

THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD (episode 14)
by ERIC SAWARD

Opening Titles

1. Mud Flats

The Doctor is slowly being pulled down into the mud.

DOCTOR: Kill me and you will never gain my remaining regenerations!

VALEYARD: (VO) But you've already signed them away.

DOCTOR: To J.J. Chambers, not to you.

VALEYARD: (VO) For the sake of this charade I am J.J. Chambers. I thought you understood - you are in a world entirely of my making.

DOCTOR: Then I deny your world!

2. Valeyard's Control Room

Possibly re-dressed bridge of ship. Anyway, hi-tech with a large screen on which we can see the Doctor. Somewhere in the room is a sealed entrance to what we shall later learn is a Time Vent. Pull back to show Valeyard and Glitz.

VALEYARD: So you keep saying... but you know you haven't the strength. I have perfected the talent for mind control and illusion which you chose, in your misguided youth, to neglect.

DOCTOR: Illusion is for the theatre, not real life. Even you must understand that.

VALEYARD: Illusion is an honoured Time Lord cult.

3. Mud Flats

The "slime" hands have gone. But the Doctor has now sunk up to his waist.

DOCTOR: Not any longer. As with mind linking and levitation, it is only seriously practiced nowadays by children's entertainers and the weak minded!

VALEYARD: (VO) Feeble provocation, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Then here's a bit more. Do you really think the High Council is any longer in a position to ratify the so-called deal it has with you?

4. Valeyard's Control Room

VALEYARD: I have an inviolable agreement.

DOCTOR: Rubbish! Such a covenant could only be lodged is in the Matrix.

VALEYARD: Correct. Pledged, signed and sealed by each and every member of the High Council. The moment you die, your unused lives will be transferred to me --

DOCTOR: If you really believed that, you would have killed me at the first opportunity.

VALEYARD: I wish to savour the moment of my death. After all, how many people survive successful self-murder?

5. Mud Flats

The Doctor has sunk even lower into the mud.

DOCTOR: Garbage! I've heard more sense from a lobotomised speelsnape. The truth of the matter is that you've lost your nerve! Too many games have been played with the Matrix for you to be able to trust either it or the High Council.

VALEYARD: (VO) I dictated the contract myself. I know that it is inviolable!

DOCTOR: I'd have another look if I were you. Check the small print and I mean the small print they inserted after the deal was struck!

VALEYARD: (VO) Again, feeble provocation.

DOCTOR: Whether you like it or not, you are the chief prosecution witness against the High Council. When they come to court, as they certainly will, things would be much easier if you weren't around to contradict their lies. Kill me and you kill yourself. That is the only contract the High Council will ratify.

Suddenly there is a loud, electronic noise.

DOCTOR: What are you doing?

6. Valeyard's Control Room

The screen is filled with shush. The Valeyard checks his controls.

GLITZ: You screed! You've done away with him!

Glitz leaps at the Valeyard, but is knocked to the floor.

VALEYARD: Be still, fool! The Doctor is unharmed.

GLITZ: Oh yeah...

While Glitz climbs to his feet the Valeyard frantically fiddles with the controls on a console.

GLITZ: Then what's going on?

VALEYARD: Another mind is attempting to break into my illusion...

Glitz opens his mouth to speak.

VALEYARD: I said, be silent!

7. Mud Flats

The electronic noise has grown louder. The Doctor struggles even harder to free himself from the mud. From the Doctor's point-of-view, we see nearby the shape of a man attempting to materialise. For a moment the image comes and goes then slowly stabilises. It is the Master.

DOCTOR: Oh no. It would have to be you.

MASTER: Show a little gratitude, my dear Doctor. I am here at enormous inconvenience to myself.

DOCTOR: My apologies - I'm grateful. Now please get me out!

The Master crosses to the Doctor, grabs his hand and starts to pull. Slowly, the Doctor oozes from the mud.

MASTER: I didn't realise illusions could be so messy.

DOCTOR: Now what?

MASTER: The difficult part - concentrate.

8. Narrow Alley

Night. A thick patch of swirling fog. The Doctor and Master step from it, the Doctor's clothes showing no signs of his muddy encounter. The Master is a little breathless.

DOCTOR: We're still in the Matrix.

MASTER: It's worse than that you're still in the Valeyard's illusion.

DOCTOR: Surely you can get me out of something so elementary.

MASTER: Not when he is sustaining the illusion by drawing power from the very core of the Matrix. Although I may appear to be my usual suave, urbane self, I am in fact using up massive amounts of energy to sustain my presence.

DOCTOR: Then we must find him quickly before he can cause any more trouble.

MASTER: That you must do alone.

The Master groans as his image shimmers slightly.

MASTER: He won't harm you until he's confirmed the wording of the contract lodged in the Matrix.

DOCTOR: I know - but find him quickly!

Suddenly the Master is gone. The Doctor looks around and shudders at the gloom and depressive atmosphere of the alley. He then turns to move off, but almost bumps into the rainwater barrel. He smiles weakly as he sidesteps it.

DOCTOR: *(mutters)* Careful.

But his smile fades when he notices on the ground the wet, grotesque footprints of whatever was in the barrel. The Doctor follows the tracks with his eyes.

DOCTOR: Perhaps not.

He turns one hundred and eighty degrees only to find another set of footprints.

DOCTOR: *(angrily)* Is this the best you can do? So much power yet so little imagination!

A harsh, evil laugh is heard.

9. Valeyard's Control Room

The Doctor is on the screen. Pull back as the Valeyard continues to laugh.

VALEYARD: So you think I lack imagination? We shall see, Doctor.

GLITZ: But you won't kill him. The Doc's right, inne? You're dead frightened the High Council's got at your contract.

The Valeyard's face screws into a crinkled ball of hate.

10. Deep Space

The gigantic space station is emblazened against the void of space.

11. Trial Room

Members of the court stand around quietly chatting. In corner the Inquisitor is in earnest conversation with a senior

member of the court. The Keeper and Mel are before the Matrix Screen.

KEEPER: This is so typical of the Master. First he's here, then he's gone. A most confusing fellow.

MEL: Does it matter? Just as long as he helps!

KEEPER: I fear that that whatever the Master does will be exclusively for his own purpose.

MEL: According to the Doctor, most Time Lords are the same.

KEEPER: A very cynical observation. We are simply a very old civilization, prone to a certain eccentricity...

The Inquisitor sweeps importantly across the room.

INQUISITOR: (*conspiratorially in the Keeper's ear*) The High Council has resigned which, I gather, has sent Gallifrey into turmoil!

KEEPER: Do they yet know of the events that have taken place here?

INQUISITOR: (*shakes her head*) Neither must they. Knowledge that the Matrix has been violated could lead to civil war.

MEL: Help the Doctor find the Valeyard and no one need ever know!

INQUISITOR: If only it were that simple, child.

Mel looks on, confused and suspicious.

12. Valeyard's Control Room

On the screen, watched by the Valeyard, we see the Doctor moving along the section of the alley with the doorways.

VALEYARD: The Doctor's thought patterns are very confusing. I sense that he is concerned about something called "mel-bush". Why should he be thinking about a plant?

GLITZ: "Me1-bush"? It must be that bit of siddle he knocks about with. Her name's Mel.

VALEYARD: Indeed.

He pressed a couple of buttons on the console and Mel's face flashes up on the screen.

GLITZ: That's her.

VALEYARD: Perfect.

Glitz isn't happy.

GLITZ: She's done you no harm.

VALEYARD: Sentimentality does not become you, Sabalom Glitz .

The Valeyard flicks a button on the console and we again see the Doctor in his alley.

GLITZ: At least I'm capable of it.

VALEYARD: It's a weakness and not a thing to boast about.

Glitz points at the screen.

GLITZ: What are you gonna with him now?

The Valeyard flicks yet another switch and a spinning circle is superimposed over the screen image of the Doctor.

VALEYARD: Lose him in a very safe place.

GLITZ: To what end? You're running out of time. Someone's already managed to break into your illusion.

VALEYARD: I only need to keep the Doctor safe until I have confirmed the wording of my contract.

GLITZ: Knowing the Time Lords, I suggest you get on with it.

13. Alley

The Doctor approaches a doorway, checks that it is empty, then moves on. Reaching the next doorway, he repeats the procedure only this time we see from his point of view that the doorway is empty. As he moves on, a man wearing the black habit of a monk steps from what we had seen as an empty doorway, extends a gnarled hand and prods the Doctor in the back. Startled, the Time Lord spins round.

POPPLEWICK: Looking for something, sir?

He throws back his cowl.

DOCTOR: Ah, Mr. Poppelwell.

POPPLEWICK: Popplewick, actually, sir.

He starts to remove the gnarled coverings from his hands.

DOCTOR: Do you get extra for dressing up? Or is it some sort of fetish?

POPPLEWICK: I sense a certain hostility, sir.

The Doctor grabs Popplewick's arm.

DOCTOR: You'll sense considerably more if you don't tell me where the Valeyard is.

POPPLEWICK: Please, sir. Show respect for the cloth.

DOCTOR: The cloth is safe. It's you I intend to flatten!

POPPLEWICK: *(sighs)* Such aggression, sir. And me just a humble messenger.

DOCTOR: The ancient Greeks used to kill messengers who brought bad news.

POPPLEWICK: An unruly lot the Greeks, sir. But fortunately the message I bring will placate and soothe, sir. Mr. Chambers has granted you an appointment.

DOCTOR: The Valeyard?

POPPLEWICK: The very one, sir.

The Doctor releases him.

DOCTOR: Then lead on.

POPPLEWICK: At once, sir.

They move off.

POPPLEWICK: I'm afraid the journey is a long one, sir. But before we start we must collect a friend of yours, sir.

DOCTOR: Sabalom Glitz?

POPPLEWICK: No, sir . He's already with Mr. Chambers, sir.

DOCTOR: Will you stop calling me "sir!"

POPPLEWICK: Of course, sir. No, sir, the young person we have to collect is a Miss Melanie Bush, sir.

DOCTOR: She's here?

PCPPLEWICK: Followed you into the Matrix, sir. Such a foolish thing to do.

DOCTOR: Indeed. And where is she?

Popplewick indicates a door.

POPPLEWICK: Through there, sir.

The Doctor moves towards the door then pauses.

DOCTOR: After you.

Popplewick smiles.

POPPLEWICK: You lack trust, sir. This is no trick.

He opens the door.

POPPLEWICK: Follow me, sir.

14. Valeyard's Control Room

Behind the spinning circle on the screen, we see the Doctor and Popplewick enter the building.

VALEYARD: Now you will see the power of the most perfect geometrical shape.

GLITZ: Can't wait.

The image on the screen changes and we see the Doctor and Popplewick enter a tunnel.

15. Tunnel

A sewer-like structure, dimly-lit and with a definite curve to the wall. The Doctor and Popplewick are on the move.

POPPLEWICK: Not much further, sir.

DOCTOR: What a depressing place.

POPPLEWICK: I'm surprised you don't recognise it, sir.

DOCTOR: Should I?

POPPLEWICK: Oh, yes, sir.

A voice booms down the tunnel.

MEL: (OOV) Doctor!

They halt.

DOCTOR: Melanie?

Echoing footsteps are heard running.

DOCTOR: Melanie!

MEL: (OOV) Help me, Doctor!

The Doctor stares into the gloom.

DOCTOR: (to Popplewick) What's happening?

No reply. The Doctor turns and finds that he is alone.

DOCTOR: Popplewick. Mr. Popplewick!

MEL: (OOV) Forget him, Doctor. We must get out of here!

The Doctor turns and finds Mel is behind him.

DOCTOR: Are you all right?

MEL: (nods) For the moment. But there's something dreadful down here I can sense it.

DOCTOR: Let's go.

He turns to retrace his steps.

MEL: The door is this way.

DOCTOR: But I came from this direction.

The Doctor moves off.

MEL: There isn't a door in that direction.

The Doctor comes to an abrupt stop.

DOCTOR: There must be. I just came through it! Come and look.

Mel joins the Doctor and they move off.

MEL: I'm frightened, Doctor.

DOCTOR: There's no need to be. We'll soon be out of here.

MEL: (shaking her head) I think I've been going round in circles.

DOCTOR: Circles?

MEL: You know - round things.

DOCTOR: How do you know?

MEL: Look at the wall.

She points at a jagged scar on the wall.

MEL: See that I've passed it three times.

DOCTOR: Are you certain?

MEL: Of course I am!

DOCTOR: (*shakes his head*) No... If you'd been perambulating in an annular fashion, you would have passed not only your entrance but mine.

MEL: I haven't passed any.

DOCTOR: (*shrugs*) Therefore you can't have been progressing in an orbital fashion.

MEL: Oh no?

DOCTOR: Well, if you think you were - explain.

MEL: I don't know.

DOCTOR: If you don't know, how can you know you've been cruising in a cyclical manner?

MEL: I told you the markings on the wall. I've passed them three times.

DOCTOR: If you'd passed them three times, you would also have passed the entrances - yes?

MEL: No.

DOCTOR: No?

MEL: No!

DOCTOR: I don't understand. Why are you saying 'no'?

MEL: I don't know.

DOCTOR: You don't know why you're saying 'no'?

MEL: No! I mean yes, I do know why I'm saying 'no'. I'm saying 'no' because I don't know why I've passed the markings three times, and yet haven't passed the entrances!

DOCTOR: We're getting very long-winded.

MEL: (*worried*) I know. Positively orbital.

DOCTOR: All right. Let's assume, for the sake of argument, that you have passed this way before...

MEL: Right.

DOCTOR: So how could you have done that without encountering the entrance?

MEL: You've just said that.

DOCTOR: If it's worth saying once, it's worth a circulatory restatement.

MEL: Then I don't know.

DOCTOR: What?

MEL: Why I've passed the entrances without seeing them. I can only assume that they've been moved.

DOCTOR: As in transportation?

MEL: No - hidden... Disguised, maybe.

DOCTOR: Who would do that?

MEL: I don't know. *(sudden thought)* Unless someone wants us to think we're not orbiting this circulation of a circumference in a peripatetic mode. *(amazed)* Did I say all that?

DOCTOR: It would've ruptured my larynx if I had.

MEL: What's happening?

DOCTOR: I don't know. It's as though we're becoming obsessed by circumambulation. Added to which a degree of circumloquacious circumvolution has edged into our vocabulary.

MEL: Not to mention circular tautology.

DOCTOR: What a terrible thought: trapped like mice in an exercise wheel forever, doomed to run around and around and around and get nowhere.

MEL: What are we going to do?

DOCTOR: I don't know. We're being conditioned to accept, in every respect, the world of the circle.

MEL: The most complete shape contained in a single line.

DOCTOR: Also the perfect trap.

MEL: No beginning. No end. Complete in itself... Let's go round the corridor one more time.

DOCTOR: Whatever for?

MEL: We may still find the entrance.

DOCTOR: But you've already been round three times.

MEL: Then one more circuit for luck.

DOCTOR: Why?

MEL: Why not? We've nothing else to do.

DOCTOR: So we go round and round until we collapse.

MEL: Or escape. You're a pass master at escaping.

Mel is beginning to sound a little mechanical in her delivery, which has alerted the Doctor.

DOCTOR: But how do you find a gap in the most perfect shape ever created? Especially when your mind is being conditioned to think in circles?

MEL: I don't understand...

DOCTOR: I do. And suddenly very clearly.

Mel runs ahead.

MEL: Come on, Doctor.

DOCTOR: You go on. I want to think.

MEL: (OOV with lots of echo) Come along, Doctor!

Mel slowly fades as she moves further away. Then, she is gone.

POPPLEWICK: (OOV) Dear oh me, sir. You're proving far too clever for us.

The Doctor turns around and finds Popplewick standing behind him.

DOCTOR: Where am I?

POPPLEWICK: Inside your own mind, sir. Thought that would confuse you good and proper.

DOCTOR: It almost did.

POPPLEWICK: This way, sir.

16. Alley

Dense, swirling fog. The Doctor and Popplewick step from it.

POPPLEWICK: You'd better wait here, si.r. I should think Mr. Chambers will want to have a word with you.

DOCTOR: You're not by any chance Mr. Chambers?

POPPLEWICK: Me, sir? Oh no, sir.

DOCTOR: Are you sure?

The Doctor grabs at Popplewick's robe and suddenly finds he is holding an empty garment.

POPPLEWICK: (VO) I told you, sir, I'm just a humble servant.

The Doctor lets the robe fall to the ground.

17. Valeyard's Control Room

On the screen we see the Doctor start to pace up and down the alley.

GLITZ: That was a bit of a waste of time. Either your perfect shape theory's wrong, or his control is getting stronger.

VALEYARD: Be silent!

GLITZ: Shouting at me won't help. *(points at the scene)* It's what you're gonna do with him that matters.

VALEYARD: Why do fools always state the obvious?

GLITZ: So that they can get things in the open and size 'em up. Something super brains don't do very often.

VALEYARD: Believe it or not, the question was rhetorical.

GLITZ: Nevertheless it still don't answer what you're gonna do about him.

VALEYARD: He will die.

GLITZ: Yeah, but only if the contract with the High Council proves bona fide... But what if it don't?

VALEYARD: Then everything dies.

Glitz is genuinely stunned.

GLITZ: Eh? ...Everything? Bit excessive, innit? I mean I understand the disappointment when a caper falls apart...

VALEYARD: I am not engaged in a caper.

GLITZ: Cal1 it whatever you like. But you've gotta understand that even in criminal circles there are rules. You can't go round committing genocide and expect to continue earning an honest living as a crook. The public won't put up with it !

VALEYARD: I need the Doctor's remaining lives. Without them I shall die. And if I am denied them --

GLITZ: What you're planning is too extreme!

VALEYARD: Then all they have to do is give me what I want.

GLITZ: Even Time Lords can't give other people's lives away!

VALEYARD: If there is to be a future then they will have to start now...

18. Trial Room

The scene is much as before, except that the Inquisitor is pacing up and down.

INQUISTOR: What is going o n ?

KEEPER: (*quietly*) Please, madam. We must maintain a certain decorum and dignity.

INQUISITOR: Blast decorum and dignity! We have intruders running around the Matrix causing who knows how much havoc!

MASTER: (*OOV*) You have a right to be concerned, madam.

Everyone in the room turns towards the screen. The Master smiles.

MASTER: Never have I had such an attentive audience.

KEEPER: (*concerned*) The Valeyard hasn't done anything irreparable to the Matrix?

MASTER: Not yet. But then he has yet to learn that that his contract with the High Council has been revoked.

INQUISITOR: How did you know that? We've only just learned that ourselves!

MASTER: I happen to be listening.

INQUISITOR: Then you will also know that the contract was highly illegal. It should never have been drawn up, let alone lodged in the Matrix!

MASTER: You may find the Valeyard in violent disagreement with you.

KEEPER: The Laws of Time are sacrosanct! Surely he must understand that! Exception can be made for no-one!

MASTER: He has reached the end of his lives and is dying.

INQUISITOR: It comes to us all.

MASTER: Platitudes are a poor substitute for argument, my dear Inquisitor, when the person they are aimed at has the power to destroy the universe!

The court members react with appropriate horror.

INQUISITOR: He isn't capable!

MASTER: Oh, but he is. I have located the Valeyard's base. It seems he has been very particular as to where he has located his control room.

INQUISITOR: Tell us.

MASTER: It has been constructed around a Time Vent.

The court gasp again.

KEEPER: It's a bluff. He doesn't mean it. He won't open it.

MASTER: As far as I can ascertain, that is precisely his intention, my dear Keeper.

MEL: What's he talking about?

INQUISITOR: Not now, child!

MEL: Please! The Doctor's in the Matrix! I would like to know what danger he's in!

INQUISITOR: The same danger as us all.

KEEPER: If the Valeyard does open the Vent an erratic surge of time will enter our stabilised continuum. The effect will be devastating! Like mixing matter and anti-matter!

MEL: Then you must stop the Valeyard.

INQUISITOR: That could prove very difficult, child. We would have to move against him with great care.

KEEPER: I have calculated that if the Vent were open for more than seventy-two seconds, the time continuum would be irrevocably damaged!

INQUISITOR: *(to the Master)* How long do you anticipate it will be before the Valeyard realises his contract has been withdrawn from the Matrix?

MASTER: Very soon.

INQUISITOR: There may still be time to return it.

MASTER: That could cost the Doctor his life.

MEL: No!

KEEPER: It would also create an unacceptable precedent.

INQUISITOR: You're not thinking, Keeper. If the Valeyard opens the Vent, there will no longer be precedents. In fact there will no longer be anything at all!

19. Valeyard's Control Room

The Valeyard fiddles with a series of switches on the console. Glitz looks worried.

VALEYARD: *(quietly)* It's gone.

GLITZ: What?

VALEYARD: The contract has been revoked.

GLITZ: Can't have... *(suddenly very desperate)* You sure you looked in the right place?

VALEYARD: Of course I am.

Suddenly, the screen is filled with shush.

VALEYARD: Another mind has broken into my illusion.

GLITZ: You won't do anything silly?

The Valeyard stabs at a button on the console.

VALEYARD: Explosive bolts primed.

GLITZ: No!

The Valeyard flicks a switch and the bolts securing the entrance to the Vent explode.

VALEYARD: All that is necessary now is for me to ease the door open.

Glitz looks on in terror.

20. Courtyard

The Doctor stands before the "Fantasy Factory" sign. He then removes an old-fashioned Scout's penknife and opens the spike for removing stones from horse's hooves. He then moves towards the door, bends down, inserts the spike into the lock and starts to wiggle it around. The air is filled with a harsh, tense sound, as though the machinery of Hell is clanging around him. The Doctor continues to work on the lock. Suddenly something black is pressed hard against his head. Slowly the Doctor turns and looks up into the face of the Master. We then see that the black object are the index and third-finger of a gloved hand pretending to be the barrel of a gun .

MASTER: The High Council wanted you dead.

DOCTOR: Why don't you oblige them and become a local hero?

MASTER: And spoil my anti-establishment image? I don't think so!

The Doctor stands up and pockets his knife.

MASTER: Anyway, I've left it too late. The Valeyard's contract has been revoked. If I kill you, he'll sense it.

DOCTOR: He'll do more than that - he'll also die.

MASTER: But not before he has opened a Time Vent and taken everything with him.

DOCTOR: Seems he's thought of everything.

MASTER: And only you can now get close enough to stop him.

DOCTOR: Then I'd better get a move on.

MASTER: Good luck...

The Master slowly fades away.

DOCTOR: Good luck? Makes me wonder if I'm doing the right thing. *(calls)* Valeyard! I know you can hear me!

21. Valeyard's Control Room

On the screen, the remainder of the shush clears and we can see the Doctor. The Valeyard is standing next to the

Time Vent.

DOCTOR: I want to make a deal with you!

The Valeyard doesn't reply.

GLITZ: Go on, answer him!

The Valeyard moves towards the console.

22. Courtyard

DOCTOR: The Master's just told me that you might feel a little inclined to open a Time Vent.

VALEYARD: (VO) So?

DOCTOR: You don't really want to do that. Not when you've won. My remaining lives are yours.

23. Valeyard's Control Room

VALEYARD: I don't trust him.

GLITZ: That's a nice way to talk about yourself.

The Valeyard presses a button on the console.

24. Courtyard

VALEYARD: (VO) The High Council will never permit it.

DOCTOR: Then we'll make our own deal. They won't be able to stop us. Come on, let me in.

There is a brief pause, then slowly the door to the "Fantasy Factory" creaks open. Cautiously the Doctor crosses to it.

25. Trial Room

As before. Suddenly, the screen flickers into life and we see the Master.

MASTER: We may yet win. The Valeyard has allowed the Doctor to enter his base.

Concerned, the Inquisitor turns to the Keeper.

INQUISITOR: Is it possible for the same body to exist in close proximity with itself?

KEEPER: (nods) The Matrix, like the Trial Room, is outside of time.

MEL: Is the Doctor all right?

MASTER: For the time being.

MEL: Could I see him?

MASTER: Precisely what I intended.

The Master fades and we see the Doctor entering the Valeyard's control room.

MEL: Doctor!

INQUISITOR: He won't be able to hear you, child .

26. Valeyard's Control Room

The Doctor stands by the door; the Valeyard by the entrance to the Time Vent.

DOCTOR: I see that the Master was telling the truth. You've already blown the bolts on the Time Vent.

VALEYARD: Did he think I was bluffing?

DOCTOR: No, but I hoped you were.

VALEYARD: Forever sentimental .

DOCTOR: Not this time. You want to destroy everything? Go ahead.

GLITZ: Do you think it wise to provoke psychotic sociopaths to extremes of violence?

DOCTOR: You overestimate him. He's just a pathetic old man!

VALEYARD: You lied to me! You never intended to surrender your 1ives!

DOCTOR: That's right. So now you can go ahead and destroy everything. Isn't that what you want?

GLITZ: What are you saying?!

DOCTOR: However did I develop into such a pathetic individual? You've allowed the High Council, of all people, to manipulate you from beginning to end. You even connived in their pathetic endeavors to cover-up the near destruction of Earth - supposedly your favourite planet! You've destroyed the credibility of the Matrix, along with what was left of the Time Lord's reputation. And for what? So that you may extend your miserable life!

The Doctor walks purposely towards the Valeyard.

VALEYARD: Keep back!

DOCTOR: You don't deserve to live.

Suddenly the Valeyard slams down hard on a lever and the door flies open. Blinding white light floods into the room, accompanied by what sounds like a massive, primeval roar. It's as though Pandora's Box has been opened. Glitz cowers against a wall as the Doctor struggles to reach the Valeyard.

27. Trial Room

Stunned, everyone in the room is gathered around the screen, watching.

INQUISITOR: *(mutters)* What has he done?

28. Valeyard's Control Room

The room has become more distorted, the roar even louder. The Doctor reaches the Valeyard, grabs him and pushes him hard in the direction of the open Vent. The Doctor follows, locks his arms around the Valeyard and they continue to struggle. Suddenly the duo are on the edge of the Vent, still fighting. A moment later, they have fallen in.

29. Trial Room

Close up on Mel.

MEL: *(screams)* No!!

KEEPER: That wasn't an accident!

The Inquisitor elbows the Keeper as much to say "That's nothing to do with us".

30. Time Vent

The Valeyard and the Doctor twist, turn and tumble as they freefall down the spiraling vent.

31. Valeyard's Control Room

The room continues to distort. Suddenly the Master appears on the scanner.

MASTER: Glitz !

The bemused man slowly responds.

MASTER: There is very little time. You must close the Vent door!

Glitz staggers across to the door and with much effort closes and secures the door. The distortion continues to grow worse.

GLITZ: What's happening now?

MASTER: The Valeyard's illusion is breaking up. You must get out of the Matrix!

GLITZ: But I don't know the way.

MASTER: I'll guide you. Now hurry!

32. Trial Room

There is much relief all round, although Mel is quietly crying.

KEEPER: He only just closed that door in time. A few more seconds and - well I dread to think about it.

INQUISITOR: The Matrix must be made secure. We cannot risk such another occurrence.

33. Corridor

The Master and Glitz stagger out of the hidden entrance to the Matrix, cross to the two caskets and sit down. Both men are exhausted.

GLITZ: It's time for me to retire.

MASTER: You've hardly began. With the Doctor out of the way, the universe is ours!

He laughs his evil laugh.

GLITZ: I'll tell you what?

He lifts the lid of his casket and climbs in.

GLITZ: You can have my half as well.

MASTER: Thank you. I accept.

GLITZ: Good. Cause all I wanna do is go home.

He slams the lid down on himself as the Master continues to laugh even louder.

34. Trial Room

Mel approaches the Inquisitor and the Keeper.

MEL: I would like to be returned to my own planet and time.

INQUISITOR: Of course, child.

MEL: I shall miss the Doctor very much.

INQUISITOR: Oh, I'm sure we all will. *(prods the Keeper)* Won't we, Keeper?

KEEPER: What? Oh, yes of course.

MEL: Will you ever be able to retrieve his body?

KEEPER: Shouldn't think so. Can't risk re-opening the vent. If they want to get out, it'll have to be through their own ingenuity.

MEL: *(overjoyed)* The Doctor is still alive?

35. Time Vent

The Doctor and the Valeyard, falling and tumbling as before.

INQUISITOR: **(VO)** Of course, child they both are.

MEL: I didn't know!

KEEPER: **(VO)** Mind you, getting out of that mess won't be easy.

MEL: **(VO)** I'm sure the Doctor'll succeed, he must!

KEEPER: **(VO)** If he doesn't, the Vent will remain is prison for eternity.

End Titles