

TIME-FLIGHT

By Peter Grimwade

Mysterious Theatre 337 – Show 200202

Part 1 - Revision 0

By the usual suspects

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Opening.

Face.

Title.

Credit.(By Peter Grimwade)

We see stock footage of a Concorde aircraft in the sky, then we get to the inside of the cabin.

CAPTAIN URQUHART

This is Captain Urquhart again, we're still traveling supersonic, ladies and gentleman, 57,000 feet. Just to let you know that we will be reaching our deceleration point in a few minutes and beginning our descent into London Heathrow.

CAPTAIN URQUHART

Good afternoon London, Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2.

He is talking to the control tower at Heathrow airport where trusty air traffic controller Clive Horton is on duty.

CLIVE HORTON

Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2 you are cleared to descend to flight level 3-7-0.

CAPTAIN URQUHART

Roger cleared 3-7-0.

CO-PILOT

Mark 1 point 6, 60 miles to subsonic, spot on.

CAPTAIN URQUHART

Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2 level at 3-7-0.

CLIVE HORTON

Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2 you are cleared to continue descent to 2-8-0.

There is no immediate answer.

CLIVE HORTON

Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2 will you acknowledge please.

CAPTAIN URQUHART

(Over radio, gradually fading out)

Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2. Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2. Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2...

CLIVE HORTON

Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2 will you acknowledge.

Scene shifts to the flight attendant passing out brochures for the communist party, then back to the Air traffic Control Center.

CLIVE HORTON

Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2 will you acknowledge please.

He takes off his headset and picks up a telephone.

CLIVE HORTON

I have total RT breakdown on Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2.

The plane is still flying through the sky.

There is now someone else looking over Horton's shoulder.

CLIVE HORTON

I don't believe it, she's approaching London, but the trace is becoming intermittent.

ROB: Oh, I thought it was Traumaturge for a second.

STEVE: Sponsored by the World Health Organisation.

DAVE: So, who made the decision on the hyphen?

ROB: I dunno, but I **DO** know that if it's got "Time" in the title, it's GOT to be a good one!

STEVE: (Shatner) There's ... a MAN... on the wing of... the PLANE!

RICK: Captain Jerko?

DAVE: No he said Captain Urkel.

STEVE: Coffee? Tea? Me? Hahaha I never get tired of that one!

ROB: What is that around her neck?

RICK: And shouldn't she have actually filled those glasses?

STEVE: Oops, wrong switch.

RICK: It's Casey Kasem, bringing you the top 20 countdown.

ROB: I love how Air Traffic Control is just one guy with a headset.

DAVE: Bingo!

STEVE: I'm sorry, I can't come to the phone right now, please leave a message.

ROB: You can already see this episode is going to have that gritty realism to it.

RICK: Captain Urko, we see you're subscribing to this magazine. Would you like --- no!

ROB: Is that the plane or just the incidental music?

STEVE: I thought the Concorde would be more luxurious.

DAVE: Can't talk. Eating.

ROB: Join the Mile High club.

STEVE: (as she pulls curtain) And now she shuts the high security door.

DAVE: Oh no, the Captain had the fish too!

RICK: Hey Mom, they won't talk to me!

RICK: Ah, GBAVF!

STEVE: That's too bad. Your hair smells great.

We see the Concorde in flight again.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Ladies and Gentelman, in a few minutes we should be garble globble gorp.

The plane disappears from the sky.

The icon on the radar screen disappears. Horton picks up a red phone.

CLIVE HORTON

Emergency, we have lost contact with Concorde Golf Victor Foxtrot.

In the TARDIS, where Adric has just gone boom in the space freighter while the Doctor, Tegan and Nyssa watched, the Doctor comes into the console room quietly, and closes the door.

DOCTOR

Crew of the freighter safely returned to their own time.

NYSSA

Cyberfleet dispersed.

TEGAN

Great, you make it sound like a shopping list, ticking off things as you go. Aren't you forgetting something rather important? Adric is dead!

NYSSA

Tegan please.

DOCTOR

We feel his loss as well.

TEGAN

Well you could do more than grieve. You could go back.

The Doctor has a look of horror on his face.

NYSSA

Could you?

DOCTOR

No.

NYSSA

Surely the TARDIS is quite capable.

TEGAN

We can change what happened if we materialize before Adric was killed.

DOCTOR

And change your own history.

TEGAN

Look, the freighter could still crash into earth, that doesn't have to be changed. Only Adric doesn't have to be on board.

DOCTOR

Now listen to me both of you, there are some rules that cannot be broken, even with the TARDIS. Don't ever ask me to do anything like that again. You must accept that Adric is dead. His life wasn't wasted, he died trying to save others, just like his brother Varsh. You know, Adric had a choice, this is the way he wanted it.

TEGAN

We used to fight a lot. I'll miss him.

NYSSA

So will I.

The Doctor walks around behind them.

DOCTOR

And me. But he wouldn't want us to mourn unnecessarily.

The Doctor activates some controls on the console.

ROB: G'bye, gbavf!

RICK: Oh crap, Al Quaeda is recruiting magicians!

DAVE: Commissioner Gordon, this is Batman.

STEVE: Okay, that one closes the door, that's about all I know.

RICK: Hey, what did the one in purple do to end up in the corner?

STEVE: Adric killed. Next?

DAVE: The wardrobe person bought those outfits from Prince's garage sale.

ROB: He hadn't thought of that. Or didn't want to.

RICK: Don't interrupt me.

DAVE: Yeah, look what happened to Captain Kirk when he tried it.

ROB: (anything like that again) Or else.

RICK: He died chewing on his rope belt.

STEVE: That's not what he was saying at his panel today.

STEVE: (pause) Celery?

DAVE: Group hug. Can you feel the love?

RICK: ...he'd want us to rifle through his stuff.

<p>Where are we going?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NYSSA</p> <p>Special treat to cheer us all up.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>1851, Earth, London. What's so special about that, Doctor?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NYSSA</p> <p>Hyde Park, the Crystal Palace?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>1851, The Great Exhibition?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TEGAN</p> <p>All the wonders of Victorian science and technology.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>Well, the TARDIS should feel at home.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TEGAN</p> <p>How about opening day, pass the time of day with the foreign royals. We can even drop in at Lords, see a few overs from Wisden and Pilch. I wonder if the Lion will be bowling.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>Let's get there first.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TEGAN</p> <p>Yes. All right.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p><i>He flips a switch and the TARDIS immediately shudders violently. They all grab onto the console.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>Nyssa have you touched the dimensional stabilizers?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NYSSA</p> <p>No of course not. All systems functioning normally.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>It could be the relative drift compensator.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NYSSA</p> <p>No.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TEGAN</p> <p>Some sort of turbulence.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>Ah, feedback from the solar comparator. No.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NYSSA</p> <p>Another ship.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>Another ship? What do you mean, another ship?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NYSSA</p> <p>If it builds up at this frequency it could draw us into spatial convergence. We must materialize immediately.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TEGAN</p> <p>We're due to land in London in a few minutes.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>If we don't materialize the TARDIS will be destroyed.</p> <p><i>Back at the airport.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">CLIVE HORTON</p> <p>Look at this, something has just... manifested. Same flight path as 1-9-2. No transponder signal. It's smaller, can't be Victor Foxtrot. Unidentified aircraft on approach to 1-0 left will you acknowledge.</p> <p><i>The TARDIS materializes in hover mode above a runway. Inside, they</i></p>	<p>STEVE: Will they have Adric fossils?</p> <p>RICK: The lion will be mowing? What's the Doctor smoking? ROB: So we can forget about Adric for good, now, right?</p> <p>DAVE: We love the TARDIS console!</p> <p>ROB: Or it could just be the camera shaking.</p> <p>ROB: How exactly does she know that?</p> <p>STEVE: As he pulls the crank.</p> <p>ROB: So the TARDIS is the same size as a 747, according to that.</p> <p>RICK: (swings mic down) Hello, are you interested in aluminum siding? DAVE: Well THAT looks like crap.</p>
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still cling to the console.

DOCTOR

Seems to have done the trick.

NYSSA

Where are we?

DOCTOR

Somewhere above Hyde Park. The view should be spectacular.

He opens the scanner screen, takes one look and turns around startled.

TEGAN

That's not Hyde Park, that's Heathrow Airport!

DOCTOR

You're right.

TEGAN

Well I never thought I'd say this, but let's get out of here. We could be in the path of an oncoming aircraft.

NYSSA

What are you doing?

DOCTOR

Coordinate override. A sort of anti-collision device.

TARDIS de-materializes.

CLIVE HORTON

It's gone, must have been a light aircraft.

AIRPORT ANNOUNCER

Air Australia apologizes for the delay to all flights which is due to weather conditions at Heathrow.

The TARDIS materializes inside the airport terminal.

TEGAN

You've landed us right in the middle of a terminal building.

DOCTOR

So I have.

TEGAN

The authorities will go mad!

DOCTOR

Well we'll only be here a moment, I hope.

Just outside in the terminal, an airport security man strolling through the main floor looks up and sees a police box sitting where there shouldn't be one. He reaches for his walkie talkie.

Back inside the TARDIS.

TEGAN

Please hurry.

DOCTOR

I am. Ahhhh.

NYSSA

Doctor!

DOCTOR

I won't be a moment!

TEGAN

Doctor!

NYSSA

At least we won't be noticed.

TEGAN

RICK: The Doctor's all sexy.

ROB: No, it's just a blue screen, really.

RICK: (let's get out of here) She said it, let's go!

STEVE: Duck and cover!

ROB: I see donuts. (point to runways)

STEVE: (air controller voice) Ah, TARDIS type 4- zero, you are cleared for takeoff.

DAVE: As Roger Moore looks on.

ROB: No, that's stock footage.

RICK: (ala Homer) Don't mind if they do!

DAVE: I knew I shouldn't have picked this week to quit LSD.

RICK: He ignores the call of the Pac-Man machine as he walks by.

STEVE: Ladies and Gentlemen, John Carradine in one of his early roles.

What do mean, because this is a police box?

NYSSA

Well this is Earth. For once it's the perfect camouflage.

TEGAN

This is the 1980's Nyssa. Police boxes went out with flower power.

They step out of the TARDIS into the terminal.

TEGAN

Oh no.

The Doctor returns leafing through the sport section of a newspaper.

DOCTOR

I don't know what English cricket is coming to.

NYSSA

Doctor.

DOCTOR

Hmmmmmm?

NYSSA

Doctor!

A group of airport security people approach.

Cut to some nerd on the phone. The nerd is Airport Controller Douglas Sheard.

DOUGLAS SHEARD

I have just lost a complete complement of passengers and crew, not to mention 30 million pounds worth of aircraft, as if I want to know about a police box in terminal 1.

JIM ANDREWS

There isn't a Police Box in terminal one.

DOUGLAS SHEARD

Land side security is you problem Jim.

JIM ANDREWS

Not to mention all those VIP's waiting the arrival of 1-9-2 in terminal 3. *(He takes the phone.)* Andrews.

DOUGLAS SHEARD

Now, Mr Horton, we need you to explain to us exactly what you saw on the radar when Victor Foxtrot began the deceleration procedure.

JIM ANDREWS

That's not possible. What? I'll be right over. There's something very odd going on in terminal one.

DOUGLAS SHEARD

Yes... Now you lost contact with the aircraft over the Bristol Channel here.

MR. WOOD

Yes, the RT started to breakup and the transponder signal just faded from the screen.

Jim Andrews enters Terminal 1.

JIM ANDREWS

Are you responsible for this box, sir?

DOCTOR

Well, uh, I try to be.

NYSSA

Doctor, you've done it again.

DOCTOR

Nonsense, we'll be away from here in no time.

STEVE: Oh, ah – when did that go out?

ROB: Wait, flowers? Power? How does that work?

STEVE: ello ello ello, wot's all this then?

RICK: Wow, how does a 30-million-pound aircraft fly?

DAVE: Don't shake that phone at me!

STEVE: Keeping up Appearances here...

RICK: (plane noise)

DAVE: I said don't shake that phone at me!

RICK: (What? I'll be right over) My stupid brother is drunk and stealing luggage again. Sonuva...

STEVE: And did you have your coffee this morning?

ROB: Could I have your autograph?

ALL: Wah wah wah waaaaah.

That's what worries me.

He opens the door to the Airport Controller's office and strides in.

DOCTOR

Good afternoon gentlemen.

DOUGLAS SHEARD

Good heavens.

JIM ANDREWS

Ah yes, this is the Doctor.

DOUGLAS SHEARD

Ohh, ahh, urp, nerf, How ah, how do you do Doctor?

DOCTOR

This is uh Nyssa and Tegan.

DOUGLAS SHEARD

Oh, oh you're a stewardess.

TEGAN

That's right.

DOCTOR

Now I believe you are having problems with Concorde.

DOUGLAS SHEARD

Tell ah Tell the Doctor would you please.

CLIVE HORTON

Well, this mornings Concorde flight from New York disappeared from the radar just after it's deceleration.

DOCTOR

Disappeared?

CLIVE HORTON

Yes, it just faded from the screen.

TEGAN

It didn't... crash?

CLIVE HORTON

It was flying on a level course all systems were working normally.

DOCTOR

Indeed, I wonder.

TEGAN

Wonder what?

DOCTOR

Remember the turbulence we experienced.

TEGAN

That forced us to materialize.

DOCTOR

Yes, I wonder very much indeed.

NYSSA

It's sounds as though it could be cross tracing on the time space axis.

DOCTOR

Exactly!

DOUGLAS SHEARD

Are you saying you know where the missing aircraft is.

DOCTOR

I suspect it is not a question of where, but, eh, when.

Scene changes to a Concorde on a snowy tarmac.

ANDREW BILTON

STEVE: Uh, what are you guys talking about?

ROB: So she clearly belongs at this international flight security meeting.

RICK: Pretty dramatic camerawork there.

STEVE: We stopped getting the transponder signal... almost as if the transponder were no longer transponding! Aaaahhh!

DAVE: Who wrote the book of love.

RICK: I just thought that was last night's dinner.

ROB: Another example of the scriptwriter feeding info straight into Nyssa's brain.

STEVE: I hate it when he gets all mystical.

DAVE: The largest mosquito in the United Kingdom.

Any idea what these tests are for Captain Stapley?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

All I know is some scientist wants to take up some special equipment to monitor the approach used by Victor Foxtrot when she went through the deceleration phase.

ROGER SCOBIE

Morning skipper, all ready for loading.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Is the gear on its way?

ROGER SCOBIE

Coming over now.

They turn to see a police box on a forklift approaching the aircraft.

Back in the Controller's office.

DOUGLAS SHEARD

But why does it have to be another Concorde?

DOCTOR

We must follow the same route, same height, same speed; and with my equipment on board, I can identify what I believe to be an exponential time contour.

DOUGLAS SHEARD

And you really believe that Victor Foxtrot flew into a time warp?

DOCTOR

Exactly. And we can't have a navigational hazard like that hanging about the galaxy.

The phone rings and Sheard goes to answer it.

DOUGLAS SHEARD

Yes. Thank you. Gulf Alpha Charlie is ready for boarding.

Back outside, the TARDIS crew are being driven to the Concorde.

Inside the cockpit the crew see their approach.

ANDREW BILTON

Here they come.

Outside, they jump out of the car eagerly.

TEGAN

I saw Concorde once, on the tarmac at Melbourne.

They climb the ladder and are met at the door by Stapley.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Morning Doctor, I'm Captain Stapley.

They enter the aircraft and head toward the cockpit.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Uh, may I introduce my first officer Andrew Bilton, our flight engineer Roger Scobie.

DOCTOR

And this is Nyssa, and Tegan.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Would you mind going back and fasten your seatbelts for take-off please.

CLIVE HORTON

Gulf Alpha Charlie clear for take-off.

Stock footage of a Concorde taking off with a lingering look at the landing gear folding up.

Back to air traffic control.

RICK: Morning, Gilligan!

STEVE: What, the forklift?

ROB: No, behind the forklift.

STEVE: The hangar?

DAVE: No, the new BLUE box flight recorder.

RICK: (More plane noise)

DAVE: (deadpan) I remember doing the time warp.

STEVE: (very quickly) It's the Bat-phone!

STEVE: (answers) Lethbridge-Stewart.

RICK: Yeah, I know, I can smell 'em.

STEVE: Would you PLEASE get out on the passenger side only!

DAVE: And that means I'm qualified to fly it!

STEVE: Crunch!

ROB: Your TARDIS will be expertly handled by our baggage crew.

DAVE: Wipe your shoes.

RICK: Scooby, all right. Where's Shaggy?

DAVE: Oh thank goodness we got rid of him. Quick, double-bolt the door!

STEVE: Dat Concorde is so cool, you know, it doesn't even have to taxi.

ROB: So who pays for the fuel? Unit?

RICK: (on radar screen) Great Big Old Air Craft.

DAVE: There he is again!

STEVE: Not only is he the only employee, he's working the only shift –

CLIVE HORTON

Gulf Alpha Charlie is now at 58000 feet, 150 miles off the Cornish coast. It's scheduled to turn onto it's approach in four minutes.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Do you seriously believe that Victor Foxtrot got caught in some sort of time-slip?

DOCTOR

Seems to be the logical explanation.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Sounds a pretty rum idea to me.

ROGER SCOBIE

Hang on a moment though, Doctor. If we follow Victor Foxtrot's course and end up somewhere over the rainbow, well, we're on a one-way ticket just like Captain Urquhart's lot.

DOCTOR

You're forgetting the TARDIS.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

The TARDIS? You mean that police box?

The Doctor looks hurt.

DOCTOR

That's right.

Back to the Air Traffic Control center.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

(Over Radio) Gulf Alpha Charlie now six north, thirty west, request clearance to return to London.

CLIVE HORTON

Gulf Alpha Charlie clear to turn to port, route via Sierra November, fifteen west to London.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Roger, Gulf Alpha Charlie turning to port.

CLIVE HORTON

They're now on the same configuration as 1-9-2.

Meanwhile, back on the Concorde.

DOCTOR

It's amazing.

NYSSA

What.

DOCTOR

This thing's smaller on the inside than it is on the outside.

He opens the TARDIS which is lying on its side in the Concorde cargo hold.

DOCTOR

Wait here.

Doctor climbs in and slides along the console room floor, feet resting on the console. He reaches for a switch. As he flips it, the orientation of the console room turns and rights itself and the Doctor's weight is transferred to his back. Before he has a chance to stand up, Nyssa and Tegan come strolling in, in an unexplained feat of physics.

NYSSA

I wish I'd know about that when we were on Castrovalva.

DOCTOR

So useful when you want to maintain a dignified attitude.

the 24 hour shift.

ROB: Uh, shouldn't you be looking forward to steer? You're flying at supersonic speed here!

STEVE: (start singing) Somewhere over the rainbow...

ALL: (almost immediately) STOP IT!

RICK: I'm taking my ball and going home!

STEVE: Buncha freaks!

ROB: (same muffled voice) Tell the guy standing behind you to say something. Over.

ROB: (same) Say something. Say something!

STEVE: This is Casey Kasem. Here's a long-distance dedication to our friends back on prehistoric earth.

DAVE: Hmm, my fingers smell funny.

ROB: Their bedrooms must be in a terrible mess.

STEVE: OOOokay.

ALL: (fart)

STEVE: (Colin voice) He's, uh, having a little lie down.

RICK: What's dignified about looking up Tegan's skirt?

TEGAN

Concorde should begin a descent deceleration procedure at any minute.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

(over radio) Gulf Alpha Charlie request permission to descend to 3-7-0.

CLIVE HORTON

It's happening again.

ANDREW BILTON

Did you feel something?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

I'm not sure. Gulf Alpha Charlie, permission to descend to 3-7-0.

No answer.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

London, this is Gulf Alpha Charlie, do you read.

Back in the TARDIS the Doctor sets the hat stand upright.

NYSSA

Doctor, we're time traveling!

TEGAN

The column isn't moving

DOCTOR

The Concorde has just flown through the time contour.

ROGER SCOBIE

Captain, the radiation meter's on alert.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Must be a solar flare.

DOCTOR

(Entering cockpit) Oh, I doubt it, Captain. It's simply reacting to centuries of galactic radiation through which we're passing.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

London this is Gulf Alpha Charlie, do you read?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid your radio is useless, Captain. By my estimation we're the spatial equivalent of 400 billion miles from air traffic control.

VOICE OVER RADIO

Gulf Alpha Charlie please descend to 3-7-0.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Fasten your seatbelt please, Doctor. By my calculations we're 20 minutes from touchdown.

The Doctor is puzzled.

Back at air traffic control.

CLIVE HORTON

We've lost them!

DOUGLAS SHEARD

Another Concorde! So much for the Doctor!

CLIVE HORTON

Where have they gone?

We're spared the lengthy and potentially stock-footage-laden landing sequence and find ourselves already landed and locked down with the cabin door open. The Doctor and Stapley emerge into the daylight.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Heathrow, Doctor.

ROB: Said the tall man to Agent Dale Cooper.

RICK: Sorry, that was my hand, won't happen again.

DAVE: Denied.

ROB: I think I saw this on the Twilight Zone where they flew over New York and there were dinosaurs there...

STEVE: Geek.

ROB: Yeah, I read, I like books and stuff.

RICK: Well, duh! You're in the TARDIS!

RICK: (Captain) Your burrito's ready.

DAVE: Send the men in the white coats please.

RICK: Yeah, okay, there, pally.

STEVE: How do you have a spatial equivalent of time?

ALL: Yay! He talked!

STEVE: And I'm fired, aren't I?

ROB: Hey, thanks for sparing us the stock-footage of the landing.

STEVE: I'm sure we'll get plenty of it in good time. Flight.

RICK: Cool, I've never been here before!

TEGAN

I ought to feel at home getting in and out of aircraft, it's all a bit unreal after the TARDIS.

NYSSA

There's something very unreal about all of this.

DOCTOR

That's why this tree doth continue to be since observed by yours faithfully, god.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

What's that Doctor?

DOCTOR

To be is to be perceived, a naïve 18th century philosophy.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

ah....

They come down the stairs. Nyssa seems to feel something. She looks around for a long time with an odd look on her face. Then she turns to her right and sees something that makes her let out a supposedly uncharacteristic scream.

NYSSA

Aahhhhhhhhh!

TEGAN

Nyssa, what's the matter?

NYSSA

Didn't you see them? There were decaying corpses.

ANDREW BILTON

There's nothing there.

DOCTOR

Nothing there. I wonder. Perceptual induction.

ANDREW BILTON

What are you talking about, Doctor?

DOCTOR

I want you all to concentrate very hard.

ROGER SCOBIE

You don't give up, do you, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Concentrate! Look at anything, observe it in every detail.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

What are you doing to us Doctor?

DOCTOR

Perceptual induction. And I'm undoing it. Concentrate, it's the only way to fight it and find out where we really are.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

But we're at Heathrow.

DOCTOR

Ah, you think your at Heathrow. So did I. Well almost, up to a moment ago. Now concentrate, all together, it must be a concerted effort!

TEGAN

That plane. I can't focus properly.

NYSSA

Nothing's moving.

ANDREW BILTON

It is blurred.

NYSSA

STEVE: Buncha freaks!

DAVE: Okay, the cameraman has an obsession here.

ROB: Hey, the Rolling Stones!

RICK: Definitely the Rolling Stones, then!

ROB: And colour separation too.

RICK: Nothing. I just thought it sounded cool.

DAVE: Standing in front of the blue screen like the rest of you!

STEVE: I can't focus properly either, because I CAN'T SEE IT!

I'm getting cold.

DOCTOR

You see, the coherence is breaking up.

A flash and a sort of semi explosion happens and the entire background changes. Some of them are lying against rocks. The Doctor stands up first as they all look around.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Where are we?

DOCTOR

Just where you thought we were Captain.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Heathrow?

DOCTOR

Some a hundred and forty million years ago.

ROGER SCOBIE

I think I'm dreaming.

DOCTOR

Quite the reverse Mr. Scobie, you've just woken up.

ANDREW BILTON

I don't believe it.

DOCTOR

Definitely Jurassic. There's a nip in the air though. We can't be far off the Pleistocene era.

TEGAN

The ice age?

DOCTOR

It's times like this I wish I still had my scarf. Better watch out for the odd brontosaurus.

NYSSA

Were they the creatures I saw?

DOCTOR

I doubt it, but I should think they came from this time zone.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Do you really mean, we have gone backward down a time contour.

DOCTOR

Have you another explanation?

ANDREW BILTON

But we were on Concorde.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

How did we land on this?

DOCTOR

Very violently by the look of it.

ANDREW BILTON

The touchdown was perfect.

DOCTOR

Like having a tooth out under hypnosis, you don't feel a thing.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

But the approach to Heathrow was utterly real.

DOCTOR

So was the Indian Rope Trick.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

But Doctor, somewhere in this wilderness must be the passengers and crew of Victor Foxtrot.

RICK: Whoa, what a great party last night!

DAVE: This bites, let's all start thinking of Heathrow again! No, no, Hawaii!

ROB: On another craptacular set.

STEVE: They have odd brontosauruses?

DAVE: LSD?

RICK: A Ford Tempo has bigger tires than that!

DOCTOR

Well don't worry Captain. we'll find them. Lets hope no one finds us first.

ANDREW BILTON

What do you mean?

DOCTOR

Behind every illusion is a conjurer, in this case I shouldn't think he went to all this trouble for our entertainment.

TEGAN

Doctor, it's the other Concorde!

DOCTOR

Ah, ah, Tegan wait! All of you, stay here.

Cut to the interior of a freaky snow globe.

KALID

Sharoz sharoz. Tumul. Balor. Balor. Sharoz sharoz tumal, balor balor. All things come to their appointed end soon, soooooonnn.

Back on one of the BBC's high quality sets.

TEGAN

Look, a building. Are we hallucinating?

DOCTOR

I doubt it. The illusion is always one of normality.

TEGAN

Well that's not exactly terminal three. Who could have built it?

DOCTOR

I think the answer might be over there.

Back at the set constructed by Mrs. Crookedteeths third grade class.

ROGER SCOBIE

How much longer have we got to wait here?

ANDREW BILTON

We don't we do a bit of a recce?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Look, I have developed a very healthy respect for the Doctor, and he wants us to stay put.

NYSSA

No! Danger! We must find the Doctor!

ANDREW BILTON

Nyssa what's the matter?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Come one, we'd better go after her.

Back at Kalid's Snow Globe of love.

KALID

You have your work, go to it. (*group of people leave*) Vishon, Vishon.

Back on another classy set.

ANDREW BILTON

Look, it's a motorway! It's the M4!

NYSSA

It's an illusion.

ANDREW BILTON

I don't care it might lead us out of this time warp.

ROGER SCOBIE

At least it looks light civilization.

STEVE: (find them) and their little dog too.

STEVE: Ehh, it's probably the Master.

ROB: (Doctor!) That's my name, don't wear it out?

STEVE: Joker, Joker, facts and figures.

RICK: He worships a magic 8 ball?

DAVE: Fat Albert hasn't aged well.

STEVE: Yup, it's the Master.

ROB: Mallo Cup. Shaboom shaboom.

STEVE: (first part) It's Terminal Four! (second part) Teamsters.

ROB: Somebody discarded their art project.

RICK: Ah, self-love.

DAVE: Warning Will Robinson! Warning!

RICK: (go to it) Sell Amway like it's never been sold before!

STEVE: Vizaan. It's everywhere you want it to be.

DAVE: Pot-stickers!

DAVE: Doug Henning?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Now you stay where you are, that's an order. Remember the Indian Rope Trick.

NYSSA

I can't see anything.

The vision fades.

ANDREW BILTON

Sigh.

NYSSA

What was the Indian Rope Trick?

Cut to a scene of the Doctor and Tegan surrounded by a pile of junk.

TEGAN

Someone's ship?

DOCTOR

Been here a long time.

TEGAN

Doctor, can we get out of here?

Once again our eyes are tortured by a backdrop that can only be bought at an art sale at your local Holiday Inn.

ROGER SCOBIE

So, this fakir throws the rope up into the air, and he and his assistant climb up it, and Presto, they disappear.

Landing gear set.

TEGAN

They've gone.

Third grade set again.

ROGER SCOBIE

Well some clever devil had taken photographs, and the reality is that there's the rope lying on the floor and this Indian JuJu man and his oppo are hiding behind some bushes laughing like a couple of skunks!

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Shhh. Quiet. Look.

NYSSA

They've got the TARDIS.

ANDREW BILTON

There's Dave Culshaw and Angela Clifford, they were on Victor Foxtrot.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Wait!!!

ANDREW BILTON

Angela.

ROGER SCOBIE

Dave! Dave!

ANGELA CLIFFORD

Andrew, you didn't tell me you had a New York stopover.

ANDREW BILTON

What are you talking about?

ROGER SCOBIE

Look, old chap, this is all a bit of a snare and a delusion.

ANGELA CLIFFORD

Andrew, we've got a few chores to do. See you in the bar in half an hour.

ANDREW BILTON

STEVE: The only thing I can see is an unstable chromakey vision mix.

RICK: You're too young.

ROB: Look, there's the Indian rope.

STEVE: I've been waiting for you to ask me that for a long time.

DAVE: She picked a fine day to go jogging.

RICK: What's that guy doing with his hands?

RICK: They owe me forty bucks from last week's poker game!

ALL: (kiss noises)

RICK: I am amused. Hee hee.

ROB: (Strong Bad voice) Where the ones are always cold.

Snap out of it, you're not in New York.

ANGELA CLIFFORD

The Captain wants us to try that new Indonesian Restaurant he's found.

ROGER SCOBIE

We'll have to grab them.

Cut back to Captain Stapley and Nyssa.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

What's happening?

Cut back to the happy reunion, where some concrete dudes materialize around Scobie, Bilton, Clifford and that other guy who can't stop smiling.

Scobie and Bilton get whisked away with the Concrete Men by some high quality smog.

Back in Kalid's Snow Globe of Love.

KALID

Sharom shara. Shara sharom!

A happy reunion occurs when the Doctor and Tegan meet up with Nyssa and Captain Stapley.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Doctor, those creatures have taken Bilton and Scobie!

Back in the damn globe again.

KALID

Evaneragh! (*He can see them in the globe.*) Tumul. Tumaal!

DOCTOR

Are you sure it wasn't an illusion?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

They were real all right.

NYSSA

Doctor!

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Behind you!

Plasmatoms manifest themselves around the Doctor. He finds himself captivated by their bubble machines. Then it looks as if he's lying down in the bubbles. Stapley makes a move toward the bubbly mass but Nyssa stops him.

NYSSA

Stop! You mustn't fight it. The Doctor will be all right.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

But how could he-?

NYSSA

I just know.

BUBBLE VOICE

Doctor. Help. Help. Help Me...

TEGAN

What's happening now?

The bubbles disappear. Tegan and Stapley help the Doctor to sit upright. He has a dazed look on his face.

DOCTOR

Captain Stapley, are you all right?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Am I all right? Those were the creatures that got a hold of Bilton and Scobie.

DAVE: I didn't know you liked me that way!

STEVE: It's like a dissolving Tums tablet.

RICK: Oh no, old gum!

ROB: Look ma, no hands! Or arms!

ALL: In a gadda da vida, honey!

RICK: Ask again... maybe...

RICK: Outlook not good...

STEVE: Tomaarow, tomaarow, I love you tumaaall...

DAVE: This guy needs some dental work.

ROB: I think he's got a brain tumaaal.

RICK: Foam!

STEVE: Okay, Doctor, time for your bath!

ROB: Hey, that thing's got Mike Olson!

DAVE: Scrubbing bubbles! We work hard so you don't have to!

STEVE: Yeah? Can you call me later? I'm really kind of washing my hair.

DAVE: He's having a bad Mr Bubble trip.

ROB: Nyssa knows, but she's not telling.

RICK: Cool, they got the stains out of my coat!

<p>What creatures?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p>	
<p>Those blobs.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TEGAN</p>	
<p>Oh you mean the Plasmatoms.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p>	ROB: Wasn't that a band with Wendy O Williams?
<p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY</p> <p>Whatever you want to call them.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>Protein agglomeration, random particles assembled from the atmosphere. Quite harmless I assure you.</p>	STEVE: He just makes it up as he goes along.
<p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY</p> <p>Doctor there's no technique that can make matter like that out of thin air.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>Oh isn't there? Now what about the energy that telepathically generated the idea we were at Heathrow; you think that that can't operate on a physical level?</p>	RICK: (Oh isn't there?) Explain to me where SPAM comes from then.
<p style="text-align: center;">NYSSA</p> <p>Doctor.</p>	DAVE: I have no idea, I'm just an airplane captain.
<p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>It's simply a form of psychokinesis.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY</p> <p>You mean like that spoon bending nonsense.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">TEGAN</p> <p>So it seems.</p>	STEVE: Buncha freaks!
<p style="text-align: center;">NYSSA</p> <p>Doctor those people were taking away the TARDIS.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>What!?</p> <p><i>Back in the freaky silver Kalid dude's snow globe.</i></p> <p><i>Scobie and Bilton appear before Kalid, who has obviously never seen a dentist.</i></p> <p><i>Cut back to the high quality backdrop with the Doc, Nyssa, Beagle and Captain Stapley.</i></p>	RICK: But my payment check was in the mail! Damn repo men!
<p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>Didn't you even bother to look to see where they were taking it?</p>	RICK: STEVE: Smoke in the chamber, and fire in the sky.
<p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>Hey! (<i>walks slowly onto the scene</i>) Are you from the other Concorde?</p>	ROB: He's impressed by his own special effects.
<p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY</p> <p>Yes, Captain Stapley, British Airways.</p>	DAVE: Oh man, DENTAL EMERGENCY!
<p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>Professor Hayter, University of Darlington.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY</p> <p>You must be from flight 1-9-2! Where are all the other passengers, what happened to you?</p>	STEVE: (slowly, in amazement) Sigmund Freud?
<p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>You're not hallucinating.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY</p> <p>Certainly not.</p>	DAVE: 867-5309!
<p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>You have no idea what it's been like resisting alone.</p>	
<p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY</p> <p>Hahaha.</p>	

<p>PROFESSOR HAYTER Who are these people?</p> <p>CAPTAIN STAPLEY Oh. This is the Doctor.</p> <p>DOCTOR This is Nyssa and Tegan.</p> <p>PROFESSOR HAYTER You're all with Captain Stapley?</p> <p>DOCTOR Yes, I am sorry if we seem like an unlikely rescue party.</p> <p>PROFESSOR HAYTER Oh... yes.</p> <p>DOCTOR Well, well don't worry, you're not imagining this.</p> <p>CAPTAIN STAPLEY If it hadn't been for the Doctor we would never have found you.</p> <p>PROFESSOR HAYTER At least you're here. How did the Russians let you land?</p> <p>CAPTAIN STAPLEY Russians?</p> <p>PROFESSOR HAYTER Well, aren't we behind the Iron Curtain, Siberia?</p> <p>CAPTAIN STAPLEY Well uh, not exactly.</p> <p>PROFESSOR HAYTER Then where are we?</p> <p><i>Back in Kalid's chamber, the people from the other Concorde have set the TARDIS down in a corner and turn to face Kalid for further orders.</i></p> <p>KALID You will return to your other work.</p> <p>ANDREW BILTON TARDIS... TARDIS... TARDIS...</p> <p>KALID To your work!</p> <p>ANDREW BILTON Rope.. Rope... That's it, ROPE TRICK!</p> <p>KALID Ram sharaa, inoora xuror! (<i>he pauses to let his spell take effect</i>) You will proceed with your work.</p> <p>ANDREW BILTON Concorde? Concorde. Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2 cleared for take-off.</p> <p><i>Back outside.</i></p> <p>PROFESSOR HAYTER I must have passed out during the hijack, I think we all did. The next thing I knew we were in this mausoleum. They got everybody under some sort of hypnosis. At Darlington that's my speciality, so I was able to counter-suggest. Not easy I can tell you. Hyperstimulation of eidetic images, the most powerful hallucinatory induction I have ever come across. They must be using ultrasonics.</p> <p>DOCTOR Who are they, Professor Hayter?</p> <p>PROFESSOR HAYTER I don't know, even the guards are disguised.</p>	<p>ROB: But I really do dress like this every day.</p> <p>RICK: Tell me about your mother.</p> <p>ROB: BBC (studio?)</p> <p>RICK: No, wait, a bit more to the left. Oh, I just don't know if it goes with the stalactites.</p> <p>DAVE: He also needs a shave. ROB: He could floss with rope. STEVE: He could floss with his beard.</p> <p>RICK: The TARDIS speaks to him in ways he can't understand.</p> <p>DAVE: He clearly doesn't have a very strong work ethic.</p> <p>STEVE: I do not floss with rope!</p> <p>RICK: Hey everybody, an old man's talking!</p> <p>DAVE: They made us run around like chickens. It was embarrassing. STEVE: Something crawling up my leg! Aah!</p> <p>ROB: Tell us another story!</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>Guards? Oh you mean the plasmatoms.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>The what?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>Oh, it doesn't matter. At least you managed to get away without alerting these guards. Look, I want you to show us the way to this mausoleum.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>You're not serious.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY</p> <p>Hayter, I've got to find my crew.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>And I've got to find my TARDIS.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>TARDIS?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TEGAN</p> <p>Without it, we'll never get back to the 20th century.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>What did you say?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NYSSA</p> <p>She's absolutely right. We've all travelled 140 million years down a time contour.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>They're both hallucinating.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TEGAN</p> <p>It's true. Your aircraft got caught in a time warp.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>Unless we get them away from here...</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY</p> <p>There's no time to explain Hayter I need you to show me where I can find my crew, the Doctor has to get back his, er, equipment.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>If you insist Captain. The prison center is somewhere on the other side of that hill. What is this equipment of the Doctor's?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY</p> <p>Well it's... ahem. You wouldn't believe me.</p> <p><i>Back in Kalid's chamber he circles the TARDIS in admiration, trying to find the way inside. He rattles the door handle but is distracted by an alarm noise ringing near his central podium thingy. He strides over to it and sees the approaching party in his snow globe.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">KALID</p> <p>Ram ram, zorak naraam!</p> <p><i>Back to backdrop land with the others.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>There it is.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>How did that get built in this wilderness?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PROFESSOR HAYTER</p> <p>Slave labor I expect.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR</p> <p>Come on then!</p> <p><i>Nyssa stops and begins to freak out, like she can't catch her breath. Unfortunately instead of just letting her die, the others stop to check on</i></p>	<p>RICK: I'm always serious when I'm squatting.</p> <p>ROB: (Nyssa voice) And I have to find my, um, my really important thing.</p> <p>DAVE: And I've got to find a script!</p> <p>RICK: Did you wash your hands?</p> <p>ROB: And we're hungry!</p> <p>STEVE: He can't, um, function without it.</p> <p>STEVE: (If you insist captain) Buncha freaks.</p> <p>RICK: Watch it, the paint's not dry yet.</p> <p>DAVE: Box pretty, Kalid like.</p> <p>ROB: That might be my girlfriend calling!</p> <p>STEVE: You have three messages.</p> <p>RICK: Check the caller ID first.</p> <p>STEVE: A scenic artist spent hours on the backdrop.</p> <p>DAVE: Yeah, teamsters!</p> <p>RICK: I shouldn't have had the fish!</p>
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her.

NYSSA

Doctor! No! (Gasp) Something's happening! I can't - I can't -

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

What's happening to her?

PROFESSOR HAYTER

It's the radiation. I said we should keep away from this place.

DOCTOR

Ah, keep still!

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

We must help her!

Nyssa suddenly calms down and seems to be able to breathe again.

NYSSA

Do not approach the citadel. Return to your ship. There is great danger.

DOCTOR

Who are you?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

What's happening to her?

DOCTOR

The intelligence, it's using Nysser as a medium.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

More like hysteria, created by ultrasonics.

DOCTOR

Be quiet! Who are you? What do you want?

NYSSA

We are - we are - The control divides us, but the control shall be resisted, resisted!

KALID

Yoshee *something something*, my child.

NYSSA

There's so little time. You must resist, resist.

TEGAN

Look! It's happening again.

NYSSA

Resist.

TEGAN

It's the same stuff as the plasmatoms are made out of.

DOCTOR

Someone wanted to stop her talking.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

We've got to get her out of there.

DOCTOR

I'm afraid we don't have the right kind of energy.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

But we can't just leave her!

DOCTOR

Well if we can find the source of the power we might be able to free her.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

You go on Doctor, I'll stay with Nyssa.

TEGAN

No, you're more use to the Doctor. I'll stay with her.

STEVE: - stand this script!

RICK: I AM IRON MAN.

ROB: Who the hell is Nysser?

DAVE: (be quiet) before I smack you!

STEVE: Eldrad MUST live.

ROB: (we are we are) the youth of the nation!

STEVE: What what what?

RICK: It's the Pillsbury dough boy!

ALL: We ALL wanted to stop her talking!

STEVE: Yes, he does, he just goes on and on and on..

Nyssa lies immersed in bubble bath.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Going on is madness.

TEGAN

Look if we don't get the TARDIS back we could be stuck here forever.

DOCTOR

Tegan's right. Now look she'll be perfectly all right. As soon as she's free you both go back to the Concorde.

TEGAN

You bet. Good luck.

DOCTOR

And don't try and follow us. Captain, Professor.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Don't you realize we've got to get away from here. The effect will only get worse the nearer we get to the center of the radiation.

DOCTOR

Is that a reason for abandoning your fellow passengers?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

If the intelligence is trying to contact us, who is trying to stop it?

DOCTOR

Something with the same resource of psychokinetic energy.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Another Intelligence.

DOCTOR

Could well be.

TEGAN

Nyssa, can you hear me. Nyssa.

Back at Kalid's crib.

KALID

Sharaa sharaa, sharam sharong.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

The place is deserted.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Don't you believe it, those guards appear from nowhere.

DOCTOR

Those guards as you call them are fully occupied with Nyssa.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

What do you mean?

DOCTOR

The creatures you saw are particles of protoplasm bonded by psychic energy. The essential protoplasm can take any shape.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Such as the shield around Nyssa.

DOCTOR

Yes, but I suspect the power and raw material is limited so as long as Nyssa is trapped...

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

No plasmatoms!

PROFESSOR HAYTER

I've never heard such an extravagant explanation.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

How else do you explain what happened to Nyssa?

ROB: Madness! Our house, four billion years from now down this street. Our house...

RICK: And have coffee ready for us.

DAVE: Darn straight!

ROB: No, scientologists.

STEVE: (muffled) No, not through all this foam!

DAVE: Some more, smores...

RICK: Schlemiel. Schlemazel.

STEVE: Baa raa mew.

ROB: In a gadda da vida. Again.

ROB: (bonded by psychic energy) As opposed to just a cheap special effect.

RICK: Sounds like he's trying to sell a car polish.

DAVE: Yeah – And look! The water still beads!

STEVE: I have, but that was when we were figuring out the whole Moesha versus Brandy thing. You know, you never see them together in the same place at the same time...

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Well, some form of projection. Maybe part hallucination. Scientifically speaking -

DOCTOR

Scientifically speaking I think we should find the others.

Back to Nyssa and Tegan, briefly.

TEGAN

Nyssa... Nyssa... can you hear me?

Back in the citadel, the three men come upon a chamber in which the passengers and crew from the other Concorde, along with Bilton and Scobie, are busy working at a giant angular clam-like object in the center of the chamber.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

That's Bilton and Scobie!

DOCTOR

I wonder if they know where the TARDIS is.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

I doubt if they can even remember their names, they're in a state of trance.

DOCTOR

Well it can't be far away.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

If we could separate them.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Look out for the guards.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

The Doctor's theory is... Where is the Doctor?

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Forget him. Let's get out of here.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

No!

PROFESSOR HAYTER

I don't know what this Doctor's qualifications are, but if you ask me the man's a lunatic.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

I don't believe I did.

The Doctor has wandered off in search of the TARDIS among the tunnels and chambers. At a junction he stops, indecisive, and takes out a coin. He flips the coin and slaps it on the back of his hand. Unhappy with the result, he turns the coin over and moves off to his left. He moves cautiously along the wall and eventually arrives at a dead-end. Frustrated, he stops for a moment and suddenly hears a door sliding open behind him. He enters through the door. The first thing he sees is the TARDIS standing in the corner. He strides into the chamber and heads straight for the TARDIS, stopping in front to stare at it happily. Kalid steps into the chamber behind him.

KALID

Soooo... You're here at last Doctor.

Back in the heart of the citadel.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

What's behind that thing?

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Another thing I shouldn't wonder. It's called hard labor.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

The Doctor's theory is that this is a hijack in time rather than space. This

RICK: Scientifically speaking, you're a dorkus malorkus!

STEVE: Pop one bubble for no, two bubbles for yes.

ROB: Aw, leave the giant turtle alone, what did it ever do to you?

DAVE: Just gotta find the manager's office, hold on.

RICK: We'd have one for each of us!

ROB: I second that.

DAVE: That's for sure, just look at his clothes!

STEVE: Waa waa waa.

DAVE: Stupid two-headed coins.

ROB: I hope this thing won a Razzie for worst score.

STEVE: (ala Young Frankenstein) Put the book back!

RICK: All right, I can call my mom!

RICK: I am SO gonna rip off those repo dudes.

DAVE: Dial 1-800-c-o-l-l-e-c-t!

ROB: That's the dodecahedron, right?

isn't the Soviet Union, Professor.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

This Doctor needs his head examined.

Back in Kalid's chamber.

DOCTOR

So you're the conjurer.

KALID

I am Kalid.

DOCTOR

You say that as if you expect a round of applause.

KALID

Have a care Doctor, you are not summoned to my domain to play the clown.

DOCTOR

Your domain, hm?

KALID

Here Kalid rules.

DOCTOR

I apologize for my levity, not to mention my curiosity.

KALID

What ah, troubles your mind, Doctor.

DOCTOR

What your doing in this time zone for a start.

KALID

Shall Kalid not travel where the spirit leads him.

DOCTOR

Would this spirit have anything to do with the ruins of that spaceship out there.

KALID

Spaceship?

DOCTOR

Yes.

KALID

Space is within us, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Then exactly how do you travel.

KALID

By the power of the great one. In the deserts of Arabia I learned all the magic arts.

DOCTOR

Magic... Arabia... Oh come on you can do better than that.

KALID

You mock me Doctor. But do not doubt that I can summon furies and cacodemons. A company of cherubim, or Lucifer himself.

DOCTOR

Oh yes, yes. You're surrounded by a lot of powerful bio-energetics, Kalid. But I can't help feeling there's something a great deal more mechanistic about all of this.

KALID

Mechanistic?

DOCTOR

What are you doing sitting at the end of a time contour like a spider in a web, and what do you want with my TARDIS?

RICK: You know, I'm liking this Professor more and more.

ALL: (everyone clap)

STEVE: He's the Master of his own domain.

ALL: Yo. (everyone raise hands in salute)

ROB: And karma can only be apportioned by the cosmos.

STEVE: The Great one, that big spider?

RICK: Cocoa demons? Poopoo demons?

STEVE: And where did you get that beautiful robe? I've been looking for one like that for years, ever since the Master stole mine!

KALID

My familiar spirits have told me of your miraculous cabinet. The spirits have told me you would come.

DOCTOR

Your spirits are very well informed.

KALID

I hold the whole genius of Night bound to my will and now the Great Elemental has summoned you, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Not just me Kalid, what do you want with all these passengers?

KALID

Slaves are required in my domain.

DOCTOR

You have the plasmatoms.

KALID

They have other uses.

DOCTOR

You mean you need the psychotronic energy for something else.

Tony looks pissed that the Doctor's so smart.

Back to Tegan hanging out with Nyssa Bubble.

BUBBLE VOICE

Resistance, Kalid shall be resisted.

NYSSA

Who are you?

Back inside Kalid's chamber.

KALID

The power shall be used for the great work we shall do together.

DOCTOR

We?

KALID

Together we shall scourge the entirety of space and time.

DOCTOR

You can exclude me from your wizardry.

KALID

You cannot resist, Doctor, in this place all things obey Kalid. Come. Look. Vizaan vizaan zanoor minaaaz.

Kalid gestures at the globe where Tegan and Nyssa appear.

KALID

You see your friends? Vizaan vizaan!

The image changes to the heart of the citadel with Stapley and Hayter.

KALID

Your Captain Stapley, and his fellow mortal.

DOCTOR

Very impressive Kalid, but your incantation is just triggering someone else's energy. You're not in control here, you're just as mortal as anyone else.

Back in the heart of the citadel.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

I wish the Doctor wouldn't wander off.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

I thought you were in charge, Captain Stapley.

RICK: Kalid's wearin' a muumuu!

DAVE: Doctor, I am not a handsome man. I need friends.

STEVE: Jiffy Nyssa. Nyssa Bubble.

ROB: Tegan's being careful not to crush the Styrofoam rock.

STEVE: They call me MISTER Bubble!

ROB: They're the Bubblemen, from the planet Girl.

DAVE: We will make disco live again.

RICK: And first step – a visit to the dentist!

STEVE: Yeah, you're irresistible.

RICK: Try again...

ROB: Ooh, voice activated remote control cameras! Neat!

DAVE: I like your ascot.

DAVE: (sniff) And is that lavender perfume I smell?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

I am but I happen to respect his judgment.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

You also came here to rescue your crew, or do you need to ask the Doctor's permission first?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Don't provoke me, Professor.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Your crew is in front of you, haven't we wasted enough time?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

All right.

He walks around the shell towards Bilton.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Bilton!

ANDREW BILTON

Hello Captain, I've got the Met' report, we'll clear those thunderstorms.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Wake up, Bilton.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

You must listen carefully to what I say.

ANGELA CLIFFORD

Will you please sit down sir and fasten your seat belt we're about to take off.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Listen to me.

ANGELA CLIFFORD

The bar will be open as soon as we're airborne.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

We're not at Heathrow.

ANDREW BILTON

Oxygen Check. Flight control inverters on. Anti-stall systems on.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Stop it Andrew. No...

ANDREW BILTON

Altimeters checked, navigation radios set.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Professor!

ANDREW BILTON

Brakes?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Check.

ANDREW BILTON

Throttles?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Idle.

ANDREW BILTON

Throttle masters?

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Professor! Speedbird Concorde 1-9-2 to tower request permission to start engines.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Wake up man!

STEVE: (thoughtful) Okay, let's see, left foot, then right foot, then left, then left, no, right, agh, dang it!

RICK: I want more peanuts!

ROB: I could use some cold ones.

STEVE: (like a mantra) Buncha freaks buncha freaks buncha freaks

ROB: Adric's dead?

RICK: Check.

DAVE: (Professor!) Mary-Anne!

<p>What?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY</p> <p>PROFESSOR HAYTER Concentrate. What about the Doctor, Captain Stapley?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY Doctor? The Doctor! And my crew. Bilton! Bilton! Remember what happened at Heathrow?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ANDREW BILTON What's that Captain?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY Remember the Doctor. Remember Nyssa and Tegan? Remember Tegan?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ANDREW BILTON Tegan. Yes!</p> <p><i>Back in Kalid's chamber.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">KALID Ohhhh. Together with your box, the power will be absolute. We shall command the whole universe.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR I have always found domination such an unattractive prospect.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">KALID Shall I be forced to compel you, Doctor?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOCTOR There is no power that will give you control of the TARDIS.</p> <p><i>An alarm starts to ring on Kalid's controls. He rushes over to see what is happening.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">KALID Sharaa sharaa kartaan!</p> <p><i>Back to Nyssa and Tegan. The bubbles disappear from Nyssa as Tegan steps backward in alarm. Nyssa falls stiffly to the ground, eyes wide open like a robot.</i></p> <p><i>Back again to the heart of the citadel.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">ANDREW BILTON Come on Roger, wake up now, come on.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN STAPLEY Look out!</p> <p><i>More solid-looking Plasmatons appear inside the citadel chamber and appear to hobble toward Stapley and his men.</i></p> <p><i>Back to Nyssa and Tegan.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">TEGAN Nyssa, are you all right?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NYSSA Of course.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TEGAN What happened?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NYSSA The power dissolved, it was needed elsewhere.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TEGAN What are you talking about?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NYSSA I don't know. I keep getting this intuition.</p>	<p>STEVE: (Bilton! abruptly) Nothing!</p> <p>ROB: I remember it fondly, but you told me never to speak of it.</p> <p>DAVE: Yes, boy am I glad I told you about the fantasy I had!</p> <p>STEVE: Look at my ceiling!</p> <p>ROB: That's not what I heard, ducky!</p> <p>RICK: Except for maybe your breath.</p> <p>STEVE: (sing) Believe it or not, Kalid isn't home...</p> <p>RICK: Kazaa? Now he's downloading illegal MP3s.</p> <p>ROB: I'm glad to see she's fully reanimated.</p> <p>DAVE: Oh no here come the chewing gum monsters again!</p> <p>ROB: Plasmatons wobble but they don't fall down.</p> <p>ROB: It wasn't a rock, it was a rock lobster.</p> <p>RICK: No, that's just gas.</p>
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Back to Kalid's chamber.

KALID

Sharaa sharaa tumaal, nadim. Nadim!

Back by the shell the Plasmatons wobble threateningly.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Come on, Roger, you're coming with us!

KALID

Iznamin. Iznamin.

Back to Nyssa and Tegan.

TEGAN

I promised the Doctor we'd get back to Concorde.

NYSSA

No!

TEGAN

But Nyssa!

NYSSA

I must go to the citadel.

TEGAN

We'll only get caught.

NYSSA

The Doctor's in danger. Kalid!

Tegan looks stupefied as Nyssa runs off.

Back to Kalid's chamber, he appears to be summoning a cloud. When the cloud disappears it leaves Stapley, Scobie, Bilton and Hayter standing there.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Doctor!

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Who is this man?

DOCTOR

Kalid.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Are you responsible for the abduction of my passengers and crew?

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Is it you who authorized mass hallucination?

KALID

Your questions are irrelevant.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

I don't think so!

DOCTOR

No!

Kalid waves his hand and Stapley finds he cannot move.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

What's happening?

DOCTOR

He's thrown up a barrier. I did try and warn you.

Nyssa and Tegan are already wandering around inside the citadel.

TEGAN

Where are we going?

NYSSA

RICK: Dude, Shalimar sucked.

DAVE: That's a LOT of chewing gum.

STEVE: More Caaaasby episodes please Kazaa, with that Jamaaal boy!

ROB: No we won't, come on, give in to peer pressure!

DAVE: Kalid's got some mood lighting going on there, red gels and stuff.

RICK: Do you ever wash your face?

STEVE: I should try that answer sometime.

ROB: Not Jell-O!

DAVE: I don't know!

To help the Doctor.	
	TEGAN
Is this your intuition again?	
	NYSSA
Yes. Can't you feel it too?	
	TEGAN
No!	
	NYSSA
We must find the center, trust me.	
<i>They walk on for a bit and come to the end of the tunnel.</i>	
	TEGAN
Why not. It's a dead end.	
<i>The wall slides back revealing an opening.</i>	
	NYSSA
We must continue.	
<i>Back in Kalid's chamber.</i>	
	KALID
Freedom of yourselves and your fellow passengers is in the hands of the Doctor.	
	DOCTOR
You're wasting your time, Kalid.	
	KALID
I require the key to the TARDIS.	
	DOCTOR
I've already told you...	
<i>An alarm goes off in background.</i>	
	KALID
Arogogorah abrao abelatha!	
<i>We join Nyssa and Tegan in another fine Papier Mache set, courtesy of the BBC.</i>	
	TEGAN
Adric!	
	NYSSA
No. Adric's dead!	
	TEGAN
But how can we be sure?	
	ADRIC
Go back, Tegan, or you will destroy me.	
	NYSSA
It's only imagination. It's the only power Kalid has left to stop us.	
	ADRIC
If you advance you will kill me, Nyssa.	
	TEGAN
We can't take that risk.	
	NYSSA
The badge.	
	TEGAN
What?	
	NYSSA
Adric's wearing his badge.	
	ROB: The chewy center.
	DAVE: Open sesame! Hey, it worked!
	STEVE: Show-off.
	RICK: Damn telemarketers!
	ALL: You're supposed to be dead! (Kellerman goes apeshit)
	DAVE: Let's kill him again!
	RICK: I'm on it! (Kellerman gets up and does something)
	STEVE: (Nyssa voice) Cool! See, Tegan, I was wishing we could do it again, and my wish came true!
	ROB: He's also wearing his pajamas, what's your point?

TEGAN

But it was shattered when the Doctor destroyed the Cyberleader!

NYSSA

Exactly.

TEGAN

Come on.

ADRIC

Arrrrggggghhhhh!

Back in Kalid's chamber.

KALID

The power must prevent all mortal advance.

DOCTOR

Out of bounds, are they, Kalid?

KALID

Not even I have dared penetrate the heart of the Citadel!

DOCTOR

You mean you've not been able to.

KALID

You will watch them suffer for this! Sharam shara, shara sharam!

Back in the tunnel again.

TEGAN

What is it?

NYSSA

Melkur. What comes from it killed my father. I don't believe in you!

TEGAN

Come on.

Kalid's chamber again.

DOCTOR

Well, Kalid, it seems a power greater than yours is protecting them.

KALID

Faraam, nadeeem!

Tunnel again.

TEGAN

You're not real!

They move on and yet another door slides open. Slowly they walk into a dimly lit chamber with an interesting centerpiece. We get the feeling that they have reached the end of their journey.

Back in Kalid's chamber, he's pissed.

KALID

They have entered the sanctum!

DOCTOR

It's your powerhouse is it?

KALID

Doctor you will give me the key of the TARDIS.

DOCTOR

No.

KALID

Then you'll see your friends here destroyed, and you yourself annihilated.

DOCTOR

I don't think so, we've all got quite good at resisting your sorcery.

ROB: Aw, cool, he screamed!

DAVE: Rewind that part! Yeah, let's watch it again!

STEVE: I think he was real, and they really did just kill him.

STEVE: Oh, that's your problem, you're using a Macintosh.

ROB: Hey, can you get this in widescreen?

ROB: Raahr.

STEVE: I STAND.

RICK: The power of Right-Guard deodorant.

DAVE: Noogies?

RICK: Hey, it's King Korn Karn!

STEVE: Welcome to IKEA.

KALID

Sotus saral, sotus mondaru, sato agrowol!

ANDREW BILTON

Not again!

KALID

You will not resist my command.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

These things have proven themselves harmless!

DOCTOR

I'm not so sure about this one.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Aah. It's just a ball of cotton wool.

DOCTOR

Kalid is drawing on deeper reserves of power. That thing is bonding itself into something far more dangerous than a plasmaton.

KALID

Well, Doctor?

DOCTOR

The answer is still no, Kalid.

KALID

The TARDIS key, Doctor!

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Please Doctor!

KALID

Do you really want to see your friends die!

Tegan and Nyssa are in the center, which looks to be made of rich creamery butter. Boy, I could go for a Good Morning Burger right now.

NYSSA

The Doctor... Help me!

She goes over to some things sticking up from the side of the sanctum and starts doing something. Weird. She must like the crappy sculpture because she wants to take part of it home.

TEGAN

What?

NYSSA

Just help me!

TEGAN

It won't budge.

NYSSA

We must!

TEGAN

What are you doing?

Nyssa tosses the big hunk of crap into the IKEA sofa.

Back in Kalid's chamber, the creatures that Kalid summoned vanish. Kalid falls to the floor behind his podium. Instead of checking on Kalid, or perhaps attempting to restrain him now that he's momentarily stunned, he ignores him and goes to Stapley and his friends.

DOCTOR

The power is gone.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY

Look at Kalid!

The man's got one hell of a runny nose.

ALL: For those of you who didn't get that... SOTUS SARAL, SOTUS MONDARU, SATO AGROWOL!

ROB: Santa's Village?

DAVE: Oh, it's one of those TWO-headed snakes.

ROB: Cobras!

STEVE: (shaking head sadly) So many sock puppets.

RICK: How bout they just run the other way?

STEVE: That's not your place, you can't mess with their stuff!

DAVE: Hey, you guys, you break it, you bought it.

DAVE: Two Dog Night

RICK: Kalid. Too fat to stand up under his own power.

ROB: Okay, isn't anyone going to say it?

STEVE: *sigh* Help me. I'm melting. Oh. What a world. What a world.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

There's got to be a perfectly simple orthodox explanation. Bio-energetic powers. Intellectual garbage.

DOCTOR

Your won't find what you're looking for.

PROFESSOR HAYTER

Won't I? You come and look at this. Psychotronics, was it Doctor? I call it electronics.

DOCTOR

I don't understand.

THE MASTER

No Doctor you never do understand.

Kalid is rising from the floor, taking off his flapping, snot-covered face to reveal that so he was the Master all the time, aaaah.

THE MASTER

(Laughs) You never do. (Laughs some more)

end of script part one (and end of episode two)

DAVE: See? Macintoshes are very simple. Plug and play!

ROB: I call it a bunch of crap from a Radio Shack clearance sale.

RICK: Ancient Chinese secret, huh?

RICK: Eric Roberts, Noooooo!