

MY DOCTOR

Written by

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INT. CAFE - DAY

MARK, 41, is the sole customer sat at a table eating breakfast. He is wearing blue jeans and a Doctor Who T-Shirt.

Mark pauses mid-chew as the unmistakable sound of the TARDIS can be heard nearby. Suddenly THE DOCTOR runs into the cafe.

He SLAMS the door shut. A piece of bacon drops from Mark's mouth.

MARK

You? But you're...

THE DOCTOR

(holding out his hand)

The Doctor yes, glad to meet you!

MARK

Matt Smith!

The Doctor drops his hand.

THE DOCTOR

Who? What?

MARK

(glances round the Cafe)

Where's the camera?

The Doctor grows concerned. Extracting a sonic screwdriver he scans his surroundings.

THE DOCTOR

What cameras? Is this some sort of trap?

The Doctor aims the screwdriver at Mark.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Who are you? And why are you smiling?

Still smiling, not quite believing his luck, Mark quickly cleans his mouth with a napkin. He rises, holding out his hand nervously.

MARK

My name's Mark. I've just got to say, I'm a huge fan!

The Doctor leaps back. He points the screwdriver at the hand, it shrieks loudly.

THE DOCTOR

Definitely human. Ish.

(beat)

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Listen me-laddo I don't know what  
your game is but, Oooh is that  
bacon? Have you finished?

Quick as a flash, The Doctor snatches the bacon off the plate  
and eats it.

Mark is unperturbed. He is still star struck.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Yum! Not bad, needs custard though.

MARK

Is this some sort of prank? Did  
Wendy arrange it for my birthday?  
How the \*&\$£ did she arrange that?

Mark stops short, surprised and confused.

THE DOCTOR

No need for that type of language  
my boy!

MARK

How did that happen? Why can't I  
say \*&\$£?

(beat )

What the \*&\$£??

THE DOCTOR

Profanity filter! I grew tired of  
the swearing after the first  
hundred years, so I programmed the  
TARDIS to moderate it a tad.

Mark nervously chews his lip.

MARK

The TARDIS, can I see it?

The Doctor smiles and winks at Mark.

THE DOCTOR

I thought you'd never ask.

INT. TARDIS INTERIOR - DAY

Mark rushes through the open doors of the TARDIS, shortly  
followed by The Doctor. Mark gasps in astonishment.

He runs past the main console, quickly darting into a  
corridor. The Doctor causally leans against the console.

THE DOCTOR

(shouting)

Yes I know, it's bigger on the inside. Or smaller on the outside, whichever floats your boat really.

Mark reappears. He's pale and sweating profusely.

MARK

No! This can't be!

Mark runs outside. The Doctor sighs and follows.

EXT. INDOOR SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

The TARDIS is in the middle of a busy shopping centre.

Mark runs out of the TARDIS. He examines each side of the old Police Box.

MARK

No, no-no-no-no, this can't be happening!

The Doctor exits the TARDIS casually.

THE DOCTOR

You get used to it you know. Well, after the shock. And the vomiting. And the whole of your brain re-aligning into a completely different viewpoint of the universe of course.

Mark almost collides with the Doctor. He stumbles to a halt.

MARK

You don't get it do you?

THE DOCTOR

Get what?

MARK

You don't exist.

THE DOCTOR

Ah, I see. You are in the longest river in the world aren't you.

MARK

What the \*&\$£?

THE DOCTOR

The Nile!

The Doctor laughs, slapping his thighs

## THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Do you get it?

Mark sighs.

MARK

No, I'm not in 'denial' about the TARDIS being bigger on the inside, or that it stands for Time and Relative Dimensions in Space, or that you are a Time Lord!

The Doctor frowns.

THE DOCTOR

Hey, has someone from UNIT been posting stuff on Twitter again?

MARK

No. I'm in shock because you are a TV show!

Mark points to his T-Shirt.

MARK (CONT'D)

Doctor Who! It's been running for 50 years and I've been watching it all my life!

THE DOCTOR

Hmm. Now that is a new one.

He extracts his sonic screwdriver, scans, checks the results.

MARK

So this can't be real which means I've either gone mental or...

THE DOCTOR

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.  
(places the sonic  
screwdriver back in his  
pocket)  
Tell me, why is this not real to you?

MARK

What? You mean apart from the TARDIS and you and everything?

The Doctor nods. Mark looks around for inspiration.

MARK (CONT'D)

Well, there's a blue Police Box in the middle of the shopping centre and no-one is paying it the slightest bit of attention for a start!

THE DOCTOR

Ah! The TARDIS can hide in plain sight by generating brain wave patterns which makes people not notice it. I call it the 'Not my problem field'. Clever eh?

MARK

Oh god no!

THE DOCTOR

(upset)

I thought that was a good name.

MARK

No, that's a famous line from Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy by Douglas Adams. Douglas Adams used to write Doctor Who.

THE DOCTOR

You just made that up!

Mark grabs the Doctor's jacket.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you...

MARK

Proving a theory, come with me!

Mark drags the Doctor over to a passing SHOPPER.

MARK (CONT'D)

Excuse me Miss? Sorry to bother you but do you know who this is?

He points to the Doctor. The Doctor smiles, beaming.

THE DOCTOR

Hello, I'm the...

MARK

Shush!

THE DOCTOR

How rude!

The Shopper scowls.

SHOPPER

No I don't, and I'm not buying SKY or whatever it is you are selling. Now excuse me.

She slips away. The Doctor smiles smugly.

THE DOCTOR

See?

MARK

No, I've probably just picked the only person in the country who doesn't know who you are.

Mark spots an unoccupied bench nearby. He leaps onto it.

MARK (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Excuse me everyone. Sorry, excuse me please!

The shoppers focus their attention on Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

Thank you. Hands up anyone here who is a Doctor Who fan.

Most of the shoppers raise their hand.

MARK (CONT'D)

Excellent!

He drags the Doctor onto the bench.

MARK (CONT'D)

Look, it's Matt Smith!

The Doctor waves a hand nervously. The crowd roars as they recognise him. As one they rush forwards.

THE DOCTOR

Oh crikey!

The Doctor is mobbed by fans. Mark slips away, entering the TARDIS.

INT. TARDIS MAIN CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Mark is slumped on the floor lost in thought. The Doctor bursts through the door.

He slams it shut behind him. His jacket is torn and his bow-tie is missing.

THE DOCTOR  
Complete animals! I'd rather face  
the entire Dalek armada than those,  
those monsters again!

He straightens out his jacket. Looking down he notices Mark  
on the floor.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
So, what was all that about? What  
did that prove?

Mark looks up at The Doctor with tears in his eyes.

MARK  
That I'm not crazy. If others can  
see you then I'm not delusional.

The Doctor crouches down next to Mark.

THE DOCTOR  
(smiling kindly)  
Well, that's a good thing isn't it?

MARK  
No, it's not. This can't be real,  
it just can't. If I'm not crazy, if  
other people can see you then, well  
I must be in a coma. Something must  
have happened to me.

The Doctor whips out his sonic screwdriver, scans Mark  
briefly, checks the results.

THE DOCTOR  
Nope, definitely not in a coma.  
Slightly unevolved but that's not  
your fault. You've got a few  
million years before you develop  
telepathy and all the really cool  
stuff.

Mark laughs. The Doctor passes him a handkerchief to wipe his  
eyes.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
That's the spirit!

Mark wipes his eyes, the brief smile fades.

MARK  
I don't remember how I got here.

THE DOCTOR  
Well, you kind of lade a trap for  
me involving rabid fanatics and  
then walked into the TARDIS.



MARK

No, I mean in the cafe. Last thing I recall is going to bed with my wife, next thing I'm eating breakfast and a fictional character is stealing my bacon. There's something wrong with me, I must be in a coma.

The Doctor presses buttons, pulls levers seemingly at random on the console.

THE DOCTOR

Nope, definitely not a coma. I'm kind of an expert in comas; had thirty six in total.

The TARDIS engines fire up.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

What you have sounds like the time I challenged the Face of Boe to a drinking contest.

Mark stands up, frowning.

MARK

I'm not hung over, hey where are we going?

THE DOCTOR

You me-laddo are a mystery and I like mysteries. I want to know why this world has a TV show based on me. I want to know more about you and exactly what you do or do not know about me.

MARK

And what if I am in a coma? What if none of this is real?

THE DOCTOR

Then why not try to convince me, or yourself if this is just in your mind.

He holds out his hand. Mark stares at it, unsure.

MARK

What if I'm right? What if I don't wake up. What if I die?

The Doctor whips his hands behind his back.

THE DOCTOR

Do you know why the Time Lords invented clocks?

MARK

What? Eh? They did?

THE DOCTOR

Because life for mortals is like a bomb; it can end at anytime.

The Doctor draws close to Mark until they are face-to-face.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

And we wanted to give you a constant reminder that this time could be...

(tapping Mark's head)

Now, now, now, now.

MARK

(knocking the Doctor's hand away)  
Ow!

THE DOCTOR

But no, the rest of the Time Lords said a clock blurring out now every second was too obvious. Tick-Tock was more subtle they said, well I told them...

MARK

What the...

(pauses, remembering the profanity filter)

..What the heck are you saying?

The Doctor holds out his hand towards Mark again.

THE DOCTOR

I'm saying you only have one life, why not take a chance and live it for a while instead of worrying about when it will end?

Mark wipes his eyes. He accepts the Doctor's hand and is pulled to his feet.

Smirking, the Doctor returns to the controls.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

OK, first test. You can go anywhere in the universe, anytime, meet anyone. What do you chose?

MARK

(smiling)

That's easy. Find me a Dalek!

THE DOCTOR

What?

INT. SPACESHIP CORRIDOR

The Doctor is stood uncomfortably. He winces and cringes at CLANGS, BASHES, and other noises of something metallic being destroyed.

DALEK (O.C.)

Stop that immediately or you will  
be exterminated!

THE DOCTOR

(nervously)

Erm, you're not supposed to do  
that!

The noises stop. Mark joins the Doctor, beaming with satisfaction.

MARK

There! That's how you deal with a  
Dalek!

Revealed is a Dalek in distress. Its sucker arm has been removed and stuck onto its eye stalk.

DALEK

Help, heeeeelp! I am blind!

MARK

Well, what do you think? Could I  
have done that if this was real?

The Doctor grabs hold of Mark's shoulders. He looks Mark directly in the eyes.

THE DOCTOR

(deadly serious)

I've been alive a thousand years

(beat, then smiling)

And that's the funniest thing I've  
ever seen!

The Doctor bursts into laughter. Mark joins in. The Dalek rolls past bumping into walls and spinning around aimlessly.

DALEK

Do not laugh. Do not laugh!

The Dalek shoots a few random shots. Mark and the Doctor duck and run around a corner in the opposite direction.

THE DOCTOR

So what now coma boy?

Mark rubs his chin in thought for a moment, then smiles. The Doctor's smile fades.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Am I going to like this?

EXT. THE PLANET TALOS - DAY

A CYBERMAN is guarding an entrance to a cave. Mark and the Doctor are hidden behind a rock.

THE DOCTOR  
This won't work you know.

MARK  
Why not?

THE DOCTOR  
They have electrified bodies and things.

MARK  
It will, trust me. Just do what we said.

Before the Doctor can respond, Mark steps out into view of the Cyberman with his hands held up.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Hello! I want to be upgraded!

The Cyberman marches towards him.

CYBERMAN  
You need not fear. Cybermen will remove fear. Cybermen will remove sex and class and colour and creed. You will become identical, you will become like us.

MARK  
Yes! Remove my fear, remove my class, my underwear. I surrender!

The Cyberman marches past the rock then stops right in front of Mark.

CYBERMAN  
Are you prepared?

MARK  
Not yet, I may need to go to the toilet first.

CYBERMAN  
Humour is futile. To struggle is futile. You belong to us. You will be like us. Are you prepared.

MARK

No. Are you prepared?

CYBERMAN

That is inconsistent and illogical.  
You will modify!

MARK

No, I think you'll find you will  
fall. Now!

The Cyberman attempts to grab Mark but Mark ducks and pushes the Cyberman who topples over thanks to the Doctor who has been hunched down on all fours behind him.

The Doctor gets to his feet brushing dust off his pants.

THE DOCTOR

So that's what Cyber Squatting is?  
Love it! What now?

MARK

Err, what do you mean what now?

THE DOCTOR

Well they don't stay down forever  
you know.

The Cyberman is recovering.

CYBERMAN

You will be deleted!

Mark and the Doctor exchange glances, they both smile mischievously.

MARK

Run?

The Doctor nods, they break into a run.

INT. TARDIS STORE ROOM

A vast array of clothing, every day items and bric-a-brac lay strewn about the room.

Mark spots an axe in the corner. He picks it, examines it more closely.

MARK

That's odd. Why would you need an  
axe?

The Doctors shuffles uncomfortably, looking at his feet.

THE DOCTOR  
It's just a thing I tried after  
watching a movie. It looked cool.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TARDIS STOREROOM (DIFFERENT TIME)

The Doctor is dressed as Abraham Lincoln, right down to the beard. He is holding the axe.

He spins the axe slowly using both hands.

Gaining confidence he spins it faster, then faster. Suddenly he loses control. The axe spins into the air. The Doctor ducks, covering his head with his arms.

The axe CLATTERS to the floor nearby. The Doctor wanders away embarrassed.

He runs back into view and stomps on the axe.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. TARDIS MAIN CONTROL ROOM

Mark is laughing so hard he is holding his sides.

MARK  
That's hilarious!

Mark suddenly stops laughing. He notices his new surroundings.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Hey, wait a minute, how did we end up here? And for that matter, how come I could 'see' this flashback?

THE DOCTOR  
We walked if I remember correctly. And technically it was a flash forward, that axe doesn't exist yet.

MARK  
What? Never mind, stop avoiding the question, how could I see it?

THE DOCTOR  
Well the TARDIS can...

MARK

Oh wait, don't tell me. The TARDIS can transmit past and future events from it's own time line into my brain like a wireless neural interface.

Frowning the Doctor extracts his sonic screwdriver and uses it to examine Mark's head.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes.

THE DOCTOR

I'll figure out how you know these things one day you know.

MARK

TV show remember? Although I don't recall that particular explanation, the writers sometimes make things up as they go along. It's part of it's charm really, part of the mystery. However it can be annoyingly convenient sometimes, like that screwdriver.

The Doctor switches off the screwdriver. He places it inside his jacket, holding a hand over it protectively.

THE DOCTOR

Don't diss the device. Best invention in the universe ever.

MARK

Hey, can the TARDIS do montages?

The Doctor smiles and pushes a lever.

THE DOCTOR

Kind of.

MONTAGE

EXT - PARK

Mark and the Doctor are with K9. Mark is holding a ball.

MARK

Now K9, fetch!

Mark throws the ball, K9 tracks the trajectory of the object. He shoots it with a laser beam from his nose; the ball EXPLODES.

Mark is not amused. The Doctor claps enthusiastically.

THE DOCTOR

Good Boy!

MARK

He's not a good boy, that's not fetching!

K9

(his tail wagging)

Good boy, yes master!

Mark sighs, his shoulders slump. The Doctor pulls out another ball from his pocket.

INT - TARDIS STOREROOM

Mark walks out of a changing room area. He is dressed up different styles of clothing which do not match.

MARK

See? See how ridiculous it looks?

The Doctor circles Mark. He whips out a magnifying glass to examine the outfit in more detail.

THE DOCTOR

I'm so claiming digs on this look for my next regeneration.

Mark punches the Doctor on the shoulder, annoyed.

EXT - SURFACE OF THE PLANET MARS

Mark and the Doctor are in red spacesuits. Both lift up rocks, then place them down in a different location.

From above it can be seen the rocks have been formed into words which read, 'DOCTOR WHO WAS HERE - LOL!'

INT - BETTING SHOP - 1977.

Mark is at a betting window. He places a large amount of cash on the counter.

MARK

Red Rum to win in the grand national.

The Doctor appears, he is not amused. He grabs Mark by the ear and drags him out of the shop.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: Several Weeks Later



INT. TARDIS MAIN CONTROL ROOM

Mark and the Doctor are hunched around a view screen which is depicting a succession of images of the Doctor's various female companions. The Doctor is frowning.

THE DOCTOR

So, you're telling me the reason I haven't been interested in err, rumpy-pumpy with these beauties isn't because I'm noble or old enough to be beyond that sort of thing.

(beat, then)

It's because I'm on before the water shed?

MARK

Afraid so Doctor.

The Doctor brushes the screen away in disgust.

THE DOCTOR

Oh that's just not fair!

Mark hands the doctor a piece of paper with names scribbled on it.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

What's this?

MARK

It's a list of Directors I suggest ringing. I think it's time for a reboot. I think it's time for a gritty, realist Doctor Who; an adult Doctor Who if you get my meaning.

The Doctor breaks out into a smile. He runs into the back room.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Where did I put that phone?

MARK

Just remember, you're Matt Smith, not the Doctor!

Mark is really enjoying himself. He glances around the TARDIS, taking it all in. Suddenly, pain lances through his body. It drives him to his knees. He goes pale in shock.

The pain subsides, Mark recovers. He glances at his hand, it appears normal.

MARK (CONT'D)  
(quietly, to himself)  
No regenerations for me then.

The TARDIS goes dark.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Doctor? Doctor?

The TARDIS is deathly silent.

DAVROS (O.S.)  
Such a foolish waste of energy.

Mark GASPS. A cone of light shines down over the other side of the room to reveal DAVROS sat in his Dalek Chair.

MARK  
Oh god no! Davros! Doctor! Doctor,  
where are you?

DAVROS glides forward.

DAVROS  
Yes! You know who I am. But tell  
me, do you know what I represent?

MARK  
(scared)  
I, I think so, yes.

DAVROS  
Excellent! He can't help. You know  
that don't you? The Doc-tor, he's  
but a figment. The only truth here  
is the end, your extermination.

MARK  
Doctor! Help me I'm afraid!

DAVROS laughs.

DAVROS  
Good! Fear is the ultimate  
weakness, the beginning of  
acceptance. Accept your fate, it  
will all be over soon.

The cone of light collapses. Mark is in darkness once more.

MARK  
(terrified)  
This is it!

SUDDENLY the lights flicker back to life, as does the  
consoles and the engines of the TARDIS.

The Doctor springs out of the back room. He appears downhearted.

THE DOCTOR

Well Quentin Tarantino overloaded my profanity filter and I really didn't fancy going through the hell Christopher Nolan wanted to put me through. JJ Abrams seemed keen, too keen really. He said yes and put the phone down before I even introduced myself! And then...hey are you alright?

Mark picks himself up off the floor.

MARK

No I'm not alright. Davros was here.

The Doctor spins around, surveys the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR

Where? Impossible! Screenshot or it never happened.

MARK

But he was! Well it wasn't him, not really. My coma must be getting worse and I'm just playing around here wasting time with you.

THE DOCTOR

I've told you before that's poppycock, we're in a parallel universe that's all.

MARK

I don't even know why I'm arguing with you, this is all in my head just like Life on Mars.

THE DOCTOR

Are you insane? Life on Earth is nothing like life on Mars, there's the gravity for a start and then there's...

Mark SLAMS his hands down on the console, furious.

MARK

We've been together ages now! I've shown you things that should not be possible. I know everything about you. If you were really the Doctor, if this was a parallel universe, why haven't you investigated?

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Why haven't you asked me a single question about it?

The Doctor is silent. Mark grabs him by his jacket.

MARK (CONT'D)

You see? You can't answer because you're not real, you can't answer because this is just a fantasy; my fantasy and you don't have an answer because I don't have an answer!

The Doctor pushes Mark away, a flicker of the fury of a Time Lord showing.

THE DOCTOR

You claim to know everything about me? Me? You know nothing! I experience and I observe. I let others ask the questions, watch them falter and I learn! I'm learning everything about you, your universe and more besides. So don't you lecture me Marcus Delinus!

Mark stands defiant for a moment but then crumples to the floor. The Doctor kneels down nearby.

MARK

Marcus Delinus. That's what my mum used to call me before she died. Oh Doctor, I'm so afraid.

THE DOCTOR

(gently)

Hey. Look at me.

He lifts Mark's face with his hand and gazes directly into his eyes.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Did you know the Cherokee's believe inside everyone of us lives two wolves. One wolf represents all our fear and hatred. The other contains all our love and serenity, all our joy and bravery. Throughout our entire lives these wolves are constantly fighting.

Mark gulps. He wipes away his tears.

MARK

Which one wins?

The Doctor smiles.

THE DOCTOR

The one we feed.

The Doctor pulls Mark to his feet and slaps him on the shoulder.

MARK

I didn't know that. How could you say something to me I didn't know? How come you keep saying things I don't know if you are me, or my mind I mean?

THE DOCTOR

Maybe you do know and you forgot. Or maybe this is real enough and if you believe, if you keep an open mind; maybe you'll even survive.

The Doctor winks at Mark. Mark gasps.

MARK

You know something don't you?

THE DOCTOR

Always! Or I could be lying. Either way what have you got to lose?

(he allows Mark a moment  
to ponder that thought  
and then)

So come on. Time is the fire in which we burn as they say. Well it never burns me, I just get a slight tan.

The Doctor scans the list of names remaining on the list.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So who's next? Wait a minute, Ewe Boll?

Laughing lightly, Mark grabs the list from the Doctor's hands. He crumples it up and throws it over his shoulder.

MARK

You are right, no time for that Herr Doctor. It seems like you need a few more lessons and I've got more theories to prove

Mark leaps over to the console. He flicks a few controls experimentally.

THE DOCTOR

Hey, what are you doing?

MARK

Piloting.

Mark's hands flow over the controls, gaining confidence.

THE DOCTOR

It's not as simple as picking stuff at random you know. It takes years of training at the Gallifrey Academy before you are even allowed in a simulator!

The TARDIS engines fire up. Mark smiles at the Doctor.

MARK

I believe it is as simple as that. I believe the TARDIS takes you where you want to be or where you need to be. And if this is my coma then it's my rules.

The Doctor crosses his arms.

THE DOCTOR

OK but don't blame me if we end up on the wrong side of a black hole, or transmogrify into an inverted cat or something.

The TARDIS lands. The Doctor shifts nervously.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So, err, where are we then?

Mark grabs the Doctor's arm.

MARK

Time to prove another theory. Come on.

Mark drags the Doctor towards the exit.

THE DOCTOR

How many theories have you got?

MARK

Eleventy.

THE DOCTOR

There's no such number!

Mark opens the TARDIS door. He turns and smiles at the Doctor mischievously.

MARK

Exactamundo!

They both leave the TARDIS.

INT. TARDIS MAIN CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Mark and the Doctor walk back in covered from head to toe in purple residue. The Doctor is beaming with satisfaction.

THE DOCTOR

A purple tan, fully clothed as well! Never done that before. Quite fun really. What was that stuff anyway?

MARK

It's a gas. A gas in the praxis range of the spectrum.

The Doctor's jaw drops open.

THE DOCTOR

Are you mad?

MARK

Ha-ha! Got you! You're supposed to be allergic to that stuff.

THE DOCTOR

And what would you have done if I had been?

Mark extracts a purple piece of celery from his pocket.

MARK

I would have made you eat this, found some in the storage cupboard. So explain that Doctor smarty-pants. If this were real, you'd have had an allergic reaction back there so why didn't you?

The Doctor snatches up the celery, takes a bite and ponders.

THE DOCTOR

I miss wearing vegetables you know. Surprised it never took off as a fashion; not even in Weston-Super-Mare.

MARK

Stop diverting.

The Doctor tosses the remains of the celery behind him.

THE DOCTOR

Stop gloating! The answer is so simple I can't believe you've not thought of it already. Just because Peter Danielson...

MARK

Davison.

THE DOCTOR

Don't interrupt me when I'm winning. Yes, whatever you call that previous incarnation of me. Just because he was allergic to it doesn't mean any other versions are; we are unique every time.

Mark's face drops.

MARK

&^%\$\$!

THE DOCTOR

Pfft! So childish. Well come on then, off to the Sonic Showers we go and then you can amaze me with another theory. I actually find them quite amusing you know.

Marks' shoulders slump. The Doctor guides him deeper into the TARDIS.

INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR - LATER

Mark walks out of the Sonic Showers into a corridor. There's no sign of the purple residue. He brushes his pants down.

MARK

Wow, that was amazing. It's all gone! So quick as well. Hey I just had a thought, let's get K9 and...

Mark realizes the Doctor is not with him. He glances back into the cubicles, there's no sign of anyone.

MARK (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Doctor? Doctor?

The lights in the corridor dim and stutter. In the distance the Cloister Bell RINGS.

MARK (CONT'D)

Oh no!

Pain seizes him suddenly. He flinches, GASPS. A NOISE from behind distracts, he turns around. There is something at the end of the corridor, in the shadows.

Mark squints, trying to see what it is. SUDDENLY Davros appears, gliding towards him in his Dalek chair.



Mark SCREAMS in fear. He turns, runs away, limping slightly.

INT - TARDIS BACKUP CONTROL ROOM

The TARDIS control room from Tom Baker's Era.

Mark stumbles into the control room. He spots a large red lever near the door. Wincing in pain he makes his way over to the lever and pulls it.

The TARDIS doors open. Mark limps towards it, sensing freedom but then stumbles backwards in shock. He scrambles into a corner as in the entrance walks THE MASTER.

The Master's face is in flux. It flickers from one actor who played the Master to another moments later; from Roger Delgado right up to Jon Simm and back again.

THE MASTER

I only need two things. Your submission and your obedience to MY WILL!

MARK

No! I'm not ready yet, I'm not ready to die!

Pain again racks Mark's body. The Master's many faces smile in satisfaction. He stops next to the control console, his hands on his hips.

THE MASTER

Life is wasted on the living.

The distant sound of the Cloister Bell fades, slowly replaced by the BEATING of a drum.

THE MASTER (CONT'D)

The drumming.  
 (taps the beat continuously on the control console)  
 Can't you hear it? Inside my head. I thought it would stop. But it never does. It never, ever stops. Inside my head.

The Master stops tapping. Suddenly he SLAMS his hand down on the console, once, twice, three times.

THE MASTER (CONT'D)

(shouting)  
 He will knock four times.  
 (he SLAMS his hand down again)  
 Four times!

The Master laughs his ancient, manic laugh. Mark screams. He leaps to his feet, flees the control room.

INT. CORRIDOR

Through the corridors Mark runs despite his injuries and pain. The lights are dim, flashing.

The Cloister Bell RINGS, the drums BEAT over and over.

DAVROS (V.O.)

How many more? Just think, how many have died in your name Doctor?

THE MASTER (V.O.)

Now it ends! Can you hear the drums? NOW IT ENDS!

Delirious, tears stream down Mark's face. He scrambles in the dark and stumbles through a door.

INT. TARDIS MAIN CONTROL ROOM

Mark falls through the doorway back into the main control room. It's empty, dark and growing darker.

Now there's only the sound of pain and laboured breathing as Mark crawls into a corner.

He turns onto his back just as the final lights go out.

MARK

Doctor please! Don't let me die alone!

There's no reply. Mark sobs but then notices a faint green glow nearby. It grows brighter, then brighter still to reveal the face of the DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR blowing gently upon it.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

I just wasted another ten years of my life and I think it's going to be worth every second!

MARK

David Tennant!

David releases the ember into the air. It sails around his head, illuminating him and the MATT SMITH DOCTOR.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

Now now, I'm the Doctor if you don't mind.

(MORE)

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Well technically we both are but we couldn't let you die alone and err, well to be blunt we had a question for you.

MARK

So you do admit this is all in my head?

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

He does, I don't.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

That's quite enough of that thank you. Now, back to the question. Which one is your favourite?

MARK

What?

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

Which one is your favorite Doctor, him or me?

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

Me or him?

Mark laughs, causing him to wince in pain.

MARK

I like you both.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

Oh come on!

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

(to David)

See I told you he'd say that.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

(to Matt)

You did not, you said he'd pick you.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

Ooh lies!

MARK

I love you all, in different ways.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

Oh please, he won't be offended when you pick me!

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

(to David)

I won't, but you'll be offended when he picks me.

MARK

No it's true. Every actor brought something new and compelling, something different to the role. And I fell in love with each and everyone of you.

Both incarnations of the Doctor smile.

MARK (CONT'D)

But, if I had to choose one...

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

Yes?

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

Yes?

MARK (CONT'D)

Well, they say your Doctor, the one that stays with you throughout your entire life is the first one you see as a child.

(catches his breath)

And it's true. The Doctor, my Doctor, is and always shall be; Tom Baker.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

(to David)

Which one is he?

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

(to Matt)

Big scarf bloke.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

Ah, yes of course. I enjoyed being him. I sweated a lot but it was worth it. Scarfs are cool.

Mark smiles but the smile slowly fades.

MARK

What's it like?

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

What's what like?

MARK

Dying.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

How should I know? I regenerate.

MARK

Just humour me please. You regenerate, that must be as close to death as can get.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

You keep on telling me things I don't know so just tell me what it feels like when YOU die.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

(to Matt)

I can answer this.

Matt nods. David crouches close to Mark.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Like you I didn't want to go but it was my time.

(beat)

When I regenerated everything was destroyed at a cellular level and then rebuilt from scratch. My consciousness is never born; never dies; it only changes. My ego, personal beliefs, identity; they all die. But who needs them? I get new ones!

Mark grabs David's hand, gripping it tightly.

MARK

But what happens after I die? Can you tell me? Do you know?

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

(softly)

You have been immortal eons before the moment you were born and will be forever more after your body fades away. Do you understand?

MARK

Not really no.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

It took energy to give you life. That energy had to come from somewhere. When you die where do you think that energy will go?

MARK

Heaven? I don't know.

David looks up. The ceiling of the TARDIS is replaced by a vast clear night sky full of stars. It is beautiful.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

You are a child of the Universe Mark. When this temporary form fades away you'll go back where it came from; out there to the stars.

David pats Mark's hand. He release it and joins David.

Mark is gazing at the night sky. His breathing is steady. He is relaxed - accepting his fate.

MARK

(quietly)

I met him you know? My Doctor. I was a child at a book signing. He was this giant of a man, much bigger then when I'd seen him on the Telly. When it was my turn he looked at me and smiled this impossible, enourmous smile. It was full of mischief and kindness and aimed one hundred percent at me. I handed him my book, he signed it then leaned in close and said...

TOM BAKER DOCTOR (O.S.)

Hello, would you like a jelly baby?

Mark GASPS, his eyes open and he sits up. Next to him is the shadowy but unmistakable shape of TOM BAKER dressed as his Doctor Who. He hands Mark a jelly baby.

MARK

You!

Tom stand up. The lights of the TARDIS are a little brighter. Matt Smith joins Tom, they shake hands.

MARK (CONT'D)

What's going on? I thought this was over?

TOM BAKER DOCTOR

You humans have got such limited, little minds. I don't know why I like you so much.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

(to Tom)

Exactly, couldn't have said it better myself. Hmm, technically I just did!

(to Mark)

And you, call yourself a Doctor Who fan? That was the cliffhanger ending that was, although I admit the pacing was a bit off.

MARK

I don't understand?

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

You know, where it all looks like I'm doomed but then next week I suddenly find a way to save the day?

MARK

But this is my dream. I'm in a coma and I'm dying, there's nothing you can do. I can feel it happening.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

Shush, I'm about to go off on one big style. Just lie back and enjoy the show.

The TARDIS doors open. The light inside the TARDIS grows stronger as in walks the WILLIAM HARTNELL DOCTOR. Mark GASPS in surprise.

MARK

That's...

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

Yes that's me, when I was young being old. Now be quiet!

William strolls boldly over to the Control Console

WILLIAM HARTNELL

One day, I shall come back. Yes, I shall come back. Until then, there must be no regrets, no tears, no anxieties. Just go forward in all your beliefs, and prove to me I am not mistaken in mine

He stations himself at a section of the control console.

The PETER CUSHING DOCTOR wanders in. He looks a bit lost, confused.

MARK

Hey! Wait a minute, he's not canon!

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

Ah yes but you admire Peter Cushing, as a child you liked watching this Doctor face the Daleks. You didn't know or care he wasn't canon then did you?

MARK

No but, well now I...

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

No you nothing, just stay there dying quietly why don't you.

Peter Cushing approaches Mark. He points directly at him.

PETER CUSHING DOCTOR  
Do you know what you have just  
done?

MARK  
What, me?

PETER CUSHING DOCTOR  
You have transferred us in time and  
space and I haven't even set the  
controls. We could be anywhere in  
the universe and at any time!

MARK  
I'm sorry but...

Peter Cushing rubs his hands together.

PETER CUSHING DOCTOR  
Rather exiting isn't it?

He hobbles around the control console and wanders out of the TARDIS as the PATRICK TROUGHTON DOCTOR enters, skipping lightly. He waves and winks at Mark.

PATRICK TROUGHTON DOCTOR  
There are some corners of the  
universe that have bred the most  
terrible things. Things that act  
against everything we believe in.  
They must be fought.

He extracts his sonic screwdriver, positions himself next to William and points it at the TARDIS.

The JON PERTWEE DOCTOR walks into the TARDIS.

JON PERTWEE DOCTOR  
Courage isn't the matter of not  
being frightened, you know. It's  
being afraid and doing what you  
have to do anyway.

He stands opposite Patrick, points his sonic screwdriver at the console.

Tom Baker takes his place around the console next to Jon. He extracts his sonic screwdriver.

TOM BAKER DOCTOR  
(to Jon)  
You may be a doctor. But I'm THE  
Doctor. The definite article, you  
might say.



Jon sighs. The TARDIS lights are back at full power. The PETER DAVISON DOCTOR enters the TARDIS.

PETER DAVISON DOCTOR  
That's the trouble with  
regeneration. You quite never know  
what you're going to get.

He joins his fellow Doctors, positioning himself on another section of the control console. Mark is beaming with joy; in geek heaven.

Mark eats the jelly baby. The COLIN BAKER DOCTOR enters the TARDIS.

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

Colin scans his fellow Doctors. He frowns, unimpressed, but reluctantly joins Peter at the controls.

The SYLVESTER MCCOY DOCTOR make his entrance.

SYLVESTER MCCOY DOCTOR  
There are worlds out there where  
the sky is burning, and the sea's  
asleep, and the rivers dream;  
people made of smoke and cities  
made of song. Somewhere there's  
danger, somewhere there's  
injustice, and somewhere else the  
tea's getting cold.

He whips out a silver sonic screwdriver but drops it in the process.

He picks it up, apologizing to everyone. Embarrassed, he points it at the Control Console.

The PAUL MCGANN DOCTOR runs through the door, skidding to a halt.

PAUL MCGANN DOCTOR  
I came back to life before your  
eyes. I held back death. Look, I  
can't make your dream come true  
forever, but I can make it come  
true today.

He bows, extracting the sonic screwdriver as he does so and joins his previous incarnations.

There is a pause. All the doctors glance over their shoulders.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

Oh come on, there's always one  
isn't there.

Matt stomps out of the TARDIS. Moments later he walks back  
in, dragging the CHRISTOPHER ECCLESTON DOCTOR by his ear.

CHRISTOPHER ECCLESTON DOCTOR

Ow! Is there any need for that? If  
it weren't for me the show would  
have stayed cancelled.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

Just say your line, the cheque's in  
the mail.

Matt positions Chris near the other. He slaps him on the  
shoulders then returns to Mark's side.

CHRISTOPHER ECCLESTON DOCTOR

You think it'll last forever.  
People and cars and concrete. But  
it won't. One day it's all gone.  
Even the sky. My planet's gone.  
It's dead. It burned like the  
Earth. It's just rocks and dust.  
Before its time.

Chris reluctantly extracts his sonic screwdriver, points it  
towards the control console.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR

(to Mark)

He's so melodramatic isn't he?

He winks at Mark then takes his position around the console.  
He extracts his sonic screwdriver.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm the Doctor. I'm a Time Lord.  
I'm from the planet Gallifrey in  
the constellation of Kasterborous.  
I'm 903 years old, and I'm the man  
who's gonna save your lives and all  
six billion people on the planet  
below. You got a problem with that?

He activates the screwdriver then points it at the control  
console. The TARDIS Engines fire up. The main doors close.

The Doctors at the console pilot the TARDIS; their hands  
dance fluently over the various controls.

The Doctors with the Sonic Screwdrivers power them up. They  
weave them majestically in the air. The TARDIS responds in  
kind; the lights grow brighter, the noise of the engines grow  
louder.

MARK

I don't understand, what are they doing?

The Matt Smith Doctor slaps his hands together.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

Do you know what a coma is? No you don't do you. A coma is a locked in state, a condition of unresponsiveness from which an individual has not yet been aroused. Notice the emphasis on the word yet.

JON PERTWEE DOCTOR

Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow!

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

Ooh, great idea!

Matt confronts Jon, grabbing him by the shoulders. Jon nods.

The two Doctors merge briefly before Matt absorbs Jon. There's no trace of the other Time Lord. A surge of power courses through the Matt Smith Doctor.

MARK

What was that?

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

I told you I'd been studying you and I have. I know everything about you and more besides.

PETER DAVISON DOCTOR

A risk shared is a risk doubled.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

Indeed it is!

Matt casually strolls through Peter. The two Doctors merge, then stretch like a rubber band; two Doctors sharing the same skin. They snap together leaving Matt stood alone.

The energy levels throb through the Doctor, they are visibly stronger.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR (CONT'D)

In a coma new connections can be made between brain cells where connections have been lost. Parts of the brain take over the function of other parts that have been damaged.

MARK

Yes, but this isn't real, it's all  
a dream!

COLIN BAKER DOCTOR

Rest is for the weary, sleep is for  
the dead.

Matt shakes Colin by the hand. They merge briefly, separate,  
then merge again. Matt absorbs Colin.

The power increases. Matt is visibly shaken by the process.  
He leans against the control console.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

This is your brain trying to repair  
the damage. Your brain picked me,  
the Doctor, the ultimate sensory  
stimulation program to fix you.

MARK

How? How can you fix my brain?

SYLVESTER MCCOY DOCTOR

Time will tell, always does.

Sylvester approaches his future incarnation. They share in a  
salute. Suddenly Sylvester hops into Matt's arms. He giggles  
in delight as he is absorbed into Matt's body.

Matt staggers with the increase in power.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

Never underestimate an organ that  
named itself!

Matt limps towards Patrick.

PATRICK TROUGHTON DOCTOR

Life depends on change, and  
renewal.

Patrick extracts his trademark flute from inside his jacket.  
He plays a few notes. Matt smiles. Patrick hands over the  
flute to Matt. Matt reaches out to accept but Patrick pulls  
away at the last moment.

Matt laughs. Patrick puts the flute away. They grasp arms and  
merge. Matt absorbs Patrick, the power increases. Matt goes  
down on one knee. He takes a few deep breath then rises.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR

I can fix anything, get out of any  
situation. You've watched me do  
this a thousand times.

The power in the TARDIS is fluctuating. Panels are flashing,  
smoke rising.

Matt staggers over to William's position.

WILLIAM HARTNELL  
Our destiny is in the stars, so  
let's go and search for it.

Matt bows before William. William nods in acknowledgement and opens his arms. Matt walks into William, absorbing him in the process.

The power increase rocks Matt, several power conduits  
EXPLODE.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR  
If anyone can fix your brain and  
bring you out of this coma it's me,  
the mad man in a box. But to do  
so, you've got to believe in it.  
You've got to believe in me.

Christopher approaches Matt.

CHRISTOPHER ECCLESTON DOCTOR  
(to Matt)  
I want to tell you... you were  
fantastic. Absolutely fantastic.  
(to Mark)  
And do you know what? So was I?

Chris beams his big smile at Matt, Matt smiles back. They engage in a 'manly hug' patting each other on the back.

Matt absorbs Chris.

Pain racks Matt, he slumps to the ground. Tom and Paul pick Matt up and support him on each arm.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR  
Your mind has to accept that this  
is real, that I'm real and I have  
enough power to do what I do best.

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

Matt concentrates. Paul is sucked into Matt's Body. Tom winks at Mark.

TOM BAKER DOCTOR  
There's no point being grown-up if  
you can't be childish sometimes.

He too is sucked into Matt's body. Matt screams. Several console's EXPLODE but Matt has control over the power now. It throbs and courses through his body.

David approaches Matt. They stand-off, face-to-face, looking deadly serious.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR  
Your turn now. Hey stop that!  
Bang! Rose Tyler Martha Jones  
Donna Noble TARDIS! Shamble  
bobble dibble dooble. Oh  
Doctor, you're so handsome.  
Yes I am! Thank you.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR  
Your turn now. Hey stop that!  
Bang! Rose Tyler Martha Jones  
Donna Noble TARDIS! Shamble  
bobble dibble dooble. Oh  
Doctor, you're so handsome.  
Yes I am! Thank you.

They circle each other warily.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR  
I know your real name, your  
true name, the one you keep  
secret.  
It's...Slartibartfast!  
ThroatwobblerMango! Dave!

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR  
I know your real name, your  
true name, the one you keep  
secret.  
It's...Slartibartfast!  
ThroatwobblerMango! Dave!

The both break out into a big grin. They grip each others arms before hugging fiercely.

David turns to address Mark.

DAVID TENNANT DOCTOR  
(seriously)  
Remember, don't turn your back,  
don't look away and don't blink!  
(breaks out in a big  
smiling)  
Allons-y!

David runs 360 degrees around the console and dives into Matt's chest. Matt absorbs David. He roars in pain but keeps it under control.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR  
More, I need more power!

He rips the paneling off the control panel, exposing the time vortex energy core.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I solve the insoluble by the  
strangest means. I see the threads  
that join the universe together,  
and mend them when they break. I'm  
a Savant, am insane man, a little  
of each and a great deal more of  
something else.

He holds out his hands, the power from the TARDIS begins to flow into his body. His voice sounds like it is coming from all directions at once.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 I'm the fleeting shadow that flirts  
 over your dreams, the flicker in  
 the corner of your eye. If you ever  
 wake up and think the world has  
 somehow been altered, it has,  
 because I've been there!

The last of the power ebbs from the TARDIS into the Doctor.  
 He has all the power of time and space echoing through his  
 body.

He stands before Mark who's mouth is open in astonishment.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 I've faced ancient hordes and vast  
 empires, toppled entire  
 civilizations with but a single  
 whisper. Do you know who I am?

MARK  
 The....the Doctor?

MATT SMITH DOCTOR  
 (shouting)  
 Do you know who I am?

MARK  
 (shouting)  
 The Doctor!

MATT SMITH DOCTOR  
 And do you believe in me?

MARK  
 Yes!

MATT SMITH DOCTOR  
 (shouting)  
 Do you believe in me?

MARK  
 (shouting)  
 Yes!

Matt takes in a deep breath. All the energy condenses into  
 his hand and then disappears. He holds it out, right in front  
 of Mark's face, posed to click his fingers.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR  
 I'm sometimes known as the Oncoming  
 Storm, the Valyard, Theta Sigma and  
 many more besides but they are  
 irrelevant. The name I chose, the  
 promise I made was the Doctor. So  
 listen to me and believe Marcus  
 Delinus.

(beat)  
 (MORE)

MATT SMITH DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I'm the Doctor and I order you...to  
wake up!

He clicks his fingers.

INT. HOSPITAL BED - DAY

Darkness. There are muffled voices. Mark opens his eyes but it is all fuzzy. He can see shapes but nothing discernible.

MATT SMITH DOCTOR (O.C.)  
Well he'll be OK as soon as we give  
him a second heart.

Mark rubs his eyes. He can see more clearly. At his bedside are RIVER SONG, AMY POND and CLARA OSWALD. They are all dressed as nurses.

AMY POND  
He's no Rory but he is kinda cute.

River notices Mark is awake. She winks.

RIVER SONG  
Hi sweetie!

Clara places a stethoscope over his chest.

CLARA OSWALD  
Easy does it tiger. We don't want  
your blood pressure getting any  
higher now do we?

Mark struggles to stay awake, but fails. He falls back unconscious.

INT. HOSPITAL BED - MOMENTS LATER

Mark's wife WENDY and his sister NICKIE are sat at Mark's bedside. Both look tired, as if they've been there a long time.

Mark's eyes open. Wendy notices. She grabs Nickie by the arm.

WENDY  
Look, he's waking up, he's waking  
up!

NICKIE  
OMG! OMG! OMG! Get the Doctor,  
quick!

They both run out of the room, shouting for the Doctor.



INT. HOSPITAL BED - LATER

A DOCTOR is examining Mark. He shakes his head.

DOCTOR

Well Mark, I can hardly believe it. I've seen some miracles during my time but you sir, you go to the top of the list. Against the Oods you wake up and no sign of brain damage.

MARK

Did you say Oods?

The Doctor whips out a medical light pen.

DOCTOR

Your vision and hearing may be a bit quirky for a while.

He uses the pen to examine Mark's eyes. It briefly makes a sound not unlike a sonic screwdriver.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Yes sir, you are a lucky man.

MARK

It was the Doctor.

DOCTOR

Yes, well I can't take all the credit. You did the hard work! Now rest up, if you continue to improve at this rate you should be out by the end of the week.

He shakes Mark's hand. The Doctor wanders over to explain some details to Wendy and Nickie. Mark smiles contentedly.

MARK

(to himself)

It was the Doctor. My Doctor. He's like fire and ice and rage. He's like the night, and the storm in the heart of the sun. He's ancient and forever. He burns at the center of time and he can see the turn of the universe. And... he's wonderful.

In the background, the unmistakable sound of the TARDIS engines fire up.

Mark smiles, closes his eyes and falls asleep.

FADE OUT.