Brain Power

Caroline Miller
and
Dr Cynical

in memoriam

Jon Pertwee
Roger Delgado

Episode 1

1.1 Cavernous Underground Place

We see a succession of occult flunkies in robes droning trancelike and carrying scary cylinders one at a time to an altar at which stands a robed and masked priestess holding a syringe upright in her left hand.

Flunky : Exalted Priestess.

Priestess : Welcome, my servant.

The priestess offers first her right and then her left black, shiny, pointy boot to the flunky, who kisses each in turn before kneeling upright, face in shadow. She tips the syringe with a fresh needle and injects the right hand side of the flunky's neck with some of the contents of the syringe, then discards the needle behind her (we hear the sound of a needle falling into a plastic bag). We hear the flunky gasp and can almost see his neck and face muscles spasm as his head is thrown back.

Flunky : Benevolent Priestess.

Priestess : Your duty awaits.

Flunky : I obey the Priestess.

The flunky gets up and drones off into the shadows with his cylinder and the next approaches. The ritual is repeated a number of times.

1.2 Tardis Console Room

We see Jo (wearing a leopardskin-effect boob tube and black, shiny, pointy boots) standing at one of the console panels, her hands on some controls, her feet astride the Doctor's abdomen. The Doctor (coat off) is lying on his back with his head and arms inside an inspection hatch in the console's central pillar. The Tardis is travelling.

Jo : Doctor?

Doctor : Yes, Jo?

Jo : What exactly is a 'Reverse Entropy Modulator'?

Doctor : It's a bit difficult to explain in simple terms, but I suppose you could say it's a device which makes order out of chaos.

Jo : Oh good. Can I have one for my wardrobe?

Doctor : Well, I need this one for the Tardis... just a little more on the left please...

Jo [twiddling the control]: You mean when you've fixed this, the Tardis will go where you tell it to.

Doctor : More or less, yes. A little less on the left please...

Jo : But you just asked for more!

Doctor [pausing; puzzled]: So I did...

Jo : Maybe you need a Reverse Entropy Modulator.

Doctor [sliding out from the console]: Tell you what, Jo.

Jo [leaning over the console: (first a bum shot, then we shoot from below so that we see her legs coming down from one edge and her face from the next); she giggles slightly]: What, Doctor?

Doctor [smiling]: I could really do with a cup of tea.

1.3 Professor Cranleigh's Laboratory

The shot opens on a cup of tea. The camera zooms out to show a chimpanzee drinking the tea, then again to show a strange selection of electrodes stuck to the chimp's head, and further to show the white-walled cell in which the chimp sits with her tea. Suddenly, the chimp smashes her cup and saucer against the wall.

Miss Onara [off]: Professor Cranleigh, I think the drug is beginning to work.

Cranleigh [off]: Excellent, Miss Onara. Prepare the transducer.

We now cut to the humans outside the cell. Professor Cranleigh is gaunt, bespectacled, serious and far from mad. He is watching the chimpanzee intently through the viewing window, where he has taken the place of his assistant, Miss Onara, whom most casual observers would consider altogther more watchable. Her features and clothing are very pretty and Japanese, while her accent is blandly Home Counties. She also is wearing black, shiny, pointy boots.

Onara : Ready for operation, Professor.

Cranleigh : Engage!

Onara : Initial reading zero.

Cranleigh : Good. Now apply the stimuli.

Onara : Commencing audiovisual disorientation.

We can see through the viewing window that the chimpanzee is being subjected to bizarre visuals. Then we zoom in through the window (à la Play School) and are treated to the full works. The poor chimp is being made to suffer a trippy montage including snippets of assorted reactionary television programmes (eg Star Trek), whilst listening to a superimposition of musical hell (including 'Venus in Blue Jeans', 'Bobby's Girl', 'Portrait of My Love' and 'Come Back and Shake Me'). The chimp shows signs of considerable distress. Then we come back through to see Cranleigh's face very excited.

Cranleigh : This time she's really losing it, Miss Onara. What's the reading?

Onara : There's a trace of power, Professor, but no more than a flicker.

Cranleigh [very cool indeed]: Manifestos, Miss Onara.

Miss Onara throws an extra switch on her console—we zoom briefly on her unadorned right hand doing this. Inside the cell, many little pieces of paper are released from a hatch in the ceiling and blown about in a red, yellow and blue swirl by huge fans. The rest of the audiovisuals continue, except that the audio foreground is occupied noticeably by JFK's famous 'ask not...' speech. The chimp cracks up completely. We see the reading Onara is checking jump from a flicker to several kilowatts. Some very bright lights come on.

Cranleigh : We've done it! What's the reading?

Onara : The chimpanzee is yielding a steady eighty-seven kilowatts, Professor.

Cranleigh : I knew it would work. They said I was a crank, but I knew I was right. Simple, really: if you want precision, you need to put energy in...

Onara : Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle!

Cranleigh : So if you reduce precision, if you destroy intelligence...

Onara : You get energy out!

Cranleigh : Exactly! Unclear Power! The generation of electricity from artificially induced stupidity. That chimp could power a whole row of houses—imagine what we could do with a human!

Onara : That would be immoral—destroying an intelligent living mind just to generate electricity.

Cranleigh : But we could use criminals! It would be far nastier than hanging, and in our modern materialistic society, there'd be no shortage of fuel.

Onara : Fuel? Is that how you think of your fellow human beings? Is that how you think of me?

Cranleigh : You're absolutely, right, Miss Onara. I just got a little carried away by the success of our experiment. How could I even think such a thing? You go home and get some rest, and I'll put the chimp out of her misery. We have much to do in the morning.

1.4 Tardis Console Room

Jo has made the tea. The Doctor has just finished his repairs and is standing up, donning his blue velvet smoking jacket. When he has done this, Jo offers him the cup and saucer she is holding in her left hand.

Doctor [accepting the tea]: Thank you, Jo.

Jo : I'm not just a pretty face.

Doctor [sipping and nodding his approval of the tea or his agreement with Jo's self-assessment, we can't tell which]: So, Miss Grant, where shall we go, now that I've fixed the Reverse Entropy Modulator? Metebelis Three? The Eye of Orion? We could even drop in on old King Peladon...

Jo : Home, please, Doctor.

Doctor : Earth? Can't you think of somewhere more original?

Jo : Oh, it's not the place I miss, Doctor. It's the people.

Doctor : The dashing Captain Yates?

Jo : I expect he's chasing someone else by now.

Doctor [setting course]: Like that, is it? Well, let's go and see.

1.5 Exterior Cranleigh's Laboratory

Cranleigh's laboratory is in a small converted warehouse with one door for humans next to another for vehicles, opening onto a dingy and unlit alleyway. It is getting dark and it is raining quite heavily. We see Onara (in black raincloak distinctly reminiscent of the flunkies' robes) emerging from the humans' door and locking it, key in her right hand. The lab lights are on, since Professor Cranleigh is still there. As she rounds the corner into the street, we see a figure emerging from the shadows to follow her. She walks past a phone box, then pauses as if to reflect, before going back and into the box. The figure begins to talk to what might well be a radio. We zoom in. The figure is Mike Yates.

Mike [to radio]: This is Trap One to Greyhound...

1.6 UNIT Headquarters

We see the Brigadier sitting next to the radio operator.

Mike [on radio]: Trap One to Greyhound, over.

Brigadier : Greyhound, here. What is it, Captain Yates? Over.

Mike : The assistant, Onara, Sir. She's left the lab and is making a call from the payphone round the corner. Cranleigh's still inside. Over.

Brigadier : Are you sure? Over.

Mike : I'll check, Sir. Over.

1.7 Exterior Cranleigh's Laboratory

Mike looks back round the corner and sees that the lights are still on. We hear a faint sound which might well be dematerialisation. Mike looks back and suddenly acquires a rather surprised expression. He drops the radio in astonishment.

1.8 UNIT Headquarters

As before. We hear a nasty cracking sound from the radio.

Brigadier [to radio]: Captain Yates, are you all right? Over.

Mike [from radio]: Sorry, Sir. Just dropped the radio. You're not going to believe this. Over.

Brigadier : What's happening? Over.

Mike : The girl, Onara, Sir. She's disappeared.

Brigadier : She can't have. You only looked away a moment. Over.

Mike : She has, Sir, and so has the phone box. Over.

Brigadier : That's odd. Never mind, Captain Yates. Stay put and keep an eye out for Cranleigh. Let me know when he disappears.

Mike : Wilco. Roger and out.

The Brigadier stands up and paces pensively.

Brigadier [to himself]: Hmmm. Phone boxes don't just appear and disappear willy nilly. Now, Police Boxes, on the other hand...

The Brigadier's musings are cut short by the timely materialisation of the Doctor's Tardis. The Doctor emerges backwards because he's arguing with Jo. The Brigadier does not look particularly surprised.

Doctor [into Tardis]: Of course that's not too much eye shadow. Now come along. [turning round]: Hello, Brigadier, Jo and I just thought we'd pop in...

Brigadier : Welcome back, Doctor. Now I know we're in trouble.

Jo emerges from the Tardis. She is wearing the same dress and boots, but has now added too much eye shadow.

Brigadier : Hello, Miss Grant.

Doctor : What sort of trouble?

Brigadier : Well, for a start, the woman Captain Yates was watching just went into a phone box…

Jo : I knew he'd be after someone else.

Brigadier : Routine surveillance, Miss Grant. Except that he looked away for a moment…

Doctor : …and when he looked back, she'd disappeared.

Brigadier : Yes, Doctor, and so had the phone box.

Doctor : That's odd. Phone boxes don't just appear and disappear willy nilly.

Jo giggles.

Doctor : I wonder…

Brigadier : Yes, Doctor?

Doctor : Why don't you get Benton to ask the Post Office if that phone box is supposed to be there, while you begin at the beginning?

1.9 Bertram's Hospital Room

Bertram is sitting up in bed looking very alert. He wears red pyjamas and a Ché Guevara beret. He has a Karl Marx beard. Nurse Camisole (face mask, flat shoes, name badge, fingernails painted blue) comes in with a trolley of assorted bits and pieces, including syringes and needles. Bertram regards her with suspicion.

Bertram [agitated]: No thanks. I don't want any of your selection of light refreshments, sweet and savoury snacks, fresh sandwiches, cakes, biscuits, crisps, tea, coffee or soft or licensed drinks. I refuse to be a captive market.

Camisole [soothingly to the point of being seductive]: Now, Bertram, you mustn't get overexcited.

Bertram : Mustn't get overexcited? When our public services are going down the toilet? The degradation of our railway infrastructure is something I cannot and will not take lying down. Private cars may liberate the Minister of Transport, but what about you and me? What about the man on the Clapham...

Camisole [firmly]: Bertram! You really must try not to get so worked up—you're not well. You can liberate the underclass when you're better.

Bertram : There's nothing wrong with me.

Camisole : Of course there isn't, Bertram, but things have got a bit on top of you lately, haven't they?

Bertram looks upset at the suggestion, but says nothing, obviously remembering some embarrassing incident.

Camisole [picking up a syringe in her left hand]: Let me give you something to help you rest.

Bertram : I said no light refreshments...

Camisole : Now, Bertram...

Bertram [rhyming in mimickery]: Now, Bertram... Now, Bertram...

Camisole : You're not on a train, Bertram. You know that.

Bertram : Clickety clack, clickety clack. All change at Liverpool Lime Street!

Camisole : You're in hospital, Bertram. Now roll up your sleeve before I call Mr Corduroy.

Bertram looks defeated. Dejectedly, he holds out his arm. Nurse Camisole begins rolling up his sleeve and preparing to inject him. He has an impressive collection of track marks.

Bertram [whimpering]: I'm alright, Nurse Camisole, really. Tell Mr Corduroy I'm sane and I don't need any more…any more electricity.

Camisole : I'll talk to him for you, Bertram. He only wants to make you better.

Bertram : I don't trust him; his eyes…

Camisole : He's a doctor, Bertram, and a very good one too.

Bertram [breaking down as Camisole injects him]: Don't make me sleep! Please! Don't make me sleep!

Camisole [concerned]: More nightmares?

Bertram [expression remembering terror]: The Milk Snatcher!

Camisole : You're safe here. The Milk Snatcher's just a bad dream.

Bertram : You won't let her take me back to my Auntie?

Camisole : You're not going anywhere, Bertram, and you're getting the best of care.

Bertram [smiling beatifically as he passes out]: Free at the point of demand…

We watch Nurse Camisole dispose of the needle in the sharps, then we watch her wheel the trolley out the door (viewed from behind, only her lower body in shot). She does not even flinch and nor does the camera as Bertram screams in his sleep.

1.10 UNIT Headquarters

The Doctor and the Brigadier have evidently ben talking for a while. Jo comes in with some tea.

Brigadier [accepting a cup of tea]: Thank you, Miss Grant.

Doctor : You still haven't explained why you chaps were keeping an eye on this Professor Cranleigh in the first place.

Brigadier : We had a tip-off from a boffin at Grimborne Psychiatric Hospital; refereed a paper of Cranleigh's for some fancy academic journal; thought it sounded a bit fishy.

Doctor [taking some tea]: Fishy? In what way, Brigadier?

Brigadier : Apparently, Cranleigh was trying to suggest that intelligence is a form of energy, like light or heat.

Doctor : Well, he's not so far from the truth...

Brigadier : So it would seem, Doctor. You see, Cranleigh went on to suggest that, in theory, this energy could be converted into electricity.

Doctor [taking a piece of cake]: Really? In that case it's a good job you've got him under surveillance. You do see, Brigadier, that Cranleigh's research is extremely dangerous?

Brigadier : Is it?

Doctor [brandishing the cake]: Of course it is, man! You can't have your cake and eat it.

Jo : You mean this Professor Cranleigh wants to generate electricity by destroying people's minds?

Doctor : Yes, Jo. It's a truly horrifying prospect.

Brigadier : Indeed, Doctor. We shouldn't like that kind of technology to fall into the wrong hands.

Doctor : We don't want technology like that in any hands at all, Brigadier. It's been outlawed by the Time Lords for millenia. We owe a great debt to this fellow at the hospital, whoever he is.

Brigadier : His name's Corduroy; Mr Wallace Corduroy. He's a psychiatric surgeon; an expert in ECT.

Jo : ECT?

Doctor : Electroconvulsive Therapy, Jo. Applying electric shocks to the brain.

Jo : Sounds more like torture to me.

Doctor : Well, it is rather crude, but there are times when a little jolt works wonders.

Benton comes in.

Benton : Excuse me, Sir.

Brigadier : What is it, Sergeant Benton?

Benton : I've contacted the Post Office, Sir.

Brigadier : And is there supposed to be a phone box outside Cranleigh's laboratory?

Benton : Not according to the Post Office, Sir.

Doctor : And none of their other phone boxes have gone missing?

Benton : No, Doctor. Most of them have been vandalised, but none of them stolen.

Doctor : Hmmm. Very worrying, don't you think?

A light on the communications panel starts blinking. It's Mike Yates calling in.

Mike [over radio]: This is Trap One calling Greyhound; Trap One calling Greyhound, over.

Brigadier : This is Greyhound. Go ahead, Captain Yates, over.

Mike : You're not going to believe this, Sir.

Doctor : Hello, Mike. I take it the phone box is back.

Mike : Oh, you are going to believe it, then. Hello, Doctor.

Brigadier [to the Doctor]: How did you...

Doctor : Mike, don't go near that phone box.

1.11 Exterior Cranleigh's Laboratory

Mike is watching the phone box from a distance, whilst talking to HQ on the RT.

Mike : Is it dangerous, Doctor? Over.

Doctor [over the radio]: I very much fear it is, Mike over.

We see a hooded figure emerge from the phone box, very reminiscent of the priestess. An ambulance approaches from beyond the phone box and goes past.

Mike : Someone's just got out of it, over

Doctor : Anyone we know? Over.

The figure approaches Mike. She draws back her hood and opens her cloak. It is Onara dressed as the priestess. She looks at Mike and smiles enticingly.

Mike [haltingly, as if fighting mental domination]: It's Miss Onara, the Professor's assistant.

Doctor : Be careful, Mike. Over.

Mike finds himself kneeling down to kiss the Onara's boots, but before he manages this, he is brained from behind by a robed flunky and drops his radio. Onara's smile broadens.

1.12 UNIT Headquarters

Doctor [to radio]: Mike? Mike? What's happening to you? Over.

Brigadier : Captain Yates?

Brigadier [to the Doctor]: What's going on, Doctor?

Doctor : I should imagine, Brigadier, that Professor Cranleigh is up to no good.

Brigadier : Then let's get down there at once, Doctor.

Doctor : Yes, Brigadier. My car...

The Doctor and the Brigadier move to go. Jo moves to accompany them.

Doctor : No, Jo. You stay here with Sergeant Benton. This could be very dangerous.

Jo : But Doctor...

Benton : Best do as the Doctor says, Miss Grant. I'll make us a nice cup of army cocoa.

Doctor : Now you can't say fairer than that, Jo. Come along Brigadier.

1.13 Exterior UNIT Headquarters

We see the Doctor and the Brigadier drive off in Bessie.

1.14 Professor Cranleigh's Laboratory

Professor Cranleigh is sitting at his desk, poring over some paperwork. We hear a key turning in the lock.

Cranleigh [not looking up]: Is that you, Miss Onara?

Onara [off]: Yes, Professor.

Cranleigh : I thought you were getting some rest.

Switch to shot of Onara accompanied by flunkies. She is carrying a squat black weapon in her left hand. It looks very advanced, and yet strangely familiar to regular viewers.

Onara : I forgot something.

Cranleigh : Couldn't it wait until morning? [he looks up and notices the flunkies]: Goodness me! Who are all these people?

Onara : They've come for your equipment, Professor.

Cranleigh : Over my dead body!

Onara : Naturally.

She points her weapon at the professor, holding it with both hands now—her right hand bears a sparkly ring.

Cranleigh [very frightened]: But wait! What do you want it for?

Onara : Why, to use it, Professor! Now that it works.

Cranleigh : On humans?

Onara : But, of course. It was you who recognised the potential.

Cranleigh : Yes, and it was you who recognised the inhumanity.

Onara : Let's just say that I came round to your way of thinking.

She approaches the professor and aims the weapon at his head, point blank range, forcing him onto his knees.

Cranleigh : Stop! You need me alive. The unclear transducer is unreliable.

Onara : With the expertise at our disposal, I'm quite sure we'll cope.

She tenses as if about to fire, then relaxes and points the weapon towards the ceiling. The professor looks relieved for the brief moment between his apparent reprieve and the arrival of Onara's knee in his face. He collapses backwards.

Onara [indicating the equipment]: Right, you lot. Get this equipment loaded onto the ambulance.

1.15 Exterior Cranleigh's Laboratory

In the background we see the flunkies in the final stages of loading the professor's equipment onto the ambulance. In the foreground we see Mike Yates beginning to come round. Onara notices as he starts to reach for his radio with one outstretched arm. She stands on his hand with one of her stiletto heels, while she wrecks the radio with the other.

The flunkies get into the ambulance and drive off. Onara stops standing on Mike and returns to the phone box, which then dematerialises. It has just done so when the Doctor and the Brigadier come haring round the corner in Bessie. They spot the unfortunate Mike and get out to see how he is.

Doctor [to the Brigadier]: He's alive.

Brigadier [to Mike]: Captain Yates, can you hear me?

Mike [sounding confused]: Ambulance…

Brigadier : I'll radio for an ambulance in a moment. Now what's been happening here?

Mike : An ambulance…

Brigadier : Soon, Captain Yates…

Doctor : I think he's trying to tell us something about an ambulance. [offering a flask of some vile substance to Mike]: Drink this, Mike.

Mike [sipping and spluttering, but becoming alert]: What is that stuff, Doctor?

Doctor : Just a tot of strontium brandy I picked up a long time ago on Metebelis 3—most invigorating—they use it as a pesticide.

Mike : It's horrible…but it works!

Brigadier : Never mind that now. What's all this about an ambulance?

Mike : Well, Sir, Miss Onara came out of the phone box and sort of…smiled at me…

Brigadier : And then someone clobbered you from behind…

Mike : Er, yes, Sir. And when I came to, there were all these chaps in black robes loading equipment into an ambulance. It's only just gone.

Doctor : And the phone box?

Mike : Well, Onara went back into the phone box, and it vanished as you were coming round the corner.

Brigadier : Blast!

Doctor : I'm sure it'll turn up again, Brigadier. Why don't you get some chaps chasing that ambulance while I have a quick look at what's left of this place?

1.16 Military Scramble

We see a sequence of what is obviously supposed to look like library footage of helicopters taking off, soldiers climbing into jeeps, missiles being primed, that sort of nonsense. Some of it consists of embarrasing airfix models. It is accompanied by incidental music introduced by big tympani sounds and stirring military flutes.

1.17 Country Back Road

Cut to shot of ambulance driving along some country back road. (Introduce acid jazz organ sound and groovy bass.)

1.18 UNIT Headquarters

Jo is sitting cross-legged on a table. The room is otherwise unoccupied, since Benton is making cocoa.

Jo : How's the cocoa doing, Sergeant Benton?

Benton [off]: Not very well.

Benton comes back in.

Benton : I've just had word from the Brigadier.

Jo : How's Mike?

Benton : Captain Yates is all right. Only his pride injured.

Jo [smiling]: So where are we going?

Benton : Well, me and the lads are tracking down a stray ambulance. You're staying here.

Jo : I am not.

Benton : Yes you are, Miss Grant. Brigadier's orders.

Jo : Oh Sergeant! The Brigadier's just a stuffy old chauvenist! You're not like that, are you?

Benton : Well, if you put it like that…

Jo [crossing her legs the other way]: Besides, I don't think I'd feel safe here all alone, with no cocoa.

Benton : Oh, I suppose I could, er…

Jo [making for the door]: Come on then!

1.19 Country Back Road

Cut to shot of ambulance driving along some country back road. (More acid jazz. Introduce brass.)

Cut to front seat of ambulance. We can see robed flunkies (one of whom is driving) and lots of spurious looking equipment, including a kitchen sink in some not terribly prominent position. A light starts flashing on a CB handset. The driver picks it up.

Master [over radio]: This is your Master. Are you receiving me?

Flunky [gormlessly]: I hear you, Master.

Master : Your escape route to the hospital has been cut off by UNIT forces. You will make for the disused quarry. Is that understood?

Flunky : I obey, Master.

Pull back to shot of ambulance approaching a 90 degree right-hander very quickly and not turning—instead it smashes through the conveniently positioned balsa wood field gate which lies directly ahead. Then it reverses back and round the corner and stops briefly, before speeding off whence it came. A helicopter passes overhead. (It is roughly at this point that the funky guitar cuts in.) Some cows approach the gap were the gate used to be and look bemused in the way that only cows can. Much lowing.

1.20 Mr Corduroy's Office

We see the Master (who is calling himself Wallace Corduroy) sitting at his desk, replacing the handset of a CD radio and then closing the drawer in which it is concealed. He then stands up walks towards the rather conspicuous telephone booth in the far corner of his room. There does not appear to be anyone inside. He knocks on the door. We look at his face, not the box.

Master [calling to occupant of booth]: Are you quite finished?

Camera turns back to the phone box to see Nurse Camisole (dressed as before) inside and emerging, whilst doing up the zip of her uniform with her left hand.

Master : May I congratulate you, Nurse Camisole, on an excellent performance?

Camisole : Thank you, Mr Corduroy.

Master : Perhaps you should drop in on our guest; see that she's comfortable; thank her for her generous assistance.

Camisole : Certainly, Mr Corduroy. She could not have been more helpful had she been present herself.

Master : Quite so, Nurse Camisole. I, also, am required to make a courtesy call.

Camisole : An old friend?

Master : In a manner of speaking.

Camisole : A pity I am otherwise detained.

Master : Yes, I'm sure you'd get on famously. Perhaps I'll introduce you. . . if I haven't killed him first.

Camisole : As it suits you, Mr Corduroy. Convey my apologies.

Master [entering the phone box]: That I shall, Nurse Camisole. Goodbye.

The phone box dematerialises. Nurse Camisole smiles, turns and leaves.

1.21 Exterior Cranleigh's Laboratory

The Brigadier is just finishing a conversation on his radio. Mike is looking flaky in the back of Bessie. The Doctor comes hurrying out of the lab and makes for the car.

Doctor : Well, Brigadier, any news on the ambulance?

Brigadier [climbing into the passenger seat]: Yes, Doctor. It's just changed direction. Must've got wind of the pursuit. If it keeps its new course, we should be able to catch it.

Doctor [to the car]: Come on, old girl. Let's get there first. [to the Brigadier]: I trust you've arranged some backup.

They speed off, much to Mike's discomfort.

1.22 Country Back Road (Ambulance)

More shots of the ambulance zooming along narrow twisty roads in the middle of nowhere. A gratuitous excuse for more fabulous incidental music.

1.23 Country Back Road (Bessie)

The Doctor, the Brigadier and Mike Yates are speeding along in Bessie. They need to speak loudly and clearly to be heard above the engine noise.

Brigadier : Did you find anything in Cranleigh's laboratory?

Doctor : Just his body, and that of his first and last victim.

Brigadier : Victim?

Doctor : A chimpanzee. He drained its intelligence in the name of science, then put it out of its misery.

Brigadier : So we're chasing his equipment?

Doctor : Yes; and we'd better make sure we get it.

Just at that moment, they pull up at a T-junction. There is a phone box on one side of the road.

Doctor : Which way?

Brigadier : Left, I think.

They turn left and drive like the clappers. We see some distinctive scenery on the right.

1.24 Country Back Road (Ambulance)

The ambulance is going far too quickly. We see the distinctive scenery on the left.

1.25 Country Back Road (Bessie)

Bessie goes round the corner and, suddenly, straight ahead, approaching at an alarming rate, is the ambulance.

Doctor [astonished]: Brigadier!

The Doctor drives on the wrong side of the road, heading straight for the ambulance. The ambulance shows no sign of giving way—it is bigger than Bessie.

Brigadier [concerned]: Doctor!

The Doctor swerves Bessie past the ambulance, then slams on the brakes. There's no room to turn, so the Doctor starts chasing the ambulance in reverse gear. There is a corresponding change in the incidental music.

Doctor : Good job I've been working on reverse.

Brigadier : I just hope you know what you're playing at, Doctor.

Doctor : Eyes in the back of my head, Brigadier.

As the above conversation takes place, they zoom past the junction, but the phone box has gone. They do not notice. The viewers probably won't either.

Bessie (still driving backwards) has caught up with the ambulance. We see one of the back doors of the ambulance being opened by a flunky, while another empties a large sack of pieces of coloured paper, which swirl disorientatingly around and confuse the pursuers. The ambulance gains a little. Mike catches a little blue piece of paper.

Mike : It's a manifesto! They're throwing manifestos at us!

Doctor : Confound their politics!

Brigadier : Frustrate their knavish tricks...

Bessie manages to pull up alongside the ambulance. The road starts turning to the right, so that Bessie is on the inside. Suddenly, the ambulance pulls off to the left through a gateway obscured from the Doctor and company by the vehicle itself. Again, Bessie screams to a halt, before setting off forwards again and heading in through the gateway.

1.26 Quarry

The Doctor, The Brigadier and Mike find themselves in a quarry. The flunkies have alighted from the ambulance and are standing in a semi-circle, backs to the rockface, waiting to be provoked. Our heroes leap out of Bessie, the two military types brandishing their military tools.

We zoom out to see that watching all this from behind the Doctor et al is the Master, standing next to his rather incongruous phone box. Then, with his right hand, he raises and aims his tissue compression eliminator (the weapon Onara had earlier) at the Doctor.

Master [calling out, trigger finger poised]: Doctor!

As the Doctor spins round, we zoom in on his surprised and alarmed expression—he knows he's in trouble, because he's just heard the 'sting' for the closing credits.

Episode 2

2.1 Quarry

Much as happened at the end of the previous episode, the Doctor, The Brigadier and Mike find themselves in a quarry. The flunkies have alighted from the ambulance and are standing in a semicircle, backs to the rockface, waiting to be provoked. Our heroes leap out of Bessie, the two military types brandishing their military tools.

We zoom out to see that watching all this from behind the Doctor et al is the Master, standing next to his rather incongruous phone box. Then, with his right hand, he raises and aims his tissue compression eliminator (the weapon Onara had earlier) at the Doctor.

Master [calling out, trigger finger poised]: Doctor!

As the Doctor spins round, we zoom in on his surprised and alarmed expression—he's sure he heard the 'sting' for the closing credits. Mike and the Brigadier turn around an put their hands up. But quick-witted chap that the Doctor is, he looks over the Master's shoulder and pretends to see Benton, Jo and a bunch of squaddies bristling with guns.

Doctor : Ah, Benton. In the nick of time as ever.

Mike and the Brigadier look puzzled for a moment, and then put their hands down, to add verisimilitude to an otherwise flimsy subterfuge.

Master [not fooled for a moment]: A poor effort, Doctor. I had hoped you would try a little harder in the face of death. [to the flunkies]: Seize them!

The flunkies move in and grab our three heroes. The Master looks on in smug satisfaction. Suddenly, behind him, Benton and Jo screech to a halt with a truckload of squaddies bristling with guns.

Brigadier : Ah, Sergeant Benton. Better late than never.

Benton jumps down from the truck and points his gun at the Master. Under pressure from the squaddies, the flunkies release their captives. A beaming Jo also alights from the truck.

Doctor : Jo!

Jo [acting remarkably badly]: Doctor! You're safe!

Jo runs in a disturbingly unrealistic manner to embrace the Doctor, but to do so, she crosses Benton's line of fire. The Master seizes his moment, and the girl. There is an uneasy stand-off—the whole situation is distinctly unconvincing. Mike, the Brigadier and the Doctor move over to join the squaddies. The Master grips Jo round the waist with his right hand, accidentally copping a feel of her left breast, whilst brandishing his gun with his left hand. The flunkies get into the ambulance.

Master [getting into the ambulance]: We're going now. I suggest you do not attempt to stop us. [to the flunkies]: Strap her down!

As the ambulance leaves the field, a flunky leans out the back door and shoots out Bessie's tyres.

Doctor [pulling a fabulous Pertwee face]: Really!

2.2 Bertram's Hospital Room

Bertram is flailing around wildly in his sleep, assailed by a hideous nightmare about being sent back to his auntie. However, we can hear a faint knocking sound on the radiator. It's a repeating morse code SOS...

Bertram [waking up with a start]: The Milk Snatcher! [heaves sigh of relief] It must have been a dream, Comrade Bertram. The Milk Snatcher isn't real—she's just a nightmare I get from the sedatives. It could be worse. Carson Feeney, the Belfast schizophrenic, spends all night kicking himself with both feet—he'll never liberate the working classes until... [interrupting himself] Am I talking to myself again, Bertram? I really must stop—they say it's the first sign of madness.

Bertram puts a finger to his lips, shushing himself, and concentrates on the sound coming from the radiator. We allow the viewer a chance to spot the signal before Bertram explains...

Bertram [whispering]: Listen! Morse code! S...O...S...S...O... Sossoges? No! SOS! Someone's Oppressing Socialists! I'd better Slip Out Softly...

Bertram gets out of bed and walks to the door in his pyjamas and beret. He grabs the white silk dressing gown from the hook on the back of the door and sneaks out of his room.

2.3 Truckload Of Squaddies

We're inside the back of an army truck full of squaddies. We move from the rear, where the men are engaged in tiresome masculine bravado evidently fuelled by the pictures in the issue of 'Girl Illustrated' over which they are salivating, to the front, where the Doctor and the Brigadier are attempting to have a sensible conversation, despite the hubbub.

Brigadier : Well, Doctor, it seems the Master has taken the Unclear Power Generator from under our noses.

Doctor : Yes, and he's also got Jo... I wonder what he wants it for.

Brigadier : Whatever evil scheme he's got up his sleeve must have something to do with that mental hospital.

Doctor : You're right, Brigadier. He must have been planning this all along. That's why he put you onto Professor Cranleigh in the first place.

Brigadier : Yes, and then all he had to do to find out when the machine was ready was eavesdrop on our radio link. We've been distinctly outsmarted. Still, look on the bright side.

Doctor : What bright side?

Brigadier : The radio, Doctor. We can just as easily feed the Master disinformation.

Doctor : You know, Brigadier, you're surprisingly bright...for a soldier.

2.4 Inside The Cell

We cut to inside the cell, where we see a woman wearing a black patent leather straitjacket, some very nice legs and black, shiny, pointy boots. Her neck is attached to the wall by a long chain. Her head is hooded in black patent leather also. She can just about reach the radiator to kick it.

2.5 Hospital Corridor

Bertram emerges from his room, fumbling his way into his dressing gown. We see his name, Bertram Potemkin, on a little card by the exterior door handle. The radiators in each room are supplied from a lagged heat pipe at skirting board level. Bertram sneaks along, feeling the pipe at the junction for each room. At each door, we see the name of the patient inside.

It is a little known fact that Fun Boy Three stole the refrain in 'The Lunatics Are Taking Over The Asylum' from the little melody line being played on the double bassoon, incidental to this scene.

Eventually, Bertram comes to a double door in the corridor, marked 'Secure Cells 1—12'. He passes through.

2.6 Cavernous Underground Place

The priestess stands, robed, masked and booted, at the altar, legs spread, arms slightly away from her sides, palms towards us, fingers splayed, mask staring at us intensely. Her muscles are taut with anticipation.

The robed flunkies file in slowly, two by two, then stand to both sides forming a guard of honour. The Master enters in a casual fashion, smiling. The priestess curtsies to him, then he comes to the altar and kisses her feet.

Priestess : I trust that my bondsmen have served you well, Time Lord.

Master : They performed their function, my lady... with admirable facility and despatch.

Priestess : And the subsequent arrangements?

Master : All proceed in accordance with our ultimate mutual satisfaction.

Priestess : That is well. Make haste now to their completion. I shall set these to their new labours and join with you presently.

Master [bowing and exiting backwards]: My lady.

The priestess curtsies to the Master as he leaves.

The flunkies then begin to approach for their injections, much as at the beginning of episode one.

2.7 Inside The Cell

We see exactly the same sequence of the woman wearing a black patent leather straitjacket, some very nice legs and black, shiny, pointy boots. Her neck is attached to the wall by a long chain. Her head is hooded in black patent leather also. She can just about reach the radiator to kick it.

2.8 Secure Cells Corridor

Bertram is sneaking along a noticeably less well-lit corridor. The card in the first door says ‘Carson Feeney’. Bertram stops to listen for a moment.

Feeney [through the door, in a guldering North Antrim accent]: Take back what you said about Her Majesty the Queen!

Feeney [in a sly West Belfast accent]: Only if you take back what you said about the Pope...

Bertram hears violent thudding noises, shakes his head sadly, and passes on down the corridor.

2.9 Unit Headquarters

The Doctor is in the Tardis doorway. The Brigadier, Mike and Benton are standing by.

Brigadier : Doctor...

Doctor : Brigadier?

Brigadier : ...are you sure you can land this thing in the right place?

Mike : Jo, I mean Miss Grant says it’s a bit...

Doctor : Unreliable? Not any more, Mike. You see, I’ve fixed the Reverse Entropy Modulator?

Brigadier : The what, Doctor?

Doctor : A little bit of Time Lord wizardry that makes the Tardis land automatically in the right place.

Brigadier : Some sort of artificially induced intelligence?

Doctor : I suppose so. Anyhow, I’ll let you know by radio when I’ve arrived.

Brigadier : Good luck, Doctor. And rememer to lie convincingly.

Doctor [feigning offence]: I'll have you know, Brigadier, that although I've never worked for any government in all my years of adventuring, I am nonetheless a first-rate fibber. Good day.

Brigadier [to Benton]: Well, do you believe him, Sergeant?

Benton : Didn't understand a word, Sir.

2.10 Inside The Cell

We see exactly the same sequence of the woman wearing a black patent leather straitjacket, some very nice legs and black, shiny, pointy boots. Her neck is attached to the wall by a long chain. Her head is hooded in black patent leather also. She can just about reach the radiator to kick it.

2.11 Secure Cells Corridor

The next door Bertram comes to is marked 'Melvin Zani'. Again, he stops to listen...

Zani [through the door]: Volare! Oh-oh!
Cantare! Woh-oh-oh-oh!
Nel blu dipinto di blu
Felice di stare lassu'...

Bertram shakes his head again and continues. The next door has no card. Bertram listens at the door, and hears a woman kicking at a radiator to attract assistance.

2.12 Where Some Corridors Meet

We see a shot of some suitably likely place. The Tardis materialises. The Doctor steps out cautiously.

Doctor [whispering and patting the Tardis]: Well done, old girl.

Doctor [pulling a radio from his pocket]: Brigadier! Come in Brigadier! This is the Doctor.

Brigadier [from radio]: Receiving you, Doctor. What is your position?

Doctor : I'm just outside the south perimeter wall, about halfway along. I think I can climb over.

2.13 The Brigadier's Jeep

The Brigadier is talking to the Doctor on the radio. Mike and Benton are with him.

Brigadier [to radio]: I'm sending Benton in at the main gate; try to draw the off the guards. I'll monitor from HQ.

Doctor [from radio]: Thanks, Brigadier. Wish Benton luck!

2.14 Mr Corduroy's Office

We see the Master relaxing in his chair, listening to monitored radio signals.

Doctor [from radio]: Thanks, Brigadier, and good luck!

Brigadier [from radio]: Roger and out.

Master : Ah, my foolish friends. . .

Cut to a camera angle showing that the Master is also watching a monitor screen showing the Doctor pocketing the radio and sneaking off down a corridor.

Master [pressing a button on his desk]: I think we shall have a little amusement.

Nurse Camisole comes in, masked as ever.

Camisole : You rang?

Master : Ah, Nurse Camisole, I have an assignment for you.

Camisole [fingering her zip]: Now what kind of assignment would that be, Mr Corduroy?

Master : I want you to meet my old friend... [he beckons her to his side]: the old friend I visited earlier, in fact.

Camisole : He's here?

Master [indicating the Doctor on the monitor screen]: There he is. He is called 'The Doctor'.

Camisole : He's very handsome.

Master : I'm sure you'll take excellent care of him.

Camisole : Delighted to.

Master [fiddling with the monitor control]: Meanwhile, it is time we put the professor's Unclear Power Generator to the test. Think of it! So simple, yet so ingenious! Put intelligence in and get energy out. Ha ha! I shall prepare...our new guest.

The monitor shows a cell, in which a pretty woman is chained to the wall, wearing a black patent leather straitjacket, matching hood, the usual fabulous boots. She, however, is sitting dejectedly on the floor, rather than seeking assistance via the radiator.

Camisole : She is to be the first?

Master : Why not? There's nothing wrong with her. In fact, I think she may prove highly amusing.

Camisole [moving to leave]: Very well. I shall attend to this 'Doctor'.

Master [pulling a little black box from his pocket]: Before you go...

Camisole turns around to see.

Master [opening the box towards her]: I thought you might appreciate this.

Camisole [delighted]: Oh! You shouldn't have!

Master : Try it on.

Nurse Camisole takes the sparkly ring from the little box and puts it on the ring finger of her right hand. As she does this, there is a strange shimmery jangly sleigh bell noise, like when Miss Marple has an idea. We see the reflection of Nurse Camisole looking at herself, still masked, in the mirror. It is a different actress—perhaps she rings a bell or two. She moves her hands to remove her mask, but before she does so, we cut to the Master, smiling broadly.

Camisole [off, sounding like a certain someone else]: It's beautiful!

2.15 Inside The Cell

We see exactly the same sequence of the woman wearing a black patent leather straitjacket, some very nice legs and black, shiny, pointy boots. Her neck is attached to the wall by a long chain. Her head is hooded in black patent leather also. She can just about reach the radiator to kick it.

2.16 Outside The Cell

Bertram is contemplating the lock.

Bertram : Now... Where's my lockpick?

Bertram searches for his lockpick—first in his dressing gown pockets, next in the pocket of his pyjama top, and finally under his beret—but to no avail. He twists up his beard in confusion, and there lies the item in question.

Bertram [fiddling with the lock]: Open, in the name of the Revolution!

The door opens. Bertram enters.

2.17 Inside The Cell

Bertram enters and sees the straitjacketed woman. He unhitches the chain from the wall (there is no lock, just a catch), then starts undoing the straitjacket.

Woman [still hooded]: M mmmmm'm mmm mmm mmmmmmmm mm.

Bertram : Oh, sorry.

Bertram removes the woman's shiny leather hood. It is Onara.

Onara : I haven't got any clothes on.

Bertram : Women's liberation! [takes off dressing gown]: Never mind, you can borrow this. Now, quickly, before we're suppressed by the establishment!

2.18 The Brigadier's Jeep

Benton is now in the driving seat. The Brigadier is standing on one side of the jeep, whilst Mike is standing on the other.

Brigadier : All right, Sergeant Benton, you know what to do?

Benton : Yes, Sir. Head for the gardens and bail out at the first sign of trouble.

Brigadier : Good. Positions, Captain Yates!

Mike [in tones of admiration]: Yes, Sir.

We see Mike and the Brigadier climbing onto cunning secret shelves on either side underneath the jeep.

Brigadier : Comfortable, Captain?

Mike : Sir!

Brigadier : Ready when you are, Sergeant!

Benton drives off. The jeep makes a lot of smoke.

2.19 The Surrealist Corridor

The Doctor is creeping along a corridor. Along one wall is a series of huge surrealist paintings which stretch from floor to ceiling. The first depicts a tuba with an enormous globe artichoke growing from the bell. The second depicts a beautiful naked negress trapped inside a half-empty bottle of whiskey. You get the idea. We get to see Jon Pertwee pulling very bemused faces.

The last painting depicts a man from behind, naked apart from a policeman's helmet and a very implausible looking apron, standing at a closed door in a wall the same colour as the corridor wall. The figure's left hand is perched on his left buttock, and his right hand is on the door handle. The Doctor finds this picture more interesting than the others. He reaches to the right hand side of the picture and pulls it open—it is hinged down the left. Behind the painting is a door. The Doctor tries the handle with his right hand, but to no avail. Then, all casual like, he puts his left hand on this left buttock and tries again, this time successfully. He creeps in and shuts the door after him. We see the painting slowly swinging back towards the wall.

2.20 The Steps Downward

The Doctor takes a torch from his pocket and looks around. He is at the top of a narrow flight of stairs. He creeps down to the bottom and turns left through a stone archway.

2.21 The Surrealist Corridor

Jo walks along the corridor in a manner which suggests she knows it well. She's smiling a big smile and doesn't seem to fear capture. She stops by the artichoke picture.

Jo [calling out]: Doctor?

She moves on a painting or two.

Jo [calling out]: Doctor?

She's just passing the policeman.

Jo [muttering irritatedly]: Where are you, Doctor?

She notices that the policeman painting is not quite touching the wall at one side, so she pulls it open. Next, she puts her left hand on her left buttock and opens the secret door.

Jo [going in]: Doctor?

2.22 Cavernous Underground Place

The robed flunkies are fuelling one end of a huge chrome machine from their dubious looking cylinders. At the far end, there's a pipe with a nozzle directed at a white enamel bathtub, around each end of which there are some impressive-looking solenoids.

The Doctor sneaks in, but the flunkies are too zombied to notice, and he hides behind a convenient obstacle before anyone notices.

Suddenly, we hear the Master's voice from a tannoy.

Master [unnervingly calmly]: Emergency. We have intruders approaching the main gate. All units to intercept. Repeat. Emergency. We have intruders approaching the main gate.

The flunkies stop fuelling the machine and file out.

The Doctor comes out of hiding and examines the machine. At one point, there's a bit which looks uncannily like a cappuccino machine. Under it is sitting a chrome cup and saucer. The Doctor opens the tap and a white liquid trickles into the cup. He hesitates, tries some, then looks surprised.

Doctor : Milk?

Jo [off]: Doctor?

The Doctor turns around to see Jo smiling.

Doctor : Jo!

Jo [looking very pleased with herself]: I escaped!

Doctor : So I see. Clever girl!

Jo : I'm not just a pretty face.

Doctor : Yes. . . Let's get back to the Tardis while the guards are still chasing Lethbridge-Stewart.

Jo [sounding serious]: There's something I think you should see first.

Doctor : Really?

Jo [already making for the stairs]: This way, Doctor!

2.23 Just Inside The Main Gate

The stirring tympani telegraph excitement as we look from the gates down the driveway towards the hospital in the distance, all ivy and Mervyn Peake. Blocking the way is a line of robed flunkies akimbo.

Looking from the flunkies' point of view, we see the gate in the middle of a high wall which is lined by conveniently-sized bushes at regular intervals. The snare cuts in. Crescendo.

Benton comes crashing through the gate. Crunching electric guitar. Seeing the flunkies look mean, he swerves off to the left.

Lots of flunkies come out from the bushes by the wall. Tyrophone[1]. Benton dives out to the right. The flunkies catch him.

We watch in horror as the jeep careers down a steep slope we hadn't noticed before. Blaring saxophone. Closeup underneath of the Brigadier's face looking exhilarated.

Brigadier [gung ho]: Ha ha!

We focus on the right-hand side of the jeep, where the brigadier is starting to climb out as they career along. Tubular bells. He's about to get into the driving seat when we zoom out and watch the jeep drive straight into a large ornamental lake in the middle of which is a fountain replica of Manneken-Pis. Silence. Gurgling noises.

The Brigadier crawls out of the lake looking damp. He looks to see if Mike has made it.

Brigadier : Captain Yates?

Mike emerges from the lake, the other side of the half-submerged jeep. He pulls a large goldfish from one pocket and smiles a sorry smile.

2.24 The Recreation Room

We see a room full of coffee tables and comfy chairs. There's a stage at one end with curtains concealing the wings at each side. Centre stage, there's an old hatstand which slopes and is missing one of its prongs. Below the stage and to the left, Ivor Cutler is playing an upright piano

[1] a little known keyboard instrument used to accompany ancient Greek melodrama

and singing something suitably absurd not terribly volubly. Nobody is paying him the blindest bit of attention.

Behind the stage left curtain, Bertram (still in his pyjamas) is filleting a chest of drawers. Eventually, he finds a beret, a pair of sunglasses with small black rectangular lenses, and a large false beard. All sorts of foolish theatrical knick-knacks now litter the floor. He turns around to Onara, who is still wearing his dressing gown.

Bertram [handing Onara the things]: You'll need these, comrade.

Onara [putting them on]: Thank you.

In her beret and beard, Onara now looks uncannily like Bertram. Cool shades!

Bertram : That's better!

Onara : Comrade Bertram, something very bad is happening here.

Bertram : But this is a lunatic asylum!

Onara : That psychiatric surgeon... the one with the beard...

Bertram [terrified]: M-Mr Corduroy?

Onara : He's got a machine...

Bertram : Misery of the working people!

Onara : It's worse than that.

Bertram is stunned into silence, as Onara reminds us of the plot.

Onara : This machine which Mr Corduroy has stolen—it can take the intelligence from a living mind and turn it into electricity. Nobody is safe.

Bertram : But we're all barmy!

Onara : I've seen it working on a chimpanzee. [Onara begins to blub]: Now this evil man is going to use it on humans. You must get away from here! You must escape! All of you!

Bertram : Leave the asylum? Not a chance!, Why the outside world's just as bad as this machine! Chin up, comrade! We'll put a stop to this man.

Onara : But how?

Bertram : Well...

A wild fire enters Bertram's defocused eyes. Trumpets and angel choirs.

Bertram [firm and inspired]: We'll just have to bring forward the Revolution!

2.25 Yet Another Corridor

Jo is hurrying along. The Doctor is finding it hard to keep up. He's out of breath and stooping. Good excuse for a gratuitous bum shot.

Jo : Hurry up, Doctor!

Doctor [panting]: When you've reached one thousand... two hundred... and seventy-seven... you'll be very lucky... if you're as spritely as me.

Jo [stopping at a double door]: Through here...

A sign above the door says 'Operating Theatre 3'.

2.26 Operating Theatre 3

Some strange machinery is hanging from the ceiling. Even more machinery, complete with cylinders and tubes and nozzles, is sitting at the far end of the operating table. Jo directs the Doctor to the latter.

Jo : What do you make of that, Doctor?

Doctor : I don't know. . . hard to say. . .

We look at Jo. She has pulled an oxygen mask down from the ceiling and covered her face. Her hand is poised on a lever. We notice the sparkly ring on her finger.

Doctor [off]: Some sort of compressed gas system, maybe. . .

Jo : That's what I thought.

Jo pulls the lever. A nasty blue gas starts rushing out from the machine the Doctor is examining. It gives him some kind of seizure. He stares at Jo. Close-up on the sparkly ring.

Doctor [choking]: You're not Jo. . .

Jo smiles. The Doctor slumps unconscious. Jo pulls the lever the other way and (with a conspicuously marvellous piece of backwards filming) all the blue gas disappears back into the nozzle whence it came.

Exit Jo, flouncing delightfully.

2.27 The Glass Corridor

We're in a walkway between two of the buildings. The walls consist of large panes of glass. There is a glass double door in the middle of one wall. We look at these doors from the inside. Facing us, on each side of the doors is a robed flunky, posted to stop people getting out. Behind each flunky is the next pane of glass along. The flunkies look bored. We pause a moment.

Suddenly, noisily and simultaneously, the glass behind the head of each flunky shatters as hands in damp army jumpers smash through. The guards slump unconscious in a pleasingly symmetrical fashion.

The Brigadier and Mike stride in, side by side through one door each. (They do open them first.)

Brigadier : Good work, Captain Yates.

Mike : Thank you, Sir. Robes, Sir?

They each don a flunky robe. Underneath, the flunkies are wearing black polonecks and tights. Mike and the Brigadier start walking briskly into one of the buildings.

2.28 Yet Another Another Corridor

Mike and the Brigadier encounter two flunkies frogmarching a figure in a a black patent leather straitjacket, matching hood, no trousers, hairy legs and army boots. They stop when they meet and pause. Then they thump the flunkies, who collapse.

Pulling the hood off the prisoner, they find it's Benton. They release his arms.

Brigadier : Ah, Sergeant. Any sign of the Doctor or Miss Grant?

Benton : No, Sir. Thank you, Sir.

Brigadier : Well, let's find them, then.

They run off.

2.29 The Scary Laboratory

Open with shot of a round metal helmet suspended from the ceiling, shielding the face of the victim. Zoom out to see the victim in black patent leather straitjacket and black shiny pointy boots strapped into a scary chair. There are lots of wires coming out from under the helmet.

All of this is inside a white observation chamber a bit like the one in Professor Cranleigh's laboratory. We pull back through the observation window, and then turn round...

The Doctor is slumped unconscious in a chair. Nurse Camisole (dressed as normal) is standing to his left. Near us, on the right, the Master looks up from his equipment.

Master : Bring the Doctor round, please, Nurse Camisole.

Camisole : Certainly, Mr Corduroy.

She slaps the Doctor, leaving a big red mark. The Doctor wakes up and takes in his situation.

Doctor [to the Master]: Ah, there you are, old chap. Wallace Corduroy this week, eh? Not one of your wittier efforts, and I don't believe I've been introduced to your delightful accomplice.

Master : She introduced herself to you some time ago, Doctor. It's incredible what one can achieve with a working chameleon circuit.

Doctor : All the rage at parties, I'm sure. I trust this is Professor Cranleigh's equipment.

Master : Indeed it is, Doctor. I'm so glad you woke up in time to observe our little experiment.

Doctor : Not one of the inmates?

Master : We shall process them all in due course. Nobody will notice—everybody thinks they're mad already.

Camisole : Although some of them have been perfectly sane for years.

Doctor : Well, I wish I could say the same for you two.

Master : Come now. This is an incredible scientific achievement.

Doctor : It's monstrous! Absolutely monstrous!

Master : You always were a sentimental fool, Doctor. Still I doubt that will stop you generating more power than the rest put together.

Camisole : We always save the best till last.

Doctor [to Camisole]: You're inhuman!

Camisole laughs as she joins the Master at the controls.

Master : Anyhow, that's enough smalltalk. Nurse Camisole!

Camisole : Yes, Mr Corduroy.

Master : Commence audiovisual disorientation!

Doctor : No!

Camisole : Initiating phase one stimuli.

Doctor : Stop this madness!

Nurse Camisole turns a knob on her console. Inside the chamber, we get more trippy bad TV sequences and a mélange of 'Breaking Up Is Hard To Do', 'Love Letters', 'World Without Love' and 'Wonderful Land'.

Master : Raise the visor!

Camisole : Raising visor now.

Doctor : You're insane! Both of you!

Inside the chamber, the helmet lifts off, revealing the beelectroded features of Jo Grant. Her eyes widen and she screams, as the musical mayhem is drowned by the 'sting' for the closing credits.

Episode 3

3.1 The Scary Laboratory

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Master : Raise the visor!

Camisole : Raising visor now.

Doctor : You're insane! Both of you!

Inside the chamber, the helmet lifts off, revealing the beelectroded features of Jo Grant. Her eyes widen and she screams, but the expected 'sting' somehow fails to materialise. She starts to smile because she likes the music.

Doctor : Stop! Turn off the machine before her mind is destroyed!

Master [ignoring the Doctor]: The reading, Nurse Camisole?

Camisole : I don't understand. There isn't even a flicker of power.

Master : We shall just have to use the manifestos.

Doctor : No! This is worse than murder!

Master : Silence, Doctor! Miss Grant's intelligence is mine to dispose of as I see fit. The manifestos!

Camisole [cool]: Releasing manifestos. . . now.

Nurse Camisole pulls a lever on her console. Suddenly, Jo's cell is awhirl with little pieces of coloured paper. The music becomes dominated by FD Roosevelt's 'four freedoms' speech. Jo's smile turns to a frown. The lights flicker out briefly. The Doctor rushes to join the Master and Nurse Camisole at the controls.

Doctor : What's happening?

Camisole : A slight flicker. . . of negative power!

Master : That's impossible!

Doctor : This process may be an incredible scientific achievement, but I think you should switch it off. Now.

Master [resigned]: Do as the Doctor says.

Camisole : Deactivating…

The manifestos fall to the floor in autumnal swathes, whilst the visuals grind to a halt. The music cuts on the opening 'Please' of 'World Without Love'. Jo slumps. The Doctor and Nurse Camisole rush into the observation chamber, release her arms and start peeling the electrodes from her head.

Doctor [clicking his fingers at Jo]: Come on, Jo! Wake up!

Camisole : There's nothing you can do for her.

Jo [singing fitfully, eyes closed]: …lock me away…lock me away…lock me away…

Camisole : Her mind is gone.

Doctor : Nonsense! She's nearly round. [he extracts an old-fashioned perfume squirter from one pocket]: A little squirt of the Arcturan vapours always does the trick.

The Doctor squirts some of the stuff up one of Jo's nostrils. Jo sneezes very violently and is then quite awake.

Jo : Doctor…

Doctor : Nice to have you back, my dear. How do you feel?

Jo : Fine, I think. Why? What's been happening?

Doctor : Never mind, Jo. It's all over. Do you know how many beans make five?

Jo [giggling]: Don't be silly, Doctor… [she pauses for slightly too long]: It is five, isn't it?

Doctor [to Camisole]: You see? Nothing wrong with her! [he puts one hand on Jo's shoulder]: Miss Grant is…

Camisole : A brick?

Doctor [patting Jo]: Yes, she's a real brick!

The Master joins them in the observation chamber.

Master [interrupting]: Nurse Camisole?

Camisole : Yes, Mr Corduroy?

Master : Run along and invite the delightful Miss Onara to join us. It seems our machine needs a little servicing.

Jo : Yes, the music's good, but I didn't think much of the politicians. [she illustrates by kicking up a whirl of manifestos]

Nurse Camisole slips out.

Master : Quite your usual self, I see, Miss Grant.

Jo : Of course!

Doctor : And you too, more's the pity. What kind of trouble are you in this time?

Master : My dear Doctor, I can assure you that it is you and Miss Grant who are in trouble. I shall have this equipment operationally effective very shortly.

Doctor : Practising your excuses, Mr Corduroy?

Jo : Someone's not going to be very happy with you.

Master : Your concern for industrial relations at this Health Service facility is most touching, but I can assure you that I am in control.

Doctor : Really? I didn't think black-robed zombies were your style. Or charming assistants, for that matter...

Jo : Well, at least that rules out the Daleks.

Doctor : So who is it you're working for? And what do they want all this power for? What's that machine in the cellar?

Master : I'm sorry to disappoint you, Doctor, but the gentlemen in black are indeed under my authority. As for Nurse Camisole, I. . . tolerate her. She is effective.

In the room outside, a bell rings—in one corner of the ceiling, we see an old-fashioned bell worked by a rope which disappears through a hole in the wall. The Master looks momentarily displeased.

Doctor : Summoned, are we?

Master : Evidently one of my patients requires urgent treatment.

Jo : I'm sure whoever it is will be relieved to see you.

Master [leaving the observation chamber]: Quite so. Sorry to detain you further.

As the Master leaves, he bolts the chamber shut. The Doctor rattles at the door from the inside, but to no avail.

Jo : Brilliant! Now what do we do?

Doctor : Well, there's only one thing we can do. . . Wait for the cavalry!

3.2 Outside The Scary Laboratory

We are looking down the corridor from round the corner of a T-junction. There is no sound. The Master emerges from the laboratory and locks the door. He starts to walk towards us, but before he looks up, we pull back to see the Brigadier and Mike (still in robes, but with the hoods back) with Benton (still in his leather straitjacket) hastily retreating round the corner with their backs to the wall. The Master walks straight on in an agitated fashion and does not notice. The Brigadier silently indicates to Mike that he should follow discreetly. Mike creeps to the corner, peeps round cautiously, then heads after the Master.

Meanwhile, the Brigadier and Benton look both ways before trying the laboratory door without success. The Brigadier silently directs Benton's attention to the lock. Benton kicks the door off its hinges with considerable noise. The Brigadier looks around innocently, creeps in and silently motions Benton to follow him.

3.3 The Observation Chamber

Jo is still sitting in the chair. The Doctor is standing. Jo looks bored.

Jo : Doctor?

Doctor : Yes, Jo?

Jo : Isn't there anything we can do?

Doctor : I'm afraid not.

Jo : What about your sonic screwdriver?

Doctor : You can't shift a huge steel bolt with sonic impulses, my dear. It's a pity the lock isn't a bit more sophisticated.

Jo [giggling]: A door too crude for Time Lord wizardry?

Doctor [embarrassed]: Well, I suppose I could try moving the bolt by [taps forehead]: telekinesis.

Jo : I suppose Time Lords can all do that.

Doctor : No, but cats can. Now, let me concentrate.

The Doctor adopts an expression of stern concentration as he stares at the door. Jo looks amazed as we hear the bolt begin to slide. Then there is a sudden click and the door flies open.

Brigadier [standing in the doorway]: Ah, there you are, Doctor, Miss Grant. Is everything all right?

Doctor [to Jo]: See?

Jo : But the Brigadier opened it for you!

Doctor : Well, how do you suppose cats do it?

Brigadier : Would either of you mind telling me what's going on?

3.4 The Junction Where The Tardis Is

We see the Master emerge from one corridor to find the Tardis. He stops for a moment and smiles. Mike hides back in the shadows. As the Master rounds the Tardis, he meets too robed flunkies coming from another corridor. Mike hides behind the Tardis, but cannot make out what is said. The flunkies take the Master back whence they came, in single file with the Master in the middle. Mike pulls his hood close and follows them carefully.

3.5 The Scary Laboratory

The Doctor, the Brigadier (who has discarded his robes), Benton and Jo are looking at the machine.

Brigadier [in his 'plot resumé' tone]: So, this is the late Professor Cranleigh's Unclear Power Transducer, designed to generate electricity by reducing the intellect to confusion?

Doctor : Indeed it is.

Jo : But it doesn't work. [she giggles]: Well, not on me anyway.

Benton : Well, that's one problem out of the way.

Doctor : It's not that simple, I'm afraid. Professor Cranleigh's technician, Miss Onara is here in the hospital. She may be able to correct the fault.

Brigadier : And she's working for the Master—remember, she knocked Captain Yates unconscious.

Doctor [not entirely convinced]: Anyway, we can't stay here. You didn't happen to notice where the Master was going, by any chance?

Benton : He seemed in a bit of hurry. Didn't notice us.

Brigadier : I sent Captain Yates to keep an eye on him.

Doctor : He must be going down to the cellar! We'd better get after him before they catch Mike.

Brigadier : Who are 'they'?

Doctor : That's what I'd like to find out. Come along, Brigadier!

The Doctor and the Brigadier make for the door. Jo and Benton begin to follow them.

Doctor : Not you, Jo. We don't know what we're going to find down there.

Jo : You'll only get into trouble without me.

Brigadier : Better than getting into to trouble with you, Miss Grant. Look after her, Benton.

Benton : But we can't stay here, Sir. What if the Master comes back?

Brigadier : Use your initiative, Sergeant. Find somewhere to hide. And while you're at it, find some respectable clothing!

3.6 The Surrealist Corridor

We rejoin the two flunkies and the Master as they walk past the paintings. The front flunky pulls back the last picture to reveal the door to the cellar and, as we have seen before, places his left hand on his left buttock in order to open the door with his right hand. The front flunky and the Master go on down, but the back flunky notices Mike, still in disguise. Leaving the door ajar, he approaches the bold Captain.

Flunky [droning ominously]: Has the girl Onara been found?

Mike [droning unconvincingly]: I do not know.

Flunky : Then why are you here? Return to your duties at once.

Mike : At once.

Mike knees the flunky in the groin, then knocks him unconcscious. He sneaks in through the door to the cellar.

3.7 The Recreation Room

Bertram and Onara are still talking behind the stage curtain. We look out at the hatstand, bathed portentously in light, centrestage. We hear Ivor Cutler playing the piano and humming merrily to himself.

Onara [whispering]: They're bound to have noticed that I've escaped. How long until the Revolution?

Bertram : I won't be able to get word around until after tea. Then the patients all come in here to file past the hatstand.

Onara : I can't avoid the guards until teatime.

Bertram : You can count on me and Comrade Cutler.

Onara : Yes, but you mustn't be caught hiding me, Comrade Bertram. I must give myself up to protect the Revolution.

Bertram : But they'll kill you!

Onara : I think they will keep me alive until they are sure they can use the Professor's machine.

Bertram : You can't be certain of that.

Onara : No, but I am certain that they will kill you if they think you helped me escape, and then what would happen to the Revolution?

Bertram : You can't kill an idea.

Onara : But you can kill the people who think it, Bertram. I have to...

The music stops suddenly. The room is silent apart from some ominous jackboot noises. Bertram hides in the corner and motions to Onara to do the same. Onara does not move.

In the main part of the room, a pair of flunkies are looking nasty. Ivor Cutler is looking frightened.

Flunky : Where is the escaped prisoner?

Ivor [accompanying himself on the piano]: I do not know.
I have not seen any escaped prisoners today.
If I had I would surely have told you,
But instead I am playing the piano.
Ha ha ha! Playing the piano,
No escaped prisoners today!

Flunky : You lie!

Ivor : Honestly, Sir, I haven't seen a thing.
Please don't thump me, I have a wife and child.
I can never lie when I'm playing the piano.
No escaped prisoners today!

Flunky [slamming the piano lid down on Ivor's fingers]: You'll tell the truth, even if I have to kill you.

Onara [suddenly centrestage]: Don't hurt him. I'm here. [she jumps down onto the floor]: I've been hiding here since I escaped. He didn't see me when he came in to play the piano, and I didn't laugh even though it was very funny.

Flunky : You're coming with us, Miss. [to his companion]: Bring him anyway—at least it'll stop him singing.

They leave. When they have gone, Bertram creeps out from behind the curtain. He stands before the hatstand with outstretched arms and stares with glazed eyes into the middle distance.

Bertram [declaiming to an imaginary audience]: What is it about the best of womankind that leaves them face down in the canal?

3.8 Cavernous Underground Place

Some flunkies form a guard of honour. The priestess, robed and masked as ever, stands at the altar. The Master is marched before her. He looks unhappy.

Priestess : Kneel!

The Master kneels reluctantly.

Priestess : Things are not going as efficiently as they might.

Master : Everything is under control.

Cut to Mike's point of view. He is hiding in an alcove near the entrance.

Priestess : The Unclear Power Transducer does not seem to be entirely under anyone's control.

Master : The fault is a minor one. It will shortly be repaired by Professor Cranleigh's technician, whom I hold captive. There will be no deviation from schedule…unless I am further interrupted.

Priestess : The technician, Miss Onara, has escaped from her cell.

Master : She is presumably at large in the building. Let us hope that your servants are more efficient at finding her than they were at locking her up. [he stands]: Moreover, I suspect you will find a contingent of UNIT personnel on the premises, if you can be bothered to look for them. I suggest that the major threat to our schedule derives not from any slight technical problems with my machine but from the gaping holes in your security.

We hear (and so does Mike) footsteps coming down the stairs. He finds that the back panel of the alcove is a door and slips through, leaving it slightly ajar. The footsteps belong to the flunky who found Onara. He approaches and kneels.

Priestess : What news, servant?

Flunky : The girl Onara has been found, Priestess. She is being held in the laboratory.

Master [almost flippant]: How fortunate! I shall return to my work at once. [he turns and leaves]: Happy hunting, Priestess!

3.9 The Priestess's Cubby-Hole

Mike finds himself in a little cubby-hole. He pushes his hood back and looks around. The incidental music telegraphs the imminent discovery of a long-term plot clue by, say, an appropriately discordant harpsichord twiddle. Hanging on a rail is Nurse Camisole's uniform, and behind it the apparel of both Jo and Onara. Mike is curious.

Mike is even curiouser when he looks down and spots a couple of shiny blue scale-like things, such as might have been shed by a shiny blue reptile-like thing.

Mike's curiosity is nonetheless shortlived. The priestess comes in. We see her from Mike's point of view. She stares at us. Everything seems a bit fuzzy, then falls over and goes black.

3.10 Outside Mr Corduroy's Office

Jo and Benton sneak up to the door and listen. Hearing nothing, they slowly open the door and go inside.

3.11 Mr Corduroy's Office

The office is empty of people. The Master Tardis is where it was and is still shaped like a phone booth. Jo and Benton enter cautiously, in their matching black patent leather straitjackets (but with hands released), and they look around.

Benton : I'm not sure this is a good place to hide. The Master's bound to come back here.

Jo : Let's look around anyway.

Jo looks behind the Master's Tardis while Benton searches through the desk drawers. More of that harpsichord. Benton finds two identical little black boxes. He opens one. There is a sparkly ring inside.

Benton : Take a look at this, Jo.

Jo [emerging]: What is it?

Benton : Seems to be some kind of ring.

Jo : Try it on. See if it suits you.

Benton : Do you think I should?

Jo : Go on. Can't hurt to try it.

We're looking from Benton's point of view. He puts the ring on. There's that jangly sleighbell noise again. We see Jo bursting into uncontrollable fits of giggles.

Benton [in a voice sounding uncannily like Katy Manning]: What's so. . . funny?

Jo : You. . . you've turned into me!

Moving away, we can see that there are two Katy Mannings present—one is Jo and the other is Benton. Benton is still in his straitjacket (which fits as flatteringly as Jo's despite having been Benton-sized beforehand). The ring is visible on Benton's finger.

Benton [looking aghast in the mirror]: So I have! [he giggles]: Still, it could be worse—you could have turned into me!

Jo : Don't be so hard on yourself. I think you look sweet.

Benton [trying to change the subject]: But I still feel like me...I mean...like a man.

Jo : What did you expect?

Benton : Well, I thought it would feel...different.

Jo : I suppose it shows that, deep down, we're really all the same.

Benton [offering Jo the other box]: Why don't you try this one on?

Jo takes the ring from the second box and puts it on. She turns into Onara and looks in the mirror.

Jo : Oh, I like this one!

Benton : That's Miss Onara, Professor Cranleigh's assistant, the one who clobbered Captain Yates.

Jo : Or maybe that was someone else who looked like Onara because of this ring.

Benton : So, if there's a ring for looking like you, and a ring for looking like Miss Onara...

Jo & Benton : ...who else is there a ring for?

3.12 More Corridors

The Doctor and the Brigadier are creeping along. They hear footsteps. The Doctor signals silence and they retreat down a side-corridor. The Master walks past briskly, looking very pleased with himself. When the coast is clear, the Doctor and the Brigadier talk.

Brigadier : I wonder what's got into him.

Doctor : I expect he's been let off without a beating. I just hope the same is true for Mike.

Brigadier : Shall we follow him?

Doctor : He'll be going back to the laboratory to fiddle with his infernal machine. I fear our good Captain may need us more urgently.

They carry on down the corridor.

3.13 More Corridors

The Doctor and the Brigadier are creeping along. They hear footsteps. The Doctor signals silence and they retreat down a side-corridor. Nurse Camisole walks past briskly, looking very irritated. When the coast is clear, the Doctor and the Brigadier talk.

Brigadier : I wonder what's got into her.

3.14 The Priestess's Cubby-Hole

Black screen. We hear two sets of footsteps clattering in.

Brigadier [accompanied by slapping noises]: Captain Yates! Captain Yates! [we see a fuzzy picture of the Brigadier leaning over the camera]: Wake up man!

Mike : Who the hell are you? Oh, sorry Brigadier.

Doctor : Easy now, Mike. Get yourself together.

Brigadier : What happened?

Mike [sitting up]: Well, I followed the Master down here.

Doctor : Yes?

Mike : He was in the cellar, kneeling before some High Priestess. It was like he was being carpeted for something not working properly.

Doctor : Yes, I think I know what that is. Go on.

Mike : Anyway, he didn't like that one bit—he stood up to her, said it was all her servants' fault.

Brigadier : So the guards aren't working for the Master…

Mike : Next thing, a guard comes in to announce that Miss Onara's been caught. I thought she was working for them.

Doctor : Well, I'm not so sure about that…

Mike [standing up and looking at the clothes rail]: So I hide in here, and I find these clothes. That's funny…

Doctor : What, Mike?

Mike : Well, here are Miss Onara's clothes, and here are Jo's, but what's happened to the nurse's uniform that was here? And hang on… These are the Priestess's robes?

Brigadier : That nurse who walked past us!

Doctor : Nurse Camisole, yes. It must be her machine in there. I think it's time I had another look at it. Come on, you two!

The leave. The camera focuses in on the shiny blue scales still there on the floor. Nervous incidental music.

3.15 The Scary Laboratory

Miss Onara and Ivor Cutler are being held captive by a pair of flunkies. The Master enters.

Master : Ah, Miss Onara, I trust you enjoyed your little walkabout. So nice of you to rejoin us.

Onara spits at him and sulks.

Master : Surely we can conduct ourselves as civilised scientists.

Onara : At what price is your precious civilisation? Treating human beings, [points to Ivor]: treating your own patients as commodities to be bought and sold, as experiments for your science, as idle nick-nacks in the market-place or as food for the worms. No grass looks green from underneath, Mr Corduroy.

Master [pinching at Ivor's pyjamas disdainfully]: What is the worth of this thing? The man's mad!

Ivor : Ha ha ha! Playing the piano!
No escaped prisoners today!

Master : He's a gibbering idiot, a total misfit. He can't survive [points straight to camera]: out there in the real world. I didn't buy this man—society paid me to take him away. I don't understand why they didn't just leave him to rot.

Onara : Perhaps they didn't like the smell.

Ivor : Two bald men looked over their spectacles
And said I wasn't quite normal.
Since there was only one of me,
I suppose I was outvoted.

Onara : 'sane' and 'mad' are not opposites. Nobody with an interesting thought in her head is even remotely 'normal'.

During Onara's rant, the Master has checked the observation cell and found it empty.

Master [angrily]: Enough! [to the flunkies]: Strap this fool into the chair and then find the Doctor and the girl. He may be a lunatic, but he'll have to do. [to Onara]: And you had better get this machine working properly before I cease to be able to tolerate your interminable ideological naïveté!

Onara [examining the machine very briefly]: But, Mr Corduroy, there is nothing wrong with it!

Master : It didn't work when I tried it.

Onara : Perhaps you tried it on the wrong person.

We look through the window of the observation chamber. Ivor is strapped into the chair. The flunkies have not lowered the helmet. Ivor looks very worried.

We turn around to see Nurse Camisole enter.

Master : Ah, Nurse Camisole, you're just in time. Miss Onara informs me that the machine is working perfectly, and she, after all, is the expert.

Camisole : Well, I hope you're right. Shall we try it?

Onara [rushing to the controls]: No! I can't let you do this.

Nurse Camisole knocks Onara sideways and unconscious with a single slap to the head. She takes her position at the controls.

Master : Ready?

Camisole : Yes, Mr Corduroy.

Master : Commencing audiovisual disorientation!

Camisole [working a control]: Initiating phase one stimuli.

Cut to inside the observation chamber. We have the same nightmarish sounds and pictures at the beginning of the episode. Ivor Cutler is obviously undergoing severe mental trauma.

Ivor [screaming defiantly]: No escaped prisoners today!
No escaped prisoners today!
No escaped prisoners today!...

3.16 Mr Corduroy's Office

Someone who looks like Jo but is actually Benton is sitting at the Master's desk watching the security TV. Someone who looks like Onara but is actually Jo is admiring herself in the mirror. Both are wearing sparkly rings. The jangly sleigh bell noise happens as Jo takes her ring off.

Suddenly, we hear the clanging of a triangle (it may have to be a gong if we can't afford to hire Linda McCartney).

Jo : I wonder what that's for.

Benton [spotting something on the screen]: Seems to have created some excitement.

Jo joins Benton at the TV screen. We see a ravening horde of patients running along the corridor, Bertram among them. Outside, we hear an approaching rumble.

Jo : Must be tea time. Let's join them. I'm starving.

Benton : Hmmm. I have to watch my figure.

Jo [giving him a good-natured thump]: Oh, take that ridiculous body off. You're spoiling my concentration!

Benton turns back into Benton. They leave.

3.17 Outside Mr Corduroy's Office

There's a stampede of hungry patients. Jo and Benton emerge from the office and get carried away in the mob.

3.18 The Scary Laboratory

In the observation chamber, Ivor Cutler is fighting a losing battle.

Ivor [weakly]: Please lock me away
And don't allow the day

Here inside, where I hide
[determined]: No escaped prisoners today!

Nurse Camisole and the Master watch with pleasure from the console. Miss Onara is out cold on the floor.

Camisole [excited]: Traces of power, Mr Corduroy.

Master : Excellent! Now the manifestos...

Camisole : Activating...

Nurse Camisole activates the control, and the usual papery flurry begins in the observation chamber. Politicians' voices dominate the audios. Ivor looks distinctly put out. His mind is going.

Ivor [joining in]: There is no such thing as society.
There are individuals and there are families.
There is no such thing as society.
There are individuals and there are families...

Camisole : I can't believe it! The power's gone off the scale!

Master : I'll handle things here. You had better get down to the cellar.

Nurse Camisole hurries out.

3.19 Cavernous Underground Place

The Brigadier and Mike watch as the Doctor examines the huge shiny machine.

Brigadier : Well, Doctor? Any idea what this contraption does?

Doctor : It seems to be some kind of plasmic synthesiser.

Brigadier : A plasmic what?

Mike [remembering something]: Doctor?

Doctor : A plasmic synthesiser. It manufactures complex animal lifeforms from basic animal proteins, usually supplied in liquid form.

Brigadier : Like a sort of cloning, you mean?

Mike : Doctor, I've remembered something else.

Doctor : Yes, I suppose it is...

The Doctor launches into his explanation. Mike slips out.

Doctor [continuing]: ...a bit like cloning. [he indicates the nozzle at one end of the bath]: The superheated and statically charged animal protein comes out here in a fine plasma and is [Magnus Pyke impression]: swirled around in the field generated by these two solenoids whilst the power builds. Once the power reaches saturation level, the plasma binds itself and the completed creature is formed irreversibly.

Brigadier : Goodness me! And the liquid fuel, this 'basic animal protein', what exactly is it?

Doctor : It's milk, actually.

Brigadier : Milk? No wonder!

Doctor : No wonder what, Brigadier?

Brigadier : No wonder free milk deliveries to schools in this area have been vanishing without trace. The police thought it was just kids.

Mike comes back in. He's holding something in his fingers.

Mike : Doctor, I've remembered. I found these on the cubby-hole floor.

Doctor : Let's have a look, then.

The Doctor takes the scales from Mike and examines them with his handy eyeglass. The others look on intently.

Brigadier : Recognise them, Doctor?

Doctor : Yes. Yes, I'm afraid I do. These are the scales of an adult female Pecuniax, probaly the most loathsome, ruthless and above all venomous semireptiles in this Galaxy.

Suddenly there is a clunk. They turn around to see that the machine has started working. Hot milk is spraying into the bath from the nozzle, whilst bright blue spirals of light bounce back and forth around the bath from solenoid to solenoid in a manner distinctly reminiscent of the mad scientist scene from Metropolis. Gradually, a glowing blue plasma begins to accumulate. Apocalyptic incidental music.

Standing by the control panel, but facing our heroes is Nurse Camisole, with facemask as ever.

Doctor : You!

The Doctor pulls away Nurse Camisole's mask. Underneath, her lips are blue and surrounded by scales. She opens her mouth to show her horrifying fangs. She pulls off her hat to reveal a scaly head. She unzips her uniform to reveal a scaly cleavage in a scaly basque, scaly thighs and a scaly tail which couldn't possibly have fitted under her clothing in the first place. She sticks out her long blue telescopic forked tongue (which looks like something Poison Ivy from The Cramps would wear) and hisses. 'Sting'. Roll credits.

Episode 4

4.1 Cavernous Underground Place

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The machine keeps on metropolising. Nurse Camisole and the Doctor stand poised to trade points. The Brigadier is on his guard. Mike is completely transfixed by Nurse Camisole's stunning reptilery.

Camisole : Yes, Doctor, I am a Pecuniax, but that does not, in itself make me superior or inferior to these humans. We are all equal in our need to survive, and that is what I have been doing, stranded these last two thousand years on this mindnumbingly unambitious parochial little planet—surviving.

Doctor : Well, if you wish to leave, I'm sure your friend Mr Corduroy could drop you off somewhere more upmarket. In the meantime, why go to all this trouble? Why not carry on surviving?

Camisole : Surviving in the gutter? If that was all I had to look forward to, I would not have lasted all this time. What living creature does not seek to climb out of the gutter and bask in the rays of the sun? Anybody could do it if they had the intelligence, the technology, the enterprise…

Doctor : You say 'anybody could do it' as if that made it right. Yes, anybody can climb out of the gutter—all you have to do is trample on the other people in the gutter. What right have you to build your ladder to the sun from the broken bodies and broken minds of your fellow living beings? You say 'anybody'—what about everyone else?

Camisole : Everyone else will look after themselves as best they can, and that is all I am doing—securing a better future for myself and my offspring.

Brigadier : Her offspring, Doctor?

Doctor : Can't you see, Brigadier? She's using this machine to synthesise another of her kind. She wants a mate.

Brigadier : And she's generating the energy by destroying living intelligence. Unclear Power! We've got to stop her!

Camisole : You cannot stop me! The process is under way. Soon I will have my mate, then my children, and then enough Pecuniax serum for this entire apathetic little planet.

Doctor : Enough to poison every human mind on Earth. Enough to destroy the one thing that lifts all of human society from the gutter—its instinctive belief that the best way—the only way—to look out for yourself is to look after each other.

Camisole : There is no such thing as society. There are individuals. . . and there are families.

4.2 The Recreation Room

Lots of patients are sitting about talking and eating bangers beans and mash very messily. Jo and Benton are among them. There is nobody at the piano. A man in a wheelchair has a child's drum. At a nod from Bertram, he executes a very loud and skilful drumroll with his knife and fork. Everyone stops talking, even Jo and Benton. Bertram gets up from his place, climbs on stage and, grasping the hatstand in his right hand, he begins to address the assembled corps of lunatics.

Bertram : The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles. And what have we been struggling for, all this time? I'll tell you—Human Dignity. Dignity does not come magically from the stars or magnanimously from our Master.

Dignity is what we work to give each other. We sweat for it, we toil for it through bad times and good. We cut it from coal, we shape it from steel and we harvest it from the land. We teach it in schools and prescribe it in hospitals. The hammer on the anvil and the sickle in the corn—these are the sounds of Dignity, not the rattle of silver pieces in a Savile Row pocket or the chink of ice cubes in a glass of gin.

Yet what is becoming of us, here and now, in this very asylum? Corduroy and his staff, the nurses and the guards, the very people who are supposed to care for us, are using our very minds for fuel. You remember Comrade Cutler? He was old and weak, but his songs and his piano stirred the hearts of many a working man to strength. His very thoughts are draining from his temples as we speak. Who will be next? Shall we each stand idle until, one by one, they come for us?

Everyone [waving fists]: No!

Bertram [brandishing the hatstand like the flaming torch of freedom]: Then the time for Revolution is at hand! Rise up, men! Rise up, women! And together, let us make a stand for Dignity!

Whimper : But we can't possibly fight the guards...

Bertram : Courage Comrade, and bring the mashed potato. We shall not be defeated, for we shall go at once, and we shall free the psychopaths.

Bertram climbs down from the stage, bearing the hatstand like a standard. A man and a woman follow, carrying a huge cauldron of mashed potato between them. Everyone else falls in behind carrying a spoon. Someone is even pushing the man in the wheelchair, who beats a march on his drum with his knife and fork. A stupendously huge brass band plays a sombre version of 'The Lunatics Are Taking Over The Asylum' in march time. They file out. The Revolution has begun.

4.3 The Scary Laboratory

In the observation chamber, Ivor Cutler is flagging. Onara is still out cold. The Master, reduced to talking to himself, checks the reading.

Master : The output level is dropping. Come on, you lackbrain, more power!

Ivor [slurring slowly]: No zyoziely…individualge and famliege. You learn if you wannoo. Le ladiege not for learning.

Ivor slumps. The Master checks that Onara is still unconscious.

Master : I must have more fuel!

He leaves, agitatedly.

Onara comes round. She goes to the observation chamber and releases Ivor, who falls onto the floor, rolls over, wakes up, sits up and scratches his head.

Ivor [who has somehow acquired accent uncannily like Max Bygraves in 'Fings Ain't Wot Vey Used To Be']: Where am I?

Onara : You're safe. You're in a mental hospital.

Ivor : What am I doing in a looney bin?

Onara : You've been unwell. You've been receiving treatment.

Ivor : Well, I'm all right now. I've got to get on my bike and look for work! [pauses]: Is there a television in here, darlin'?

Onara : I'm sure I can find you the news, if you want.

Ivor : Nah, I don't want the news! Depressing, innit? Hearing all the terrible things happening to other people. I was hoping to catch an episode of Star Trek.

4.4 Cavernous Underground Place

The machine is still going. The blue plasma is looking thicker and thicker. The stand-off between the Doctor and Camisole continues, watched by the ever more agitated Brigadier and the ever more vacant Mike.

Brigadier [poised for extreme violence]: We don't have to stand here and watch Society's Nemesis slowly forming in the bath! Captain Yates!

Mike [zombielike, and walking towards Camisole]: What's in it for me?

Mike reaches Camisole. She sticks that enormous telescopic blue forked tongue straight down his throat and snogs him into low orbit. Suddenly the machine stops. So does the snogging.

Doctor : It seems that one of your patients isn't quite enough, Nurse Camisole.

Camisole : Yes, Doctor, but I'm sure that your highly impressive intellect will more than make up the balance.

Doctor : But I'm not even remotely human! I'm a Time Lord.

Camisole : You're brain's still in the same place.

Camisole and Mike advance menacingly, forcing the Doctor and the Brigadier to comply with their intention of leaving for the laboratory.

4.5 The Junction Where The Tardis Is

We see the Master come rushing in from the direction of the laboratory. Then we see the Doctor and the Brigadier being marched up from the cellar by Mike and Camisole. Then...

The Patients [shouting, out of shot]: Revolution!

Whimper [whimpering]: M. . . Mr Corduroy!

Bertram [eyes glazing over for violence]: The Milk Snatcher!

The Revolutionaries launch an accurate volley of mashed potato at the Master and Nurse Camisole. All hell breaks loose. Chaos reigns and the walls are pasted with mash. In the midst of it all, the Doctor grabs Jo and makes a break for the Tardis.

Doctor [shouting]: Come on, Jo!

The melée continues. Suddenly, the Tardis dematerialises. This creates enough of a distraction for the Master and Nurse Camisole to make a break in the direction of Corduroy's office. Then, the only target for spudding left is Mike.

4.6 Mr Corduroy's Office

The Master and Nurse Camisole come running in out of breath. They are both covered in mashed potato. The Master contemplates his Tardis.

Camisole : The patients are revolting!

Master [in his 'evil villain cracks bad joke' voice]: You don't look so good yourself.

Camisole : We must rally the guards. My mate is almost complete. [realising his plan]: If you attempt to leave, I shall kill you.

Master : Where market forces fail, threats of death prevail, eh?

Camisole : Let's just say it's in your interests to continue our partnership.

Master : As a matter of fact, I had no intention of leaving, or of trying to make soldiers out of your useless rabble. I have a much better idea.

The Master goes to his desk, picks up the telephone and dials.

Master [on telephone]: Hello? Get me Surgeon-General Snidely at once. This is an emergency.

Master [in his 'pink gins at the club' voice]: Snidely? Corduroy here. Listen, old chap. We're having a spot of bother at the hospital. Grimborne Psychiatric. The lunatics have gone bananas!

Master : Yes I know that's why we locked them up in the first place, but now they've all gone bolshevik. They're having a bally Revolution in my hospital.

Master : Exactly what I thought, old boy. So if some of your stout lads could pop down here with some machine guns and sort things out, I'll pop the Martini in the fridge.

Master : Splendid! See you presently!

The Master puts down the telephone.

Master : The British Army! What a magnificent institution! I must find my Mess suit...

4.7 Tardis Console Room

The Tardis is in flight. The Doctor looks like he's trying to be very accurate with the controls.

Jo : Doctor, I'm ashamed of you. A venomous semireptile is trying to take over the Earth with the Master's help, and you just make a break for it in the Tardis.

Doctor : How could you think such a thing, my dear? I'm not running away—people are depending on me, and anyway, I've a had an idea.

The Tardis materialises.

Doctor [opening the scanner]: Take a look, Jo!

Jo : The Laboratory! And Miss Onara! Come on, Doctor!

Doctor [reaching under the console]: Hang on a minute, Jo. [pulls out a tangled mess of electronics]: I think this should do the trick.

Jo : What is it?

Doctor : It's the Reverse Entropy Modulator, of course!

The Doctor opens the door and they leave.

4.8 The Scary Laboratory

The Tardis has materialised in one corner. The Doctor and Jo emerge to find Onara.

Doctor : How's the patient?

Onara : He muttered something about communists and left. I couldn't stop him.

Doctor : Never mind, at least you're all right. [he proffers the R.E.M.]: You can help me patch this into the Transducer.

Jo : What are you planning to do, Doctor?

Doctor : I think it should be possible to drain the energy from Nurse Camisole's Plasmic Synthesiser. It should just be a question of reversing the polarity...

4.9 The Secure Cells Corridor

Bertram is fiddling with the lock on one of the cells. The door opens inwards.

Bertram : Comrades, none can withstand the might of the working people. I give you the pride of Belfast shipyard and of County Down Hurling, Carson Feeney.

A huge and muscular Ulsterman emerges from the cell. His arms are in chains and he looks a little bemused.

Feeney : Bertram?

Bertram : Your day has come, Comrade Feeney. It is time for you to put aside the conflict that destroys you and join with your brothers and sisters in the greater struggle. Warring nations, swallow your pride and fight for Dignity, common and international.

Feeney : Whojawant hit?

Bertram : You will know them when you see them. In the meantime, I'd be awfully grateful if you could open that door for me.

Feeney braces himself against the wall, then pulls the next cell door off its hinges.

Bertram : Comrades, from Palermo, the most terrifying enforcer the Mob ever produced, until he decided to become a tenor soloist, I give you Melvin Zani.

A huge and muscular Sicilian emerges from the cell. His arms are in chains, and he looks a little bemused.

Zani : Bertram?

Bertram : Rise up above petty family squabbling! Put aside your 'business'! The whole of mankind is your family now and the songs you shall sing are of freedom!

Zani : So who am I flattening, boss?

Feeney : Over here, Melvin

Feeney and Zani make short work of the next door.

Bertram : Comrades, you all know Paul Modorov. At Stalingrad, the very mention of his name had Hitler's army quaking...

Modorov [a huge and muscular chained-up Russian, emerging and interrupting]: I've heard the rhetoric before, Bertram. Where's the fight?

The three psychopaths stand in line underneath the skylight. They raise their chained arms aloft. The moonlight seems unusually strong.

Bertram [triumphant, with hatstand]: Working men of all lands unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!

Suddenly realising their own strength, the psychopaths each shatter their own chains in slow motion, to the music of an invisible thousand voice apocalyptic angel choir.

A large band of flunkies approaches from the rear. The psychopaths make their way through and thump several of them. The flunkies are thoroughly routed. The victorious Revolutionaries march after them, the psychopaths in the vanguard, then Bertram carrying the hatstand, then the Brigadier and Benton and the rest. The angel choir joins with the brass band—nobody can stop them now...

4.10 The Scary Laboratory

Jo is sitting on the floor next to the machine. Onara is fixing the last of several electrodes to her head. The Doctor is fiddling about in the works. Jo smiles nervously. The Doctor finishes his modifications.

Doctor : Comfortable, Jo?

Jo : What exactly are you doing, Doctor?

Doctor : Draining the energy from the Plasmic Synthesiser.

Jo : Into my head?

Onara : Yes, the Doctor has switched the polarity in the Transducer and patched in the Reverse Entropy Modulator.

Doctor : Should actually make you quite clever!

Jo : Oh, I don't know if I'd like that.

Doctor : Of course you will, Jo. Everybody ready?

Onara and Jo : Yes, Doctor

Doctor : Switch on!

Onara works a control. Jo flinches, but it's not too bad. The Doctor starts humming 'The Red Flag'.

4.11 Cavernous Underground Place

The Plasmic Synthesiser starts working backwards. The blue spirals spin back into the solenoids. The blue plasma starts breaking up.

4.12 The Front Gates

An army truck drives in through the hole left by Benton's jeep. It pulls up to the front door of the hospital. A lot of men with big guns jump out and behave manically. A fat bald geezer (Snidely) gets out of the passenger seat and swaggers (with swagger stick in armpit) up to the Master who awaits him with a smile.

Snidely : Corduroy!

Master : Surgeon-General Snidely, this really is a pleasure. My assistant, Nurse Camisole.

Camisole is back in her uniform and her mask. She curtseys as Snidely kisses her hand.

Snidely : Anyhow, old boy, these fine specimens of manhood will soon sort out your troublesome bolsheviks. Give 'em a darn good thrashing, won't you lads?

The Lads : Sir!

Master [smiling]: This way…

They enter the hospital.

4.13 Cavernous Underground Place

The Plasmic Synthesiser slowly becomes completely demetropolised. We look in the bath. There is a little bit of milk left, draining down the plughole.

4.14 The Scary Laboratory

Jo smiles, but it's not her dippy smile—it's a really wicked smile. Then she stands up. Unknown to the viewer, Jo has actually had a complete costume change since the previous scene. Her heels are slightly higher, her toes are slightly pointier, her straitjacket fits slightly more tightly and is slightly shorter. Her breasts are slightly more stuffed and her fingernails and lips are a slightly more ominous shade of vermilion. The Doctor can only stare.

Jo : What are you staring at, Doctor?

Doctor : I…ah… Goodness me! Are you all right, my dear?

Jo : In the peak of physical and mental condition, Doctor, and please don't call me 'my dear' until we know each other better—care for a quiet game of chess?

Doctor : I'm not sure there's time for chess right now, my... I mean, Jo. There's a Pecuniax trying to take over the world and the lunatics are taking over the asylum.

Jo : Well, you haven't met Comrade Bertram yet, Doctor, and I'm sure he could do with a hand, so why don't you give him one? Onara and I will deal with Nurse Camisole.

Doctor : Are you sure you can handle her, Jo? She's a tough customer.

Jo : I wasn't born yesterday, you know!

Doctor [sheepishly]: No, no, of course you weren't. Well, I suppose I'd better go and, er, help the lunatics. Good luck, Miss Onara! I don't suppose you'll need it, Jo.

Jo : Bye, Doctor, and good luck!

The Doctor leaves.

Jo [to Onara]: Come on, then, let's go and shake up the Milk Snatcher.

Jo and Onara leave.

4.15 The OK Corridor

The Master, Snidely and the Lads are waiting in the corridor behind makeshift obstacles, machine guns poised. Tense incidental music. Eventually, the psychopaths appear round the corner, see the troops and retreat at once. The Lads fire at them, but too late. It's that round-the-corner stand-off.

Zani [whispering]: It's the army! They've got machine guns.

Brigadier : I haven't even got a pistol.

Modorov : Let's take them on anyway.

Bertram : There's no point in us getting killed. We've got to come up with something quick.

Feeney [slightly too enthusiastically]: If only we had some petrol to make bombs with.

There is a bang behind them. They turn around to see the Doctor standing there with smoke coming from one hand, his sonic screwdriver in the other and a very large smile on his face.

Brigadier : Ah, there you are, Doctor! Just in time, as ever.

Doctor : Jo did say you might need a hand.

Brigadier : And how is Miss Grant?

Doctor : Better than ever, Brigadier. I drained all the energy from the Pecuniax's Plasmic Synthesiser into her mind.

Benton : You mean she's become really intelligent?

Doctor : Yes, she's...formidable.

Benton : Blimey!

Bertram : Excuse me, Doctor, Sir, but the Patients' Revolutionary Front—that's us lot, by the way—are a bit worried about the soldiers round, er, yonder corner.

Doctor : The ones with the machine guns?

Bertram : Yes, in fact. Those particular soldiers. And we were wondering how it was that you made that large bang when you arrived, or do you just appear in pantomime?

Doctor : Oh that? I just detonated some of your mashed potato with my sonic screwdriver.

Feeney [unable to disguise his unbridled joy]: I didn't know you could make bombs out of potatoes!

Doctor : Why not? Plenty of carbohydrate in a spud.

Feeney : You'd be a hero if you ever went to Comber or Crossmaglen!

Doctor : I'd rather make myself useful here, thanks. Now this is what suggest we do...

Bertram, Benton, the Brigadier, Feeney and the Doctor get into a whispering huddle around the hatstand.

4.16 The Surrealist Corridor

Jo and Onara are making for the cellar.

Onara : Are you sure she'll be in the cellar?

Jo : She will want to see what has happened to her Plasmic Synthesiser.

Onara : Yes, I suppose she will.

They get to the last painting. Jo pulls it aside and opens the door in the approved fashion. They go down.

4.17 Cavernous Underground Place

Nurse Camisole is standing next to the altar, dressed as the Priestess. Mike Yates is fawning at her feet. Jo and Onara enter.

Jo [laughing scornfully]: Pathetic! Onara, wreck the Plasmic Synthesiser, please.

Onara : Gladly.

Camisole : No!

Jo [to Onara]: Go ahead. [to Camisole]: It wouldn't have done you any good anyway.

Onara finds a convenient blunt instrument and starts smashing the Plasmic Synthesiser. Bits of it explode impressively. Other bits of it bounce. Nurse Camisole is aghast. Ivor Cutler rushes in. Things going bang make him happy.

Ivor : Cor! Explosions! Wow! Like on TV!

Jo [to Camisole]: You see, the Doctor is wrong. He likes to believe in the human spirit. He likes to think that what keeps human beings from the gutter is their social conscience. He is a fool, and a very dangerous fool at that, as you seem to have discovered. The evidence is before you, Camisole. I was a perfectly normal human being, nothing special, just a product of my times like anyone else, and the Unclear Power Transducer had no effect on me. Face it. Human beings are still in the gutter. They always have been, and they always will be. Humans like the gutter! And if anyone questions the wisdom of staying in the gutter, the authorities certify them insane and lock them up in places like this. Congratulations! Thanks to Unclear Power, Ivor here can resume his life in the outside world—it's a miracle cure for the few fortunate enough to have the disease.

Camisole : But, with Pecuniax venom…

Jo : Human beings have no need of Pecuniax venom. You dreamed of instilling selfishness and avarice as a means to acquiring economic power. You're as big a fool as the Doctor, but you are a harmless fool. Look around you and see that your dream has come true without you. The reality is so much more squalid than you expected, but that's how it always is with dreams.

4.18 The OK Corridor

We see the Lads staring down the corridor, trigger fingers poised. The hatstand comes poking out from round the corner with a white handkerchief tied to it.

Brigadier [oov]: This is Brigadier Alastair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart of the United Nations Intelligence Taskforce.

Bertram [oov]: And this is Comrade Bertram Potemkin of the Patients' Revolutionary Front.

Brigadier : We are unarmed.

Snidely [shouting]: This is Surgeon-General Snidely of the Athenaeum Club, and I don't give a damn about your arms.

Brigadier : We would like to come out, Sir, and discuss the terms of our surrender in a civilised fashion, officer to officer.

Snidely : All right, Lethbridge-Stewart, you can come out, but don't do anything stupid, eh?

Snidely, the Master and one heavily armed Lad move forward to meet the Brigadier who approaches, accompanied by Bertram carrying the hatstand with the white flag.

Snidely : Brigadier, as your senior officer, I order you to surrender now unconditionally, or the Court-Martial will be the least of your worries.

Bertram : Brigadier, there comes a time in every soldier's life when he realises that before he is a soldier, he is a human being. He realises that the dignity of following his conscience is more important than the duty to obey orders. He asks himself what an army is for. Are you the people's protector or the people's enslaver?

Snidely : I agreed not to shoot you because I expected to hear surrender, not insubordination.

Brigadier : With respect, Surgeon-General, I don't think you're entirely aware of the nature of this situation.

Snidely : Oh really? Do go on. This sounds intriguing.

Brigadier : Well, the man you think of as Mr Corduroy is not a real psychiatrist. He is, in fact, a notorious intergalactic criminal called the Master. He has a machine, called an Unclear Power Transducer, which converts living intelligence into electricity. He's used it on one of the patients already, and fed the electricity through to the Plasmic Synthesiser in the cellar which belongs to a blue semireptile called Camisole who has been masquerading in this establishment as a psychiatric nurse, Sir. The patients don't like it and neither do I.

Snidely [to the Master]: He's mad. Isn't he, old boy?

Master : It certainly doesn't sound very likely.

Snidely : Well, in that case, Brigadier, Corduroy and I certify you insane under Section 19 of the Mental Health Act 1967. You will be taken to a secure asylum forthwith.

Brigadier [eyes glazing for violence]: Insane am I? Well, in that case, Surgeon-General, I shall now take my orders from General Hatstand!

The Brigadier takes the hatstand from Bertram and groins the Lad before he has a chance to react. The other Lads do not fire, since Snidely is in the way. While the Brigadier is grabbing his victim's machine gun, Snidely and the Master are retreating.

Brigadier [shouting and hitting the deck]: Forward the Revolution!

The Brigadier starts firing. The Lads start firing back, but naturally they fail to hit him. The Revolutionaries come round the corner and fire a great cloud of mashed potato at the lads. The Doctor detonates the potato with his sonic screwdriver, which doesn't kill them, but they all fall over. Then the psychopaths move in and clean up. Before long, the Revolutionaries are marching the Lads, Snidely, Master and all in the direction of the Recreation Room.

4.19 Cavernous Underground Place

The situation is much as before.

Camisole : Wh. . . what are you going to do with me?

Jo : Do with you? I'm not going to do anything with you! I'm going to let you go, because, whatever effect you may have on a few individuals, you cannot make society any worse than it already is. Get you gone before Comrade Bertram finds you!

Nurse Camisole, making a sorry attempt at dignity, struts towards the door. Mike chases her on his hands and knees, trying to kiss her feet.

Jo : Don't be such a creep, Mike!

Mike gets up, then shrinks into a corner, cowering from Jo. Camisole leaves, never to be seen again.

Onara : Do you really believe she can't make any difference?

Jo : No. But whatever effect she has on human beings, human beings will deserve.

Ivor : I don't understand. I though she was dead pretty.

4.20 The Recreation Room

The Revolutionaries and their prisoners are all here, along with the Doctor, the Brigadier and Benton. Bertram and hatstand take the stage. The man in the wheelchair does another nifty drum roll.

Bertram : Comrades. It is a magnificient thing which we have achieved today. We owe a great debt of thanks to the Brigadier and the Doctor.

Everyone : The Brigadier and the Doctor!

Bertram : We have won our freedom and our Dignity. Let us never relinquish them, whatever the cost. Long live Grimborne Psychiatric Socialist Republic!

Everyone : Grimborne Psychiatric Socialist Republic!

Bertram and company fade into background noise as the Brigadier talks to the Doctor.

Brigadier [whispering]: Doctor, should we really let these lunatics declare this hospital an independent socialist republic?

Doctor : I don't see why not. They're harmless enough. Between you and me, I think quite a few of them are perfectly sane, just happier here than in the outside world. And why not? The outside world's a pretty nasty place at the best of times.

Brigadier : Oh why not? I don't suppose the Queen will miss them.

Doctor : That's the spirit, eh, Brigadier? Forward the Revolution!

Brigadier : Yes, Doctor, Forward the Revolution!

We return our attention to Bertram and the throng.

Bertram : ...but we can organise the Revolutionary Government in the morning. Now let us sing!

Everyone [in a hubbub]: Yes! A singalong!

Drummer in Wheelchair : But who will play the piano, now that Comrade Cutler is dead?

Jo has arrived at the back of the room, with a rather frightened looking Mike, a delighted Onara and a very puzzled Ivor Cutler. When Jo speaks, everyone turns to see. Onara runs to embrace Bertram.

Jo : Comrade Cutler is not dead! His body is as well as can be expected. It his only his intellect which is missing, and if the Doctor will help me, I will restore it to him, since I am effectively its keeper.

Everyone : Hooray!

Doctor : Now, Jo, are you sure you are willing to give up your newly-found intellect? You have worn it well.

Jo : Thank you, Doctor, but I have made my decision. Perhaps, in twenty years' time, the world will be ready for an intelligent woman, but I shall be ugly by then.

Doctor : Come along, then.

Onara : I'll give you a hand.

The Doctor and Jo leave. Onara brings Ivor Cutler.

4.21 The Scary Laboratory

Jo is strapped into the observation chamber chair and covered in electrodes. Ivor Cutler is similarly beelectroded and sitting on the floor. Onara is ready at the controls.

Ivor : Here, what's going on?

Doctor : We're going to restore you to your senses.

Ivor : But I'm not mad!

Doctor : Yes... Commence audiovisual disorientation!

Onara : Initiating phase one stimuli.

Some appropriate mixture of bad music and television is played at Jo. She bears it with considerable fortitude.

Onara : Traces of power, Doctor.

Doctor : Switch on the Reverse Entropy Modulator.

Onara switches another control. Ivor flinches, and then smiles. Jo looks like she's having a bad time.

Doctor : Manifestos, Miss Onara!

Onara switches on the manifestos. They go flying about the observation chamber in the manner we have come to expect. Jo looks extremely distressed. Ivor is looking happier and happier. Jo screams. Fade to white.

4.22 The Scary Laboratory

Jo is sitting cross-legged in the observation cell. The Doctor is removing the last of the electrodes. Ivor is unconscious.

Doctor : How are you feeling, my dear?

Jo : A little groggy, perhaps, but other than that, quite my old self.

Doctor : Good! Let's go to the Recreation Room and I'll make you a cup of tea.

Onara : I'll bring Ivor through when he comes round.

The Doctor and Jo leave.

4.23 The Recreation Room

There is a vague hubbub of conversation. The Doctor gives Jo a cup of tea.

Doctor : There you are, my dear. India's finest.

Jo : Thank you, Doctor

The hubbub stops and everyone turns to see as Onara leads a rather fragile-looking Ivor to the piano. He sits down. There is a pregnant pause. Then, very firmly, he starts to play the 'Red Flag'. When he gets to the third line, the drummer in the wheelchair joins in. A man who looks like Benton but wears the Master's suit and a sparkly ring gets up and slips out without anybody noticing. When Ivor gets to the chorus, everyone joins in.

Everyone : Then wave the scarlet standard high,
Beneath its folds we'll live and die;

In the distance, we can just hear a Tardis dematerialising. Only the Doctor notices, and he just smiles wryly.

Everyone : Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Jo [sipping her tea, then turning to the Doctor]: Doctor, this tea is terrible!

Doctor : Come on, Jo. Let's go.

The Doctor and Jo leave, as the 'sting' for the closing credits cuts in.

The Doctor and Jo continue their adventures next week in 'The Green Death'.