLAND

Can you organize a squad of guards?

JANET

But you heard what the Mogarian said; they'll kill the hostages.

DOLAND

What makes you think they won't anyway? You're surely not naïve enough to accept the word of a hijacker.

MEL

He's right, we can't just do nothing.

JANET

But if the guards go crashing in they'll be signing four death warrants.

MEL

Not unless we can find a way of warning the hostages.

Mel walks off and opens a door that presumably leads to a shaft of some sort.

Back in the lounge.

COMMODORE

You don't believe that Rudge is behind these killings, do you?

DOCTOR

No. No, he's just a weak man gone rogue.

COMMODORE

So, whatever the outcome of this hijack, we're still at the mercy of a murderer.

DOCTOR

Or murderers.

They look over at Lasky, who sits forlornly at a table.

Mel is crawling through a tunnel amidst a bunch of dryer tubing.

Back on the bridge, the Mogarians sit at the controls. The red one turns around.

And it's not even the isolation room!

Could try screaming.

Warming the hostages? Are they cold?

(on Rudge) Eat the banana eat the banana eat the banana

Yeah, we're bored too.

ORTEZO (Mogarian Red)

What are you doing here? We did not request refreshment?

Some JN-T patented green slime hits them in their faceplates. The screech and fall to the floor.

Back in the lounge, the Doctor lounges.

Mel looks through some grating.

MEL (whispering)

Doctor.

The Doctor looks around.

MEL

The air duct.

Rudge is sneezing into a cell phone. (?)

The Doctor gets up and puts his ear to the duct.

DOCTOR (whispering)

What are you doing in there? Don't you know how dangerous it is?

MEL

Shall I join you? There's going to be an attack on the lounge. When you hear the fire alarm, dive for cover.

DOCTOR

No.

MEL

What do you mean, "No"?

DOCTOR

Too risky, attack the bridge.

MEL

The bridge?

DOCTOR

You heard. Now get out of that air duct, quickly.

MEL

OK.

We see a Vervoid in all its glory.

VERVOID 1

It is not only we who kill animal-kind.

Especially not Fresca!
Help me, I'm melting!

Is he tired?
Well, he has been up for an hour and a half.

They kill each other.

VERVOID 2

They have no respect for any form of life.
We shall resume the hunt.

The Vervoids do their best Sleestak impersonations.

On the bridge, Doland, Mel and Janet kneel over the dead Mogarians.

DOLAND

Oxygen's toxic to a Mogarian.

MEL

Yes, but how? Who could have done this?

DOLAND

Forget playing the detective. Let's concentrate on the living. Rudge has to be convinced that the hijack's a lost cause. And that's going to take more than words.

MEL

Well, those faceplates, they'll do the trick.

They remove the faceplates revealing the green Mogarians.

A Vervoid goes through the corridor and enters the Isolation Room, and removes the cover from the tank the half woman/half Vervoid screams.

The Vervoid zaps her and she dies.

In the lounge. The Doctor paces.

There's a knock at the door.

MEL (v.o.)

Mr. Rudge, hold your fire, we're coming in.

They come in with the hands up.

JANET

The Mogarians are dead.

Doland shows Rudge the faceplates, and then tosses them to the floor. He's able to distract him long enough to knock the gun from his hand.

Rudge throws a mini tantrum and runs out.

COMMODORE

Leave him to the guards. Get up on the bridge now. Once I get this ship back on

It's like they ate a brush.
Or...no, just... no.

(fake Mel scream)

Hey, I'm one of you!

That'll learn ya.

Jazz hands!
(Charleston music)

Noo! My banana!

course, I want some answers from you, Professor. And that goes for you too, Doctor.

DOCTOR

I haven't been holding out on you, Commodore. There's an audiotape that will explain everything.

COMMODORE

Then why haven't I heard it?

DOCTOR

Because it's been stolen. I would like carte blanche to search all the cabins.

COMMODORE

You've got it.

DOCTOR

Another request, I need a phaser.

The Commodore gives the Doctor a phaser, and the Doctor gives him a piece of paper he's been writing on.

The Commodore leaves, and the Doctor starts to move in the opposite direction.

MEL

A phaser? You?

DOCTOR

Exceptional circumstances require exceptional measures.

The Doctor continues walking off.

MEL

I don't buy that. And why the public announcement about the tape? Everyone could hear.

DOCTOR

Could they?

MEL

I recognize that innocent tone. What's going on?

DOCTOR

Mel, I entered this affair as a Judas goat, I intend to re-adopt the role. Now, if Professor Lasky had the tape, where do you think she'd hide it?

MEL

You still only buy albums on vinyl, geezer.

Get well soon, love, the Doctor.

Uh, dude, you already have exceptional measures.

In her bra.

Lasky?

DOCTOR

Hmmmm..

MEL

Her cabin, or her locker in the gym.

The Doctor gestures, and Mel leaves.

Rudge runs down the corridor, but stops as a Vervoid steps into frame. More Vervoids come out of the closet.

RUDGE

What are you?

They zap him and drag him into the closet.

The Doctor is searching Doland's cabin when Doland enters.

DOLAND

If you're looking for a certain tape, Doctor, I don't think you'll find it in there.

DOCTOR

Does that mean you've hidden it somewhere else?

DOLAND

Obviously a denial isn't going to impress you. May I know of what I'm accused?

DOCTOR

Murder, amongst other things.

DOLAND

Murder? Am I supposed to treat this seriously?

DOCTOR

I have narrowed the suspects down to two, you and Professor Lasky.

DOLAND

Then I suggest you search the professor's cabin.

DOCTOR

I already have.

DOLAND

You really are serious.

DOCTOR

I'm never frivolous about murder.

In her pussy galore?
Hey-ooooohhhhh!

(Entertainer)

Is that Pokemon on the shelf? Pikachu!

But I do have some Flock of Seagulls tapes.

(Murder) Other things?

You and Mel.

Well, usually not.

DOLAND

So, this tape, it's important?

DOCTOR

Crucial.

DOLAND

I see. Well, I know I'm innocent, and I can't believe the professor's guilty, but if it'll end this nonsense, then...I know of another place where the professor keeps things.

The Doctor motions Doland out. He opens the door.

Mel is searching Professor Lasky's cabin.

Lasky comes up behind her and spins her around.

LASKY

If you've finished with my tracksuit.

MEL

I was just admiring the...um... design.

LASKY

Don't bother to lie. You're not very good at it.

She messes around with the tracksuit.

LASKY

No tape. That's what you were hoping to find, wasn't it?

In the Transmitter Room, the doctor is apparently trying to open something.

DOCTOR

Owwwww..

DOLAND

I'm afraid the professor has the only key.

DOCTOR

And you're not going to object if I, uh, force it open?

He attaches something to it that makes a cool noise.

He rifles through it.

DOLAND

Doctor, the tape.

Ooo-er.

Well, it IS a long voyage.

She's better at standing up.

Frustrated grunt.

He tosses a red tape to him, and quickly picks up the blaster.

DOLAND

Not that it will do you much good. I've wiped it.

DOCTOR

Yes, I rather thought you might have done.

DOLAND

You still suspected me yet you came down here?

DOCTOR

A reckless streak. I'm prone to them. It wasn't difficult to pinpoint you. The first murder could have only been carried out by someone with access to this unit. The second needed poison. Even the aborted attempt on Mel's life could only have been committed by someone who could go unchallenged into the Isolation Room and get the anesthetic.

(Line. Line. Line. Line.)

DOLAND

All this could have applied to Lasky.

DOCTOR

No, not the Mogarians. She was a hostage when they were slaughtered.

DOLAND

And my motive?

DOCTOR

Could be jealousy, professional envy. I'd say it was the more commonplace avarice.

Pip and Jane?

DOLAND

Then you're not as astute as I thought, Doctor. Those creatures-we call them Vervoids-represent vast economic power.

That's funny, they call themselves vervoids, too.

Outside a Vervoid eavesdrops.

DOCTOR

Provided you can get them back to Earth.

DOLAND

Oh, but I shall, no matter what the cost. And robots can be dumped on a scrap heap. Vervoids will run the factories and farms at practically no cost. All they need is sunlight and water.

DOCTOR

I take it you have someone willing to finance this exploitation.

Outside a Vervoid still eavesdrops.

DOLAND (v.o.)

A consortium with the vision to recognize the potential of the Vervoids.

DOCTOR

Vision? You're talking about slave labor!

DOLAND

The most enduring and spectacular empire, Rome, was built on slave labor.

DOCTOR

Came to a pretty unpleasant end, though.

DOLAND

Which brings us neatly to you.

He tries shooting the phaser, but it doesn't work.

DOCTOR

I took the precaution of disarming it.

Doland leaves the room, and bumps into the Commodore and his guards who are waiting in the corridor.

DOCTOR

I also took the precaution of taking the Commodore into my confidence.

COMMODORE

Throw him in the brig.

The guards take Doland away, as the Commodore follows.

The Doctor watches.

Elsewhere, the Vervoids put Rudge on a pile of dead bodies.

VERVOID

Doland will soon be joining them.

Doland is pushed rapidly down the corridor by a guard.

Another Vervoid comes out of the closet and kills the guard, who screams.

Doland continues down a side corridor where he runs into more Vervoids.

Freakin' Wells Fargo Bank?

Vision! This is Chicago TARDIS, not Vision!

Just like Visions.

Disarming, like my smile.

Or maybe the pulveriser, I can't decide.

Sergeantm take 'em away and book 'em. Sergeant Takemaway. Sergeant Bookem.

DOLAND

No, no, I'm not your enemy. Without me you wouldn't exist. I'm your friend.

He extends his hand to a Vervoid, who takes it.

There's a zappy sound, and we see a thorn in Doland's palm.

He looks at it as the Vervoids gesticulate, then falls to the floor.

The Doctor, Mel, Lasky and the Commodore are on the Bridge.

COMMODORE

You created these psychopaths, now tell me how to get rid of them.

DOCTOR

The Vervoids are not psychopaths.

MEL

Doctor, I heard them say they intended to wipe us out.

LASKY

14:57

DOCTOR

Why is it that none of you can see what's so glaringly obvious?

Science?

COMMODORE

Maybe we lack your divine insight.

DOCTOR

No divine insight, just logic.

MEL

Logic?

DOCTOR

When you overheard the Vervoids, Mel, how did they describe us?

Fleshy? Pink? Nice bottoms?

MEL

Um, wait a second... Animal-kind.

DOCTOR

Not human beings, not Mogarians. Animal-kind.

COMMODORE

I hope this is relevant.

They ARE?!

LASKY

It is. He's making sense. The Vervoids are plants.

DOCTOR

At some stage, directly or indirectly, all animal-kind consumes plant life. Without it we'd perish.

LASKY

I must have been blinded by professional vanity. Bruchner saw it. I should have too.

MEL

Doctor, if you're right, then coexistence with the Vervoids is impossibility.

COMMODORE

It's a question of self-preservation. Kill or be killed.

DOCTOR

A conflict in which there can be no justice.

COMMODORE

Equally there's no choice, and that goes for you too, Doctor. We need your undivided commitment.

Back to the courtroom.

DOCTOR

And there you have it, the direct request. I did not meddle; I was presented with an appeal. And not just from anybody, but from the man in whom authority was vested.

INQUISITOR

I accept your argument. Nor, Valeyard, can you refute it.

VALEYARD

Perhaps we should await the outcome of this adventure, my lady.

INQUISITOR

Doctor, do you wish to continue?

The Doctor pushes a button, and Professor Lasky appears on the Jumbotron.

LASKY

There's not enough left to make a spoonful of herbicide. The Vervoids must have got here first.

(vanity) Yeah, I'd say.

VANITY Galore.

In your FACE!

Shouldn't he have said episode?

A spoonful of herbicide makes the medicine go down.

MEL

Any more ideas, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Why can't I rid myself of the feeling we're approaching this the wrong way round?
Professor, do Vervoid chloroplast function normally?

LASKY

A cytogeneticist now. You're a man of varied talents.

DOCTOR

Don't prevaricate, Professor.

LASKY

Yes, Vervoid chloroplasts trap sunlight, as is normal with all plants.

A strange, growling sound can be heard in the corridor.

MEL

Doctor, there's something out there.

Some Vervoids amble through the corridor.

Mel steps out of the doorway, with the Doctor following.

DOCTOR

Is there another exit?

LASKY

Not this side of the hold. I'm going to talk to them.

She starts to go, but the Doctor stops her.

DOCTOR

They won't listen!

LASKY

Perhaps they will. To me. I wasn't going to exploit them like Doland. They'll know that.

DOCTOR

They'll spare no one.

LASKY

I have to try.

MEL

Doctor!

The Vervoids mill about as Lasky walks over to them.

I *HATE* Pip and Jane.

The ultimate group sex scene. A bunch of dicks and one Pussy Galore.

LASKY

You must know who I am.

VERVOID

Yes, Professor Lasky, we do.

LASKY

Then you must also be aware that I mean you no harm,

VERVOID

All animal-kind is our enemy, Professor, even you.

The Vervoid zaps her, and en masse they carry her away.

A passenger (I'm not sure who) pushes a Vervoid into the incinerator. Another Vervoid comes up from behind and zaps him. He falls to the ground, dead.

Elsewhere the Doctor and Mel move through the ducts.

They see the pile of dead bodies.

MEL (v.o.)

How could they? It's obscene.

DOCTOR

Not to a Vervoid.

MEL

You can't justify it. It's just...

Mel whines like a big baby. The doctor grabs her.

DOCTOR

It's a matter of perspective, Mel. In your house in Pease Pottage you had a large garden. What did you do with the plants and weeds you uprooted?

MEL

Put them on a compost heap.

DOCTOR

They're obeying instinct. Like migrating birds or salmon swimming relentlessly upstream to spawn even though they may die.

Mel puts her head on the Doctor's shoulder and cries like the big, girly baby she is.

DOCTOR

A compulsive following of the life cycle.

Are you my mummy?

Who was that guy?

Oh that was bin emptier number one.

The vervoids themselves are pretty obscene.

IN her house?

Or gumblejack... oh forget it.

You're getting snot on my coat.

We see a light on the wall. So does the Doctor.

DOCTOR

Come on, Mel.

They run off.

IN the lounge, Janet and some guards barricade the doors with wicker furniture.

JANET

It's useless, Commodore, they're everywhere.

On the bridge.

DOCTOR (v.o.)

We need your help, Commodore.

COMMODORE

Name it.

DOCTOR

Like the Vervoids, we're being driven by blind instinct. Kill or be killed.

COMMODORE

We've been over that.

DOCTOR

What if instead of bringing their lives to an abrupt end. We did the opposite, accelerated the Vervoid life cycle?

COMMODORE

How the blazes do we do that?

DOCTOR

Vionesium.

MEL

Vionesium?

DOCTOR

A rare metal found on the airless planet of Mogar.

COMMODORE

And worth a prince's ransom.

DOCTOR

Or a hijack.

MEL

You mean there's a consignment on

They're coming to get you, Barbara!
This wicker furniture isn't holding them back!

How convenient.

board?

COMMODORE

That's right, in the vault.

MEL

But how will this vionesium accelerate the Vervoid life cycle?

DOCTOR

It's a substance similar to magnesium. Exposed to oxygenated air, it releases incredibly intense light and carbon dioxide. Spring, summer, autumn, all condensed into a few moments.

COMMODORE

Seasons which I may be a long time enjoying again if I go robbing my own vault.

MEL

Seasons you can forget if you don't. We've seen what the creatures can do.

DOCTOR

You've no alternative, Commodore.

MEL

You can't send for outside help, the ship's completely cut off. The Doctor's the only hope you've got.

The Commodore stands up, and hands the Doctor his keys.

COMMODORE

All right, Doctor, you can have the vionesium. What's the drill?

DOCTOR

First, you must drive the Vervoids back to their lair.

COMMODORE

Me?

DOCTOR

Plunge the ship into darkness.

Back in the lounge, Janet and the guards struggle with their barricade.

JANET (into communicator)

They're never going to give up!

Back on the bridge.

The chief component of vionesium is deusexmachinum.

Isn't this how Warriors of the Deep ended?

Oh, so it's more like magnesium and Viagra, then.

Dugga dugga dugga.

If you mean...turn the lights off, why can't you just say so.

(and crew) all three of you...

COMMODORE

Attention all passengers and crew, a major fault has developed in the generators.

In the corridor with the Vervoids.

COMMODORE (v.o.)

To effect necessary repairs, the heating will be shut down and auxiliary lighting only will be in operation.

Everything's gone red.

VERVOID

Are all the Vervoids here?

OTHER VERVOID

There is still another to come.

VERVOID

This power fault could be a trick.

OTHER VERVOID

What can they gain? Animal-kind need the life support system. They must repair the generator to survive.

Mel is eavesdropping in the red ductwork. She hears a Vervoid growl. It slowly walks towards her, and eventually she screams.

The Vervoids circle around Mel.

MEL

No!

She screams again.

DOCTOR (v.o.)

The vionesium, Mel!

The Doctor throws the vionesium to the floor. There's a bright flash of light.

The Doctor throws down more of the vionesium, and there are more flashes. The Vervoids all stumble about, moaning.

The Doctor pulls Mel out of the throng of Vervoids, and they run away.

The flashing continues.

The Commodore and the Geico caveman watch.

(All raise hands and say here one says present)

And she's the last one to throw it.

Their unprotected eyes are handling it well.

I love you.
(snort snort noise)

The Doctor hugs Mel, who's apparently too scared to watch.

The Vervoids lie on the floor, their leaves turning brown. They moan and slowly move around.

In the lounge, Janet and an affectionate guard listens.

A Vervoid falls to the floor amidst the moaning as leaves begin to fall as well.

A Vervoid collapses into a pile of brown leaves.

Mel looks up at the Doctor, and then starts to cry again.

The Doctor puts the communicator to his ear and switches it on.

DOCTOR

You can restore power. It's over.

On the bridge the Commodore and the Geico caveman sit at the controls.

COMMODORE

Restore power.

The lights go on.

The Doctor stands amongst the Vervoidal devastation, as leaves blow in an inexplicable howling wind He picks up a leaf

Mel walks over to him.

He looks forlornly In her direction.

The leaf turns to powder in his hand.

In a different corridor.

JANET

Until we meet again, Mel. Doctor.

COMMODORE

NO, don't say that. I owe you my thanks, Doctor, but let's make this the sweet sorrow of a final parting, hmmm?

The Doctor laughs.

MEL

I shall remember that the next time we get a mayday call.

DOCTOR

Janet, I know you haven't seen me much during this story, but I'm here now.

Ug. Me restore power.
So simple, even a caveman can do it.

Close the airlock door, you're letting all the air out!

Stigmata! Stigmata! Stigmata!

Now, why don't you run along, Janet. Next week we'll learn why cows look forward to giving milk.

She means that too. Memory like an elephant.

MEL

That's his idea of a compliment, comparing me to an elephant.

DOCTOR

But so ludicrously appropriate, I find it amusing.

MEL

Well, at least if you're laughing, you can't be singing.

The Doctor unlocks the TARDIS.

MEL

You ever heard his rendering of *On with the Motley*?

The Doctor steps into the TARDIS.

MEL

Count your blessings. Bye.

Mel follows the Doctor into the TARDIS, and closes the doors.

The TARDIS dematerializes to the strains of On with the Motley.

The Commodore and Janet walk through the shot.

Back in the courtroom.

INQUISITOR

Did none of the unfortunate creatures survive, Doctor?

DOCTOR

No, my lady, had even a leaf survived and fallen on fertile soil, a Vervoid would have grown.

VALEYARD

Every Vervoid was destroyed by your ingenious plan.

DOCTOR

Yes.

VALEYARD

Whether or not the Doctor has proved himself innocent of meddling is no longer the cardinal issue before this court. He has

No, no... how about now?
Mel hears a Who.

Wouldn't that require a seed?

Line.

I mean no! No, no. I always get that one wrong.

proved himself guilty of a far greater crime.

INQUISITOR

You refer to Article Seven of Gallifreyan law?

DOCTOR (standing up)

No, my lady, that cannot apply! Had a single Vervoid reached earth, the human race would have been eliminated!

VALEYARD

Article Seven permits no exceptions. The Doctor has destroyed a complete species. The charge must now be genocide.

Zoom into Doctor's face.

THE DOCTOR
Colin Baker

MELANIE
Bonnie Langford

THE VALEYARD
Michael Jayston

THE INQUISITOR
Lynda Bellingham

LASKY
Honor Blackman

COMMODORE
Michael Craig

RUDGE
Denys Hawthorne

JANET
Yolande Palfrey

DOLAND
Malcolm Tierney

BRUCHNER
David Allister

ATZA
Sam Howard

ORTEZO
Leon Davis

FIRST VERVOID

Ooh, seven, yeah, that's even better!

Article Seven, the "Overacting Clause"

Cuz the Valeyard says so.

Aw. Now we'll never know.

Okay, let me save you from the last two episodes: The valeyard's the doctor, the master shows up, and the Doctor lives but then regenerates before we see him again. The end.

You have no honor.

Yeah Yolande. Mmmm.

They should have had name badges as well as translators.

Peppi Borza

SECOND VERVOID

Bob Appleby

RUTH BAXTER

Barbara Ward

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

Malcolm Clark

SPECIAL SOUND

Dick Mills (BBC Radiophonic Workshop)

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Ian Fraser

PRODUCTION ASSOCIATES

June Collins

Jenny Doe

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Jane Wellesley

ASSISTANT FLOOR MANGER

Karen Little

VISUAL EFFECTS DESIGNER

Kevin Molloy

VIDEO EFFECTS

Danny Popkin

TECHNICAL CO-ORDINATOR

Alan Arbuthnot

CAMERA SUPERVISOR

Alec Wheal

VISION MIXER

Shirley Coward

VIDEOTAPE EDITOR

Hugh Parson

LIGHTING DIRECTOR

Don Babbage

SOUND

Brian Clark

COSTUME DESIGNER

Andrew Rose

MAKEUP DESIGNER

Shaunna Harrison

Now the Vervoids are on top of Ruth Baxter!

The special sound comes from the workshop.

Terry's older brother?

Alec Squeeeeeeel.

After his job inventing computers.

DESIGNER
Dinah Walker

PRODUCER
John Nathan-Turner

DIRECTOR
Chris Clough

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The end.

Dinah won't you blow...
No, she won't.

Best British Crap.

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