

**ROBOT**

By Terrance Dicks

Mysterious Theatre 337 – Show 201002

Revision 2

By the usual suspects

Transcription by Steven W Hill

*Dun de dun*

*TARDIS*

*Vortex*

*And we see a Doctor...*

*Doctor Who, I love you*

*Robot*

*By Terrance Dicks*

*Part One*

*At UNIT HQ, the Brigadier is talking to someone who isn't in this episode.*

**BRIGADIER**

Now, just a minute.

**SARAH JANE**

Look, Brigadier! Look! I think it's started.

*The white-haired bloke turns into a darker-haired bloke.*

**BRIGADIER**

All right, here we go again.

*Sarah Jane crouches beside the Doctor while the Brigadier picks up a phone.*

**BRIGADIER**

Get me the medical officer. (pause) Lieutenant Sullivan, emergency. Come to the lab at once, please.

*The Doctor is mumbling.*

**THE DOCTOR**

...human history.

Oooh, bad trip, man!

Robut.

Who's that?  
I'm changing... I'm changing!

Oh, thank god he's gone.  
And not ginger.  
And not a girl.

He's much improved!

**BRIGADIER**

What's he talking about?

**SARAH JANE**

It's something that happened when we first met.

*The Doctor sits bolt upright.*

**THE DOCTOR**

I tell you, Brigadier, there's nothing to worry about. The brontosaurus is large and placid.

*He falls back to the floor.*

*Harry Sullivan comes into the lab followed by stretcher bearers.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Is this the patient, sir?

**THE DOCTOR**

And stupid!

*He sits up again and grabs Sarah's arm.*

**THE DOCTOR**

If the square on the hypotenuse equals the sum of the square on the other two sides, why is a mouse when it spins? Heh. Never did know the answer to that one.

*Sergeant Benton comes in carrying a folder.*

**SGT BENTON**

Excuse me, sir... the daily reports.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Take him to the sick bay, I'll make a proper examination there.

**SGT BENTON**

What's happening, sir? Who's...

**BRIGADIER**

That, Mr Benton, is the Doctor.

**SGT BENTON**

You mean he's done it again? He's changed?

**BRIGADIER**

We don't talk about it any more.

So you don't know the way to France either?

John Levene, ladies and gentlemen!

No, it's John Anthony Blake.

No, it's...

Is that a Navy euphemism?

Apparently. Saw it happen this time.  
Lieutenant Sullivan!

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Yes, sir.

**BRIGADIER**

I'm placing the Doctor in your personal charge.  
He is to have your full attention.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Right-o, sir.

*The Brigadier takes the folder from Benton.*

**BRIGADIER**

Right. Anything urgent, Mr Benton?

**SGT BENTON**

No, sir, just routine.

**BRIGADIER**

Yes. Everything seems pretty quiet.

*He hands the folder back.*

*Outside, night. A guard stands in a tiny shack outside buildings that look like barracks, with a wire fence surrounding.*

*Something beeping as it moves, we see this thing's point of view. It's got chunky claws for hands, and the arms are metal rods.*

*It picks up the guard in its sight and continues straight for him.*

*The guard doesn't say a word, but pulls out his sidearm.*

*He fires two shots before one of the thing's claws silences him by the throat.*

*It sees a sign reading No Admittance.*

*The claws tug at a chain and lock for a moment before pulling them apart with very little effort. The gate swings open.*

*We get a normal view of the sign: Ministry of Defence Weapons Research Centre, No Admittance Without*

Hello, sailor.

But then!  
(dun dun DUN!)

I hope nobody hears my loud beeping!

Early experiments in high definition video were disappointing, as you can see by this footage.

*Pass, guard dogs patrolling. Beneath the sign, the guard is lying still, and the chain and lock are in pieces.*

*The thing continues moving. In moments, a guard dog runs up to it, barking for a moment, then squealing as the thing casts it aside.*

*The thing reaches a dark blue door.*

*A bash of its claw and the thing is inside. Its shadow creeps across the wall.*

*The claws grip the bar of a vault door and wrench the door off.*

*Now inside the vault, the left claw picks up an envelope from a shelf. The envelope is labeled TOP SECRET.*

*Back at HQ, later.*

**BRIGADIER**

The complete set of plans for the new disintegrator gun.

**SARAH JANE**

Stolen? Who by?

**BRIGADIER**

No one saw them. Probably enemy agents. Small commando squad. They found heavy vehicle tracks.

*Sarah leans forward to look at the report the Brigadier is examining. Suddenly conscious that she's technically not clear, he closes the folder.*

**BRIGADIER**

You realize, of course, Miss Smith, all this is top secret?

**SARAH JANE**

Then why are you telling me?

**BRIGADIER**

Well, because I - because there's no one else I can tell.

**SARAH JANE**

The Doctor's still unconscious?

Snoopy!  
No, don't hurt Snoopy!

Stealth Mode activated! Beeping increased!

I am crushing your head!

What I wouldn't give to be a real boy with real hands!

By whom! Journalist. Pff.

But they somehow missed the massive foot prints.

(I...) because I love you.

*He nods.*

**SARAH JANE**

Oh, he'll be all right. I know he will.

**BRIGADIER**

He used to drive me mad, but I miss having him about. You know, he'd have been interested in this robbery. There are some very strange features.

**SARAH JANE**

Actually, I want to ask a favor of you.

**BRIGADIER**

Yes, of course.

**SARAH JANE**

Um. You know Thinktank, the Frontiers of Science research place, all the latest in everything under one roof?

**BRIGADIER**

Yes, what about it?

**SARAH JANE**

Well, now and again, exceptionally favoured journalists are allowed to visit it, and... well, for ages now, I have been dying to...

**BRIGADIER**

You want me to get you a visitor's pass.

**SARAH JANE**

Ooh. Please.

**BRIGADIER**

Nothing simpler. Come to my office and I'll fix it straight away.

**SARAH JANE**

And could I see the Doctor before I go?

**BRIGADIER**

Yes, of course.

**SARAH JANE**

You're sure you've got the right man to look after him?

Can you lend me fifteen pounds to mend my shed?

It's a TARDIS. Bigger on the inside...

...make you some tea.

Yes, but you'll have to crawl through the air ducts.

**BRIGADIER**

Young Sullivan? Oh, he's a very fine chap.  
First class doctor.

**SARAH JANE**

Seems a bit old-fashioned.

**BRIGADIER**

Nothing wrong with that, Miss Smith. You  
may not have noticed but I'm a bit old-  
fashioned myself.

*Around the corner down the corridor, the Doctor puts  
his jacket on over his pajamas, then beats a retreat as  
he hears them approaching. He hides.*

**SARAH JANE**

Oh, nonsense, Brigadier. You're a swinger.

*The Doctor resumes his approach to the corner and  
peeks around. Still bare footed and carrying his boots,  
he opens the door to the lab.*

*He pokes his face into the lab and gives a grin, then  
steps inside. He walks over to the work bench, but  
doesn't seem to know what to do next.*

*He turns, and sees the TARDIS.*

*He silently mouths his happy discovery.*

*Dashing over, he grabs the handle but finds the police  
box locked shut.*

*Puzzled momentarily, he looks around. Then he  
begins to think.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Key. Key, key, keykey.

*He checks his jacket pockets and finds nothing.*

*He tries dumping out one boot to no result.*

*The other boot rattles a bit, and he listens, then shakes  
an object into his hand. Another grin.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Yes, of course. Obvious place.

*He puts the key into the lock.*

Oh I say, old chap, what what?

Well, I do dabble a bit...

He does already have the porn mustache.

Harpo Marx IS the Doctor!

Damn Shansheeth took my key.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

There you are. Now, come along, Doctor, you're supposed to be in the sick bay.

**THE DOCTOR**

Am I?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Mmm-hmmm.

**THE DOCTOR**

Don't you mean the infirmary?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

No I do not mean the infirmary, I mean the sick bay. You're not fit yet.

**THE DOCTOR**

Not fit? I'm the Doctor.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

No, Doctor, I'm the doctor, and I say that you're not fit.

**THE DOCTOR**

You may be A doctor, but I'm THE Doctor. The definite article, you might say.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Look here, Doctor, you're not fit...

**THE DOCTOR**

Not fit? Not fit? Of course I'm fit. All systems go!

*He breaks a conveniently placed brick in half with one chop of his hand, then begins to run in place.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

I say.

*He keeps running.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Look...

*He stops, then places Harry's stethoscope to one heart, then the other.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Like in Star Trek.

He looks pretty fit to me.

Fit to be tied.

Up.

Wow, that Styrofoam broke right in half. On the pre-scored crack. Nicely done, props department!

Hearts beat?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

I say, I don't think that can be right.

**THE DOCTOR**

Both a bit fast, are they?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Well, I don't ...

**THE DOCTOR**

Still, must be patient. A new body is like a new house, takes a little bit of time to settle in.

*He confronts a mirror and stops.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Ohh. As for the physiognomy. Well. Nothing's perfect. Have to take the rough with the smooth. Mind you, I think the nose is a definite improvement. As for the ears... well, I'm not too sure. Tell me, quite frankly, what do you say to the ears?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Well, I really don't know.

**THE DOCTOR**

Well of course you don't, why should you, you're a busy man! You don't want to stand here burbling about my ears, neither here nor there. Heh. I can't waste any more time. Things to do. Places to go. I'm a busy man too, you know. Thank you for a most interesting conversation, must be on my way.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

There's absolutely no question of you leaving, Doctor, now you go back to the infirmary...I mean the sick bay, get into bed, and stay there until I say that you can get up.

*The Doctor turns away from him, hands out in a pleading gesture.*

**THE DOCTOR**

How can I prove my point?

*He slaps the broken brick to the floor, then grabs a jumping rope.*

All teeth and curls.

(Nothing's perfect) Except for David Tennant.

Um, they look like Eccleston's?

Hey, we do the jokes around here!

Would you rather have a cat nurse?



**HARRY SULLIVAN**

I feel I ought to warn you, Doctor, that there's grave danger of myocardial infarction, not to speak of pulmonary embolism, yes I should, I should...

*The Doctor begins skipping rope, with Harry caught in it with him.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Mother, mother, I feel sick, send for the doctor, quick quick quick, mother dear, shall I die, yes my darling, by and by. One. Two. Three. Four.

*Out in the corridor again.*

**BRIGADIER**

There's only one place he can be.

**SARAH JANE**

Well I thought you said Dr Sullivan was looking after him!

**BRIGADIER**

He's supposed to be.

*They enter the lab. A banging is heard from inside a cabinet.*

**SARAH JANE**

Cupboard!

*Sarah rushes over and opens the door. Harry is head down inside.*

**BRIGADIER**

What are you doing down there? Where's the Doctor?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Tied me up and hung me in here like a pair of old boots!

**BRIGADIER**

Well, where is he?

*They hear the TARDIS dematerialization sound.*

**BRIGADIER**

Can I download this music as an MP3 somewhere?

Are you my mummy?

Yes it is.

(down there?) That's the dumbest question he has ever asked. Maybe.

Ah, too late.

**SARAH JANE**

Ohoooooh! No! No, Doctor, wait! Doctor, listen! Please! It's Sarah!

*She bangs on the exterior.*

**SARAH JANE**

Doctor!

*The door opens.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Hello. Come to see me off, have you? Well, I hate goodbyes. I'll just slip away quietly.

**SARAH JANE**

No, Doctor, you can't go!

**THE DOCTOR**

Can't? Can't? There's no such word as can't!

*He slams the door. She looks back at the Brigadier and lets out an exasperated breath.*

*The door opens again, quietly, and he taps her on the arm, startling her.*

**SARAH JANE**

Oh!

**THE DOCTOR**

Why not?

**SARAH JANE**

Well, because you're not... well, because, erm... the Brigadier needs you. Don't you, Brigadier?

**BRIGADIER**

What? Oh yes, of course, depending on you.

**THE DOCTOR**

What for?

**SARAH JANE**

Erm, well, there's been this robbery, hasn't there, Brigadier? Some kind of secret weapon.

**BRIGADIER**

Oh, the cute one?

Sometimes we ran and ran and ran...

We've even banned that word from Gallifrey Base. No, no, that's – I'll tell you later.

How will I win the companions panel now?

Ah yes, very serious business.

**SARAH JANE**

And I mean you are still UNIT's scientific advisor. Remember? Well, you can't go rushing off and leave them in the lurch.

**THE DOCTOR**

Can't I? Goodbye!

*He slams the door again.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Excuse me, sir...

**BRIGADIER**

What?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Could you oblige?

**BRIGADIER**

Oh, yes.

*He helps Harry out of the cabinet.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Thank you.

*The TARDIS door opens again.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Excuse me.

**BRIGADIER**

What?

**THE DOCTOR**

Haven't we met somewhere before? No, don't tell me. Alexander the Great? No. Hannibal. No. Ah. Brigadier. Brigadier Alastair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart, how are you.

**BRIGADIER**

Very well, thank you.

**THE DOCTOR**

And Sarah Jane! Well, now, isn't this ni – what was that you said about a secret weapon?

*Sarah grins at the Brigadier.*

No, Sullivan, there's a lady present.

No. Tinky Winky?

*Outdoors, the robot vision approaches a fence.*

*A sign reading DANGER KEEP OUT can be read, attached to the fence.*

*The robot claws unhesitatingly grab the electrified fence and snap the steel links as sparks fly.*

*Inside a store room, a guard sits in a chair reading a newspaper. He looks up as he hears unusual noises coming from outside.*

*As he watches the unsecured double doors with no handles, they begin to move slightly as if something is disturbing them from the other side.*

*The guard gets up and puts the brace on the door. Almost immediately, the doors begin to push inward, and the brace begins to bend.*

*The guard picks up the wall-mounted phone as the door opens, the brace cracking in half.*

*Before his call can be completed, one robot claw grabs his throat, while the other rips the telephone off the wall, with more sparks inexplicably flying everywhere.*

*The guard disposed, the robot vision continues toward a shelf of part bins. After checking some of the bins, the claws remove one.*

*Back in the lab, Harry is checking his own heart with the stethoscope. He laughs to himself as he checks for a second heartbeat.*

*The Brigadier bursts in.*

**BRIGADIER**

Doctor, there's been another – Where is he?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

In there.

**BRIGADIER**

He promised he'd...

**THE DOCTOR**

I'm here.

Hey what's that beeping noise?

I dunno. Robut?

Could be, I suppose. Oh well, let's ignore it.

What John Scott Martin does between Dalek episodes – moonlights as a low paid security guard.

Spiffy sideburns.

Tell the robot to stop or you'll exterminate him!

No, he doesn't do the Dalek voice, he's just a Dalek operator.

Geek.

Touché.

Um, there should only be about 40 volts running through a phone.

Poor robut, has to use those mosaic eyes.

**BRIGADIER**

Ah, Doctor, we must get moving...

*The Brigadier turns to face him and stops cold.*

*The Doctor is wearing a Viking warrior outfit, complete with horned helmet and shield and sword.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Is something wrong?

**BRIGADIER**

You've changed.

**THE DOCTOR**

Oh, no, not again!

**BRIGADIER**

No, no, I didn't mean your face. I meant your clothes.

**THE DOCTOR**

Don't you like them?

**BRIGADIER**

UNIT is supposed to be a security organization.

**THE DOCTOR**

Do you think I might attract attention?

**BRIGADIER**

It's just possible.

**THE DOCTOR**

One moment.

*He goes back into the TARDIS and shuts the door.*

*The Brigadier and Harry exchange looks, as the Doctor emerges again almost immediately, this time dressed like the King of Hearts.*

**THE DOCTOR**

No? (pause) No.

*He goes back in. The door closes, and instantly opens again. This time he is dressed as a pierrot. He smiles broadly at them.*

*The Brigadier shakes his head gravely.*

What's Opera, Doc?

Add some question marks somewhere.

Might work, if you play your cards right. Oh!

*The Doctor gives a classic sad clown frown and returns to the TARDIS. Once again the door opens as soon as it closes, and he emerges in a heavy brown coat, floppy hat, chequered waistcoat and overlong multi-coloured scarf.*

**THE DOCTOR**

How about this?

**BRIGADIER**

Much better, Doctor, now if you've quite finished with your wardrobe...

**THE DOCTOR**

I'll try again if you like.

**BRIGADIER**

No, let's settle for that, please. Now, Doctor –

**THE DOCTOR**

Time we were off!

**BRIGADIER**

Off?

**THE DOCTOR**

To visit the scene of the crime.

**BRIGADIER**

The thing is, there's been another robbery!

**THE DOCTOR**

Tell me on the way, Brigadier, tell me on the way! You must cultivate a sense of urgency!

*We jump forward to the scene of the robbery. Harry is examining the dormant fence.*

**BRIGADIER**

Millions of volts running through the wretched thing. And for all the good it was, it might just... Doctor?

*The Doctor is crouched some distance behind them, hunched over to examine something.*

**BRIGADIER**

Doctor, will you please pay attention?

**THE DOCTOR**

Character Options will go with THAT one.

Oh, but I am, I assure you. Look.

*His hand holds a flattened dandelion flower.*

*The Brigadier and Harry walk over to him.*

**BRIGADIER**

Doctor, I have every respect for your concern for ecology, but really, one squashed dandelion!

**THE DOCTOR**

Not just squashed. Flattened. Almost pulverized.

*He blows the dandelion at the Brigadier, and only a puff of dust flies into the air.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Now. How did it get like that?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Well, I suppose it was stepped on.

**THE DOCTOR**

Exactly. And according to my estimation of the resistance to pressure of vegetable fibre, it was stepped on by something that weighed a quarter of a ton.

*He makes his way to the storehouse, and the others follow.*

*Inside.*

**BRIGADIER**

Funny thing is, they left a lot of valuable and top secret stuff behind. Here's a list of all they actually took.

*He glances at it.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Hm. Just what you need for the control circuitry of one powerful, compact technological device. A disintegrator gun, for instance?

**BRIGADIER**

What do you know about that?

Ve have vays of making you talk!

A quarter of a ton *sounds* astonishing until you realize that it's just 500 pounds. So, it was stepped on by an American?

So if they took anything that weighed, say, 300 pounds, then NOW they're just looking for someone who weighs 200.

*The Doctor merely tweaks his nose with a forefinger and grins.*

*Elsewhere, Sarah is driving up to a closed gate at a guard house. The guard motions for her to stop.*

**GUARD**

Yes, miss?

*Over by the building, a man watches. A woman comes out of the building and he walks over to her.*

**JELlicoe**

That journalist girl is arriving, the one with a UNIT pass.

*They watch as the guard opens the gate and Sarah drives in.*

**JELlicoe**

It's something of a nuisance at the present moment in time.

**HILDA WINTERS**

We shall treat Miss Smith exactly as any other visitor.

**JELlicoe**

I suppose so. I suppose so.

*Sarah approaches them from around the corner near the car park. She smiles and extends her hand to the man.*

**SARAH JANE**

Hello. You know, it's awfully good of you to allow this visit, Director.

**HILDA WINTERS**

I hadn't expected male chauvinist attitudes from you, Miss Smith.

**SARAH JANE**

I'm sorry?

**HILDA WINTERS**

I'm the Director. Hilda Winters. This is Arnold Jellicoe, my assistant.

*Sarah gives an understanding and embarrassed smile.*

Meanwhile...

13 Bannerman Road is where Sarah Jane Smith lives! And it's home to things way beyond your imagination!

Okay, stop there.

I bet he's a bottom.

The evil lesbian and the bottom.



*Back at the crime scene, the Doctor climbs into the back of a small truck and settles down to relax. The Brigadier and Harry surround him.*

**BRIGADIER**

So, what are we looking for?

**THE DOCTOR**

Something that brushes aside chains and electric fences like cobwebs. Something intelligent that takes only what it needs and leaves the rest. Something that kills a man as casually as it crushes a dandelion.

**BRIGADIER**

And what sort of something, is it human?

**THE DOCTOR**

I doubt it, Brigadier. More than human, perhaps.

**BRIGADIER**

Well, whatever it is, how do we find it?

**THE DOCTOR**

By locking the next stable door in good time.

**BRIGADIER**

Huh?

**THE DOCTOR**

It, whatever "it" may be, has stolen the plans for the new disintegrator gun. It has also in its possession the necessary control circuitry.

**BRIGADIER**

You think it wants to build the gun?

**THE DOCTOR**

Why else steal the plans and the circuitry? Now, assuming I'm right, and I invariably am, what is the third vital ingredient?

*The Brigadier thinks for a moment.*

**BRIGADIER**

The focusing generator.

**THE DOCTOR**

Exactly, Brigadier, exactly.

(leaves the rest) That eliminates Benton.

Definitely not Benton.

It's going to steal horses?

Tacos. Right, tacos it is. Lay some tacos on. "Andale" some tacos on.

My, what big teeth you have! And curls!

*He goes to the vehicle cabin and grabs the radio handset.*

**BRIGADIER**

Greyhound Leader to Trap One, over.

**SGT BENTON**

Trap One, we read you Greyhound Leader, over.

**BRIGADIER**

Mr Benton, red priority. Emmett's Electronics, a smallish factory in Essex, I want blanket security, every available man. Air cover as well. I'll meet you there in...in one hour. And by then I want that place better guarded than Fort Knox. Out.

Gold -fingah!

*He gets in and drives them away.*

*Back at Think Tank.*

**JELLICOE**

As you've seen, we do most of what's called "frontiers of science" research here.

**HILDA WINTERS**

As soon as our work reaches a practical stage, it's handed over to someone. Someone with more resources and a bigger budget.

**JELLICOE**

Usually the government.

**SARAH JANE**

Well, like the new disintegrator gun? Well, you pioneered the research on that, didn't you?

**HILDA WINTERS**

Well, yes. I'm not sure you should know about that.

**SARAH JANE**

Oops. Sorry. Talking out of turn.

**HILDA WINTERS**

Hmm.

*They've stopped near a door marked POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE. Cheeky Sarah makes her move.*

**SARAH JANE**

Ooh, what's in here?

*She grabs the door handle and goes straight in before they can stop her. They follow.*

*Sarah heads into a large, nearly empty room.*

**JELlicOE**

There's nothing here. Nothing at all.

**HILDA WINTERS**

As you can see, it's empty.

*The sign on the door reads J.P. Kettlewell, Robotics Section.*

**SARAH JANE**

J.P. Kettlewell, robotics section. He left some time ago, didn't he? That's right, there was all that fuss about it in the press.

**HILDA WINTERS**

Yes, indeed there was. As you probably heard, he turned against conventional science altogether.

**JELlicOE**

He spends his time on alternative technology, whatever that may mean.

**SARAH JANE**

Well, what's through there?

**JELlicOE**

His store room. Professor Kettlewell left some valuable equipment. We're keeping it 'til he deigns to come and collect it.

**SARAH JANE**

Oh. I see.

*She sniffs the air.*

**SARAH JANE**

Ooh, funny, musty sort of smell...

*She slips on the floor where she stands, and Jellicoe comes to help her keep to her feet.*

**HILDA WINTERS**

There's a *table*. But there's definitely no... admittance.

Silly ecologist. Seems to think you can get power from the sun and the wind, ha! Nutter.

If he doesn't, it's going on eBay.

Oh, that's Jellicoe's socks.

Are you all right?

**SARAH JANE**

Just about, thank you.

**HILDA WINTERS**

Well, let's be on our way, Miss Smith.  
There's, ah, still quite a lot to see, you know.

**SARAH JANE**

Oh, yes, of course. Thank you.

*They leave the empty robotics lab.*

*Meanwhile, at Emmett's Electronics, soldiers are sandbagging and digging in. They take up positions and load guns. Soldiers are everywhere.*

**BRIGADIER**

I tell you, Doctor, I've got the whole place covered. Armed patrols have every inch of the perimeter under observation. Helicopter patrols overhead. Inside that factory is a vault. Not a safe, Doctor, a vault. There's a sentry outside it. Inside the vault there's a casket. A metal casket containing every focusing generator in the place. Believe me, Doctor, the place is impregnable.

**THE DOCTOR**

Never cared much for the word "impregnable". Sounds a bit too much like "unsinkable".

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

What's wrong with "unsinkable"?

**THE DOCTOR**

Nothing, as the iceberg said to the Titanic.

**BRIGADIER**

What?

**THE DOCTOR**

Glug glug glug glug...

*Benton jogs up to the UNIT transport.*

**SGT BENTON**

All patrols posted, sir.

Right, now Magpie Electronics will *never* get in. Hostile takeover, my ass.

A helicopter flew over one of the crews one day and they went "Quick! Get that on camera!!!"

**BRIGADIER**

Everything secure?

**SGT BENTON**

Yes sir, the lads are so close together they're standing on each others' feet.

**BRIGADIER**

Good. See, Doctor, not even a rat could get through that cordon. Protected from every side, and from above.

**THE DOCTOR**

That still leaves one direction.

*He gestures with his hand, pointing downward.*

*Inside the vault, a drilling noise is heard, and something pokes through the ground floor.*

*The guard stationed atop the bunker doors hears and feels the vibrations, jumps down, and opens the doors.*

*He looks inside, then raises his machine gun and begins firing.*

*The Brigadier, Benton and Harry run off in the direction of the gunfire. The Doctor has to vault himself out of the vehicle first.*

*Inside the vault is a dead soldier, and an enormous hole in what looks like a slab-on-grade floor. The iron bars around the casket are broken and twisted, and the casket is open.*

*UNIT men dash down the stairs. Harry checks the soldier for signs of life, and shakes his head.*

*The Doctor measures the depth of the hole in the floor with his scarf.*

**THE DOCTOR**

There seems to be a very large rat about, Brigadier.

**BRIGADIER**

Rat?

**THE DOCTOR**

Perhaps you should employ the services of a very large cat.

Well that's not very useful, is it? Nobody can move!

Yes, UNIT security, top notch as always.

He's deserting his post. There must be fresh donuts.

Free hat!

I see dead people.

How about an elephant gun?

*Elsewhere, Professor Kettlewell is being visited by Sarah Jane Smith.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

I'm afraid I can't help you, Miss Smith.

**SARAH JANE**

Oh.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

I don't know why you came to me.

**SARAH JANE**

Well, I'm not too sure myself, to be honest. I just felt something in the atmosphere at Thinktank.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Yes, I severed all connection with that establishment some time ago when I became completely disillusioned at the direction all our research was taking. The road to ruination. I'm now devoting my life to alternative energy technologies.

**SARAH JANE**

Uh, solar cells, heat from windmills, that sort of thing?

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Yes, as you say, that sort of thing.

**SARAH JANE**

Oh.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

It's a rich and complex field and I have a great deal of work to do.

*She gets in his way for a second time.*

**SARAH JANE**

Ooh! I beg your pardon. Ah, well, I just wondered if they might be carrying on your work in robotics?

*He glares at her.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

No one is carrying on my work in robotics,

Wanted a laugh.

I'm trying to harness *nervous energy*. I have enough to power a toaster for my morning toast.

Miss Smith, because no one has the ability to do so. Good day.

**SARAH JANE**

Goodbye.

*Sarah looks around at his laboratory.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Good day, Miss Smith.

**SARAH JANE**

Just going! Thank you.

*She leaves. Kettlewell stops what he's doing, grabs a bite of sandwich, and watches as she gets back to her car and gets in.*

*She opens her purse and pulls out the Thinktank pass. She thinktanks about it for a second, seems to arrive at a decision, and drives off.*

*Back at the electronics place...*

**SGT BENTON**

We think this is the other end of it, sir. Only...

**BRIGADIER**

Only? Only what?

**SGT BENTON**

Only it's not a proper tunnel. I mean, no props or anything. Just the earth been shoved aside. Whoever went through it wouldn't be able to breathe.

**THE DOCTOR**

Whoever went through it didn't need to breathe.

**SGT BENTON**

And, uh, then there were these, sir.

*Benton points to deep rectangular impressions in the ground. The Doctor puts his foot into one to size it up.*

*Back at Thinktank, Sarah drives up to the gate again, and the guard comes out.*

**SARAH JANE**

I've, uh, I've left my notebook in one of the

Our there, among the stars, I've been there, and there are so many wonderful things...

Mmmm. Paper.

(unknown placement) NIFASR? Sounds like something out of Wagner.

empty labs. I know exactly where it is, I can see myself putting it down. So... if you could let me just pop in and get it, I needn't let your Director know what an idiot I've been. Oh, please. Look, my pass is still valid for another 10 minutes yet.

**GUARD**

Wait here, miss, I'll check for you.

**SARAH JANE**

Great.

*The guard goes into the shack to make a phone call. Sarah has already leapt the wall onto the grounds, and runs over to the robotics lab. She creeps inside, and crouches down to take a look at the floor where she slipped earlier. She runs her fingers through a patch and looks closely.*

**SARAH JANE**

It was oil. I knew it.

*A whirring sound is heard, and Sarah looks around in a slight panic. She sees something terrifying.*

*Through an opening in the wall strides an enormous giant robot!*

**ROBOT K1**

Who are you? Why are you here?

*Sarah gets up and begins to back away from it.*

*The robot continues to advance on her. We see Sarah in robot vision.*

*(Episode 1 break)*

*Sarah opens the double doors and dashes out into the corridor, then gasps.*

**MISS WINTERS**

Hello, Miss Smith.

**SARAH JANE**

Look out! There's a great robot in there!

**MISS WINTERS**

Yes, I know, don't worry, my assistant's dealing with it.

If you look, you can find adventure around every corner...

Blackcurrant.

Jo would have fallen five times already.



**SARAH JANE**

What?

**MISS WINTERS**

I'm sorry if our little joke upset you.

**SARAH JANE**

Joke!

**MISS WINTERS**

You were determined to see the robot, and so we arranged it for you. That is what you wanted, isn't it?

**SARAH JANE**

Oh, how very kind of you.

**JELlicoe**

When we heard you were in the building, we guessed what you were up to, so I popped in here ahead of you and I activated it.

**SARAH JANE**

Heh. Is it still in there?

**MISS WINTERS**

Oh yes. Would you like to see it again?

**SARAH JANE**

Thank you. I'd like that very much.

*Winters nods at Jellicoe.*

*Now back to UNIT HQ.*

**BRIGADIER**

Well, Doctor, what are we dealing with? Invasion from outer space? Again?

**THE DOCTOR**

Why should some alien life form invade Earth just to steal a new weapon? If they were that advanced, they'd have weapons of their own. Huh! Rather a splendid paradox, eh, Brigadier? The only ones who could do it wouldn't need to.

**BRIGADIER**

Enemy agents?

"I started a joke..."

Hm, a talking hat.

Wasn't that the plot of every Pertwee episode?

**THE DOCTOR**

Well, they might steal the plans, but why steal the circuits and the generators? An enemy government would have those resources itself.

**BRIGADIER**

So where does that leave us?

**THE DOCTOR**

I think your enemies are home-grown, Brigadier. People with access to technological information and a most unusual weapon. A weapon that walks and thinks. In a word, anthropomorphic.

**BRIGADIER**

Well, I suppose that narrows the field a bit. Do we know anything else about these people?

**THE DOCTOR**

Only that they're prepared to kill to protect themselves. Where's Sarah?

*Back at Thinktank.*

**SARAH JANE**

Well, what's the hold up?

**MISS WINTERS**

Mr Jellicoe is checking over the circuits.

**SARAH JANE**

Well, why is he taking so long?

**MISS WINTERS**

He must be sure that everything is safe.

**SARAH JANE**

Safe?

*The robot's motors are heard whirring loudly. It comes into the room again slowly. Jellicoe follows it inside.*

**MISS WINTERS**

Stop!

*The robot stops.*

**SARAH JANE**

Ah, it's very impressive, but what's it for?

Cromer.  
Peru?

Still not Benton.

She's on CBBC.  
Cromer?

Is it safe?  
What's the frequency, Kenneth?

**MISS WINTERS**

Ask it. It's voice controlled.

**SARAH JANE**

What do you do?

**ROBOT K1**

Insufficient data. Please be more specific.

**JELICOE**

It has a terribly literal mind.

**SARAH JANE**

Ah, what is your purpose? Your function?

**ROBOT K1**

I am experimental prototype robot K1. My eventual purpose is to replace the human being in a variety of difficult and dangerous tasks. Tasks for which I am programmed are: mining operations of all kinds, operations involving radioactive materials...

**MISS WINTERS**

Terminate.

**JELICOE**

Would go on for hours.

**SARAH JANE**

Why all the mystery? Why didn't you just show him to me when I first came?

**MISS WINTERS**

My dear Miss Smith, why should we? You were a privileged visitor here. You abused that privilege to pry into matters on the secret list.

**SARAH JANE**

You're right, of course. I'm sorry.

**JELICOE**

Not a bit of it. You were simply following the instincts of a good journalist. And now if you've seen enough...

**SARAH JANE**

Uh, it isn't dangerous, is it?

**MISS WINTERS**

Like Teddy Ruxpin!

I bend things. Bending's my middle name. What is your favourite colour?

How many speeds do you have? Anything detachable?

And with eight more revisions, robot K1 will become a little metal dog.

And you must be punished, you naughty minxy vixen.

Of course not. Why should it be?

**SARAH JANE**

Well, it just struck me that it could be a very powerful weapon if it got into the wrong hands. It could be misused.

**MISS WINTERS**

Like this, you mean? This girl is an intruder and a spy. She must not leave here alive. Destroy her.

*The robot beeps, acknowledging the command. Sarah moves nervously. She backs away as it takes a step toward her.*

*The robot stops, and makes an odd noise.*

**MISS WINTERS**

Destroy her.

*It takes another step but stops.*

**ROBOT K1**

I can not obey. This order conflicts with my prime directive.

**MISS WINTERS**

You must obey. You are programmed to obey.

**ROBOT K1**

I must obey.

*It takes more steps toward Sarah.*

**ROBOT K1**

I can not obey. I... I...

**MISS WINTERS**

Terminate.

*Miss Winters walks around the prone robot toward Sarah.*

**SARAH JANE**

Um...another of your little jokes?

**MISS WINTERS**

A practical demonstration. You must admit, it was a convincing one.

Exterminate.  
Delete.

Hey, he's Three Laws compliant!

I already said I can't obey! Stop asking me to – oh.

Shouldn't he have exploded? Or does he have paradox-absorbing chromosomes?

**JELlicOE**

Prime directive, you see. It's built into the robot's very being that it must serve humanity and never harm it.

**SARAH JANE**

That was a cruel thing to do.

**MISS WINTERS**

Cruel? It isn't human, you know. It has no feelings.

**SARAH JANE**

Oh, it's got a brain, hasn't it? It walks and talks like us. How can you be sure it doesn't have feelings too?

*She walks over to the robot and looks up at it.*

**SARAH JANE**

Are you all right?

**ROBOT K1**

My functioning is unimpaired.

**SARAH JANE**

But you were distressed, I saw that.

**ROBOT K1**

Conflict with my prime directive causes imbalance in my neural circuits.

**SARAH JANE**

I'm sorry, it wasn't my idea.

**ROBOT K1**

The imbalance has been corrected. It is not logical that you should feel sorrow.

**MISS WINTERS**

Really, Miss Smith, this is absurd. I think you must be the sort of girl that gives motor cars pet names.

*Sarah touches the robot's frame.*

**MISS WINTERS**

Deactivate. You see? It's just a lump of metal.

*Sarah examines it further, then returns to Miss Winters standing near the door.*

Like Jellicoe.

Try tickling it.

Like.... "Bessie".

Yeah, but he's *my* lump of metal!

**SARAH JANE**

Thank you for an interesting demonstration. I think I ought to leave now.

**MISS WINTERS**

One moment, Miss Smith. If I were to make a formal complaint about your behavior here, you might find yourself in a very difficult position.

**JELlicOE**

Dangerous thing, curiosity. Can get you into a lot of trouble.

**MISS WINTERS**

So I'll make a bargain with you. Keep quiet about what you've discovered here, and I'll keep quiet about how you discovered it.

**SARAH JANE**

Goodbye, Miss Winters. Mr Jellicoe. Oh, please, don't bother to see me out.

*He watches her walk away down the corridor, then turns to Miss Winters.*

**JELlicOE**

That was an appallingly dangerous thing to do, telling it to destroy her. The inhibitor's only just been reset, you know there have been problems. Suppose it had obeyed you?

**MISS WINTERS**

It made an interesting test.

*Back at UNIT HQ.*

**BRIGADIER**

Where do I start looking for this precious conspiracy?

**THE DOCTOR**

Oh, it's surely not that difficult, Brigadier. Oh, thank you. There can't be many groups of people in the country with the money and resources to design and build something like...

*Sarah enters the room with Harry.*

**SARAH JANE**

(discovered here) and what we found in your purse...

...an enormous robot over seven feet tall!

**THE DOCTOR**

Yes, something like that. However did you guess?

**SARAH JANE**

Guess? I've just seen it! I've been talking to it! Brigadier, there's something very odd going on at Thinktank.

*Back at Thinktank, Jellicoe is working on the robot while standing on a ladder.*

*He removes the head and places it on the ladder's platform.*

**JELlicoe**

Screwdriver.

*Winters hands him a screwdriver. He pokes it into the head.*

*The robot's arm rises of its own accord.*

**MISS WINTERS**

Careful!

*He pokes again, and the arm lowers.*

*He hands the screwdriver back to Miss Winters. She hands him a spray can, which he uses on the inside of the head.*

**JELlicoe**

Swab.

*She hands one over. He passes it over the contacts inside the head. Then, carefully, he places the head back onto the body.*

*When the head makes its connection, it lights up and a sound acknowledges its operational function.*

**JELlicoe**

There. I think that's it.

**MISS WINTERS**

Think? You better be sure.

**JELlicoe**

WD-40.  
Suture.  
Sponge.  
Robot clamp.  
Glasses.  
Mustache.  
Handkerchief.  
I'm going to operate!

Intubate!

That's a lame startup sound.  
Nothing has a better startup sound than Mr Smith on Sarah Jane Adventures.

It's a delicate job. I'm not really trained in this sort of work.

*He folds up the ladder and puts it aside.*

**MISS WINTERS**

Well, we better test it.

**JELlicOE**

This time emphasise the recall instructions. You know, it refused to return after that last business. I found it wandering near Kettlewell's place.

**MISS WINTERS**

Heh. How touching. Perhaps Miss Smith was right.

**JELlicOE**

What about?

**MISS WINTERS**

Perhaps it does have feelings. It misses daddy.

Are you my daddy?

*He scoffs at her.*

**MISS WINTERS**

Activate.

*The robot beeps.*

**MISS WINTERS**

Prepare for visual scanning.

In fewer and simpler words: "Look at this".

*Jellicoe lowers a projection screen while Miss Winters rolls out a slide projector.*

**ROBOT K1**

I am ready.

*She snaps the power switch on the projector. A newspaper clipping appears on the screen; the clipping shows the photograph of a man accompanied by an article.*

**MISS WINTERS**

This man is an enemy of the human race. He must be destroyed.

*Back at UNIT.*



**SARAH JANE**

Look, it's obvious that that Thinktank lot are involved. Why don't you just raid the place and arrest the lot of them?

**BRIGADIER**

I very much doubt if I'd get the authority. And if I did, it'd cause so much fuss they'd have plenty of time to hide the evidence. I must have more to go on.

**SARAH JANE**

More than just my word, you mean?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

You, uh, you know, you need an inside man.

**BRIGADIER**

What?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Well, you know, I mean somebody planted on them to keep his eyes and ears open.

**SARAH JANE**

Hey, you know, that's not a bad idea.

**BRIGADIER**

It'd have to be someone they'd accept, someone with the proper scientific qualifications.

**THE DOCTOR**

Scientific or medical.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Oh, I say. Me?

**SARAH JANE**

Why not? Your chance to be a real James Bond.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

But...

**BRIGADIER**

Might work. We could fix you up with a cover story.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

I could, uh, I could wear a disguise.

Oo-er! Not now, Harry.

I've gone all tingly.

**THE DOCTOR**

I'd like to talk to Professor Kettlewell.

*At the Professor's home.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

I tell you, as I told this young woman, I know nothing about the Thinktank and its activities. I severed all connections with them...

**SARAH JANE**

But I saw the robot.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

What's that? Oh, no, no, that's impossible. I gave orders for him to be dismantled.

**BRIGADIER**

Professor Kettlewell, this is an official inquiry and I must –

*Kettlewell sees the Doctor reading some papers from the table.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Would you kindly put those papers down, sir?

**THE DOCTOR**

Plans for a new solar battery!

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Here, that folder's private and confidential.

**THE DOCTOR**

This will never do, you know.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

There are many years of –

**THE DOCTOR**

If theta over X coincides with your disputed factor, you're losing half your output.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Oh, rubbish, I checked all the calculations myself –

**THE DOCTOR**

Look! The error's in the third part of the calculation.

Those are TOP SECRET plans for a swingset and slide I have been planning to build! I haven't got the monkey bars right yet, still needs work.

*Kettlewell lets out a frustrated groan, takes out his calculator and punches in some numbers. Then he looks up at the Doctor.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Bless my soul.

**THE DOCTOR**

But you're doing vital work, Professor. Earth's human race should have started tapping solar power long ago.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Eh, you know, this new solar battery will provide an endless supply of pollution-free energy at a fraction of the present cost, and they haven't the wit to see it.

**THE DOCTOR**

Well, there you are.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Yes, you know, I've explained it to them over and over and over again 'til I'm blue in the face.

**THE DOCTOR**

People never can see what's under their noses and above their heads.

*The Brigadier loses his patience.*

**BRIGADIER**

Concerning this robot...

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

You be quiet, young man. You know, ever since the days of Galileo...

*Sarah laughs.*

**THE DOCTOR**

...and Copernicus...

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

...and Copernicus, scientists have had to put –

**THE DOCTOR**

Professor! I think you ought to tell us about the robot.

Don't screw with a Time Lord, man.

Too bad England has no sunshine.

If they did, you'd be dead.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Yes.

*He regains his composure.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

It was the last project I worked upon before I decided to leave. I gave orders for him to be dismantled, it was like putting my own son to death. I, I thought it was for the best. His power, his capacity to learn, had begun to frighten me.

**SARAH JANE**

But it wasn't destroyed, was it?

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

I don't know. That woman, Winters, might have countermanded my orders.

**BRIGADIER**

Could the robot have been made to carry out these break-ins?

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

No, no, no, no, you say that, uh, people were hurt, even killed?

**BRIGADIER**

Yeah.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Oh, it is out of the question. You said he refused to harm you, didn't you? Yes, well. I gave him my own brain pattern. He has my principles, my ideals.

**THE DOCTOR**

But the circuitry you built could be altered or tampered with.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Sh, Doctor, not even I could affect such a change. As for Jellicoe and Miss Winters, well, huh, they're incompetent nincompoops.

**SARAH JANE**

Maybe, but I wouldn't put it past them to try.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Bowties are cool.

But you couldn't get a fez on that head.

Okay, man, calm down, calm down.

If they force him to go against his prime directive, they'll destroy his mind. He'll go mad.

*Elsewhere...*

*An alarm bell is ringing. A man in a robe enters a room and turns the lights on. He shuts and locks the doors; they appear to be made of metal. He unlocks a cabinet, revealing a safe door. Just then, the alarm stops, and he smiles. He picks up the red phone on the desk.*

*Across the room, one of the walls begins to glow red. In seconds, a hole is in the wall, scorch marks around it. The robot is seen through the hole, and it begins to walk forward.*

**ROBOT K1**

You are an enemy of humanity.

*The man drops the phone in terror.*

**ROBOT K1**

I must destroy you.

*The robot chokes the man to death, then turns to the safe. The safe door glows red, and the robot takes the slim folder sitting on the shelf inside.*

*Back with UNIT.*

**BRIGADIER**

There was a triple-security thermal lock on that safe, made from case-hardened Dynastyrene. It was completely disintegrated.

**THE DOCTOR**

Disintegrated?

**SARAH JANE**

But there's nothing that could do that. Dynastyrene's indestructible.

**THE DOCTOR**

I think the Brigadier has an idea, eh, Alastair?

**BRIGADIER**

Anyway, the neighbours heard a commotion, but by the time the police arrived, it was all over. The safe was empty.

Hm. Plot point?

Why does that stupid robot alarm go off every time I get into bed?

His mustache is an enemy of humanity!

No it isn't, it's made up.

**THE DOCTOR**

Who was this man?

*He holds a photograph.*

**BRIGADIER**

Joseph Chambers, Cabinet Minister, he had certain special responsibilities in the area of security. I've been carrying out a full security check on these Thinktank people.

**THE DOCTOR**

Anything interesting?

**BRIGADIER**

No, not really. They seem to be an exemplary lot. Just one oddity. Quite a few of them were members of something called the Scientific Reform Society.

**THE DOCTOR**

Oh, really? And who might they be?

**BRIGADIER**

Oh, a little tin pot organization founded years ago. It wants to reform the world on rational and scientific lines, you know the sort of thing. Harmless bunch of cranks if you ask me. But recently...

**THE DOCTOR**

Yes, go on, then.

**BRIGADIER**

Well, they've had a sudden rush of new members. Quite a few well-known scientists. Younger people, too, computer technicians and so on.

Hippies. Freaks. Emos. Benton.

**SARAH JANE**

Is Miss Winters a member?

**BRIGADIER**

Apparently. And Jellicoe, too, and quite a few of the Thinktank lot.

Lot. Stop saying lot!

**SARAH JANE**

Doesn't sound their style, does it?

**BRIGADIER**

No.

**SARAH JANE**

Ah well.

**BRIGADIER**

Where are you off to?

**SARAH JANE**

Home to bed. Busy day tomorrow. Still a working girl, you know.

**BRIGADIER**

Yes, quite right, too. You leave all this business to us.

**SARAH JANE**

One thing about reform societies, they're never adverse to a bit of free publicity.

**BRIGADIER**

Well, Doctor, what do you think –

*He stops. The Doctor is lying on the work table with his eyes closed.*

**BRIGADIER**

Doctor, what are we going to do? Or shall we leave it all to Miss Smith?

*The Doctor sits upright.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Let's pay a visit to Thinktank tomorrow, Brigadier. We can ask them to demonstrate Professor Kettlewell's robot.

*He lays back down on the table, head on hat, and turns off the light above.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Good night.

*At Kettlewell's place.*

*The Professor is making some calculations and writing notes when a knock comes at the door.*

*He gets up and opens the door. Nothing is there.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Uh, actually, no, I didn't know that! How much?

Hello?

*The knock comes again. It's coming from somewhere else.*

*He shuts the door and locks it.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Rats.

*The knock again. He listens carefully for a few moments.*

*Again, another tapping noise.*

*He goes over to the rear laboratory door and unbolts it, then opens it. Immediately he backs up as the robot begins to walk in.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

It's true, it's true!

**ROBOT K1**

I... I... I... I...

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

What's the matter?

**ROBOT K1**

I have been given orders that conflict with my prime directive.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Oh, no!

**ROBOT K1**

They say there is no conflict, yet I know there is conflict. I do not understand. Help me!

*Changing scene to the SRS meeting. Sarah Jane is talking to a man in the foyer.*

**SARAH JANE**

As I understand it, then, Mr Short, you advocate rule by a sort of self-appointed elite.

**MR SHORT**

It's only logical. Superior types should rule, they're the best equipped for it.

**SARAH JANE**

That's four Is in one breath. Makes you sound a rather egotistical young robot!

(visual, somewhere) The Ear. The Ear. The robot.

I've been bad, and that ain't good!

Poppa can you hear me?

Compensating for something, Mr Short?



And the inferior types?

**MR SHORT**

They'd be guided. Helped. Kept away from harmful ideas and influences. For instance...

**SARAH JANE**

Do go on.

**MR SHORT**

Your own attire. Is it really suitable?

**SARAH JANE**

Trousers? Oh, surely that's a matter for me to decide.

**MR SHORT**

As things are at the moment, it is. But in a more rationally ordered society...

**SARAH JANE**

I would wear what you thought was good for me? I see. And think what you thought was good for me, too?

**MR SHORT**

It'd be for your own good.

*She just smiles.*

**SARAH JANE**

Oh, I see you're having a meeting here tonight. Do you think it'd be possible for me to come?

**MR SHORT**

Sorry, out of the question. Private meeting, members only, no press.

**SARAH JANE**

But if I joined?

*He laughs.*

**MR SHORT**

I really don't think you qualify. We have very high standards.

**SARAH JANE**

Oh. Well, thank you so much for your time, Mr Short. And for telling me your most interesting ideas.

It's ugly.

I'd lose the scarf, for a start.

Reynham is leading an exercise class in there.

**MR SHORT**

I do hope you'll include us in your article.  
We've been sadly misrepresented.

**SARAH JANE**

Really? Well, we're covering a number of  
fringe organisations, and I'm sure we'll find a  
place for you. Somewhere between the flying  
saucer people and the flat-earthers.

*The Doctor and the Brigadier are visiting Thinktank.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Can't thank you enough for the visit, it's been  
most amusing.

**MISS WINTERS**

I suppose it all seems very elementary to a  
scientist of your standing, Doctor.

**THE DOCTOR**

Yes, it does, rather, but never mind. You've  
got to start somewhere. But there is one thing  
I'm looking forward to. Professor Kettlewell's  
robot. It's in here, isn't it?

*He opens the door and heads inside, straight to the  
robotics lab.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Come on, then, where's your tin man?

**MISS WINTERS**

I'm afraid I must disappoint you, Doctor.

**THE DOCTOR**

Oh, dear. I do so hate being disappointed. I  
was determined to see that robot.

**MISS WINTERS**

We had to dismantle it.

**THE DOCTOR**

What? And such a harmless creature, too?

*He crouches and touches the floor.*

**MISS WINTERS**

After the visit of your friend, Miss Smith, it  
became unstable. She introduced it to concepts

Can't think why.

Oh, SNAP!  
Bazinga!

Do you think Miss Winters wants to borrow the  
Brig's swagger stick?

NOBODY. NOBODY has been obeying that sign.  
That's so disrespectful!

We could rebuild it. We have the technology.

it was not equipped to deal with.

**THE DOCTOR**

What, concern, compassion, useless things like that?

**MISS WINTERS**

We decided it would be safer to follow Professor Kettlewell's original instructions.

**THE DOCTOR**

Now that is a pity.

*The Doctor is surreptitiously wiping the end of his scarf on the floor.*

**THE DOCTOR**

You see, one of our problems, Miss Winters, is that –

*He lifts the scarf end and finds a bit of metal equipment, and holds it up.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Oh, I say! You haven't still got the bits, have you? Maybe I could put it together again. I'm really rather good at that sort of thing.

**MISS WINTERS**

We have our own furnaces in the basement. The robot has been utterly destroyed.

**BRIGADIER**

I could get authority to search.

**MISS WINTERS**

You might find that difficult, Brigadier, but I won't stand on formalities. Search, by all means, if you wish.

**THE DOCTOR**

In that case, I'm sure we needn't bother. Come along, Brigadier. Miss Winters has a great deal to do.

*They open the doors again to find Jellicoe standing there with another man in a lab coat.*

**JELlicoe**

Miss Winters, there's a visitor.

I think I know where the Brig's stick is – it's up her arse!

*He addresses the Doctor.*

**JELLICOE**

I'm sorry.

**MISS WINTERS**

Would you forgive me?

**THE DOCTOR**

Please, don't let us detain you.

**MISS WINTERS**

Philips will show you the short cut back to your car.

**THE DOCTOR**

You know, I have a feeling we shall meet again.

*The Doctor grins at the Brigadier. They take a step forward, but Philips gestures sternly that the exit is in the other direction.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Come along, Brigadier.

*Outside.*

**JELLICOE**

Did they believe you?

**MISS WINTERS**

Of course not. But it doesn't matter. By the time they can act, it will be too late.

**JELLICOE**

Someone from the Ministry of Health has just turned up, apparently under some obscure regulation they've just remembered, we have to have a complete check-up on the medical records of our staff here.

**MISS WINTERS**

What an odd coincidence at a time like this.

**JELLICOE**

Director, this is Doctor Sullivan.

*Harry doffs his bowler hat.*

**JELLICOE**

What's Paul McGann doing there?

Pointing.

From the Ministry.

*Back at UNIT HQ.*

**BRIGADIER**

Did you believe them?

**THE DOCTOR**

No, of course not. And they know I didn't.  
And I know that they know I didn't, and they  
know that I know that –

**BRIGADIER**

Yes yes, all right, Doctor, all right. So where is  
the robot?

**THE DOCTOR**

Either it's wandered off somewhere by itself  
or they've hidden it.

**BRIGADIER**

I see. Well, I must be off. Got to try and  
persuade the Minister to let me raid Thinktank.

*He goes to the door.*

**BRIGADIER**

What are you going to do? Oh, no, don't tell  
me, more thinking.

*The phone rings, shaking the Doctor out of his  
reverie.*

**THE DOCTOR**

I beg your pardon, Brigadier, I was just  
thinking.

*He crosses the room and answers the ringing  
telephone.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Yes? Yes, of course I'll talk to him, I'll talk to  
anybody. Professor Kettlewell? Yes, this is the  
Doctor.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Doctor, you've got to help me. The robot has  
come to my house. I've got him hidden, but  
he's very unstable, I may not be able to control  
him. We must keep him out of the hands of  
those Thinktank people, they've driven him

Ah, so he went for more of a John Steed thing.

Must be Tuesday. He always has some kind of raid  
request on Tuesdays.

(anybody) Friendly guy!

Hidden? What, under a blanket? Behind a potted  
plant? Standing next to three or four other identical  
robots?

almost insane. Yes. At my house. I... I'll be waiting at the gate.

*Kettlewell hangs up, grabs his keys and unlocks his front door. When he opens it, Jellicoe is there. Miss Winters walks in. The two of them corner Kettlewell against the wall.*

*Back at UNIT HQ, the Doctor pulls up the typewriter and, at unbelievably high speed, types out a message. He takes the paper and sticks it to the TARDIS, then heads out the door.*

*Out on the road, the Doctor drives by in Bessie, with nobody else accompanying him.*

*Back at UNIT.*

*Sarah is coming back to the lab with Sgt Benton. She is laughing, and points at a patch on his arm.*

**SARAH JANE**

Ooh, I like that. What is it?

**BENTON**

That's a promotion, miss, to WO1.

**SARAH JANE**

WO what?

**BENTON**

Warrant officer. You see, technically speaking, the Brig should have a major and a captain under him. The UNIT budget won't run to it, so they settled on promoting me.

**SARAH JANE**

Congratulations. About time, too.

**BENTON**

Thank you.

*They enter the lab.*

**SARAH JANE**

Doctor, I went to see those SRS peop –

*They notice the Doctor's absence. She sees the note on the TARDIS.*

**SARAH JANE**

Three hundred words per minute!

Some pedantic viewer wrote in and complained about UNIT's hierarchy.

Oh, no.

*She takes the note down and reads aloud.*

**SARAH JANE**

Sarah. Professor Kettlewell tells me that he has the robot hidden at his house. Gone to meet him. PS. It is of course possible that this message is a trap. If it is, I can deal with it. PPS. I'm leaving this note in case I can't! Oh, the idiot! He thinks he can cope with anything!

**BENTON**

Right, we'd better get after him. I'll get some men.

**SARAH JANE**

All right, I'll see you there.

**BENTON**

Wait for us! We'll go together!

*Benton puts the SRS brochure he'd been holding onto the table before leaving.*

*At Kettlewell's place, the Doctor walks in the front door, which is unlocked. The place appears empty.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Professor Kettlewell?

*He slams the door shut and takes a few steps inside.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Professor Kettlewell?

*He steps down into the darkened lab, and crosses to another door, which he opens.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Professor?

*He closes the door again, then flips the light switch. Across the room, the robot appears, and walks toward him.*

**ROBOT K1**

You are the Doctor?

**THE DOCTOR**

How do you do? I've been so looking forward

It's a trap!

Let's bring a picnic basket! Oh, at least a pack lunch?

(stoned) Kettlewell's not here, man.

(stoned) Nah, Kettlewell's not here, man.

to meeting you.

**ROBOT K1**

Please confirm your identity. There must be no mistake. You are the Doctor?

**THE DOCTOR**

Yes, yes, of course.

**ROBOT K1**

You are an enemy of the human race. I must destroy you. Please do not resist. I do not wish to cause you unnecessary pain.

*It swings its arm broadly, smashing the window behind the Doctor as he ducks out of the way.*

**THE DOCTOR**

How very kind of you.

*The Doctor tries the front door, but now finds it locked. He dashes away again as the robot reaches him, vaulting over the desk.*

*He throws ball bearings or pearls or something onto the floor around the robot's feet, accomplishing absolutely nothing.*

*He returns to the rear door, which now won't open for him. He gives up trying, then dashes to another corner.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Prime directive!

*The robot stops.*

**THE DOCTOR**

What is your prime directive?

**ROBOT K1**

I must serve humanity and never harm it.

**THE DOCTOR**

Then you mustn't harm me. I'm a friend of humanity.

*While talking, he is tying his scarf around support columns.*

**ROBOT K1**

Yes of course. The genuine article, you might say.

Resistance is use...ful in exercise programs.  
Oh, yeah.

I only wish to cause you *necessary* pain.

How about just the right amount of pain?

That won't stop it, it weighs over a quarter of a ton, remember?

Bless you.

Never interfere in the development of other cultures!

But you're not human, so... ha!  
Nope, not even half.



No, you are an enemy. You must be destroyed!

*The robot demolishes the first support column, rendering the Doctor's scarf trick useless.*

*He runs around to the dock door and grabs the chain and tackle, and swings it at the robot. He runs around it in a wide circle, and tries the wooden door at the side. It also will not open, and the robot smashes the door with a swing of its arm.*

*The Doctor reaches up and places his hat directly over the face of the robot. It stops.*

*He frantically tries the back door again, then realizes that the robot has stopped.*

*He laughs, and approaches it in wonder.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Extraordinary. Extraordinary.

*The robot is fooling him, though – once he is near enough, the mechanical man swings its left arm, knocking the Doctor to the floor in a crushing blow.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Aaagh!

*The Doctor backs away along the floor, slowly, looking as if he is about to pass out. The robot continues to advance on him.*

*(Episode 2 break)*

*Sarah drives up outside, and parks next to Bessie. She gets out of her car and jogs over to the iron gate, which is ajar. She sees the smashed back door and runs over to it.*

*She looks inside, then in a panic, runs around to get to the front door.*

*The robot advances on the Doctor, and is just about to crush him under foot.*

**SARAH JANE**

No! No, you mustn't harm him!

**ROBOT K1**

He is an enemy of humanity.

Is this the full five minute argument?

So that wasn't a load bearing column? Weird. Usually there's steel beams in those.

Your puny earth chains do not harm me!

I had forgotten just how lame this was.

My vision is impaired, I cannot see.  
Hey! Who turned out the lights!

Ha! Psych!  
Sucker chop!  
And now I got your hat!

(this scene may not be in playback video!)

Luke? Rani?  
Alan?  
Sometimes we ran and ran and ran...

What's the resistance to compression of Time Lord tissue?

**SARAH JANE**

No he isn't, he's a good man. A friend.

**ROBOT K1**

You were at the laboratory. You were concerned for me. You felt sorrow.

**SARAH JANE**

That's right. And you refused to harm me even when you were ordered to. Those people are evil. They're lying to you. They – they've altered your programming to make you act all wrongly.

*The robot jerks backward as if hurt.*

**ROBOT K1**

I am confused! I do not understand! I feel pain!

*Benton comes in carrying a firearm.*

**BENTON**

Miss Smith, get down!

**SARAH JANE**

No! No, don't shoot!

*Benton looks at her, but shoots anyway.*

*Soldiers appear at the rear door and also open fire. The robot turns and walks toward them.*

*Sarah checks on the Doctor.*

*The robot smashes through the rear door, has a bit of trouble with the frame, then shoves aside a crate as it walks forward under a hail of gunfire from the soldiers.*

*The gunfire does not slow it down as it continues. More soldiers run in from the side. The robot stumbles a bit, but then knocks one of the soldiers to the ground with a blow of its arm.*

*Benton joins the soldiers in the courtyard. Together they concentrate their fire on the robot, not really paying attention to the direction they are aiming, leaving themselves wide open to friendly fire, if the bullets were real.*

You have a nice bottom.

Bang, bang! Sorry, miss, what did you say? I was too busy taking bad aim.

OH YEAH!

As usual, UNIT shoots first and...dies.

KILL...Garriff!

(visual cue?) No, not the boxes!

They really don't care about friendly fire, do they?

*Benton runs back inside, where Sarah is helping the Doctor.*

**BENTON**

Is he okay, miss?

**SARAH JANE**

Yes, yes, I think so.

**BENTON**

We just couldn't stop it.

**SARAH JANE**

Well, what did you have to start shooting for?  
He wouldn't have harmed you.

**BENTON**

You could have fooled me, it was trying to kill the Doctor, wasn't it?

**SARAH JANE**

Yes, but that was because... it, it doesn't matter, it wasn't your fault I suppose. You did your best.

**BENTON**

Oh. Thank you very much. The US Cavalry never got treated like this.

*A thumping noise is heard.*

**SARAH JANE**

Listen!

**BENTON**

It's in there.

*Benton runs over to a half-height metal cabinet, and holds his gun at the ready before opening it.*

*A bound and apparently unconscious Professor Kettlewell tumbles out onto the floor.*

*Later, they've got Kettlewell at UNIT HQ, and Sarah is attending his injury.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

The robot came to find me last night. It was in terrible distress. They'd just forced it to commit another crime.

EVERYTHING tries to kill the Doctor!

Benton, nothing you've shot at in the last ten years has been hurt. Yet you keep doing it!

Just like Harry! That's the *second* person to fall out of a cabinet in this story!

Hm, broken glass, lice... no dandruff though!

(Prof voice) If you find any shillings in there, they're mine.

**SARAH JANE**

Yes. Yes, I know.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Altered his circuitry so as to overcome his prime directive. They succeeded, but at fearful cost.

**SARAH JANE**

He became unbalanced.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Yes. Then Miss Winters and Jellicoe came along while I was waiting for the Doctor. They programmed the robot to kill him. I protested, but... eh, eh, eh...

**SARAH JANE**

Shhhh. Never mind. You're safe now.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Y-y-you know, when I think of that robot's potential... I invented the metal he's made of, you know. I called it living metal. It actually has the capacity to grow like a living organism.

Oooh, LIVING metal. Nice.

Isn't that what the Nemesis statue was made of?

*Benton comes in with a tea tray.*

**SARAH JANE**

It's quite big enough for me now, thank you.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

That's how I came to make my other discovery, you know. It's the metallic equivalent of a virus. It breaks down metal into easily recyclable form. Y-you can see what that means, can't you?

(you know) It's called FIRE.

**SARAH JANE**

Yes.

Yup. Plot point.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

It means that we shall be able to get rid of all the metallic waste that pollutes this planet.

*Benton offers a mug of tea.*

So that's what Sarah's there for, to make the tea.

**BENTON**

Professor?

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Thank you.

*After taking a sip, the professor sees the SRS brochure on the table.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Wha- what's that doing there?

**SARAH JANE**

Oh, uh, I went to see them. Rather unpleasant.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Scientific Reform Society. Oh oh yes, yes, just before I left the Thinktank, they persuaded me to join it. I remember I went along to one of their meetings once. Oh, very odd bunch, didn't go there again.

**SARAH JANE**

Well, now, there's a meeting there tonight. Suppose you were to turn up, Professor, would they let you in?

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Oh, very probably, I think I've still got my membership card about me somewhere.

**SARAH JANE**

And if I came along too, plus my camera and tape recorder, you could smuggle me in and we could get the goods on them for the Brigadier.

**BENTON**

Hey now, hang on, you two.

**SARAH JANE**

Oh what do you you say, Professor, shall we try it?

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Y-y-y...

**SARAH JANE**

Of course, it could be dangerous.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

If there is anything I can do to help to defeat those people...

They all wear black and listen to depressing music.

You could be my plus one!  
I might get lucky! Oh, did I say that out loud?

**BENTON**

But the Brigadier will go spare! So will the Doctor!

**SARAH JANE**

Well, one's away and the other's asleep.

**BENTON**

Well, I'll go and wake the Doctor and see what he says.

**SARAH JANE**

Don't you dare. He had a nasty knock on the head and he needs to rest.

**BENTON**

In that case, miss, it's just not on. I'm sorry.

**SARAH JANE**

Oh! Mr Benton, are we members of UNIT?

**BENTON**

Well, no, of course not.

**SARAH JANE**

Are we under arrest?

**BENTON**

No, miss.

**SARAH JANE**

Well, then, what we do and where we go is none of your business, is it? Come along, Professor!

**BENTON**

Wouldn't it be best if you –

**SARAH JANE**

Now just you go and Blanco your rifle or something. This way, Professor, come on.

*Benton looks bothered.*

*At the SRS meeting place, people are checking in.*

*Kettlewell approaches the table with his member card. He hands it to the man at the table: Jellicoe.*

*Jellicoe looks at it and hands it back. Before*

Must you stand in the way of my hot date?

What is the air speed velocity of an unladen swallow?

I'm going to rock your world.

**(TIGER! TIGER! TIGER! TIGER!)**

*Kettlewell reaches the inner door, Jellicoe speaks.*

**JELlicoe**

Professor Kettlewell, how nice to see you again so soon.

*Jellicoe nods at Guard Walsh, who opens the door for Kettlewell.*

*Back at UNIT HQ.*

**BRIGADIER**

What the blazes were you thinking of, Mr Benton! You should never have let them go.

**BENTON**

Well, maybe you could have stopped them, sir, but I couldn't. As the young lady pointed out, they're not really under our jurisdiction.

**BRIGADIER**

Ugh.

**BENTON**

Excuse me, sir, but you did get permission to raid Thinktank?

**BRIGADIER**

No, Mr Benton, I did not.

**THE DOCTOR**

Then you must act without it. I know what they're up to, now. Worked it all out while I was having my little nap. It's all tied up with the information stolen from that poor fellow Chambers. He must have been the guardian of some kind of ultimate threat.

**BRIGADIER**

How on earth do you –

**THE DOCTOR**

I don't know exactly what it is, just the kind of thing it has to be. Well? Am I right?

**BRIGADIER**

A few months ago, the superpowers, Russia, America and China, decided upon a plan to ensure peace. All three powers have hidden atomic missile sites. All three agreed to give details of those sites plus full operational

Thank you, Terry. How are the wife and kids?

Now, would you like tea, coffee, or soup?

Pff. Coffee.

instructions to another neutral country. In the event of trouble, that country could publish everyone's secrets and so cool things down. Well, naturally enough, the only country that could be trusted with such a role was Great Britain.

**THE DOCTOR**

Well, naturally, I mean the rest were all foreigners.

**BRIGADIER**

Well, exactly.

*He realizes what the Doctor just said, then continues on.*

**BRIGADIER**

The destructor codes for firing these missiles were kept in Chambers' house in a special Dynastylene safe. The robot killed Chambers, blasted the safe open with the disintegrator gun, and took the codes.

**BENTON**

So what can they do with them now that they've got 'em?

**BRIGADIER**

They could set off every atomic missile in the world, Mr Benton.

**THE DOCTOR**

Yes. And start a nuclear holocaust that would turn this little planet of yours into a radioactive cinder suspended in space.

**BENTON**

You mean, he could use the information to blackmail the world. Do things our way, or we light the blue touch paper.

**THE DOCTOR**

I'm afraid so.

**BRIGADIER**

We think they've been using this Scientific Reform Society as a front, Doctor, and I've just heard from Mr Benton here that Miss Smith and Professor Kettlewell have just gone off to try to get into one of their meetings.

Hey!

Those codes will end up on Wikileaks in a few days.

Why does it always have to be a *cinder*?

We got it already, dude.



*The Doctor wheels around, alarmed.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Kettlewell! You let Sarah go off somewhere with Kettlewell?

*At the SRS meeting.*

*Kettlewell enters a room and closes the door. He goes over to a bolted side door, unbolts it, opens it, and looks out.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Miss Smith! Are you there?

*She appears and slides inside.*

**SARAH JANE**

How's it going, Professor?

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

All right, I think. They were a bit suspicious to start with, but I found somewhere for you to hide.

**SARAH JANE**

Oh, great!

*On the stage in front of the crowd, Miss Winters is giving a rabble-rousing speech.*

**HILDA WINTERS**

And as you know, my friends, tonight is a culmination of many years of work and planning. A brilliant and audacious scheme is about to come to its climax!

*The crowd cheers again.*

**HILDA WINTERS**

You have all waited long and patiently during the years of scorn and ridicule, the days when we were laughed at as cranks. Well, now, a new and better future is almost within our grasp.

*Sarah is hiding at the back of the room behind a table piled with boxes, not a very secretive hiding place at all. She is snapping pictures.*

Huh? But he's all cuddly and fuzzy!

How's your hair?

In my pants!

Uniforms by Mr Hilter of Beverly Hills.

...and only *this* man sitting next to me is unexcited!

Years of corn and what? Pickles?

It's a Doctor Who convention!

And look, there's tech world.

**HILDA WINTERS**

A future in which we, the elite, will rule as is our right! We owe it all to one man. The man whose unrivalled scientific genius has put us in the commanding position we now hold.

Professor Kettlewell!

*The Professor comes out from behind the stage. The crowd applauds. Sarah is surprised.*

**HILDA WINTERS**

He brings with him the symbol of our movement, the creature whose intelligence and power make him a fitting emblem for our scientific new order!

*The curtains part behind her, and the robot steps up. The crowd cheers, but then gasps in surprise at the metal giant.*

*Out in the foyer, the Doctor is trying to get in. A pile of things from his pockets grows on the table in front of him.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Now where is that pass? It must be somewhere. Freedom to the city of Skaro? No. Pilot's licence for the Mars-Venus rocket run. Galactic passports. Do you travel much?

*Guard Walsh stands up threateningly.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Honorary member of the Alpha Centaurian Table Tennis club. Very tricky opponents, those chaps.

*The guard walks on the Doctor's scarf as he moves closer.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Six arms, and, of course, six bats. It really keeps you on your toes. I'll tell you what, I'll just pop outside and try something...

*He opens the exit door, then pulls his scarf, causing the guard to fall arse over tip.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Oh dear, I'm terribly sorry. You just lie there and get some rest. I'll find help. And above all,

Um... d'oh?

Oh, so he was coming to the meeting anyway?

I thought she was about to introduce Steven Moffat.

Matt Smith?

(visual gag) Wha -- Are those space condoms?

Look, all I want to know is, do you do your own stunts or do I do them for you?

don't worry. Everything's gonna be all right.

*Back at the meeting.*

**HILDA WINTERS**

With the aid of this robot, we shall seek out and destroy all those who try to harm us.

*The robot interprets this as a command.*

**ROBOT K1**

Seek out and destroy.

*It begins to move. It pushes the Professor aside callously.*

*Winters and Jellicoe look alarmed.*

*Sarah senses that the robot is heading for her. She starts to shake her head.*

*The robot smashes aside the boxes behind which she is hiding.*

*The audience gasps, and Sarah stands up, exposed to their sight.*

**HILDA WINTERS**

She's a spy! Deal with her!

*Some of the audience members move toward her. One man grabs her and moves her toward the stage. A voice rings out loud and clear over the noise.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Good evening, everyone!

*The Doctor appears on stage.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Now please, stay calm, everyone keep his seat. Now then. What can I do to entertain you 'til my friend the Brigadier arrives, eh? A little song? A little dance perhaps?

*Some of the audience members laugh.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Not just a little dance? Anyone for cards?

*The laughing grows.*

Get out of my way, old man.

Oh, there's my Amazon order.

No, not more boxes!  
KILL ALL BOXES!

**HILDA WINTERS**

Don't just stand there, you idiots, get him!

*Guard Walsh, who has come in from the foyer, recovered from unconsciousness, shakes his head to clear it, then moves forward.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Now for my next trick, I shall require the assistance of a member of the audience.

*He bends down to pick up the deck of cards, as the guard leaps at him. The leap carries the guard directly over the Doctor, and he lands with a crash to the stage floor.*

**THE DOCTOR**

I say, haven't we met somewhere before?  
Please. Let me help you up.

*The guard gets up, then twists the Doctor's arm in a lock behind his back.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Aaagh!

*Another guard does the same with the other arm.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Pity. Any other sporting member of the audience? Tell me one thing, Professor Kettlewell. Why?

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

For years I have been trying to persuade people to stop spoiling this planet, Doctor. Now, with the help of my friends, I can make them.

**THE DOCTOR**

Aren't you forgetting that in science, as in morality, the end never justifies the means?

**JELLICOE**

What are we going to do with them?

**HILDA WINTERS**

Kill them, of course.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Havoc by Action!

And never again will they make fun of my hair!

Oh, no, no!

**HILDA WINTERS**

They're far too dangerous to us.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Couldn't we lock them up?

**HILDA WINTERS**

And have them escape? It's too late to be squeamish, Professor.

**THE DOCTOR**

You see what I mean, Professor?

*He does, but he says nothing.*

**HILDA WINTERS**

Take them away.

*Just as the guard is pushing Sarah to the stage, the lights come up, and gunfire blasts out.*

**BRIGADIER**

Stay where you are! My men have this building surrounded!

**HILDA WINTERS**

Where's the truck?

**JELICOE**

Still outside.

**HILDA WINTERS**

Quick!

**BRIGADIER**

Stop! Stay where you are!

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Protect us! Protect us!

*The robot acts as a shield holding the Brigadier and Benton back, as they back out of the side doors with Sarah. The Doctor lies feigning unconsciousness on the table on the stage.*

*Using Sarah as a shield, Winters and Kettlewell leave the front door of the meeting hall, soldiers covering their every move.*

(visual somewhere) Is that the new iPhone?

(gunshot ricochet) Per-tweee! Per-tweee!

*The robot also comes out after them, and the soldiers begin firing at it. Jellicoe follows the robot.*

*Winters edges Sarah around the corner of the building as gunfire continues.*

*Kettlewell, Winters and Sarah get into the cab of the truck.*

*Jellicoe leads the robot into the back of the truck, up the ramp.*

*Winters waits for the all clear.*

*She drives forward through the feeble barrier put up by the soldiers. They keep firing.*

*Inside, the members scatter as the soldiers empty the place.*

*In the meeting room, the Doctor is sitting up as the Brigadier comes back in.*

**BRIGADIER**

Well, Doctor.

**THE DOCTOR**

It had to be Kettlewell. Only he could have attempted to reprogram the robot to overcome its prime directive.

**BRIGADIER**

Then all that business about being knocked on the head and pushed in the cupboard?

**THE DOCTOR**

Faked. Faked to gain your confidence. And they still have the destructor codes and Sarah. And now they'll hide up somewhere and try their blackmail plan, I suppose.

**BRIGADIER**

But how can they? If they start a nuclear war, they'll go up with the rest of us.

**THE DOCTOR**

I rather imagine that has occurred to them. You'd better find them, Brigadier, and soon.

**BRIGADIER**

I agree, but how?

And now we're on film... oh! No, we're not!

That's right, Jellicoe, help the delicate little robot.

(confidence) Well, actually, faked to fool the viewers.

*Benton comes in with a radio set.*

**BENTON**

Excuse me sir, there's a call for you from Dr Sullivan.

**BRIGADIER**

Thank you.

**BENTON**

Linked in from HQ.

**BRIGADIER**

Thank you. Sullivan. You still at Thinktank? Over.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Yes sir, but I may not have much time. Now listen, sir, I've managed to give them the slip and I think they've forgotten about me. They seem to be pulling out, sir. The whole place is being evacuated.

**BRIGADIER**

Listen, Sullivan, this is urgent. Do you know where they're going? Have you any idea at all?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Well, sir, I heard somebody mention the bunker, but it seemed to be a kind of a joke...

*Harry's voice cuts out abruptly, and an alarming sound is heard.*

**BRIGADIER**

Sullivan, you still there?

*Sullivan is unconscious on the floor. The phone hangs loosely.*

**JELLICOE**

We'll take him with us. He'll be a useful hostage.

**BRIGADIER**

No good. Broken connection.

**THE DOCTOR**

Or broken head, if someone overheard him calling us.

Coollest. Cell phone. Ever.

Is that a cone of silence?

(forgotten about me) We did too.

He'll be a Marter to our cause. Heyo!

**BRIGADIER**

He said something about them going to a bunker.

*Later, the Doctor in Bessie leads a convoy of UNIT vehicles. The Brigadier is in the passenger seat, looking through binoculars. They stop at the edge of a village, near what looks like an underground entrance to something.*

**BRIGADIER**

Well, this is the place. An atomic shelter designed and built by the Thinktank people back in the Cold War days.

**THE DOCTOR**

So if their bluff is called, they'll stay down there safe and sound and emerge to rule the survivors, if any.

**BENTON**

You really think they're in there, sir?

**BRIGADIER**

We'll soon find out. Right, Benton.

*Benton waves to the troops.*

**BENTON**

All out!

*Inside the bunker, they watch on a black and white video monitor as the soldiers approach.*

**HILDA WINTERS**

Activate the automatic defense system.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Shouldn't we talk to them first?

**HILDA WINTERS**

We'll talk afterwards. First we must show them the strength of our position.

*Jellicoe pushes some buttons and switches, activating the defenses.*

*They look at the monitor again.*

**HILDA WINTERS**

And here we are!

O-de-o'dn do'dn day, o-de-o'dn day-o, going to a bunker.

Is that Archie or Edith?

Oh, Archie!

Aw, geez, Edith!

(visual) Aw, do we have to watch "300" again?

That's his bowling score.

Missionary?



Put her with the other one.

*Guard Walsh handles Sarah away.*

*The soldiers approach the bunker entrance.*

*The Doctor spots a gun turret at the top.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Down, Brigadier! Everyone get down!

*They all hit the dirt as gunfire begins.*

*The gunfire dies again, and the Brigadier calls a retreat.*

**BRIGADIER**

Get back.

*He takes a position near the Doctor, with Benton.*

**BRIGADIER**

Of all the cheek! They've got troops there!

**THE DOCTOR**

I don't think so, Brigadier. Automated machine gun nest, I fancy, activated by body heat when you get within range.

*A burst of static comes from the radio. The Doctor covers Benton's mouth.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Shush!

**BENTON**

It's not me, Doctor. Someone's trying to get through on our frequency.

**THE DOCTOR**

Good man.

*Benton goes back to the jeep.*

**BENTON**

Greyhound Leader receiving you, over.

**HILDA WINTERS**

Let me speak to the Brigadier.

**BRIGADIER**

There's like six of them now.  
It's a whole UNIT. (zing!)

There is no way the trajectory of those bullets would have done that.

I didn't know machine guns nested.

I'm afraid he's busy, would you like his voice mail?

Voice... mail?

Lethbridge-Stewart.

**HILDA WINTERS**

Brigadier, can you hear me?

**BRIGADIER**

Yes, Miss Winters. I hear you. Come out and give yourselves up, or we shall attack.

**HILDA WINTERS**

We hold two of your friends as hostages.

**BRIGADIER**

That will not deter me. I repeat, give yourselves up or we shall attack.

**HILDA WINTERS**

You'll never reach those doors alive, Brigadier. And even if you did, you'd never get through them. By now, the governments of the world will have received our demands. Unless they are agreed to in full, the destructor codes will be used. We have associates standing by all over the world. You have 30 minutes in which to surrender.

**BRIGADIER**

Mr Benton, take a party with grenades, find those machine gun nests and knock them out.

**BENTON**

Yes, sir.

**BRIGADIER**

I'll show that wretched woman.

*In a store room inside the bunker, the robot guards Harry.*

**ROBOT K1**

Do not move. If you attempt to escape, I must destroy you.

*Guard Walsh manhandles Sarah into the room.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Oh, I say, Miss Smith –

**GUARD WALSH**

Shut up.

I'd give you some evil laughter, but it's such a cliché and nobody ever actually does that in real life.

We've got you surrounded. By boxes. Right, that settles it – Box Agenda.

*He sits her down facing Harry and begins to tie her up.*

**SARAH JANE**

James Bond.

*Outside, the soldiers are taking care of the machine gun nests. Three grenades, one at a time, take care of the guns.*

*Benton jogs back over to the jeep.*

**BENTON**

That was the lot, sir.

**BRIGADIER**

Right. Prepare to advance.

**THE DOCTOR**

Just a moment, Brigadier.

*The Doctor takes out his sonic screwdriver. He steps forward among the soldiers and points it toward the bunker, sweeping it from one side to the other. As he does so, land mines explode one by one, until he stops.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Come along, then.

*The Doctor heads for the bunker entrance. The Brigadier and Benton follow him, and Benton signals the troops.*

**BENTON**

Okay, move.

*They arrive at the door.*

**BENTON**

Shall I get some explosives, sir?

**BRIGADIER**

Yes.

**THE DOCTOR**

Oh, no, must you? I really think we've had enough bangs and flashes for a bit, don't you? Hold on.

*He fits the screwdriver with something.*

Um... Pussy Galore?

You can buy one of those in the room next door.

(Applaud explosions)

It's sonic.

So, baggy trousers, or fat butts?

Do those uniforms make their butts look big?

Nope! Them things blowed up real good!

**THE DOCTOR**

Turns into a miniature sonic lance, you see?

**BRIGADIER**

And what do you propose to do with that?

**THE DOCTOR**

Cut out the lock for you. It shouldn't take long.

*He begins to work, the panel holding the lock mechanism begins to melt and flame.*

*Inside, they watch.*

**JELLICOE**

They're getting through! It is impossible!

**HILDA WINTERS**

Very well, we shall have to use the destructor codes. Show them we're not bluffing.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

It'll take too long to set up the sequence. They'll be in here long before that. You said we'd have plenty of time!

**HILDA WINTERS**

Then we must gain time. We shall have to use your metal friend, Professor, and this time, he'd better not let us down. Is the disintegrator gun ready?

**JELLICOE**

Yes.

**HILDA WINTERS**

Right. Then fit it and send him out. Come along, Professor. Start getting those destructor codes operational. Maybe they'll listen when the first few missiles are fired.

*Kettlewell begins working at a keyboard.*

*Jellicoe bursts into the store room. He grabs Sarah by the arm, but only moves her to the side – she's sitting on a crate next to the disintegrator gun. He opens the gun box and assembles it, then stands before the robot.*

**JELLICOE**

And it's got three settings!

I hear Kraftwerk in the background.

They're getting through – oh no, wait, they've succumbed to the toxic fumes from melting the lock.

Take a chill pill, Einstein.

Gah, programming in assembler code sucks.

Thank goodness for Amazon Prime. That thing arrived just in time!

Enemies of humanity are attacking us. You must take this gun and destroy them.

*The robot acknowledges the command, and takes the gun in its claw.*

**SARAH JANE**

No! No, you mustn't!

*It doesn't listen. Sarah looks at Harry in desperation. They begin to try and work at their bonds.*

*Outside the entrance, the Doctor stops his work as the doors begin to open.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Back! Everybody back!

**BRIGADIER**

They may be going to surrender!

**THE DOCTOR**

(unintelligible) Get your men back, Brigadier, if you don't want them killed.

**BRIGADIER**

All right, back! Fall back.

**BENTON**

Fall back to the woods!

*The doors open slowly revealing the giant robot.*

*The troops continue their retreat, vehicles moving out from their positions.*

*One soldier who failed to follow orders is in a firing position just outside, and he begins shooting at the robot. The robot lifts the disintegrator gun and fires. The soldier is knocked back, then glows red, and is gone. Vanished.*

*The soldiers regroup in a new location, along with the Doctor.*

**BRIGADIER**

Well, I brought along something that will deal with it.

**THE DOCTOR**

I very much doubt it, Brigadier.

Run away! Run away!

So, what did they build first, the robot, or the bunker door?

Ha. Maybe they built the robot down there, then when it came time to take it for a test run, they got to the door, and ... oops!

*The noise of tank wheels is heard. The tank drives up and stops a few hundred feet away from the bunker, and turns its gun toward the robot.*

*Before it fires, the robot turns the gun on it. The tank simply glows red for a moment and vanishes.*

**ROBOT K1**

Go! Go now or I will destroy you all!

*(Episode 3 break)*

**HILDA WINTERS**

Well. Everything seems to be very satisfactory. And how are you getting on, Professor?

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

I've just finished making the preliminary link-ups. You don't really intend to use the destructor codes, do you?

**HILDA WINTERS**

I want everything in readiness.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

But if they don't agree, if they call our bluff, we'll surrender, won't we?

**HILDA WINTERS**

No. We shall fire the missiles.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

But you can't. It would mean a nuclear war.

**HILDA WINTERS**

You want a better world, don't you? We shan't gain it without some sacrifices. Now, start the countdown, Professor.

*He presses a key, and the monitor above him shows a number counting down from 300.*

*Back in the store room, Harry and Sarah work on their bonds.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

How are we doing, Miss Smith?

**SARAH JANE**

It's only a model.  
Shhh.  
It's from Dapol?

So those red things are, like, robot suspenders?

(a la Emperor) It's time to show them the full power of this fully armed and operational battle station!

Don'tcha mean NUCULAR?

Okay.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Yeah, I think it's coming.

*In the control room again.*

**HILDA WINTERS**

What about food and water? How long can we hold out if the worst happens?

**JELlicOE**

I'm not really sure.

**HILDA WINTERS**

Then you should be. Take me to the food storage. We must make a proper check. Keep your eye on our friends outside, Professor.

*Jellicoe and Winters go down the corridor, Jellicoe taking a detour to the store room.*

**JELlicOE**

Wait. What are we going to do with them?

**HILDA WINTERS**

They're obviously no use to us as hostages, and we can't afford useless mouths to feed. They'll have to be disposed of. Later.

*Jellicoe and Winters exit and close the doors.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

That was a near one.

**SARAH JANE**

We're nearly there, I think.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Yeah.

*A few more seconds at the ropes and...*

**SARAH JANE**

Okay!

*Outside, they watch the robot warily.*

**BRIGADIER**

What's the range and power of that weapon, Doctor?

Well, I enjoy this sort of thing...

T.M.I.

**THE DOCTOR**

Power? Almost unlimited. Range? Well, it could drill a hole in the surface of the moon.

**BRIGADIER**

And knock out anything we send against it.

**THE DOCTOR**

Yes.

*The robot keeps watch.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Well, it's no use staying here. Brigadier, prepare your men for an attack. Try and draw the robot away from the door. I'll slip around behind it and finish cutting the lock.

**BRIGADIER**

You don't stand much chance, you know.

**THE DOCTOR**

I know, but we have to try.

**BRIGADIER**

Right. We'll cover you as long as we can. All right, Benton?

*They move out.*

*Inside the bunker, the Professor turns to see the countdown has reached the 80s. He begins to freak out.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Can't. I won't.

*He picks up a stool and goes to smash the equipment. Jellicoe stops him.*

**JELlicoe**

Don't attempt to stop it!

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

No, I can't do it, I won't do it!

**JELlicoe**

Let it run!

*Jellicoe points a gun at Kettlewell, who drops the*

Wouldn't it *disintegrate* the moon?

Maybe the robot just wants to carve "Chairface Chippendale" on the moon.

Get a megaphone and say "Klaatu, barada, nikto."



*stool.*

*Harry comes in, rushes Jellicoe and wrestles with him. Jellicoe drops the gun. They fight on. Harry drops him with a savage punch.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Thank heavens you've come.

**SARAH JANE**

Can you cancel what you've been doing?

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

There's no time. I'll punch in the hold signal.

*He pushes some keys. The countdown stops at 58.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

So, now open the main doors. We're going outside.

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

Yes.

**SARAH JANE**

There.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Right.

*They run out.*

*Outside, the Doctor and soldiers are approaching the robot, but the Doctor stops them.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Wait! The doors!

*Sarah, Harry and Kettlewell come out.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Sarah!

**SARAH JANE**

Doctor! Wh –

*The robot whirls on them.*

*The Doctor runs over to them.*

**SARAH JANE**

Harry wins cuz he's got more hair.

Now why didn't I think of that earlier?

No, please – don't shoot. We're no danger to you.

**ROBOT K1**

You must go. The soldiers must go.

**SARAH JANE**

You've got to let him in there.

**ROBOT K1**

They are enemies of the human race.

**SARAH JANE**

No! They're the enemies in there. They want to start an atomic war, kill millions of people!

*The robot struggles with this thought, jerking around physically for a moment.*

**ROBOT K1**

You must go! Or I will kill... I must kill you!

*Sarah just looks at it.*

**ROBOT K1**

I must destroy you.

*Kettlewell steps out in front of the robot.*

**PROF KETTLEWELL**

No, no! He was only telling –

*The robot fires the disintegrator gun, and Kettlewell glows red, then disappears.*

*The robot now completely freaks out.*

**ROBOT K1**

Aaaaaagh! I have killed the one who created me!

*It falls to its knees, then collapses at the bunker door.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Now's our chance!

*The Doctor runs inside. Harry and Sarah follow him, then the Brigadier. Benton runs up and takes the disintegrator gun away from the prone robot, then follows inside.*

My name is K1! I killed my father! Prepare to die!

I go sleep now!

*Winters enters the control room. She sees Jellicoe on the floor and checks him. She sees people coming in on the security video screen.*

*Picking up a binder, she turns to a page, then punches a code into the keyboard and turns to look at the countdown monitor.*

*In the corridor, the Brigadier leads the charge. They enter the control room. The countdown is running again.*

**BRIGADIER**

Get away from that keyboard.

**HILDA WINTERS**

You won't shoot, Brigadier.

*Sarah spots a handgun on the floor, and retrieves it.*

**SARAH JANE**

Maybe he won't, but I will. Move away!

**HILDA WINTERS**

Why not? It's finished. The firing instructions have gone out.

**BRIGADIER**

I can still get the major powers to use their fail-safe procedures.

**HILDA WINTERS**

Too late, Brigadier.

**BRIGADIER**

Cancel the destructor codes!

**HILDA WINTERS**

When that reaches zero, the missiles will be fired, and no one can send the cancel codes in time.

*The countdown is in the twenties.*

**THE DOCTOR**

She may be right, Brigadier.

*The Doctor sits at the keyboard and looks at the binder.*

**BRIGADIER**

Because I *killed* Major Powers!

Um, I don't think you quite understand the phrase.

Or I'll put on my eyepatch!

She's just trying to blow everyone up to protect her "secret".

Congratulations on your purchase of this SRS nuclear missile control system. We hope it offers you years of trouble-free nuclear war.

Benton, get them both out of here.

*Benton takes Winters by the arm.*

**BENTON**

Miss Winters.

*Then he helps Jellicoe up.*

**BENTON**

Move!

*The Doctor is now working at the computer, the  
countdown now around 15.*

**THE DOCTOR**

The trouble with computers, of course, is that they're very sophisticated idiots. They do exactly what you tell them at amazing speed, even if you order them to kill you...

*The countdown is at 8.*

**THE DOCTOR**

...so if you do happen to change your mind, it's very difficult to stop them obeying the original order, but...

*The countdown is at 2... and stays there.*

**THE DOCTOR**

...not impossible.

*Sarah lets out a gasp of relief.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Congratulations, Doctor!

**BENTON**

Well done, Doctor!

*Sarah realizes something, and turns to leave.*

**BRIGADIER**

Right, that's over. Now for a little mopping up.

**BENTON**

Right, sir.

*Sarah is walking down the corridor and stumbles*

Usually in movies the countdowns slow down near the end. You know, ten seconds last a minute?

Someone worship my greatness. Now.

*across the robot, which has obviously recovered.*

*Outside.*

**BRIGADIER**

Vanished? How can they have vanished?

**BENTON**

Well, we were all pretty busy inside, sir, mopping up the rest of that Thinktank lot. We noticed the robot was gone when we came out and everyone assumed that someone else had got it.

**THE DOCTOR**

And Sarah?

**BENTON**

Well, we thought – we thought she'd gone home.

**THE DOCTOR**

Gone home? You mean not one of you connected the disappearance of Sarah with the vanishing of the robot?

**BRIGADIER**

You're sure there is a connection?

**THE DOCTOR**

I think so. Don't you?

**BRIGADIER**

Why Sarah?

**THE DOCTOR**

The robot killed Kettlewell, remember? The man who created it. It must be in a state of tremendous emotional shock. What more natural than it should turn to the one person who ever showed it kindness?

**BRIGADIER**

Hmm. Keep looking, Benton.

**BENTON**

Right, sir.

*Inside the store room in the bunker.*

**SARAH JANE**

Vanishing cream?

Waaah waa waa waaaaaaaah.

Honestly, they're bound to find us.

**ROBOT K1**

Anyone who finds us will be destroyed.

**SARAH JANE**

Why? What's the point of more killing? I – I keep telling you, it's all over. What can you do alone?

**ROBOT K1**

I can bring about the destruction of humanity. But... do not fear, Sarah.

*It puts its claw on her shoulder.*

**ROBOT K1**

You alone will be saved.

*It pauses and makes some beeping noises.*

**ROBOT K1**

The bunker is cleared. Come.

*Sarah opens the door, and they leave the room.*

*Outside, Benton runs back up.*

**BRIGADIER**

Well?

**BENTON**

Still nothing, sir. We're spreading the search radius wider and wider, but the bigger the area to cover, the harder it gets.

**THE DOCTOR**

There is just one teeny weeny little thing.

**BRIGADIER**

What's that?

**THE DOCTOR**

Something else you haven't thought of. What are we going to do with it when we find it?

**BRIGADIER**

Yes. You know, just once I'd like to meet an alien menace that wasn't immune to bullets.

**BENTON**

(all over) I only like you as a friend.

(sing DW vocalise)

Are you my mummy?

And then I wanna show you my train set, an' my Matchbox cars, an' my Target novelisations...

The bunker is cleared – is that code for something?

Aw, whine whine whine. Aren't you a soldier?

Excuse me, sir.

**BRIGADIER**

Hmm?

**BENTON**

Well, when Professor Kettlewell was here talking to Miss Smith, he said the robot was made of some kind of living metal. He even said it could grow.

**THE DOCTOR**

Did he now?

**BENTON**

Yes, and he went on about some kind of metal virus, something that attacked the living metal.

**THE DOCTOR**

The same way disease attacks animal tissue.

**BENTON**

Well, something like that. Anyway, I just wondered if we could –

**THE DOCTOR**

Yes?

**BENTON**

I'm sorry. It was probably a daft idea anyway.

**THE DOCTOR**

Wonderful, Mr Benton! Wonderful! Brigadier, I must get to Kettlewell's place at once! You find the robot!

*The Doctor dashes away.*

**BRIGADIER**

You better go with him.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Right, sir!

**BRIGADIER**

Keep in RT contact!

*Benton smiles, but composes himself as the Brigadier stares him down.*

*The Doctor and Harry drive away in Bessie.*

Bring the validium BOWWW!

*Sarah and the robot are walking slowly down the corridor inside the bunker.*

*A soldier comes around the corner and raises his gun.*

**SARAH JANE**

No! Don't hurt him! Let him go!

*The robot bleeps.*

**SARAH JANE**

He's not important enough.

*She addresses the soldier.*

**SARAH JANE**

Don't shoot. Just leave now. Don't worry about me. Just go.

*The soldier does so, circling delicately around the robot, then around the corner out of sight.*

*Outside, Benton sees the doors open.*

**BENTON**

Look, sir!

*The soldier comes running out of the bunker.*

*Sarah and the robot are inside the control room.*

*The robot manipulates some controls, then moves over to the keyboard and does something. The countdown resets itself to 300, and begins again.*

**SARAH JANE**

No! No!

*Sarah runs over to it, but the robot knocks her down with its arm.*

**SARAH JANE**

Why? Why?

**ROBOT K1**

I destroyed Kettlewell. I must see that his plan does not fail.

**SARAH JANE**

But... but he changed his mind! He wouldn't

Uh, beg pardon, miss, I have three stripes!

Someone is about to come out of the bunker, I can just sense it!  
Fire the editor.

More Kraftwerk.  
How about a nice game of chess?  
Mike, why won't it go off?

They're having a countdown of countdowns! This is countdown number three...

Zed Zed!



want you to continue!

**ROBOT K1**

Mankind is not worthy to survive. Once it is destroyed, I shall build more machines like myself. Machines do not lie.

*At Kettlewell's place, the Doctor is searching through the scientist's notes.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Why didn't that silly man write up his experiments properly?

*He pours contents from one test tube into another.*

**BRIGADIER**

Doctor? This is the Brigadier. Can you hear me?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Uh, this is Lieutenant Sullivan, sir. The Doctor's rather busy at the moment.

**THE DOCTOR**

Tell him to stop pestering me! I've found the metal virus and I'm trying to prepare an active solution, but he must give me time!

**BRIGADIER**

Sullivan, tell the Doctor we've found the robot.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Well done, sir! Where is it?

**BRIGADIER**

It's shut itself inside the bunker with Miss Smith.

**THE DOCTOR**

What? Yes! Yes, of course! Suppressed Oedipus complex, leading to excessive guilt and overcompensation.

**BRIGADIER**

Doctor, Oedipus is not –

**THE DOCTOR**

Brigadier! The robot will try to carry out Kettlewell's plan. Is the computer terminal in

And thus, Skynet is born.

It'll be... Shampoo... and conditioner... in one!

I thought she went home.  
Yeah, we all did.

the bunker still active?

**BRIGADIER**

As far as I know. I don't suppose anyone thought of –

**THE DOCTOR**

Can you switch off the electricity supply?

**BRIGADIER**

Yes. No, no, it's on a special sealed circuit.

**THE DOCTOR**

Then warn all the major powers. The emergency is not over. They must operate full fail-safe procedures at once!

*In the bunker, the countdown has reached 17.*

*Sarah watches, terrified. The robot watches the countdown next to her.*

*It reaches 10.*

*At 8, the screen changes, and reads FAIL SAFE: Countdown Aborted.*

*Sarah lets out a relieved laugh.*

**SARAH JANE**

You –you see, they've operated the fail-safe mechanism. Oh, give up now, please!

**ROBOT K1**

Humanity must be destroyed. It is evil. Corrupt.

**SARAH JANE**

But you can't take on the whole world. Don't you understand? They'll destroy you!

**ROBOT K1**

Do not fear. I can not be destroyed. Come.

*He guides her out of the control room, as the FAIL SAFE message continues to flash on the countdown screen.*

*Back at Kettlewell's place.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Ha ha!

Oh, uh, don't tell Kim Jong-Il, okay?

You see? President Henry Fonda stopped it!

Yup, that's Fox News alright.

(destroyed) Well, *duh*, first law of thermodynamics.

Come along, man, come along.

*Harry looks around and finds a metal bar. He brings it to the Doctor.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

This any good?

*The Doctor checks it with a magnet first, then extracts some of his solution from the beaker with a pipette.*

*He puts drops of the solution onto the metal bar, and they watch. The Doctor smiles.*

**THE DOCTOR**

We've done it, Harry. We've done it.

*Outside the bunker, Benton clicks his rifle.*

**BENTON**

Sir.

*The robot comes out of the doors, followed by Sarah Jane.*

**BRIGADIER**

No one is to open fire. She may find a chance to get clear.

**ROBOT K1**

Stay here.

*The robot begins taking steps toward the soldiers.*

**BENTON**

It's going to attack, sir. Should we pull back?

*The Brigadier looks around for a moment, thinking. He sees something in the back of the jeep.*

**BRIGADIER**

Of course, the very thing.

*He picks up the object – the disintegrator gun. He aims it toward the robot.*

**BRIGADIER**

I think just for once, we're not going to need the Doctor.

*He fires the gun at the robot.*

Look around you. Look around you.

Hot metal and methedrine.

The effects have been eliminated for budgetary reasons.

(this is that pregnant pause that gets a laugh)

Promises.

*It begins to glow red, and jerks as if impacted. But instead of simply vanishing, it begins to grow in size. Slowly, it reaches 15 feet high, then 20 feet high, thirty feet.*

*The soldiers watch it grow in amazement. When it stops growing and glowing, its feet alone come up to Sarah's waist.*

*She looks at it, shading her eyes from the sun. Thinking she can make a break for the soldiers, she begins to run.*

*Unfortunately, the companion curse hits her, and she stumbles and falls.*

*The robot reaches down with its enormous claw, and picks up Fay Wray, er, Sarah, lifting her skyward. She screams.*

*Now carrying Sarah like a doll (heheh), the robot begins walking.*

*The Brigadier unholsters his gun, and calls to the soldiers.*

**BRIGADIER**

Right! Follow me, and hold your fire until ordered!

*They move out.*

*The robot walks into the village, still carrying Sarah like a doll (heheh). It sets her down on a rooftop, and she lets out a little shriek again, then grabs on to the chimney for safety.*

*The soldiers continue to move toward the village.*

**ROBOT K1**

You will be safe. See how I deal with our enemies.

*Sarah clutches the chromakeyed chimney.*

*The soldiers run down a flight of concrete steps into the village proper.*

**BRIGADIER**

She's out of the line of fire. Launch your

It's HUGE!  
That's what *she* said.

I am in great appreciation of the lacy slip.

Now we do the King Kong thing.

He's carrying her like a doll! Get it?  
The doll's kicking.  
That's a kickin' doll!

What happened to her legs? Oh NOOOOOO!

grenades.

**BENTON**

Smith, Hampton, get down here quickly with the launcher!

*The men take position and load the launcher.*

**BENTON**

Fire!

*The launcher fires, and the soldiers start throwing hand grenades and firing their machine guns.*

*The building on which Sarah is perched is rocked with explosions.*

*The Doctor and Harry drive back to the village as fast as they can in Bessie.*

*The soldiers continue their volley, as the robot walks forward, picks up one soldier in each claw, lifts them thirty feet in the air, then throws them down to the ground again.*

**BRIGADIER**

Right, pull back!

*As usual, one soldier thinks his gun works better than anyone else's, and he crouches to take fire. He gets a couple of shots off, then runs to the side where he falls to the ground. The robot simply steps on him, flattening him and killing him instantly.*

*The soldiers return to their vehicle convoy.*

*The robot kicks a few houses in.*

*More soldiers surround the robot as it walks down the village lane. They all fire at it, but nothing works.*

*The robot watches in its robot vision as troop vehicles drive away from it, firing all the time. Other soldiers continue to run about.*

*Just down the lane, the Doctor drives Bessie toward the robot. He stops as they see it for the first time as a giant.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Curiouser and curiouser.

They should call Mint Berry Crunch!

They need to restock grenades and can't order any new ones until they use up the old ones.

Crunch.

I'm crushing your head - oh, my, he actually did. Ewwww!

**THE DOCTOR**

Said Alice.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Exactly.

*They drive on, and take the next turning.*

*Sarah is still on the rooftop via chromakey.*

*The robot walks toward some overhead power lines, and connects with them. Sparks fly, and it staggers a bit. Angry, it knocks the pole down and tears at the cables.*

*Bessie drives on down the grass lane, and stops next to the UNIT convoy where the Brigadier waits.*

**THE DOCTOR**

I see our little problem seems to have grown.  
Where's Sarah?

**BENTON**

She's safe enough, Doc.

**BRIGADIER**

I, uh, gave it a blast with the disintegrator gun.

**BENTON**

It left her up on the roof.

**THE DOCTOR**

Really, Brigadier, you should be more careful with your little toys. You've given it just the infusion of energy it needed.

**BRIGADIER**

Well, I've sent for the artillery, and the RAF are on their way.

**THE DOCTOR**

I hope that won't be necessary.

**BRIGADIER**

What on earth is that?

*The Doctor hoists a bucket of bubbling ooze.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Another piece of brilliance from the late

They're a classic Robert Holmes double act! Oh, wait.

I think she went home.

(little toys) That's what *she* said.

But there's no way in hell I'm going to apologize.

Professor Kettlewell, and one that'll solve our problem, I hope. Drive on, Harry!

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Right, Doctor!

**THE DOCTOR**

Wish me luck, Brigadier!

*They drive away.*

**BRIGADIER**

Now, just a moment, Doctor!

*Harry drives on, the Doctor in the back seat holding the bucket out to the side. They approach the robot.*

*The Brigadier and Benton hear Sarah calling.*

**SARAH JANE**

Hey! Hey, get me down!

**BRIGADIER**

Don't just stand there, Mr Benton. Go and help Miss Smith.

**BENTON**

Right, sir.

*Harry drives Bessie right up to the robot, and doesn't slow down as he continues past it. The Doctor throws the contents of the bucket at the robot, scoring a direct hit.*

*Instantly, the robot's legs, and then more of its body, turns the color of rust.*

*The Doctor and Harry return, the Doctor standing triumphant in the seat.*

**BRIGADIER**

What was that stuff?

**THE DOCTOR**

Some of Kettlewell's metal virus in an active solution.

**BRIGADIER**

Will it work, now the thing's that size?

**THE DOCTOR**

You forgot your hat!

I can see my house from here!

She has her own series, you know.

Splish splash I was taking an involuntary bath!

I'll be melting momentarily...

Oh, even faster, I hope. Look.

*The robot is covered in an orange color now, and it begins to shrink, groaning as it does so.*

**THE DOCTOR**

It's thrown the growth mechanism into reverse.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Oh, well done, Doctor.

**THE DOCTOR**

Thank you, Harry.

*The Brigadier hands the Doctor's hat back to him.*

*They continue to watch as the robot shrinks and screams.*

*Eventually, it staggers around, then falls backward (with unseen stagehand assistance) to the tarmac.*

*The Brigadier marches forward, followed by the Doctor and Harry. The other soldiers gather around Bessie, chattering among themselves.*

*The robot's body lies in an orange crumbly heap on the road.*

**BRIGADIER**

I'll have it taken away. Broken up, just in case.

**THE DOCTOR**

No. No, Brigadier, that won't be necessary. Look.

*They watch as the robot's remains fade slowly from existence.*

*Back at UNIT HQ, Sarah sits in the lab, lost in thought.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Sarah. Sarah?

*He pulls a white paper bag from his pocket.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Would you like a jelly baby?

3..2..1.. Help me, I'm melting! Melting! Oh, what a world...

(more vocalise)

Shrinking until he starts foaming at the mouth and falling over backwards... foaming and falling...

Or more like falling backwards into the hands of a few studio crewpeople and then being gently lowered to the ground.

(the Fly) Help meeee!

For once your industrial strength vacuum cleaners will not be necessary.

But you might need the giant squeegee if any of your soldiers got stepped on.

Catchphrase!



*She looks at him, but says nothing.*

*He goes over to the TARDIS.*

**THE DOCTOR**

I had to do it, you know.

**SARAH JANE**

Yes, yes, I know. It was insane and it did terrible things, but – but, at first, it was so human.

**THE DOCTOR**

It was a wonderful creature capable of great good and great evil. Yes, I think you could say it was human.

*She smiles at that insight.*

**THE DOCTOR**

You know, what you need is a change.

**SARAH JANE**

Heh.

**THE DOCTOR**

How about a little trip in a TARDIS? I'm just off.

**SARAH JANE**

Wait, you can't just go!

**THE DOCTOR**

Why not? It's a free cosmos.

**SARAH JANE**

The Brigadier...

**THE DOCTOR**

The Brigadier wants me to address the Cabinet, have lunch at Downing Street, dinner at the Palace, and write 17 reports in triplicate. Well, I won't do it. I won't, I won't, I won't!

*He bangs his fist down on a brick. Sarah laughs.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Why should I?

**SARAH JANE**

Doctor, you're being childish.

Line --!

Didn't some people DIE, also?

(mime smelly) You certainly are! Phew!

**THE DOCTOR**

Well of course I am. There's no point in being grown up if you can't be childish sometimes.

*He offers the jelly babies again.*

**THE DOCTOR**

Are you coming?

*By way of answer, she takes one and pops it in her mouth. They laugh together.*

*The Doctor unlocks the TARDIS.*

*Harry walks into the lab.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Hello. Well, what are you two up to now, eh?

**THE DOCTOR**

We're just going on a little trip. Would you like a jelly baby?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Little trip? What, in that old police box?

**THE DOCTOR**

Yes, as a matter of fact, in that old police box.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Come along, now, Doctor, we're both reasonable men, and we both know that police boxes don't go careering around all over the place.

**THE DOCTOR**

Do we?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Of course we do, the whole idea's absurd.

**THE DOCTOR**

Is it?

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Hmm.

**THE DOCTOR**

You wouldn't like to step inside a moment? Just to demonstrate that it is all an illusion?

Just ask anyone in the audience. It's our motto.

And yes, we WILL miss Harry.

Nice ascot!

Heheheh... he said ascot.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Well, if you think it'll do any good.

**THE DOCTOR**

Yes, it'll make me feel a lot better.

**SARAH JANE**

Doctor!

*She shakes his sleeve sternly. Harry walks up to the doors.*

**THE DOCTOR**

In you go.

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Right-o.

*He opens the door and steps inside. The door closes.*

**HARRY SULLIVAN**

Oh, I say!

*Sarah and the Doctor laugh and enter the TARDIS too.*

*The light begins to flash, the dematerialization sound is heard, and the TARDIS fades out of sight.*

*The Brigadier comes into the lab.*

**BRIGADIER**

Doctor, about that dinner at the Palace, Her Majesty –

*He notices the TARDIS is gone.*

**BRIGADIER**

Yes. Well, I'll tell them you'll be a little late.

Doctor Who  
TOM BAKER

Sarah Jane Smith  
ELISABETH SLADEN

Harry Sullivan  
IAN MARTER

Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart

At least I'm dressed for it.

Strike me pink!

Punch line please.

Or early. That's the trouble with time travel, never can tell.

NICHOLAS COURTNEY

Sergeant Benton  
JOHN LEVENE

Miss Winters  
PATRICIA MAYNARD

Robot  
MICHAEL KILGARRIFF

Professor Kettlewell  
EDWARD BURNHAM

Jellicoe  
ALEC LINSTED

Written by TERRANCE DICKS

Title Music by RON GRAINER & BBC  
RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP  
Title Sequence BERNARD LODGE

Production Assistant PETER GRIMWADE  
Production Unit Manager GEORGE GALLACCIO

Incidental Music by DUDLEY SIMPSON  
Special Sound DICK MILLS

Lighting NIGEL WRIGHT, JOHN MASON

Sound TREVOR WEBSTER, VIC GOODRICH

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Costume Designer JAMES ACHESON  
Make-up JUDY CLAY

Script Editor ROBERT HOLMES

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Producer BARRY LETTS

Directed by CHRISTOPHER BARRY  
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