

DOCTOR WHO
The Movie

27th May 1996

(Part 7 Of The Regeneration Scripts Collection)

The Movie

Main Cast

The Doctor – Sylvester McCoy

Paul McGann

Grace – Daphne Ashbrook

DOCTOR [OC]: It was on the planet Skaro that my old enemy the Master was finally put on trial. They say he listened calmly as his list of evil was read and sentence passed. Then he made his last, and I thought somewhat curious, request. He demanded that I, the Doctor, a rival Time Lord, should take his remains back to our home planet, Gallifrey.

[Skaro]

DALEKS: Exterminate! Exterminate.

(The Master is atomised.)

DOCTOR [OC]: It was a request they should never have granted.

[Tardis]

(Sylvester McCoy carries the Master's cremation urn.)

DOCTOR [OC]: The Time Lord has thirteen lives and the Master had used all of his, but rules never meant much to him. So I stowed his remains safely away for the voyage back, because even in death I couldn't trust him.

(The urn is placed in an ornate casket, then the Doctor takes his sonic screwdriver from a Gladstone bag and seals it shut.)

DOCTOR 7: There, that should do it.

(The Tardis has been remodelled into a more cosy yet open plan area. The Doctor puts a cup of tea on a pile of books next to his easy chair and listens to a jazz record playing on his gramophone.)

DOCTOR [OC]: In all my travels through space and time, and nearing the end of my seventh life, I was finally beginning to realise that you could never be too careful.

SINGER: It was a beautiful sight. Your kiss was a flame, not the spot that somehow dies.

(The time console screen reads Destination – Gallifrey, Local Dateline 5725.2 Rassilon Era.)

SINGER: Was real as all those tears I cried.

(The casket moves a little. The Doctor takes a jelly baby from a bowl and eats it.)

SINGER: Each time I wake, knowing you're not here.

(The Doctor continues to read his young friend Herbert's latest novel, The Time Machine.)

SINGER: But what can I do?

(The casket cracks open.)

SINGER: Time, time, time.

(The needle gets stuck in the record groove. The Doctor gets up to move it along then settles back in his chair. After a little while, he notices strange eddies in his cup of tea. The record gets stuck again, the cup of tea flies up and spills itself and the casket breaks in two. Gunk pours out and something slithers over to the wooden console. There is a short-circuit. The Doctor rushes over and starts operating controls. He throws on the brake and the time rotor stops, then he pulls down a monitor.)

DOCTOR 7: Oh, no.

(Critical Timing Malfunction. Instigate Automatic Emergency Landing.

The Doctor walks down the candle-lined passage to the chest of drawers where the casket had been placed, and sees the damage.)

[San Francisco, 1999]

(San Francisco CA is being played by Vancouver, BC.

A Chinese woman looks out of her window to the busy street where three youths narrowly avoid being run down by a car. They duck down an alleyway but are chased by a black car. The youths climb over a gate, and shoot at the car driver when he stops and gets out. He gets back in and reverses away.)

LEE: Hey! Where you going, man? Come back here. Wimp!

(The jubilant trio start off down the alley when a metal pipe falls to the ground behind them. Four Chinese gangsters appear from behind some packing cases, produce automatic weapons and mow the youths down. Only Lee manages to get to cover, but that is soon blasted away. He stands exposed in front of a billboard.)

GANGSTER: Say your prayers, Lee!

(A wind starts to blow old newspapers into the gangster's faces. Then the Tardis materialises in front of Lee. The gangsters empty their ammo clips at it. The door opens and the Doctor comes out. They shoot him, then the car drives up and they get inside.)

GANGSTER: What was that thing?

(The gangsters drive off as a siren wails, and Lee comes out from behind the Tardis. He checks on his dead friends, then the wounded Doctor.)

DOCTOR 7: Timing malfunction.

LEE: I'll get you an ambulance.

(Gunk oozes out of the Tardis lock.)

DOCTOR: Stop it! Stop it.

LEE: What? Here it comes. Hold in there, old guy. Chang Lee'll help you.

(Lee goes up the alley, stepping on the edge of a strange puddle, which follows him.)

LEE: Hey, over here!

[Ambulance]

BRUCE: Were you with him when it happened?

LEE: Yeah, we were just passing.

BRUCE: Is he rich? Cos where we're going, he'd better be rich. Here.

LEE: Hey, I'm not signing anything, Mister.

BRUCE: Sign, or we can't do nothing. Come on.

LEE: What's the date?

BRUCE: December thirtieth.

LEE: 1999.

(Lee fills the name section of the form with Smith, John. How did he know?)

The ambulance arrives at the Emergency entrance and the Doctor is wheeled into the hospital.)

[Emergency clinic]

BRUCE: Three gunshot wounds. Heart's going crazy. Must have taken something.

(Back in the ambulance, a snake is on the move as they take x-rays of the Doctor's chest.

The nurse is not impressed with the results.)

CURTIS: Two hearts?

WHEELER: One bullet went straight through his shoulder. No damage. The other two are in his left leg.

CURTIS: Look, two hearts.

(A doctor enters the cubicle.)

SALINGER: As if! It's a double exposure, Curtis. Let's get those bullets out, then.

WHEELER: This one went straight through.

(The gunk snake slides up the sleeve of Bruce's jacket in the ambulance.

Doctor Salinger drops a bullet into a kidney bowl.)

WHEELER: Heart's still going like crazy.

SALINGER: Well, we'll have to bring in cardiology.

CURTIS: Who's on tonight?

SALINGER: Amazing Grace.

[Opera]

(Doctor Grace Holloway is a lovely blonde who is currently enjoying Madame Butterfly with tears streaming down her face. Then her pager beeps.)

GRACE: (sotto) I've got to go. Excuse me.

(Her male companion looks resigned. Everyone say Hi! to Daphne Ashbrook, also known to us as Ensign Melora from the DS9 episode of the same name.)

[Scrub room]

(After running through the hospital in her evening gown carrying her high-heeled shoes, Grace is preparing for surgery.)

SALINGER: Fibrillation at three hundred.

GRACE: Three hundred? No blockages showing?

SALINGER: No.

GRACE: X-rays?

SALINGER: NG.

GRACE: What?

SALINGER: Double exposed every time we try.

GRACE: Well then, try again.

SALINGER: We're getting another machine up. It'll take about another half hour.

GRACE: We don't have time for that. We've got to get moving on this.

(Nurse Curtis enters with a wireless telephone.)

CURTIS: Doctor Holloway, it's Brian.

GRACE: Oh. Yeah, Brian. I'm sorry. Listen, I am on call. What do you expect me to do, ignore it? No. No, Brian, don't say that. Listen, just wait until I get home. Brian? Argh.

(Brian has rung off while she was being gowned.)

CURTIS: Sorry.

[Operating theatre]

GRACE: Probe.

WHEELER: Probe.

GRACE: Scalpel.

WHEELER: Scalpel.

GRACE: And straight to track four.

CURTIS: Track four coming up.

(She puts a CD in the player and Madame Butterfly picks up from where Grace had to leave the opera.)

DOCTOR 7: Puccini. Madame Butterfly.

(The Doctor's eyes open. He grabs her right wrist.)

DOCTOR 7: Whatever you're about to do, stop.

GRACE: Mister Smith, you're going to be all right.

DOCTOR 7: No. I am not human. I am not like as you.

GRACE: Nobody is, Mister Smith.

DOCTOR 7: I need a beryllium atomic clock. This 1999, isn't it?

SALINGER: We can't wait any longer, Grace.

(The anaesthetist puts a mask over the Doctor's face.)

DOCTOR 7: No, I'm not human. I'm not human.

(He flails around, pulling down Grace's mask.)

CURTIS: It's okay, I've got it.

(Curtis puts the mask back in place.)

GRACE: Try not to speak, Mister Smith. We've already taken out all the bullets, and now we're going to listen to your heart, find out why it's so wild, and then I'm going to fix it. You'll be fine. Okay, he's under.

(The Doctor sits up.)

DOCTOR 7: Timing malfunction. The Master, he's out there. He's out there.

(They push him back down and try to get him unconscious again.)

GRACE: Scalpel.

DOCTOR 7: I've got to stop him.

(The Doctor finally passes out.)

GRACE: Somehow I don't think this man's name is Mister Smith, do you?

[Observation gallery]

(The hospital director is showing around a group of VIP donors.)

SWIFT: And here we have an electro-physiology being performed by one of our senior cardiologists, Doctor Holloway, who will insert a micro-surgical probe into the patient's artery, then search out the short-circuiting part causing the fibrillation, and just so that you know your money is being well spent, we'll blast it with lasers.

[Operating theatre]

SALINGER: So, is Brian threatening to leave again?

GRACE: He won't. That's strange.

Grace looks at the monitor showing the probe's view of the Doctor's vascular system.)

SALINGER: What?

GRACE: Déjà vu. Where am I?

SALINGER: Er, sub-clavian.

GRACE: I should be in the broncheo-cephalic.

SALINGER: Not unless this man's a donkey.

GRACE: Then I am lost. Let me try something.

(She pushes in the probe a bit further and the Doctor jerks, kicking over a tray of instruments.)

SALINGER: Massive seizure! Get that probe out of there.
GRACE: I'm trying!
(The monitor goes blank.)
CURTIS: Picture's out.
GRACE: Damn it!
WHEELER: We're dropping off fast.
SALINGER: Just pull it out!
GRACE: Come to me!
SALINGER: Get it out now, Grace.
GRACE: It's no good, I can't get it out of him.
SALINGER: Grace, he's flat-lining.
GRACE: The probe's snapped. It's still in him.
(Salinger grabs the defibrillation paddles.)
SALINGER: Clear! Clear! Clear!
(Swift ushers his guests away from the observation window.)
SALINGER: Clear! Clear! Give me three hundred. Clear!
(The Doctor opens his eyes and screams.)
SALINGER: Clear! It's no good. Time of death?
CURTIS: Ten oh three.
GRACE: I got lost. I want to see his x-rays now!
SALINGER: Grace.

[Grace's office]

(Nurse Wheeler puts a brown bag on Grace's desk.)
WHEELER: This is all his stuff. There's no identification there either.
GRACE: Tag him as John Doe and book him for an autopsy.
WHEELER: You want me to bring that kid in? Maybe he can help us with an identification.
Doctor?
GRACE: Sure.
(Grace is staring at the x-rays on the light-box.)
GRACE: This is no double exposure.

[Hospital corridor]

(Wheeler shakes Lee awake.)
WHEELER: Sir?
LEE: Yeah, I'm up.
WHEELER: Would you just come with me, please?

[Grace's office]

LEE: You're the doctor?
GRACE: Yes. Yes, I am. Are you a friend of Mister Smith's?
LEE: Yeah. Is he okay?
GRACE: Actually, there were some complications and I'm afraid he didn't make it. I'm sorry.
LEE: It's okay. I'll tell his family. Are these his things?
GRACE: Yeah.
LEE: I'll take them.
GRACE: Er, maybe we should contact the family ourselves.
LEE: No, miss, this'll hit them really hard. I'll tell them.
GRACE: You don't know this man at all, do you.
LEE: Yeah, I do.
GRACE: Then tell me his real name.
LEE: I got to go.
(Lee pushes Grace aside and runs for it.)
GRACE: Wait!

[Hospital corridor]

GRACE: Someone stop him!

[Bruce's apartment]

(It's night time in the city by the bay, and the alarm clock says twelve minutes to one as the woman stares at it and her companion snores loudly while lying on his side. Oh, we've all

been there, haven't we, ladies?)

MIRANDA: Shut up. Bruce, please.

(Bruce's uniform is slung over a chair. The gunk snake slithers out of the jacket. It has grown.)

[Hospital mortuary]

(The Doctor's covered body is wheeled in with a tag on his toe.)

PETE: You doing anything special New Years Eve?

TED: Going to the costume party.

PETE: Oh, yeah. Me too. Who are you going as?

TED: Wild Bill Hickok.

PETE: Oh right, cool. Who's that?

(Ted hands Pete the clipboard and Pete checks the tag.)

PETE: John Doe on the toe. We've got to nice autopsy booked for you tomorrow morning, Mister, followed by a sauna or a Swedish herbal wrap. What would be your pleasure? One a.m. Hey, it's December thirty first 1999. Party on!

(The Doctor's body is wheeled into cold locker number 2.)

PETE: Sweet dreams.

(Bruce is still snoring and his wife is still awake. He rolls onto his back and the gunk snake leaps into his open mouth. His wife smiles as it finally goes quiet and she can get some sleep.)

[Mortuary office]

(Pete is eating popcorn whilst watching the 1931 classic version of Frankenstein on television. It is the animation scene.)

PETE: Hey, look out!

(Energy strikes the Doctor's body as Frankenstein raises the monster's body up to ceiling. The Doctor twitches and gurns as he regenerates, then he breaths out and his eyes open.)

FRANKENSTEIN: It's alive. It's alive. It's alive!

(The new Doctor sits up. Everyone say Hi! to Paul McGann.)

FRANKENSTEIN: It's alive! In the name of

(There is a thumping sound outside.)

PETE: Hey, Ted, is that you?

[Hospital morgue]

PETE: Hello?

(The thumping continues. It is one fifteen.)

PETE: Who's there?

(The metal door to number two is being hammered from inside. The hinges finally give way and the Doctor is standing there, huddled in the sheet that was covering him. He walks out.)

PETE: Oh my god! God, no!

(Pete falls backwards in a dead faint. The Doctor walks out into the corridors.)

[Disused ward]

(It's a total wreck. Water pours out of a pipe poking down through the hole left by a missing ceiling tile. A flash of lightning lets him see his reflection in an array of mirrors.)

DOCTOR: Argh! Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?

[Grace's office]

(Next morning. Grace is sleeping on her couch.)

TANNOY: Doctor Anderson to emergency room four. Doctor Anderson please report to emergency room four.

(In the disused part of the hospital, the Doctor opens a locker and looks at a long multicoloured scarf, but decides he isn't Tom Baker.

In an alley, Lee opens the bag of the Doctor's belongings and examines the sonic screwdriver. Next out is a yo-yo, then the pocket watch.

Meanwhile, the Doctor finds a Richard Nixon mask and cowboy outfit.)

PETE [OC]: Oh yeah? What are you going as?

TED [OC]: Wild Bill Hickok.

PETE [OC]: Right.

[Alley]

(Lee finds the Tardis key.)

LEE: Weird.

[Bruce's apartment]

(The alarm goes off at 8:45. Bruce is standing at the window.)

BRUCE: I must find the Doctor. This body won't last long. I need the Doctor's body.

MIRANDA: A sense of humour. No more snoring. You don't need a doctor. Come back to bed, honey.

BRUCE: My name is not Honey.

MIRANDA: Oh well, what would you like me to call you, then?

BRUCE: Master will do.

(Miranda gets up and hugs him from behind.)

MIRANDA: Well, come back to bed, Master.

(Bruce turns around. His eyes are green and slit like a snake. Miranda screams, so he throttles her with one hand whilst making the shush gesture. This person is no longer Bruce, he is our old pal, the Master.)

MASTER: Oh, Doctor. Soon I will have all your lives.

[Hospital morgue]

(Grace and Pete survey the wreckage that was unit two.)

PETE: It wasn't the same guy.

GRACE: Sounds like you saw the man who stole the body.

PETE: He was wearing a shroud and a JD tag on his toe.

GRACE: Somehow I don't think the second coming happens here.

PETE: Right. You think he's going to go to a better hospital! Know what? I'm going home.

GRACE: Hey, Pete. Stop by Psychiatric and pick up some more mind-altering drugs.

PETE: Okay, sure.

[Nurse's station]

(On her way back to her office, Grace passes the Doctor sitting with a row of patients in a corridor. He is still wearing the toe tag but has dressed himself nicely in a pale trousers, velvet jacket, shirt and cravat. Very Jon Pertwee without the frills. Grace talks to Nurse Curtis.)

GRACE: Can you get SFPD in on this? Some creep's made off with the John Doe that died last night.

CURTIS: Ew. Body snatchers.

(The Doctor stands up.)

SWIFT: Don't call the police yet, Curtis. Grace, can you give me some time?

(The Doctor recognises his voice.)

DOCTOR: Time.

(The clock on the wall says 11:57.)

DOCTOR: Time!

(He remembers his collection of clocks in the Tardis.)

DOCTOR: Time.

[Grace's office]

(Swift looks at the x-rays.)

SWIFT: We don't need to advertise our mistakes, do we?

GRACE: What are you saying?

SWIFT: Two hearts. No wonder you got lost.

GRACE: Exactly.

SWIFT: Or maybe this really was a double exposure. In either case, I can't afford to lose you.

(Swift takes down the x-rays, rolls them up and sets fire to them before dropping them into the waste paper bin.)

GRACE: What are you doing?

SWIFT: What I should have done last night.

GRACE: Am I having a bad dream here? I lose a patient, and then I lose his body, and now you have just destroyed the only proof that

SWIFT: That you were careless?

GRACE: No, that I had no way of knowing
SWIFT: Stop! A man died last night because you lost your way.
GRACE: You bet I did. You saw the x-ray. The guy had two hearts.
SWIFT: But now, without a body or without the records, no one need know he was even here.
GRACE: You can't do this!
SWIFT: Let me take care of this, Grace.
GRACE: No!
SWIFT: Believe me, I know what is best for all of us.
GRACE: But what was he? How can we learn from him? I've got to find his body.
SWIFT: And I have to keep this hospital open.
GRACE: No! No. If you do this, I'll quit.
SWIFT: You don't mean that.

[Hospital corridor]

(Grace carries her boxes of stuff through the busy throng.)
GRACE: Hold the elevator.

[Elevator]

(The Doctor strolls in just as the door closes.)
DOCTOR: Puccini! We've met before.
GRACE: I don't think so.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, I think so. I know you. You're tired of life, but afraid of dying.

[Parking lot]

DOCTOR: There was music. Madame Butterfly. You were there! I saw you last night!
GRACE: It wasn't me.
DOCTOR: I don't know who I am, but I know you know me.
GRACE: Please go away.
DOCTOR: Please, you're my only hope.
GRACE: I'll call security!
DOCTOR: Do you know who I am?
GRACE: I don't care who you are. Leave me alone!
(Grace unlocks her car.)
DOCTOR: Please, you must help me. You're a doctor.
GRACE: Well, my oath just expired. Stand back.
(She loads her boxes into the boot, then her handbag. The Doctor has vanished, so she gets in behind the wheel.)

[Grace's car]

(The Doctor sits up on the back seat, tugging at something sticking out of his chest.)
GRACE: Argh! Get out! Get out!
DOCTOR: Its my hearts!
(Grace leans on the horn, then sees a piece of wire sticking out of the Doctor's skin.)
DOCTOR: There's something in here.
(The Doctor starts to pull out the probe that had broken off inside him.)
GRACE: It can't be.
DOCTOR: What is this? What is it?
(He pulls it out completely.)
DOCTOR: Please, please, I have two hearts, You have to get me out of here before they kill me again. Please, please, you have to help me. Drive! (Grace drives.)

[Nurse's station]

CURTIS: Hey, Bruce. Why the shades?
MASTER: I had a bad night.
CURTIS: Did you want something?
MASTER: What happened to the gunshot wound I brought in? I've got orders to move him.
CURTIS: He died.
MASTER: Oh, yeah. Well, I've got orders to move his body.
(The Master absent-mindedly peels off his right little fingernail and flicks it away.)
MASTER: Where is it? His body?

CURTIS: Well, haven't you heard? The body is gone. Stolen.

MASTER: Okay, where are his things?

CURTIS: The kid that brought him in ran off with them.

MASTER: The Asian child.

CURTIS: The Asian child? Bruce, you're sick.

MASTER: Thank you.

[Grace's home]

(In a leafy suburb overlooking a lightly wooded area popular with joggers.)

GRACE: Are you all right?

DOCTOR: Better, yes.

GRACE: Good.

DOCTOR: Now I don't have a piece of primitive wiring inside my cardiovascular system.

GRACE: Primitive.

(She looks around the place and sees it is nearly empty.)

GRACE: I don't believe it! He's taken all his stuff!

DOCTOR: Who?

GRACE: Brian.

DOCTOR: Your boyfriend?

GRACE: Ex- boyfriend. Listen, why don't you just have a seat and open your shirt. I want to listen to your heart.

DOCTOR: Hearts. Plural.

GRACE: Right. Right. He's taken the sofa! Come on, follow me.

(They go up a half flight of stairs to a mezzanine office area.)

DOCTOR: Now I'm remembering more.

GRACE: Good.

DOCTOR: Lovely view.

GRACE: Maybe you had selective amnesia brought on by shock.

DOCTOR: Maybe. I can't remember.

(Grace sits him down and listens to his chest. The Doctor sees a framed sketch of a young woman's face on the wall.)

DOCTOR: Ah, Da Vinci. He had a cold when he drew that.

GRACE: You're still fibrillating badly.

DOCTOR: No, I'm not. Here.

(He moves her stethoscope across his chest, then picks up a CD case from the desk.)

DOCTOR: I remember! I was with Puccini before he died.

GRACE: Name dropper.

DOCTOR: No, I was, I was, I was.

GRACE: Shush. Oh, my god.

DOCTOR: You see? That's no echo. He died before he could finish Turandot. Alfano finished it based on his notes. It was so sad.

GRACE: You have two hearts. Who are you?

DOCTOR: I was dead too long this time. The anaesthetic almost destroyed the regenerative process.

GRACE: Yeah, right. I'm going to get a syringe. I'm going to take some blood. I want to know what's going on here.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, Grace, Grace, Grace, Grace. Don't you see? I have thirteen lives.

GRACE: Please! Okay, you're trying to tell me that you've come back from the dead.

DOCTOR: Yes.

GRACE: No, sorry. The dead stay dead. You can't turn back time.

DOCTOR: Yes, you can.

(A clock strikes the part hour.)

GRACE: I'm not a child. Don't talk to me like I'm a child. Only children believe that crap. I am a doctor.

DOCTOR: But it was a childish dream that made you a doctor. You dreamt you could hold back death. Isn't that true? Don't be sad, Grace. You'll do great things.

[Alleyway]

Lee ducks under the crime scene tape, unlocks the Tardis and goes inside. Then he walks straight back out again, all round the outside and back in.)

LEE: Hello? Who's there? The guy from the ambulance? Bruce, don't scare me like that.

This place is freaky enough.

MASTER: Chang Lee. That's your name, isn't it?

(Lee puts his hand on one of the pillars around the console, and it powers up.)

MASTER: Well, I never. The Tardis really likes you.

LEE: What are you talking about, Bruce?

MASTER: I am not Bruce. It took me a minute with the talking and the walking, but I am not Bruce. I am merely inside his body.

LEE: Oh, yeah? So, er, who are you really?

(The Master takes off his dark glasses and gives Lee his trademark mesmeric Look, then gestures him to come closer. Lee obeys.)

MASTER: Give me the bag. Yes.

(The Master takes the paper bag and puts his glasses back on. Lee snaps out of the trance.)

MASTER: Now, where is he?

LEE: Who?

MASTER: The man you stole these things from, where is he?

LEE: Those are mine now. He's dead.

(Lee reaches for the bag, and the Master slams him down against the console.)

MASTER: He's not dead! He has stolen my body.

LEE: But

MASTER: And I will die unless we bring him back here. You're going to help me do that, do you understand?

LEE: What's in it for me?

MASTER: You get to live.

[Grace's home]

(Night has fallen. Grace is using a microscope while the Doctor tries on a pair of shoes.)

DOCTOR: Mmm, not bad. Did these belong to

GRACE: Brian? Yep. Keep 'em.

DOCTOR: Thank you. How's my blood?

GRACE: It's not blood.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Perhaps if I walk in them, stretch them a bit, they'll fit me better.

GRACE: Good idea. Let's go for a walk.

[Park]

(Played by Hadden Park, Vancouver. The lights of the city skyscrapers are slightly below them in the background.)

GRACE: Maybe you're the result of some weird genetic experiment.

DOCTOR: I don't think so.

GRACE: Well, you have no recollection of family.

DOCTOR: No. No, no, no, no. Wait, wait. I remember I'm with my father, lying back in the grass. It's a warm Gallifreyan night.

GRACE: Gallifreyan?

DOCTOR: Gallifrey! Yes, this must be where I live. Now, where is that?

GRACE: I've never heard of it. What do you remember?

DOCTOR: A meteor storm. The sky above us was dancing with lights. Purple, green and brilliant yellow! Yes!

GRACE: What?

DOCTOR: These shoes! They fit perfectly. Yes.

(The Doctor runs off, leaving Grace open-mouthed at the non-sequiturs.)

[Tardis]

(The Master opens a wooden filing cabinet drawer and takes out two heavy red bags.)

MASTER: You know, this was all mine until he stole it from me. He should never have been allowed to be here.

LEE: You know, I was told he was dead.

MASTER: That body had died, but now he's regenerated into another one. My body can do this twelve times, but he's taken most of my regenerations.

LEE: What did he do with them?

MASTER: Unspeakable crimes.

LEE: Like what?

MASTER: Genghis Khan.

LEE: What about him?
MASTER: That was him.
LEE: No way!
MASTER: Yes, way. Look, I'm no saint, but he is evil, and he's doing it all with my body. I was on the verge of stopping him when we got here. What do you want, Lee?
LEE: What do you mean?
MASTER: If you could have anything, anything at all, what would it be?
LEE: I don't know. A million bucks.
MASTER: Only a million?
LEE: Okay, two million.
MASTER: Think bigger.
LEE: A billion dollars!
MASTER: And what would that buy you?
LEE: Power.
MASTER: Power.
(The Master gives the bags to Lee. He opens one to discover -)
LEE: Gold dust?
MASTER: You get the rest when I get my body back. Deal?
LEE: Deal.
MASTER: Let me show you around. Go ahead.
(Lee touches a pair of large wooden doors and they open for him.)
LEE: Whoa! How did I do that?

[Cloister room]

MASTER: I told you, the Tardis likes you. The Cloister Room.
(A huge cathedral-like space complete with autumn leaves on the floor and a pair of bats flying around.)
LEE: Awesome!
MASTER: Isn't it? Come, let me show you.
(In the middle is a raised dais with a rounded dome set behind a square railing. There is an ornate staff at each corner.)
MASTER: Here is the Eye of Harmony, the heart of the structure. Everything gets its power from here.
LEE: So how can it help us find him?
MASTER: Well, as you know, it used to belong to me, but now it belongs to him. If we can open the Eye, we'll find him.
LEE: Cool. So, you going to open it?
MASTER: No, you are. See if you can pull this reflector staff from it's mooring.
LEE: This thing?
MASTER: You can do it.
(Lee takes hold of the nearest corner staff and lift it out of its socket.)
MASTER: Yes.
(A beam of light shines up from the empty socket.)
MASTER: Good. Now, look in the beam of light. If the Tardis really likes you, the Eye will open.
LEE: Why don't you look?
MASTER: You pulled the staff from the stone.
(The Master forces Lee's head down into the beam of light and the stone eyelid cracks open. Steam escapes and the Tardis trembles.)

[Park]

(The Doctor falls to the ground.)
GRACE: What is it?
DOCTOR: Something's happening. Something's happening. Something's happening.
GRACE: Oh my god.
DOCTOR: I know who I am!
(The Doctor kisses Grace.)
DOCTOR: I am the Doctor!
GRACE: Good! Now do that again.
(He does.)

[Cloister room]

(The Master has released Lee. Suddenly an image of the seventh Doctor appears above the Eye.)

LEE: Whoa! There's the guy I took to the hospital.

MASTER: The Doctor's past live.

LEE: The Doctor?

MASTER: That's what he calls himself. Doctor.

(The image is replaced by the eighth Doctor.)

MASTER: The new Doctor.

LEE: He's so young.

MASTER: Fascinating. See that? That's the retinal structure of the human eye. The Doctor is half human! No wonder.

[Park]

(The Doctor finishes kissing Grace.)

DOCTOR: No.

GRACE: What?

DOCTOR: No. I saw him. The Master is here.

GRACE: What are you talking about?

DOCTOR: He's planning to take my body, so that he will live and I will die! Oh, no! He has opened the Eye of Harmony.

GRACE: What is the Eye of Harmony?

DOCTOR: Wait, wait.

[Cloister room]

(An image of Grace is in the light from the Eye.)

MASTER: There, we're seeing what he's seeing.

LEE: I know that woman.

(The image vanishes as the Doctor closes his eyes.)

DOCTOR [OC: I mustn't let him see you, but it may be too late.

[Park]

(The Doctor keeps his eyes closed and his face turned away from her.)

GRACE: What's the Eye of Harmony?

DOCTOR: The power source at the heart of the Tardis.

GRACE: The Tardis? What's a Tardis?

DOCTOR: The Tardis is my ship that carries me through time and space. T A R D I S. It stands for Time and Relative Dimension In Space.

GRACE: And this Master's like the Devil?

DOCTOR: The Master is a rival Time Lord.

GRACE: Time Lord? Oh, my God.

DOCTOR: Pure evil. I was bringing home his remains from Skaro, where his final incarnation had exterminated by the Daleks, or so we thought.

GRACE: You really are insane, aren't you.

DOCTOR: He wasn't dead. It's a trap. Don't you see? It's a trap. He wants me to look into the Eye. If I look into the Eye of Harmony

[Cloister room]

DOCTOR [OC]: My soul will be destroyed and he will take my body!

MASTER: Listen to all those lies. My young friend.

LEE: Does she believe him?

[Park]

GRACE: I don't want to deal with this.

DOCTOR: Grace, listen!

GRACE: That's enough!

DOCTOR: If the Eye of Harmony isn't closed, this planet will be sucked through it! Grace, I need to fix the timing mechanism on the Tardis and close the Eye. I need an atomic clock.

Grace, please, help me find one.

(Grace slips out of her coat and runs off home, leaving him holding it.)

DOCTOR: Grace. Grace. Grace!

[Cloister room]

(The Master finds it all very amusing.)

MASTER: So that's how he intends to destroy me.

LEE: How?

MASTER: We must get to the Doctor before he finds a clock.

LEE: I know that woman. She was the surgeon who operated on him last night.

MASTER: Find her, we'll find him.

[Grace's front door]

(Grace locks the Doctor out of the house.)

DOCTOR: Grace!

GRACE: Just stay away from me!

DOCTOR: Come on, Grace, please let me in.

GRACE: No!

(The Doctor speaks through the letter box.)

DOCTOR: Grace, let me in. We can sit down, we can have a cup of tea, we can talk about this reasonably.

GRACE: Sure, Time lord to Earthling.

DOCTOR: Yes, that's right. I am a Time Lord.

GRACE: I thought you were a doctor.

DOCTOR: I thought you were a doctor!

GRACE: I am calling an ambulance to take you back to Psychiatric from which you have obviously escaped!

DOCTOR: Grace, we don't have time for this. The Eye of Harmony is open. If I don't close it, get my Tardis and the Master off this planet, this planet will no longer exist!

GRACE: I'm calling the ambulance.

DOCTOR: Grace, we have until midnight.

[Grace's home]

(Grace picks up the telephone and dials.)

GRACE: Come on, come on. Yes, yes, I'll hold.

(The Doctor knocks on the picture window.)

DOCTOR: Grace, I shall prove that the Eye of Harmony is open. Look at this.

GRACE: Yes.

(The window glass seems to melt around the Doctor's hand.)

DOCTOR: You see? Already the molecular structure of the planet is changing.

GRACE: I'm going to need an ambulance as soon as possible. This is Doctor Grace Holloway.

DOCTOR: At first in subtle ways, but soon in catastrophic ways.

(The Doctor walks through the window glass, which wobbles back into place, unbroken.)

GRACE: I need a bed in Psychiatric.

DOCTOR: By midnight tonight, this planet will be pulled inside out.

(It is now nine pm.)

DOCTOR: There will be nothing left.

GRACE: I think you'd better make that two beds.

[Cloister room]

MASTER: Doctor, Doctor. Come on, she needs an ambulance.

[Grace's home]

(The Doctor stands on the bathroom scales and watches his weight decrease from 150 to 140 lbs.)

DOCTOR: Grace. Grace, I've lost twenty pounds.

GRACE: Congratulations.

DOCTOR: In twenty minutes? It's starting.

GRACE: You'd make a fortune in the weight-loss business, Doctor.

TELEVISION: Strange natural phenomena. Since early this evening, Bay Area tides have risen to levels that break all records for this time of year. Flood warnings have gone out along the Napa and Russian rivers, and believe it or not, in Hawaii it has even started snowing.

DOCTOR: Grace, look!

TELEVISION: You may be wondering what this has to do with the millennium. Scientists say that the freak conditions are due to the very slight fluctuations in the Earth's gravitational

pull. Fluctuations that apparently only happen once every thousand years. Here's what our cameras in Hawaii

DOCTOR: I love humans. Always seeing patterns in things that aren't there.

TELEVISION: And most fashionable San Franciscans are going tonight to ring in the new year. And of course, you'll be there, won't you?

(The Asian newscaster turns to her Caucasian colleague.)

TELEVISION 2: Naturally. Now, didn't you say they'll see a clock getting started?

TELEVISION: That's right, and you know, it isn't just any old clock. It happens to be the most accurate atomic clock in the world, and it's right here in the Institute of Technological Advancement and Research in downtown San Francisco, so don't go away.

DOCTOR: That must be a beryllium clock.

(The doorbell rings.)

GRACE: They're here.

DOCTOR: Excellent! They can take us straight to the Institute.

(Grace unlocks the door and there is the Master. The Doctor and Master stare at each other for a few seconds.)

DOCTOR: We need to go directly to the Institute of Technological Advancement and Research. Do you know where that is?

MASTER: Of course I do.

[Ambulance]

(Lee is driving, sirens wailing. The Master is sitting in the back with Grace and the Doctor.)

DOCTOR: What time is now?

GRACE: Half past ten. Don't worry, I'm on the Board of Trustees at the Institute. They'll listen to me.

DOCTOR: Won't this go any faster? Come on. Come on, come on, come on.

(Grace whispers to the Master.)

GRACE: Can't you give him a sedative?

DOCTOR: Grace, why didn't you say you had access to a beryllium clock?

GRACE: I was more concerned about the Eye of Destruction.

DOCTOR: Harmony!

GRACE: Yes, yes. And the fact that the planet will be sucked through it at midnight. I mean, face it. It's not often one has a Time Lord in one's living room, Doctor. (to the Master) He likes me to call him Doctor.

MASTER: Well

GRACE: You know, Freud had name for that.

MASTER: Transference.

DOCTOR: Yes, very witty, Grace. At least Freud would taken me seriously.

GRACE: He'd have hung up his pipe if he'd met you.

DOCTOR: We did meet.

GRACE: Oh, that's right. He's a Time Lord.

DOCTOR: We got on very well.

GRACE: Did you know Madame Curie, too?

DOCTOR: Intimately.

GRACE: Did she kiss as good as me?

MASTER: As well as you.

(The ambulance screeches to a halt. The Master's dark glasses fall off and the Doctor sees his green snake eyes before he can put them back on.)

GRACE: A truck's blocking all the lanes.

(A truck and a lot of chickens.)

DOCTOR: This planet is going to be destroyed and I'm stuck in a traffic jam. Excuse me.

(The Doctor takes the Master's dark glasses. Grace sits down and sees the alien eyes, then the Master spits some gunk at her. She shields her face with her arms. It burns them.)

GRACE: Oh, my god!

(The Doctor uses the fire extinguisher on the Master.)

GRACE: Oh my god, what is it!

DOCTOR: Get out. Get out now!

GRACE: What is it?

DOCTOR: Get out now!

MASTER: I can't be injured like this! Get it off me! Get it off me!

(Lee tries to clean the CO2 off the Master.)

[Road]

(The Doctor pulls Grace out of the ambulance and they run down the road to where the CHiPs motorcycle policeman is.)

POLICEMAN: Sir, ma'am, go back to your vehicle.

(The Doctor fumbles for something in his trouser pocket, and the policeman goes for his gun.)

GRACE: What? Stop! He's er, he's British.

DOCTOR: Yes, I suppose I am. Jelly baby, officer?

POLICEMAN: Jelly baby?

GRACE: Just take it.

(The policeman takes a sweet and cautiously sniffs it while the Doctor makes lip-smacking noises. When he bites into it, the Doctor takes his gun and points it at his own chest.)

DOCTOR: Now, would you stand aside before I shoot myself.

POLICEMAN: Don't be a fool.

DOCTOR: Are you with me, Grace?

GRACE: We don't stand a chance.

DOCTOR: Would you excuse me, please? Grace, I came back to life before your eyes. I held back death. Look, I can't make your dream come true forever, but I can make it come true today.

GRACE: Give me the gun.

(The Doctor gives the gun to Grace, who shoots out the radio on the motorcycle. She looks rather shocked that she did it, actually.)

GRACE: Okay, give him the keys.

POLICEMAN: Now listen, pal. I know life can deal you a bad hand sometimes, but this is no way to solve your problems.

DRIVERS: Give them the keys! (The policeman pulls the keys out of the ignition.)

DOCTOR: Thank you.

[Ambulance]

MASTER: What are we waiting for?

LEE: The road's still blocked.

MASTER: This is an ambulance!

LEE: Right.

(Lee turns the siren back on and drives up onto the pavement. The Doctor starts up the police motorcycle and drives off with Grace on pillion. She throws the gun away.)

[Motorcycle]

GRACE: Maybe I should have kept the gun.

DOCTOR: What?

GRACE: Look!

(The ambulance is gaining on them as they go the wrong way down a dual carriageway.)

GRACE: Doctor, look out!

(Two articulated lorries are coming towards them.)

DOCTOR: Breath in, Grace.

(The Doctor drives straight through but the ambulance has to swerve onto the verge to avoid the collision.)

[Ambulance]

LEE: Don't worry.

MASTER: I'm not worried.

(The Doctor drives up a path, the ambulance stays on the road.)

MASTER: What are you doing?

LEE: This way's quicker.

MASTER: It better be.

LEE: Look, this is my town. I know what I'm doing. Trust me.

MASTER: Faster.

LEE: So what's the plan, anyway?

MASTER: We'll let him get to the clock, then we'll get his body.

[Motorcycle]

GRACE: I think we lost them!

DOCTOR: Good. Hold on.

(The Doctor turns on the motorcycle's siren to weave through the traffic.)

[Ambulance]

LEE: Hey, man, when I get all that gold, you know what I'm going to do?

MASTER: I don't want to know.

LEE: You kill me.

MASTER: You want me to kill you?

LEE: No! No, I mean you make me laugh, man. You're a funny guy.

MASTER: I'm glad one of us is amused.

LEE: Hey, look, cheer up, man. You'll get your body back soon. We're a team, right?

MASTER: Yes, we're a team.

[Motorcycle]

(The Doctor weaves round one car then has to swerve onto the railway tracks to avoid a man changing a flat tyre.)

GRACE: Not again! Oh great. I finally meet the right guy and he's from another planet.

(The Doctor jumps the motorcycle back onto the road, making two cars skid to a halt.)

GRACE: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes?

GRACE: I only have one life. Could you remember that?

DOCTOR: I'll try.

GRACE: Thank you.

[Outside ITAR]

(They stop outside the Institute for Technological Advancement and Research.)

GRACE: Oh, no. Doctor, look.

(The ambulance is already there.)

[ITAR]

(San Francisco's finest are dressed to the nines for the party of the century. The Doctor and Grace make their way through the throng to the reception desk.)

GRACE: Doctor Grace Holloway and guest. Thank you.

(They are allowed in, and move off to mingle.)

GRACE: First time being on the board of this place has ever done me any good.

DOCTOR: He must have found a back way in. I can't see him.

SECURITY: Sorry. No one beyond this point.

GRACE: Oh, this is Doctor Bowman from London. They're waiting for him. Come on.

SECURITY: You'll be allowed in with everyone else.

GRACE: I'm on the Board of Trustees.

(The Security guard remains impassive.)

GRACE: Thank you very much. Come on.

(A little later, the guests make their way to the dining tables.)

TANNOY: Welcome to the Institute of Technological Advancement and Research. After dinner, Professor Wagg will invite you to join him in celebrating the official starting of the world's most accurate timepiece, the San Francisco Beryllium Atomic Clock.

(The television crew is up on the mezzanine, and the clock is on the level above them. A banner proclaims it to be the beginning of San Francisco Mean Time.)

GRACE: (sotto) How will we get up there on the back of a bike?

DOCTOR: (sotto) We only need the tiniest piece of it.

GRACE: (sotto) People are starting to stare. Why don't we just make conversation?

(normal) So, time travel's possible?

DOCTOR: Anything's possible.

GRACE: And why don't you have the ability to transform yourself into another species like the

DOCTOR: Well, I do, but only when I die.

GRACE: And that rival Time Lord, the Master?

DOCTOR: He's on his last life, fighting to survive. And the science has shown us over and over, in the fight for survival there are no rules. Also, Grace, if I tell you a secret, you must promise not to tell.

(They are interrupted by a shorter, balding man in glasses.)

GRACE: Oh, Professor Wagg. This is Doctor Bowman. He's from London. He was just going to share a secret with us.

DOCTOR: Yes. Er, Professor, is there a chance of a closer look at the clock?

WAGG: No! No, I'm afraid that I am the only person allowed up there.
DOCTOR: Oh, can't you just bend the rules a little?
WAGG: No.
DOCTOR: Oh, but you see
WAGG: Grace says you have a big secret. What is it?
(The Doctor takes the Professor's shoulder and moves him to the side.)
DOCTOR: I'm half human. On my mother's side.
(They laugh. Professor Waggs no longer has his ID clipped to his lapel.)
WAGG: Very clever. Happy New Year.
(Waggs leaves.)
GRACE: Yes, I think you must be.
WAITER: Champagne?
GRACE: Oh
(The Doctor pulls her away.)
DOCTOR: Grace.
GRACE: Oh.

[Atomic clock]

DOCTOR: This is when I wish I had my sonic screwdriver.
GRACE: What?
(Out of sight of the guests, the Doctor removes a panel from the base of the clock, pulls out a server unit and removes a chip from one circuit board.)
DOCTOR: See? I told you it was small.
GRACE: What is it they say?
DOCTOR: Yes, they say it on my planet, too.
(With everything back in place, they start to leave, but are confronted by a young security guard.)
DOCTOR: I know you.
GARETH: You do, huh?
DOCTOR: Gareth, answer the second question on your mid-term exam, not the third. The third may look easier, but you'll mess it up.
GARETH: What?
DOCTOR: Remember, answer the second question. Don't forget!
GARETH: I won't. Now, can I see what's in your hand, sir?
(It's a jelly baby. Gareth takes it, and the Doctor and Grace leave.)

[Mezzanine]

(They walk past the television crews.)
GRACE: What was that about?
DOCTOR: Ten years from now, Gareth will head the Seismology unit of the UCLA Task Force, and devise a system of accurately predicting earthquakes.
GRACE: You mean that, don't you?
DOCTOR: Of course. His inventions save the human race several times, but first he must graduate in poetry.
(Grace looks over the balcony.)
GRACE: Look, there's the kid who took your stuff.
DOCTOR: You see who he's with? Come on.
(But the Master has spotted them. The Doctor and Grace run into a row of security men dripping with gunk.)
GRACE: The Master?
DOCTOR: You're lucky he only got your wrist.
(One of them falls backwards, and his gun goes off. The Doctor sets off a fire alarm.)
GRACE: Why did you do that?
DOCTOR: Liven things up. Come on!

[Roof access]

(Grace grabs the fire axe and the Doctor grabs the fire hose.)
GRACE: Door!
(She pushes the axe through the door handles.)
DOCTOR: You're not afraid of heights, are you?
GRACE: Yeah.
DOCTOR: So am I.

(The Doctor goes up the short ladder to the roof with the end of the hose.)

[ITAR]

WAGG: Everyone stay calm! Remain inside! Don't panic! Everything is under control.

(The Professor gets knocked down by the panicking crowd as they rush for the exit.

(The Doctor and Grace hang on to the hose as it continues to unreel and lower them down the outside of the building.)

SECURITY: You go upstairs, I'll see to the exits.

(A janitor cleans up a drinks spill.)

[Roof access]

(The Master and Lee finally break through the door.)

MASTER: Doctor!

[Outside ITAR]

(The Doctor and Grace land on a police car that has just arrived, and run for the motorcycle.)

GRACE: Here we go again.

[Motorcycle]

GRACE: So, do you know what's going happen to me?

DOCTOR: You don't want to know.

GRACE: Right. You can't not tell me!

DOCTOR: Grace.

GRACE: Oh, God! Brian's going to move in again.

DOCTOR: I can't say.

GRACE: Please?

DOCTOR: The universe hangs by such a fragile thread of coincidences. It's useless to meddle with it, unless, like me, you're a Time Lord.

GRACE: All right. So just give me few pointers.

[Alleyway]

(The Doctor drives the motorcycle through the police tape, breaking it.)

DOCTOR: There she is.

GRACE: A police box?

DOCTOR: Key.

GRACE: Now I always leave a spare key

BOTH: In a secret compartment above the door.

DOCTOR: Great minds think alike. Up you go. It's in a cubbyhole above the P.

GRACE: Got it. Why a police box?

DOCTOR: Its cloaking device got stuck on a previous misadventure, but I like it like this.

(A motorcycle policeman hurtles down the alleyway towards them.)

GRACE: Doctor.

(The Doctor opens both doors wide.)

POLICEMAN: I haven't got any brakes!

(The policeman drives into the Tardis, we hear a distant skid as he turns around, then he drives straight out and away.)

GRACE: Oh, my.

[Tardis]

GRACE: Wow!

DOCTOR: You hear that?

(The Cloister Bell is tolling.)

GRACE: Yes.

DOCTOR: That's a warning. The Tardis is dying.

GRACE: This is amazing.

DOCTOR: This is no good. We don't even have enough auxiliary power to move next door.

(The monitor is flashing Timing Malfunction.)

DOCTOR: The beryllium chip. Grace.

GRACE: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Careful

GRACE: Yes, Doctor.
(The Doctor opens a panel in the console.)
GRACE: This looks pretty low-tech.
DOCTOR: Low tech? Grace, this is a Type Forty Tardis, able to take you to any planet in the universe and to any date in that planet's existence. Temporal physics.
GRACE: Oh, you mean like interdimensional transference. That would explain the spatial displacement we experienced as we passed over the threshold.
DOCTOR: Yes, if you like.
(The Doctor gets the Beryllium chip attached.)
DOCTOR: Yes!
(The Cloister Bell stops.)
DOCTOR: There! The Eye is closing. Now, let's see.
(He hits the console.)
DOCTOR: Come on! Oh, no.
GRACE: What?
DOCTOR: I've a horrible feeling we're already too late.
GRACE: It's 11:48. We still have eleven minutes.
DOCTOR: There's no context. Hold on.
(The Doctor throws a big lever and the ceiling turns into a representation of space.)
GRACE: What are you doing?
DOCTOR: I'm setting coordinates for one minute after midnight.
GRACE: Why?
DOCTOR: If this is true, the Eye has been open too long and there is no future. I only hope.
Oh, no!
(In the representation, planets start to explode.)
GRACE: Is this thing reliable?
DOCTOR: Whatever's happening can't be stopped by closing the Eye.
GRACE: Well, how come you didn't know that?
DOCTOR: I haven't opened the Eye before.
GRACE: Now you tell me.
DOCTOR: Grace, closing the Eye may not be enough. We have to go back to before the Eye was opened. Maybe even before we arrived.
GRACE: This is a time-machine.
DOCTOR: With no power.
GRACE: What?
DOCTOR: The Eye being open so long must have drained the Tardis.
GRACE: Great!
DOCTOR: I'm sorry.
GRACE: You must have the power to get back. You must!
DOCTOR: Not enough.
GRACE: What about all those glorious predictions? All that knowledge about what's going to happen to Gareth, to me, to this city? That must come from somewhere. Think!
DOCTOR: Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait! Are you any good at setting alarm clocks?
GRACE: No.
DOCTOR: Grace!
GRACE: I'll try.
DOCTOR: Listen very carefully.
GRACE: Okay.
DOCTOR: We pre-set the coordinates just as I divert the power from within the Eye itself into the time rotor here.
GRACE: We jump-start the Tardis?
DOCTOR: We jump-start the Tardis.
GRACE: What do I do?
DOCTOR: Hit the top switch on the console there. The top one.
(The Doctor goes under the console with his tool box. Grace moves the switch then sees that her hand is dying.)
DOCTOR: Good. Now pass me the neutron ram. Grace? Grace, the neutron ram. Look, I'll show you.
(As the Doctor pops up, she hits him with a heavy tool. Her eyes are full and black. The Master and Lee enter the Tardis. She smiles.)

[Cloister room]

(Lee and Grace wheel the Doctor in, strapped to a gurney. He wakes up.)
DOCTOR: Oh, no. Oh, not you, Grace. This is no time to play doctors and nurses.
LEE: It's no good talking to her. She's possessed.
DOCTOR: You! You took my things. Where are they?
LEE: They're not your things any more. Pretty soon, everything round here's going to belong to the Master again.
DOCTOR: Again? What's he been telling you?
LEE: When he gets his body back from you, when he has body back from you, I'm going to be rich.
DOCTOR: And you believe him?
LEE: Why shouldn't I?
DOCTOR: I suppose he neglected to mention that there won't be any place to spend your money?
(Grace slaps the Doctor.)
MASTER: Which is why we have no time to waste.
DOCTOR: Time enough to change.
(The Master had donned an ornate Time Lord ceremonial robe.)
MASTER: I always dress for the occasion.
DOCTOR: Well, I'm glad to see that you are aware of the gravity of the situation.
MASTER: I never liked this planet, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Well, that's good, because any minute now it shall cease to exist. What's the time?
MASTER: Time enough for me to get my body, get out of here, and take Lee with me. Lee is the son I have always yearned for.
DOCTOR: Oh, please.
MASTER: Grace, put it on him. I suspect you know how.
DOCTOR: Lee, this is my Tardis. This is my Eye and I'm in my own body. The Master has run out of all his lives. Now he plans to steal mine. That's the truth!
(Grace picks up a circular device with wicked looking nails pointing inwards.)
DOCTOR: Look at Grace. She's possessed by evil, not goodness.
(The Master holds onto Lee's arm, and coughs.)
MASTER: This won't hurt. Much.
(Grace puts the device onto the Doctor's head.)

[Hospital]

(The costume party is in full swing.)
WHEELER: I didn't think I would make it.
(The clock says 11:55.)

[ITAR]

WAGG: My life's work. Om. Om.

[Cloister room]

(The Doctor is shackled to a cross beam and is standing in a small gallery to one side of the staircase. The head device is holding his eyes wide open.)
DOCTOR: In seven hundred years no one has managed to open the Eye. How did you do it?
MASTER: Simple. Lee is human, you are only half. Lee, open the Eye for me, please.

[ITAR]

WAGG: Ladies and gentleman, in three minutes the world will enter a new millennium, and with it a new standard of accuracy will come to how we measure time.
(The guests, who have returned to their dinner tables, applaud. Gareth whispers in Professor Wagg's ear.)
WAGG: What do you mean, it won't start?
(A scientist by the clock shrugs. 11:58.)

[Cloister room]

DOCTOR: Lee, this is your last chance!
LEE: This is my only chance.
MASTER: He's right, Doctor. There's nothing for him here. No family, no gang, only death.

But with me, he gets see the universe.

DOCTOR: This is his last chance to stay alive and you know it.

MASTER: What do you know of last chances?

DOCTOR: More than you!

MASTER: I've wasted all my lives because of you, Doctor, and I will be rid of you.

DOCTOR: All your lives! Didn't you tell Lee I'd stolen your lives? Lee, he's lying. He's used all his lives. Now he wants mine. Like I told you, this is my Tardis, this my body.

MASTER: Don't believe him. Open the Eye.

DOCTOR: He said it himself, Lee. He's wasted his lives, all of them.

MASTER: Open the Eye!

LEE: No! You lied to me!

MASTER: Lee, Lee, I would never lie to you. I would only protect you.

(The Master takes hold of Lee's head and sharply twists it to one side.)

DOCTOR: No!

(The Master lets Lee's body fall to the floor.)

DOCTOR: How will you open the Eye now?

MASTER: Grace, come here.

DOCTOR: Unless I'm mistaken, in her present state of mind that won't work! Her eye's aren't human any more.

MASTER: Watch.

(The Master kisses Grace hard, sucking his presence out of her. Grace's eyes return to normal.)

MASTER: See? Now they're human.

DOCTOR: No! Grace, close your eyes!

(The Master pushes Grace's face into the beam of light from the empty staff socket. She screams.)

MASTER: Too late!

(The Eye begins to open and the Master lets her go.)

GRACE: I'm blind!

DOCTOR: Your sight will return, Grace!

(The Master runs up to the gallery on the other side of the staircase from the Doctor's. Light from the Eye bounces off two reflectors onto him and the Doctor. Grace gets her sight back.)

GRACE: What's happening?

DOCTOR: He can't move as long as the eye links us. Remember, Grace! Remember!

GRACE: Re-route the power!

DOCTOR: In the Console Room. Go.

GRACE: But you'll die if I leave you!

DOCTOR: We'll all die if you don't! Run! Run, Grace!

MASTER: I'm taking your lives, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Run!

(The Eye is fully open. Energy envelopes the Tardis and bounces off the walls in the alleyway. A lightning storm gathers over San Francisco.)

MASTER: I can hear your thoughts, Doctor. I can feel your memories.

DOCTOR: This cannot be how it ends. Stop this. Please. Stop!

[Tardis]

(Sparks are flying from the console as Grace ducks under it and starts pulling at wires.)

GRACE: God, please. What have I done?

[Hospital]

PETE: Thirty seconds!

ALL: Twenty nine, twenty eight, twenty seven, twenty six, twenty five

(The Master's face begins to morph)

[ITAR]

WAGG: Twenty, nineteen, eighteen

[Cloister room]

DOCTOR: No.

[Hospital]

PETE: Seventeen, sixteen, fifteen

[ITAR]

ALL: Twelve, eleven, ten

[Tardis]

GRACE: And I thought surgery was difficult.

[ITAR]

WAGG: Nine,

[Hospital]

PETE: Eight!

[Tardis]

GRACE: Rerouting the power.

[Cloister room]

MASTER: I'm alive!

[Hospital]

ALL: Seven!

[Tardis]

GRACE: Re-routing the power.

[ITAR]

WAGG: Six.

[Cloister room]

MASTER: I'm alive! I'm alive!

[Hospital]

TELEVISION: That's all the time we have.

PETE: Three!

[Cloister room]

MASTER: I am alive!

[ITAR]

WAGG: One!

[Tardis]

(Grace puts the last two wire ends together in a shower of sparks. Midnight, fireworks, and the time rotor comes to life. The clock whizzes backwards and the Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR [OC]: We have to go back to before the Eye was opened, maybe before we arrived!

GRACE: Alarm clock, alarm clock, think alarm clock!

(The monitor says Entering Temporal Orbit.)

GRACE: Temporal orbit? What's a temporal orbit?

(She runs from the console room as all around the world iconic landmarks are sucked up into space - Stonehenge, St Basil's Cathedral, Eiffel Tower, Houses of Parliament, Liberty Island, the hospital, ITAR. Then we rush down a temporal vortex.)

[Cloister room]

DOCTOR: She did it. Your life force is dying, Master.

MASTER: Nooooooooo!

(Grace runs in and up to the Doctor. She stands between him and the light from the Eye, breaking the connection with the Master.)

GRACE: We're in temporal orbit, Doctor. What is it? What is that?
(Grace starts to unshackle the Doctor. The Master runs over and throws her down to the floor.)
DOCTOR: Grace! No!
(The Doctor kicks the Master back against a square stone pillar, knocking him out, and finishes unshackling himself. He runs down to where Grace is lying by the Eye.)
DOCTOR: Grace.
(The Master roars and swings at the Doctor's head with a reflector staff. The Doctor rolls away just in time.)
MASTER: You are my life.
(The Master kicks the Doctor in the stomach twice then tries to throw him into the Eye.)
DOCTOR: You want dominion over the living, yet all you do is kill!
MASTER: Life is wasted on the living!
(Thank you, Douglas Adams. The Doctor manages to push the Master off again. When he lunges again, the Doctor turns one of the reflector staffs to shine on him. The Master is caught in a powerful wind and grabs onto a staff. He hangs there trying not to fall into the eye.)
DOCTOR: Give me your hand!
MASTER: Never!
(The Master loses his grip on the staff and is sucked slowly and painfully into the Eye.)
MASTER: Doctor!
(He is gone, and everything goes quiet. With the clocks stuck on midnight, San Francisco time, the Doctor carries Grace up the stairs and lays her next to Lee. The clocks start to move backwards. December 30th. The Eye throws out a bundle of golden energy which settles on Lee and Grace. They breathe again and open their eyes.)
LEE: Doctor, I have your things.
DOCTOR: Hello, Grace. Well, how does it feel to hold back death?
(The Eye closes.)
DOCTOR: Incredible! Did you see that? What a sentimental old thing this Tardis is. Well, congratulations. You've both been somewhere I've never been.
GRACE: It's nothing to be scared of, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Glad to hear it.
GRACE: Did we go back far enough?
DOCTOR: Either that or I'm talking to a couple of ghosts, and I don't believe in ghosts.

[Tardis]

(The Tardis is in flight.)
LEE: So, where's the Master?
(The Tardis grumbles.)
DOCTOR: Indigestion. So, let's see where we are. There. The future.
LEE: Wow.
DOCTOR: Look over there, on the other side of your galaxy. That's home.
GRACE: Gallifrey.
DOCTOR: Two hundred and fifty million light years away. That's a good ten minutes in this old thing.
GRACE: So, where are we?
DOCTOR: December twenty ninth. Do you want to get off here?
GRACE: I don't think I could live through that again,
LEE: I definitely wouldn't live through that again.
DOCTOR: Reason enough.
(The Doctor moves the destination calendar to December 31st and adjusts a pair of rheostats. The time rotor stops. After a moment, the Doctor hits the console and it starts up again.)

[Hospital]

(The party is going again. Still. Whatever. Someone startles Pete wearing a hospital sheet.)
PETE: That's not funny.

[ITAR]

ALL: Ten!

[Hospital]

ALL: Nine! Eight! Seven!

[ITAR]

WAGG: Six! Five!

[Hospital]

ALL: Four! Three!

[ITAR]

WAGG: Two! One!

TELEVISION: Have a happy new year.

TELEVISION 2: Happy new year. Can you believe it? Two thousand.

(Gareth gets a kiss from a pretty guest then everyone starts singing Auld Lang Syne.)

[Park]

(The Tardis materialises by an ornamental lake. The celebrations and fireworks are in full swing.)

DOCTOR: Now that's as it should be.

LEE: Your things.

DOCTOR: Oh! My sonic screwdriver. Thank you.

LEE: And these, too.

(He holds up the bags of gold dust.)

DOCTOR: Please, keep them.

LEE: Really?

DOCTOR: Yes, really.

LEE: I'd better go before you change your mind.

DOCTOR: Lee! Next Christmas, take a vacation. Just don't be here.

LEE: Right! Thanks. Thanks, Doctor! See you around, Grace. Happy new year!

(Lee runs off.)

GRACE: There you go, interfering again.

DOCTOR: Grace, something you should know

GRACE: Don't tell me.

DOCTOR: Why not?

GRACE: I know who I am, and that's enough.

DOCTOR: I'm glad. Come with me.

GRACE: You come with me.

DOCTOR: Me come with you?

GRACE: Yes.

DOCTOR: Me come with you? It's tempting.

GRACE: I'm going to miss you.

DOCTOR: How can you miss me? I'm easy to find. I'm the guy with two hearts, remember.

GRACE: That's not what I meant.

(They kiss and fireworks explode.)

GRACE: Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: No, no. Thank you, Doctor.

(The Doctor returns to the Tardis, turns to take one last look, and goes inside. The Tardis dematerialises.)

[Tardis]

(The record is playing again and the Doctor is under the console doing running repairs.)

DOCTOR: Sounds better. Right, where to next?

(He sets a control, picks up his cup of tea and settles in the armchair.)

DOCTOR: Now, where was I?

(He picks up his book, and the needle gets stuck in the record.)

DOCTOR: Oh no, not again.