

THE LADY OF TIME

"CYBERNETIC CHECK-UP"

Written by

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Based on BBC's *Doctor Who*.

MAIN CAST

JENNY GEORGIA MOFFETT
DR. DRAKE AGON EOIN MACKEN

GUEST STARS

FEMALE NURSE SARAH LANCASTER
FIRST MALE DOCTOR MILO VENTIMIGLIA
SECOND MALE DOCTOR IAN STENLAKE
BELLADONNA ALMORA WRIGHT
YOUNG MALE NURSE CARTER JENKINS
DR. MARTON GAVIN WOOD
VOICE OF THE CYBERMEN NICHOLAS BRIGGS

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. JENNY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

We open to an establishing shot of a multi-storey apartment building that, from the state of the front yard and the fact that graffiti decorates its bricks, seems to have been neglected for some time.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We get a shot of a door with flaking white paint from the inside of one of the apartments. We can safely assume is located in the building we just saw.

We can hear keys rattling on the other side of the door, and as we watch the door handle turns and the door is pushed in.

JENNY is revealed as she steps inside the apartment, flicking on the lights and hanging her keys on a hook beside the door.

She is dressed in a McDonalds uniform, and we can safely assume she has just returned home from work.

We get a close up of Jenny hand. It points a bulky-looking black pen at the door knob and as it lights up green and buzzes, it reminds us of The Doctor's sonic screwdriver. It is a SONIC PEN.

With that done, we follow Jenny further into the apartment. She flings her McDonalds cap onto an old sofa with gusto, and wiggles out of her shirt before deposing of it in the same way. All the while, she is ranting:

JENNY:

Fired? *Fired?! Are you kidding me?!*
I can dodge lasers, put together
and reload any gun this side of
Messaline *and* kiss my way out of
prison, and I get fired for poor
customer service skills?!

Next, Jenny is wrestling off her shoes and socks and yanking off her pants one leg at a time while hopping over the sofa to retrieve the other part of the discarded uniform.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

Sor-ry if I get a bit cranky after
spending two years on this
corporate dominated,
environmentally degraded poor
excuse for a planet.

(MORE)

JENNY: (CONT'D)

And now I face the prospect of
being stuck here forever because
the *one piece* I need to get my ship
in the sky *doesn't exist yet?*

We follow Jenny into the claustrophobic kitchen that joins this room. She opens the oven, throws her uniform inside, then slams the door closed again. She twists the knobs until the light comes on.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

That'll get rid of the stench.
(beat, in a mocking tone)
You don't need Torchwood, Jenny.
You're better than that, Jenny.
You'll be out of here in no time,
Jenny. *Good one, Jenny!*

Next, Jenny stomps into the bedroom, rifles through a pile of clothes until she finds a large, grey sweat shirt and pulls it on over her head.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

Of all the places I could have
ended up, why twenty-first century
Earth?!

Jenny strides into the adjacent bathroom, runs the tap and splashes her face with water. She rubs a tan-coloured towel over her face and neck to remove the water droplets, then retreats back into the bedroom.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

And of course this is the place he
visits more than any other planet
in the entire damn universe, and I
haven't seen him *once?*

(beat)

Ugh!

With that, Jenny lets herself fall face first onto her bed, her head landing on her pillow with a groan.

We get a close up of Jenny's face, squashed and obscured by the pillow it is buried in, as her eyes scrunch closed. She lets lose a wretched sob and lifts her arms to cover her head.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - LATER

We open on a side shot of Jenny as she sits at a round, worn table with an open laptop. She is adjusting its lid when we--

Cut to a shot from within the computer, allowing us to see Jenny. She is recording herself using the in-built camera.

JENNY:

Hi.

Jenny simply stares at the screen for a few moments, before casting her forlorn expression onto the floor. She is clearly at a loss for words.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

I should be looking for a new job but... What's the point? No one cares if I don't pay be rent. They don't even check to see if I'm still alive up here.

(beat)

Instead, I'm going to go shower and dress in those scrubs I stole last week, then skip down to King George to see if I can find that part. If I don't... Well... I don't know. I'll do something. Maybe Torchwood will take me back. At least they don't care about customer service.

(beat)

I don't know why I should apologise for not being able to relate to people. We don't exactly have anything in common. I was a soldier and they're just out of high school. What are we supposed to talk about? Hair care products?

(beat)

Whatever. It doesn't matter now. I'm going to find that piece and get out of here. I don't need friends to do that.

Jenny sighs and averts her gaze again. After a few moments, she leans forward and presses a button on the keyboard. Our screen goes black.

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

We come in on a establishing shot of King George Hospital, London. Patients, visitors and doctor's alike walk the grounds, most moving towards the main entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We come in on a close up of a pair of All Star Converse bent midway, indicating that the wearer is standing on tip-toes.

We slowly tilt upwards as the wearer lowers back down onto flat feet, and we recognise her to be Jenny. She is now dressed in pale-blue hospital scrubs.

Jenny is leaning against the metal storage shelves that line either side of this small room, stretching upwards to reach something on one of the upper shelves.

We get a close up of her face from within the shelves as she peers into them.

She lifts her sonic pen and reaches her arm towards us. It buzzes and lights up green as we saw before and we--

Cut to a full body shot of Jenny as she pulls away from the shelves, frowning slightly.

JENNY:

(muttered, to herself)
What's this doing in twenty-first
century London?

As Jenny reaches back into the shelf to withdraw whatever she has found, we--

Switch focus onto the window in the door behind her.

There is a man's face in the window, squinting curiously into the room. He has dark, long-ish shaggy hair and wears a doctor's lab coat. After a few moments he disappears from sight.

Jenny's head suddenly whips in the direction of the door, but a moment too late, missing the man who was standing there.

Shrugging to herself, Jenny pulls out a battered cardboard box from the shelf at her head height and sets it down on the floor.

We get an over the shoulder shot as Jenny rummages through the box, her hands disappearing under discarded machinery parts.

In the background, we can just make out the sound of footsteps, as if a heavily armored military squadron marches overhead. The sound gradually increased in volume then suddenly comes to a stop as--

JENNY: (CONT'D)

Got it!

We see that Jenny has retrieved a large, irregularly shaped helmet from the box. It is a Cyberman helmet.

The sound resumes, louder than before.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

Oh no. This was in the Torchwood
database, and I have a sneaking
suspicion that it wasn't marked
"friendly."

We slowly push in on the Cyberman helmet then--

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

We come in on a side shot of a middle-aged, slightly overweight FEMALE NURSE.

She is dressed in pink scrubs and carries a dark blue clipboard. She enters the first wardroom she comes to.

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL WARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The female nurse, her eyes on the clipboard, walks straight to the bed furthest from the wall. She does not see that it is empty before she begins speaking.

FEMALE NURSE:
How are you feeling today, Mr.
Smith? Any improvement?

When she gets no reply, the female nurse looks up from the clipboard.

She looks confused and half turns away from the bed to consult the man occupying the bed opposite this one.

MR. JONES is elderly and looks to be of Greek or Italian origin.

FEMALE NURSE: (CONT'D)
Mr. Jones?
(beat)
Did you see what happened to Mr.
Smith? Did he go to the loo, maybe?

Mr. Jones only grunts and offers a disinterested shrug.

The female nurse, obviously annoyed, stows the clipboard in the holder at the end of her patient's bed and strides over to the bathroom, knocking loudly.

FEMALE NURSE: (CONT'D)
Mr. Smith? Are you in there?

We wait a few minutes, then it becomes evident that no one is waiting in the bathroom.

FEMALE NURSE: (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Fantastic. We've lost another
patient.

The female nurse looks to be at a loss for what to do, but suddenly something seems to catch her eye from the hallway.

FEMALE NURSE: (CONT'D)

Miss?

(beat)

Miss! Excuse me!

When we go to a point of view shot we see that a nurse with blonde ponytail and blue scrubs has just past the entrance to this ward.

When she turns around we see that it is Jenny and she does not look amused to have been stopped.

JENNY:

I'm a little busy, couldn't you just-

FEMALE NURSE:

Mr. Smith, do you know where he is?

Jenny raises her eyebrows sceptically, as if she can't quite believe what she's hearing.

JENNY:

You've lost your patient? And I thought my customer service was bad.

FEMALE NURSE:

I haven't lost anyone, thank you very much.

(beat)

Someone didn't fill out his discharge papers.

JENNY:

Well don't look at me, I'm not his nurse.

The female nurse takes an intimidating step closer to Jenny. She is clearly getting more irritated with every word that comes out of her mouth.

FEMALE NURSE:

Well then, whose nurse are you?

Jenny is clearly having trouble answering this.

FEMALE NURSE: (CONT'D)

Where's your ID? You're supposed to have it pinned to your chest.

Jenny looks a little perturbed, but reaches into her pants' pocket and pulls out a black ID wallet, flipping it open to reveal a blank white sheet and holding it up to the nurse.

FEMALE NURSE: (CONT'D)

(condescendingly)

Honey, that's a scrap of paper.

(MORE)

FEMALE NURSE: (CONT'D)
 If you don't have your ID I'm going
 to have to call security.

JENNY:
 (disbelieving)
 What?
 (beat)
 No. This is my ID. Look a little
 closer.

The female nurse crosses her arms over her chest, leaving Jenny with no other choice but to check the ID for herself.

When she does, she makes a shocked, angry noise in the back of her throat.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
 Are you kidding me?

The female nurse is reaching for the pager clipped to the bottom of her pants, but keeps her wary gaze on Jenny.

FEMALE NURSE:
 What was that?

JENNY:
 Uhh... Sorry. I must have left my
 ID in my locker.

FEMALE NURSE:
 I'm calling security. I don't know
 what kind of prank you're playing,
 but it's not going to fly here.

While the female nurse's attention is held by her pager, Jenny pulls out her sonic pen.

She aims it into the nearest wardroom. It lights up green and buzzes and suddenly a symphony of *beeping* fills the air. We can safely assume that it comes from the various machinery the patients are hooked to.

The female nurse dashes into the room, followed by a small herd of hospital staff. Jenny steps back to let them pass.

Walking in the opposite direction and seeming oblivious to the commotion inside the wardroom he is passing is a doctor with shaggy brown hair and a doctor's coat. He could be the man we saw in the storeroom window before, but we are not certain. He is DR. DRAKE AGON.

Time slows and the shouting from the wardroom is muted as Drake passes Jenny, their eyes locking for a second before we return to real time.

Drake continues down the hallway as if nothing is a miss and Jenny can only stare after him, a confused frown knitting her brows together.

Jenny shakes her head as if to clear it and as angry accusations begin in the wardroom she hastily takes her leave, striding quickly down the hallway in the opposite direction to Drake.

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL ELEVATOR BAY - CONTINUOUS

Soon, Jenny comes to a section in the hallway that is wider than the rest and occupied by nurses, doctors and visitors who all wait for the elevator to arrive.

Jenny leans casually against the wall and forces a smile for the visitor waiting beside her.

We get a close up of the digital red numbers above the elevator doors as it decreases from "1" to "G".

There is a *ding* and the doors *whoosh* open.

People pile inside, and Jenny is forced into the back corner as a visitor with a wheelchair-bound patient enter the elevator.

The doors close and elevator music begins to play.

We get an overhead shot of the occupants in the elevator and we can see that Jenny looks uncomfortable in the small space.

JENNY:

I sure hope no one is
claustrophobic.

We get a side profile of Jenny that allows us to see her face as well as her reflection in the reflective strip that runs around the three walls of the elevator.

In the reflection behind Jenny we can see two young male doctors standing shoulder-to-shoulder and talking in hushed voices.

We switch focus onto their reflection.

FIRST MALE DOCTOR:

They've lost another patient down
in ICU.

We can see Jenny's eyebrows raise in interest and it is clear that she is listening in to the conversation.

SECOND MALE DOCTOR:

(shocked)
Another one?
(beat)
How many is that now?

FIRST MALE DOCTOR:

Three from intensive care. One from the burn ward.

(beat)

They were in a bad way, too. Had to have died overnight, yet no one filled out any paperwork.

(beat)

I tell you, the night staff are getting sloppier.

SECOND MALE DOCTOR:

One of the nurses, maybe?

FIRST MALE DOCTOR:

That's the word in the break room.

SECOND MALE DOCTOR:

What about that new Dean?

(beat, as the first male doctor looks confused)

You know, the one they brought over from Whipps Cross.

FIRST MALE DOCTOR:

Tall, dark hair?

(beat)

I know the one. Gives me the creeps.

As realization dawns on Jenny, we--

Flashback to a scene from earlier. Time is slowed further this time as Drake glides passed Jenny, their gazes locking for a brief moment.

The edges of the screen are blurred to focus on the man's face and we get an--

Extreme close up of his amber-coloured eyes as he slowly moves passed.

When we cut back to real time we see Jenny's eyes narrow in the refecton.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL ABANDONED HALLWAY - DAY

We come in on a long shot of a hallway that is so far unfamiliar to us. On the left side, the wall opens into more wardrooms, but from the lack of noise and the low saturation we ascertain that this part of the hospital is abandoned, for whatever reason.

At the end of the hallway, an opaque plastic curtain hangs from the ceiling to the floor. Light comes from somewhere behind it and illuminates the silhouette of the figure that stands before them.

The figure has broad shoulders and dark hair and wears a white lab coat. He is DR. MARTON.

Dr. Marton hesitantly reaches out to push aside one layer of the plastic curtain, and nervously steps into the small space between the sheets.

DR. MARTON:

I have another one for you. A teenager from the Maternity Ward.

(beat)

She came in from the streets and barely survived the delivery. She's yours for the taking, i-if you want her, that is.

Suddenly, we become aware of a dark shadow behind the next layer of plastic. Although the outline of the body resembles a stockily built male, the sharp edges of its shoulders and arms seem quite unnatural.

It speaks in a ROBOTIC VOICE with no obvious tone or inflection.

ROBOTIC VOICE:

You will bring her here for upgrading.

Dr. Marton nods, his movements shaky and anxious. He is about to move away from the curtain when the figure speaks again.

ROBOTIC VOICE: (CONT'D)

Halt.

(beat)

Our scans of the building have indicated that the Cybermen are not the only non-human present. You will investigate.

A sudden flash of blue sparks appears behind the owner of the robotic voice, accompanied by a whirring sound resembling that of a circular saw.

This illuminates more of the figure, revealing triangular pieces on either side of its head. If we hadn't already identified it to be so, it is now clear that is it a CYBERMAN.

Dr. Marton hurriedly stumbles out from behind the first later of plastic.

A desperate scream, obviously belonging to a woman, echoes off the walls of the abandoned hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

We come in on a dark room and can only just make out the outline of furniture.

We can hear a soft humming sound like a refrigerator might make and quiet murmurs coming from somewhere nearby.

Suddenly, the light turn on and the room is illuminated.

A large, blurry, pale pink object obscures the left hand side of the frame, but in the remaining space the camera is focused on Jenny, who is standing by the door.

Jenny looks triumphant, but this expression quickly fades to one of sorrow. She gulps visibly.

We switch focus onto the pale pink object and it is revealed to be a big toe that is poking out from underneath a clean white sheet. We can safely assume that it is concealing a corpse.

We cut to a full body shot of Jenny as she glances around fugitively and produces her sonic pen from her breast pocket. She rolls it between her fingers for comfort.

Warily, Jenny walks further into the room, her sonic pen held out in front of her as if it were a sword.

Jenny has reaches the edge of one occupied theatre table when a *thud* makes her jump and whip around.

As she does, she bumps a metal plate and it hits the ground with a loud *clang*. At this, she drops her sonic pen and it clatters to the floor.

The camera follows the sonic pen as it rolls a few feet away from Jenny.

Jenny has frozen in place, but after a few seconds she regains her composure and quickly covers the distance to retrieve her pen.

That done, Jenny creeps towards a door opposite her, under which light seeps into the rest of the morgue.

We get a close up of Jenny's hand as it slowly closes around the door handle and twists.

CUT TO:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL FURNACE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We come in on a mid shot of a tall, dark-haired doctor, his figure illuminated by the yellow-orange glow coming from the open furnace.

He is DRAKE, although he appears to have somehow aged since we last caught sight of him. This could be simply due to the grief on his face.

Before Drake, a corpse lays on the tray leading into the furnace. Only its face is uncovered, though we cannot make out its features from this angle.

Drake holds a thick blue book open in front of him.

When he speaks we are unsure of whether he is reading from its yellowing pages or merely verbalizing his thoughts.

DRAKE:

Here we are again. Another one of you I've lost. Another life I've failed to save in exchange for the lives we have saved together. Unlike the others, your death wasn't borne from my selfishness, but the selfishness of others that I failed to protect you from.

A brief smile lingers over Drake's lips, and he snaps the book closed.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)

If only he'd known.

DRAKE takes a deep breath and continues, his eyes on the face of the corpse below him.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)

Requiescat in pace.
(Latin to English
translation: Rest in
peace.)

Drake pulls the sheet up to cover the corpse's face and slides the tray into the furnace, closing the door behind it.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)

(sighs)

How long have you been standing there?

When we cut to a full body shot of Jenny we see that she is surprised to have been noticed after having gone undetected for so long. She seems guilty to have witnessed what she did.

JENNY:

Not long. I only heard the last bit.

(beat)

Was that *Latin*? Who speaks *Latin* anymore?

(beat)

And what kind of doctor reads Shakespeare to corpses, anyway? Ooh, don't tell me, you're a priest, too. That would explain your dorky haircut.

A brief, affectionate smile ghosts over Drake's expression. Before answering, he tucks the book inside his coat.

DRAKE:

It was Dractilian, actually. But it's nothing to worry about. Just something I read to every patient I lose. I'm Doctor Agon, by the way. You must be one of the new nurses.

JENNY:

Jenny.

(beat)

Are you *supposed* to be burning her? Isn't that the family's job?

DRAKE:

The staff weren't able to locate her family.

JENNY:

And so that gruesome task falls to the Dean?

DRAKE:

(confused)

Dean? Dr. Marton is the Dean of medicine here. He was appointed after the first Dean left us.

Once again, sorrow clouds his eyes and he has to bring a hand up to cover them, disguising the movement by rubbing his temples as if he is experiencing a headache.

When he drops his hand again, Drake moves towards Jenny.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)
You'll have to excuse me, I have
patients to tend to.

Obediently, Jenny steps out of the way so Drake can pass and exit the room. She frowns after him, then turns her attention back to the furnace.

JENNY:
He may not be the Dean but...

Jenny strides purposefully towards the furnace and yanks open the door without a second thought. Heat and smoke assail her and she quickly shoves it closed, coughing and waving her hand in front of her face.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
(voice strained)
I'll just take his word for it
then.

Jenny exits the storeroom.

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Back in the furnace room, Jenny withdraws her sonic pen and lets its incessant buzzing guide her to the nearest theatre table.

It hovers over the corpse that lays upon it, despite Jenny's grimace.

Reluctantly, she pulls back the sheet concealing the body and as it falls to the floor her hand slaps over her mouth.

An aerial shot captures the whole corpse in the one frame.

The body is that of a young woman. She is barely clothed and her body is badly mutilated, with shiny metal casing seared to her flesh in the place of her left leg and arm. Long silver rods have also been screwed into either side of her head, joining above it to prepare for the rest of the helmet.

A close up of Jenny's hand shows that it is clenched tightly around her sonic pen, her knuckles white.

The camera follows the hand as it reaches out to close the deceased woman's eyelids over her lifeless eyes.

As she turns to face the camera, we see that Jenny's jaw is clenched tightly in barely suppressed rage.

JENNY:

Monsters.

FADE TO:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL STORAGE ROOM - LATER

We come in on an unlit room that we recognise to be the same storage room we found Jenny in before.

The door opens to admit a figure, and by the light coming from the hallway, he begins his search. What he is looking for, we do not know.

After a moment he appears to get frustrated with the darkness and turns switches on the light, revealing himself to be Drake.

He moves alongside the row of shelves, his eyes determinedly searching each level until he suddenly stops.

Drake lifts his arm up so that it is parallel to the shelves and pulls back his sleeve, revealing a large, complicated-looking watch.

With his other hand, Drake hits a button on the top of the watch and a green light it emitted, scanning the cardboard box within the shelves.

After a moment, the light retracts and the watch *beeps*.

Drake withdraws his arm to examine the screen of the watch.

From the way his eyes dart back and forth, it is clear that he is reading some kind of information the watch has produced from its scan.

DRAKE:

Bugger.

Without removing it from its place on the shelf, Drake finds the Cyberman helmet Jenny discovered before. He holds it in his hands and twists the face so it is directed towards his own.

Drake sighs at the blank face staring back at him, and stows it back in the box it came from.

He jabs a finger at his watch and produces another *beep* from it. A woman's voice greets him, clearly coming from the watch.

WATCH:

The communications system cannot be operated at this time.

Drake scowls and tips his head back in obvious frustration, but before he can do anything about this, his pager begins to beep incessantly until he is able to withdraw it from his pocket and check the small screen.

Drake's eyebrows raise in curiosity at whatever he is reading, then he drops the pager back into his pocket and exits the storeroom.

FADE TO:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

We come in on a long shot of a large hospital lobby just as Drake rounds the corner into it, immediately walking towards the front desk.

Behind the front desk sits a dark-skinned, older nurse with greying hair. Her name tag reads "BELLADONNA" and she is focused on entering information into a computer.

She looks up as Drake approaches.

BELLADONNA:
Can I help you?

DRAKE:
Someone dropped something off for me?

BELLADONNA:
Oh, you're Doctor Agon?

Drake seems completely unfazed by her tone and what it might imply and we get the impression that he is far more curious about what has been left for him.

DRAKE:
Yes.

BELLADONNA:
Huh, I would never have picked you.
I just need to see some ID. It's hospital policy, you know.

Without a word, Drake reaches into his coat and withdraws a black ID wallet from within it, flipping it open to reveal a blank piece of paper.

Belladonna reads from it as it were not blank at all, revealing it to be PSYCHIC PAPER.

BELLADONNA: (CONT'D)
Doctor Drake Agon: Nerve Damage
Specialist. King George Hospital.
(beat)
Would you look at that.

Drake flips the ID wallet around so he can see it for himself. He looks quite confused, still not understanding Belladonna's disbelief.

DRAKE:

Look at what? It's just my ID.

Belladonna seems not to have heard him, as she has swivelled her chair around to retrieve something from the counter against the wall.

When she turns back around and hands it to Drake, we see that it is a blue book.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)

Did you see who dropped it off?

BELLADONNA:

It was here when my shift started, sorry.

Drake nods absentmindedly, his eyes on the book.

He has just noticed that something is sticking out from between its pages, and he slides it out.

Although we are given an over the shoulder shot, it appears that the few lines that have been scrawled on the strip of paper are in another language, or may as well be, for we cannot decipher them.

Realization dawns on Drake's face, and he opens the book to replace the note, then snaps it closed.

DRAKE:

(to Belladonna)

Thank you. This is more helpful than you know.

(beat)

If you'll excuse me, I've got some nerve damaging to do.

Before Belladonna is given a chance to respond, we pull back as Drake suddenly turns and strides purposefully away from the desk, back in the direction he came from.

Moments later, a YOUNG MALE NURSE pushing an occupied hospital bed comes around the same corner, making for the front desk.

Belladonna looks suitably shocked.

BELLADONNA:

You can't bring patients into the lobby, young man.

The young male nurse grimaces, glancing worriedly down at his patient then all around him.

YOUNG MALE NURSE:

I'm so sorry, it's just... Doctor Marton left instructions for her relocation but... I can't make out what floor it says. There's no room for her on this floor or the one above and...

(beat)

I thought you might be able to tell me where she's supposed to go.

Belladonna's expression is sympathetic, and with an exaggerated sigh she turns towards her computer.

BELLADONNA:

What's the patient's name?

YOUNG MALE NURSE:

Erica Cess.

Belladonna taps away at the keyboard and we can safely assume that she is entering the name into the hospital's database.

She clicks on the mouse and her eyes quickly scan the screen before her gaze turns back to the young male nurse.

BELLADONNA:

There's no listing of her here, but it may just be that the doctor on duty hasn't entered it into the system yet. Why don't I see if I can make it out for you?

Gratefully, the young male nurse hands Belladonna the clipboard from the end of the patient's bed.

She squints at what it written on it, but finally says:

BELLADONNA: (CONT'D)

It says here that... I *think* you're supposed to take her up to the second floor. They must be opening it back up again. About time, too. We've had to transfer half of our patients over to London Bridge, and they can't even tell us what happens to them after that.

(scoffs)

Private hospitals.

The young male nurse looks slightly put-off by her brashness, but he smiles and thanks Belladonna and we--

Pull back to watch him wheel his patients towards the elevators.

FADE TO:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL ABANDONED HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

We come in on a long shot of the young male nurse wheeling the hospital bed out of the elevator.

An aerial shot of the young woman who lies upon the bed reveals that she cannot be anymore than twenty years old. She is asleep, but looks decidedly disheveled and we can safely assume that she has just given birth, considering Dr. Marton's words before.

When we pull back for an over the shoulder shot we see that we are in the same abandoned section of the hospital that we saw earlier. Although some lights have been switched on, it appears otherwise unchanged.

The young male nurse looks around curiously, his brow furrowed in confusion as he wheels his charge down the hallway.

They pass the deserted nurse's station, and on the desk we see a yellow and black sign that, even with the fine layer of dust that coats its surface, clearly reads: CONSTRUCTION SITE.

There are no tools or construction workers to be seen, and the young male nurse double-checks his clipboard to make sure they are in the right place. Unsurprisingly, the handwriting has not become any more legible.

YOUNG MALE NURSE:
(confused)
This is definitely strange.
(beat)
There's no one here.

Suddenly, Dr. Marton appears from behind the plastic curtains at the end of the hallway. Upon seeing the young male nurse, he strides purposefully towards him.

YOUNG MALE NURSE: (CONT'D)
Doctor Marton, I... uhh, I couldn't make out what you wrote here. The nurse at reception thought it said you wanted the patient on this level, but...

DR. MARTON:
(rather impatiently)
Yes, yes, that's correct. Right this way.

Dr. Marton gestures towards the plastic curtains at the end of the hallway, stepping back to allow the young male nurse to go first. But he does not move.

YOUNG MALE NURSE:

But, sir... There isn't anyone down here, who's going to monitor her?

Dr. Marton appears exasperated by this, though he is obviously trying to hide it behind a false smile.

DR. MARTON:

The nurses are on their way. But don't you think its silly having staff down here for only one patient? She has already given birth, after all. And look - she's asleep.

(beat)

I'm sure you're aware of how stretched our resources are at the moment, which is why it's of the utmost importance that we reopen this level and maintain the best possible care for the patients who need it.

The young male nurse still looks conflicted.

YOUNG MALE NURSE:

(unsurely)

The Dean of Medicine--

DR. MARTON:

(interrupting)

The Dean left me in charge!

(beat, as Dr. Marton realizes his tone)

Here, let me take her.

The young male nurse nods slowly and forces a smile that quivers at the corners. He hands over the clipboard and, with one last look at the patient, walks back to the elevators.

Without a word, Dr. Marton maneuvers himself behind the hospital bed and pushes it towards the plastic curtains at the end of the hallway, disappearing from view.

We hear the same whirring as before.

We get an extreme close up of the patient's eyes as they suddenly fly open, filled with fear as she beholds her fate.

We then cut to a mid shot of Jenny peeking over the edge of the nurse's station. It is on this image that we--

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL - WARD ROOM - EVENING

We come in on a shot of a white door that we recognise to be the entrance to the patient bathroom that usually adjoins their ward.

A few moments pass, then we see the door handle jiggling in place, obviously being worked from the other side of the door. We hear a familiar *buzz*.

The door swings outwards and reveals Jenny peeking around the edge of it. Her hair is now loose, and she has changed into a white hospital gown. On her feet, she still retains the All Stars Converse we saw on her earlier.

We follow Jenny as she tip-toes over to one of the empty beds in the ward. She perches on the edge of it and props her right foot up on the opposite knee, quickly unlacing both her shoes then stowing them under the bed.

Jenny pushes the covers down and swings her legs up onto the bed, pulling the sheets up over her body.

That done, she rolls over onto her stomach and we see a flash of metal and plastic that we recognise to be the sonic pen as Jenny slips it under the pillow.

Time-lapse photography is employed, and we get several consecutive clips that linger on the screen for a few moments. They show Jenny in many different sleeping positions on the bed, emphasizing her impatience.

Finally, we are able to make out voices. They are gradually getting nearer to the bed, though the camera remains focused on Jenny.

Two shadows fall over the bed.

FIRST FEMALE VOICE: (O.S.)

It says here that she needs to be taken up to the second floor.

(beat)

Does that mean construction is finished?

SECOND FEMALE VOICE: (O.S.)

Guess so. About bloody time, if you ask me.

One of the shadows picks up a flat, rectangular-shaped object and as she flips a page over, we recognise it to be a clipboard like the ones we've seen previously.

SECOND FEMALE VOICE: (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Whose signature is that?

The first shadow shrugs and disappears from view. We hear a *click*, eventually followed by three others, and it is safe to assume that the brakes have been taken off the hospital bed.

FIRST FEMALE VOICE: (O.S.)
I haven't seen this patient before
either.
(beat)
Do you want to take her up? My
lunch break is about to start.

SECOND FEMALE VOICE: (O.S.)
Yeah, I want to check out the
renovations anyway.
(beat)
Enjoy your lunch.

We hear the sound of footsteps and we assume that the owner of the first female voice has departed.

Finally, we are given a mid shot of the second female nurse as she maneuvers herself behind Jenny's bed.

She is a younger woman with brown hair that has been cropped short around her ears. She pushes the hospital bed away from the wall and wheels it from the wardroom and out into the hallway.

After a few moments, the nurse is suddenly joined by Drake, who eases in beside her to take hold of the bar at the head of the bed.

His sudden appearance causes the nurse's eyes to widen in shock and she puts her hand over her heart.

SECOND FEMALE NURSE:
Excuse you... *Oh*, Drake.

DRAKE:
(smiling politely)
Do you mind if I take her off your
hands?

SECOND FEMALE NURSE:
Sure thing. This one is going up to
the second floor. Did you know they
were opening it back up again?

DRAKE:
I had hoped. It was getting quite
crowded down here.
(beat)
I better be off.

The nurse seems like she would like to say more, judging by her slightly parted lips, but she seems not to find the words as she abruptly stop walking, releasing the bar.

Even though Drake continues to push Jenny's bed, we can see the nurse in the distance behind him, still unmoving.

We get an extreme close up of Jenny's eyes as, very slowly, she cracks one open and tilts her head just enough to see who has taken over.

When we cut back to a mid shot of Drake we see that he is looking directly at Jenny. Upon seeing this, she squeezes her eyes closed.

JENNY:
 (under her breath)
 Busted.

Drake doesn't say a word and it seems as if he has not recognized Jenny. It is not until they are alone in the elevator that the silence is breached.

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

We get a side shot that includes both Jenny and Drake in the same frame.

The former is just rolling onto her back and folding her arms neatly over her abdomen. She stares at the ceiling, though her words are obviously directed at Drake.

JENNY:
 I see you took my advice about your hair.
 (beat)
 Though I can't say that this is an improvement.

Drake looks completely baffled by this, and he frowns down at Jenny while fiddling with a few strands of his hair as if he's trying to work out what she's talking about.

Before he has the chance to ask she is speaking again.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
 So where to, Doctor?
 (beat)
 Not the morgue, I hope.
 (beat)
 Surely there's a much better way to deal with naughty nurses. Or... maybe I'm not a nurse at all. I could just be a patient who likes to dress up. It is awfully dull around here.

Jenny wears an cheeky grin as she says this last bit, and she wiggles her eyebrows suggestively at Drake.

A mid shot of Drake shows us that he is about to say something when Jenny cuts him off.

Suddenly, Jenny is kneeling at the head of the bed, leaning her arms casually over the bar and glaring up at Drake.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

So what's the diagnosis, Doc? Am I going back to the loony bin, or what? Is that what's upstairs? My... instincts tell me that there's something far more sinister at work here, but I suppose you could call those tin can robots madmen. They certainly fit the description. And I bet you're working for them!

To complement this last bit, Jenny reaches for the sonic pen we know to be hidden under her pillow, but before she can do anything with it we hear a *hiss* of warning from Drake and he grabs her wrist, twisting it into what looks like an unnatural, very painful position.

Jenny *gasps* - in pain or shock, we cannot tell - and the sonic pen falls from between her fingers.

Drake grabs it and holds it up at eye level, looking perplexed by the alien technology.

Jenny's eyes are on her captive wrist and from this angle we can see that Drake is slowly, seemingly absentmindedly applying more pressure to the hold, making her wince.

Jenny's eyes flick towards Drake and, seeing that he is distracted, she musters all her strength before driving her palm into his face, snatching the sonic pen back on the withdraw.

We get a full body shot of Jenny as she jumps back from the bed, landing on her feet on the opposite side of the elevator to Drake.

She holds the sonic pen out in front of her like a gun, her expression holding an unspoken challenge.

Reluctantly, Drake lifts his hands above his head.

We hear a *ping* as the elevator doors *whoosh* open.

Jenny bolts out and into the corridor beyond.

CUT TO:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL - ABANDONED HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We come in on a tilted aerial shot of Jenny dashing out of the elevator and into the corridor, her sock-covered feet pounding the linoleum floor.

A split second later, we see arms wrapping around her waist from behind, pinning her arms to her sides. She is lifted from the ground and we hear a *crack* as the sonic pen hits the floor.

One hand reaches around to cover Jenny's mouth. Her eyes go wide in terror, and she kicks out with her feet, but to no avail.

Drake's face appears beside Jenny's, his head tilted towards her ear. When he speaks, his voice is low and gruff.

DRAKE:

You talk too much.

Jenny makes an angry sound from behind Drake's hand, her eyebrows knitted together in undisguised fury.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)

Stop struggling. If I wanted to hurt you, you would know by now.

(beat)

Even with both your hearts this mission will be hard. I am here to help, even if Time Lords never admit to needing it.

Unsurprisingly, Jenny does not stop struggling in his grasp. More furious, incomprehensible mumbles are muffled by Drake's hand, and it sounds as if Jenny might be trying to say something.

Drake seems to deliberate for a moment, then he finally relents and removes his hand from over Jenny's mouth. She takes a gasp of air before speaking.

JENNY:

First of all, your hand tastes *disgusting*. Haven't you ever heard of the hand-washing policy they have in hospitals? I swear, if I catch something...

Jenny cuts herself off mid-sentence, taking a deep, calming breath before continuing

JENNY: (CONT'D)

Second of all, where do you get off man-handling The Doctor's daughter?! I demand you *put me down* this instant!

DRAKE:

No.

For a moment, Jenny goes still, surprised by the simplicity of the answer.

She is just as abruptly resuming her relentless struggle to escape Drake's arms, however. At this point her efforts seem futile.

Finally, she goes limp in his arms and lets out a sigh.

JENNY:

Can you *please* put me down?

DRAKE:

(sceptically)

Will you run?

JENNY:

No. Cross my hearts and hope to regenerate.

DRAKE:

Okay.

Jenny seems doubtful, but, true to his word, Drake lowers her carefully to the floor.

Jenny slowly turns to face him, her eyes wary and locked on his as she slowly crouches down to retrieve her sonic pen from where it landed. She speaks as she rises.

JENNY:

So tell me, Doctor. You seem to know a lot about us Time Lords. Do you know what the first rule is?

Drake looks sceptical.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

We lie.

We pull back as Jenny suddenly spins on her heels and makes a run for it.

Drake, unamused, rolls his eyes before deciding to give chase. His strides are much longer than hers, and he covers the distance in just a little more than half the time.

We follow Drake as he veers around the corner then suddenly skids to a stop.

In front of him, we can see that Jenny is now running back towards Drake, her eyes wide in panic.

Behind her, we can just make out a silver shape and as the camera's focus switches into the figure, we can see that it is a Cyberman that marches after her.

The Cyberman stops and raises its right arm, clearly intending to shoot at Jenny.

We we cut to a mid shot of Drake we see that his expression is horrified.

DRAKE:

No!

Time slows as Drake launches himself at Jenny.

His lab coat falls from his shoulders and a pair of dark-green, leathery wings rip through the material of the scrubs he wore underneath, exposing his bare torso as the shred of fabric flutter to the floor.

Although Drake's bat-like wings take up most of the frame, past them we are able to see that Jenny is trying to move out of his way.

Drake's wings then expand completely and fill the screen, blocking Jenny and the Cyberman from view.

We cut to close up of Drake's wings, which don't seem to be stretched out anymore, but take up half the frame.

We hear a shot that sounds more like it has been emitted from a futuristic laser-type gun than any we might be familiar with.

A moment later we see a short, red beam hit Drake's wing and bounce off its scaly surface.

When we pull back we see that Drake stands behind Jenny, his wings wrapped protectively around her so that all we can see is the top of her head.

As we watch, Jenny slowly lifts her head from Drake's chest, pulling back and peering curiously in the direction of his shoulder.

We can't tell whether she is staring at his wings or his naked chest.

JENNY:

(exasperated)

Certainly didn't see those before.

Before Drake can respond we hear another shot and Jenny lets out a quiet yelp as she ducks back down to hide her head.

Again, the beam ricochets off Drake's wings, but this time a snarl rips from his throat upon impact.

We get a full body shot of the Cyberman as the metal slit in its helmet that represents its mouth flashes blue as it speaks in the same monotonous, robotic voice that we heard before.

CYBERMAN:

(to Drake)

Species D-1817-O-14 identified. You shall be upgraded. Your species' energy shot-resistant wings shall be added to our technology.

When the Cyberman speaks next, it is clear that it is addressing Jenny now.

CYBERMAN: (CONT'D)

Time Lord physiology is not compatible. You will be deleted.

Wiggling out of the protective cocoon Drake made for her, Jenny scoffs derisively.

JENNY:

Time *Lady*, thank you very much. And why woul--

Before she can get anymore out, the Cyberman fires another shot and Drake is only just able to grab Jenny in time, spinning around to put his back to the Cyberman and shielding her from harm.

CYBERMAN:

Delete!

With her back against Drake's chest, Jenny strains her neck to risk a glance over his shoulder, only to hurriedly retract her head when another shot is fired.

JENNY:

I'm guessing that doesn't just mean he - or she - is going to delete me from their hard drive.

DRAKE:

That would be correct.

Although Jenny looks as if she is just about to ask something else, Drake suddenly releases her, simultaneously spinning back to face the Cyberman and drawing a short, red blade - though we are unsure of where he got it from.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)

I know you feel no emotion, but you should fear me.

The Cyberman lowers his arm.

CYBERMAN:

Fear is irrelevant. You will be upgraded.

With that said, the Cyberman raises his arm again and we can safely assume it is about to fire another shot.

Without warning, Drake launches himself into the air with the use of his wings and, before the Cyberman can fire, he falls on it with the sound of metal scraping against metal. In the flurry of movement, we are unable to make out anything distinguishable.

We cut to a shot from behind the Cyberman as Drake steps back and the Cyberman's weapon arm clatters to the floor, cleanly severed from the rest of the body by Drake's blade.

Wires jut out from the shoulder, the metal edges of which are blackened and flaking, as if they have been burned.

CYBERMAN: (CONT'D)

Error, error. No known alloy can harm the Cybermen. This is impossible.

Jenny leans out from behind Drake, peeking around his shoulder and raising her eyebrows sceptically.

JENNY:

That sounds like fear to me.

DRAKE:

(frowning)
There's something wrong with it.
Stay back. It may still be dangerous.

JENNY:

(snorts)
I don't need you to protect me. I have my own weapons.

Exacerbating this point, Jenny steps out from behind Drake, drawing her sonic pen and unknowingly mirroring his stance, her arm extended in front of her.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

(to the Cyberman)
Any last words?

CYBERMAN:

Delete!

JENNY:

Good luck with that, you don't have any weapons. Want to negotiate instead?

As well as sounding increasingly distressed, the blue light that used to highlight the Cyberman's mouth has now turned red.

CYBERMAN:

Delete!

JENNY:

I didn't think so.

With that, Jenny activates her sonic pen. The tip of it lights up green and buzzes like we saw before, but seems to have no effect.

Drake sidegances towards Jenny, eyebrows raised.

DRAKE:

Maybe you could write him a note,
asking him to politely leave this
planet.

Jenny shoots Drake a withering glare, but suddenly we hear a small explosion of screen and we--

Cut to a mid shot of the Cyberman as sparks shoots out of its shoulder and its remaining arm flails wildly.

CYBERMAN:

DELETE! DELETE! DEL--

Abruptly, the Cyberman stops and crumples to the ground with a series of loud clangs.

We get a close up of the helmet as the red light goes out.

When we cut back to a mid shot of Jenny we can see that she is grinning triumphantly.

She brings the sonic pen up to her lips, blowing on its top as if it was a smoking gun.

Drake's expression is one of shock and utter disbelief and, noticing this, Jenny's smile widens.

JENNY:

Hah!

Before Drake can respond, the Cyberman gives off an insolent shot of sparks, causing both Jenny and Drake to abruptly resume their fighting stances.

We wait a few moments, and when it becomes clear that it is not about to get up, Drake steps towards it.

He raises his blade above his head, preparing to bring it down on the hunk of metal.

DRAKE:

I claim your head in the name and
pride of the Ergosian Empire.

Drake brings his blade down with an almost deafening *crack*, decapitating the Cyberman and cutting into the linoleum it lies on.

Sheathing his blade somewhere out of sight, Drake lifts up the head and holds his fingers under the severed neck, collecting the dark green fluid that drips from it.

Next, Drake brings his fingers up to his nose and sniffs, his nose wrinkling in distaste at the apparently foul odor.

He finally uses it to draw one line across his forehead, then another down the bridge of his nose.

As Drake rises, Jenny looks torn between disgust and awe. He seems surprised by this, but rather than apologizing seeks to explain himself instead.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)

My people claim the heads of those
we beat in battle. It's
superstition.

JENNY:

"Superstition"? That's just an
excuse people use to explain away
unethical practises. That was a
living person, once. Now put it
down.

Drake frowns, failing to understand Jenny's ignorance towards his culture.

DRAKE:

But it's my victory, my trophy?

JENNY:

If anything, I killed it, and I
want my trophy on the floor. Now.

DRAKE:

(scoffs)
You didn't even touch him. And even
if you did kill him, I did most of
the work.

JENNY:

(exasperatedly)
Put. It. Down.

Drake narrows his eyes at Jenny, and though he clearly does not want to do as he is told, he drops the helmet.

The camera follows it as it bounces once then rolls to a stop at Jenny's feet.

Jenny put her hand on her hip, pointedly ignoring the helmet at her feet.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
That wasn't so hard, was it?
(beat)
Now, who-- *what* are you?

Drake puts his hand over his heart and raises his chin proudly.

DRAKE:
I am Drake Agon, lead warrior of
the Extravagant Ergosian Empire's
Army.

A few moments later, when Jenny doesn't respond as expected, Drake cracks one eye open and we see that she has her arms crossed, her eyebrows raised, and is tapping her foot impatiently.

JENNY:
Which is...?

DRAKE:
(uncertainly)
Very successful in its campaigns?

JENNY:
(sighs)
Nevermind, we don't have time for
this.

Jenny reaches out and grabs Drake's wrist, then turns and marches off in the direction they came from, dragging him back towards the elevators.

DRAKE:
Where are we going? The Cybermen
are that way!

JENNY:
We can't just run in there all
willy nilly! We got lucky with this
one, but, and I hate to admit it,
we can't take them all on by
ourselves. We need some kind of
distraction, so we're going back to
my original plan.

DRAKE:
(sceptically)
You had a plan?

JENNY:
Before you tried to break my arm,
yes.

DRAKE:
I wasn't the one reaching for a
weapon.

JENNY:
(seething)
You tried to break my arm!

Jenny comes to a halt in front of the elevator doors and
hastily releases Drake.

She turns to glare at him for a moment, before turning her
attention back to the elevator.

She hits to 'Down' button, causing it to light up.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
You better hope the bed is still in
there.

It is on that that we--

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL - ABANDONED HALLWAY - LATER

We come in on a tilted aerial shot of the abandoned hallway we were just in. Nothing appears to have changed, so we can safely assume that hardly any time has passed.

The elevator doors on the left of the screen suddenly emit a familiar *ping* and *whoosh* open.

A moment later, a hospital bed is being wheeled out into the hallway and as more of it is revealed it becomes evident that Jenny lays on the bed as before, while Drake pushes.

Drake is now wearing a hospital coat that is buttoned all the way up to his collar bone. His chest appears bare underneath, indicating that he wasn't able to find another shirt to replace the one he destroyed.

He looks around fugitively as he wheels the bed along the corridor.

When he comes to the corner he, he wheels Jenny around it warily, as if expecting to see another Cyberman.

Instead, there is a man kneeling over the spot we know to be where the Cyberman fell.

We get an extreme close up of the man's hand as he fingers the tear in the linoleum and the scorch marks that surround it.

Drake begins to back away slowly, taking Jenny's bed with him.

The man's head suddenly snaps around, revealing him to be Dr. Marton.

DR. MARTON:

Ah! There you are!

Drake suddenly freezes in his tracks and we can see Jenny stiffen under the blankets.

Dr. Marton rises to his feet.

DR. MARTON: (CONT'D)

Got a page from one of the nurses saying you might have gotten lost.

(beat)

Nevermind then, it's right this way.

Drake nods stiffly. He is clearly relieved that they have not been figured out, but this was obviously not a part of Jenny's plan.

DRAKE:

What's that thing on the floor? I thought they were done with construction.

Drake fakes a curious glance over Dr. Marton's shoulder.

A close up of Jenny's face shows that she has raised her eyebrows, possibly marvelling at Drake's acting ability.

Dr. Marton's expression is panicked as he follows Drake's gaze, but it quickly smooths over as he turns back to face Drake.

DR. MARTON:

The construction crew left it here.
You know how those labourers are about cleaning up after themselves.
(beat)
Nothing to worry about.

As if to prove his point, Dr. Marton turns and uses his foot to push the Cyberman pieces out of the way and up against the wall, making enough room for the hospital bed to be able to pass through easily.

Drake forces a polite smile, but after a few moments of awkward silence, it falls from his face.

He runs a hand through his hair, glancing around as if searching for something to do.

We get a side shot of the hospital bed as Jenny's arm slides out from underneath the covers and reaches out towards Drake's leg.

Her fingers wrap around his calf and give it a tight squeeze as if to remind him that she's still there.

Drake jerk in surprise.

DRAKE:

So... Uhh, where would you like her?

Dr. Marton moves closer to the bed.

DR. MARTON:

I'll take her from here.

DRAKE:

Oh, no, no, it's okay. I'll do it. You're the Dean, after all. I bet you're busy.

DR. MARTON:
 (with forced chivalry)
 Nonsense, I'd be happy to do it.
 You must be busy yourself. She
 can't be you're only patient,
 Miss... what was it again?

Drake's eyes widen slightly, and we get the impression that he is violently wracking his brain for an answer.

DRAKE:
 Umm... Tyler. Jennifer Tyler, I
 think it was.

When we cut back to Jenny we see that her fingers are digging roughly into Drake's leg, indicating that she is none too happy about the name he has chosen for her.

Drake's gaze falls to the hospital bed.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)
 (mouthed)
What?
 (to Dr. Marton)
 But, uhh, I *insist*. Let me take her
 for you.

Jenny's hand has relaxes its hold on Drake's calf, only to begin delivering a series of sharp slaps to the back of his leg. He is still doing something wrong.

Drake frowns and we realize that he is clueless as to what she wants from him.

The rise and fall of the blanket exaggerates Jenny's exasperation as, this time, her hand disappears for a moment, only to reappear with the sonic pen balanced precariously between her fingers.

Jenny's hand creeps up Drake's leg, her fingers brushing over the pager clipped to the pocket of his pants.

She draws her hand back just far enough to enable her to point the sonic pen at the pager. It buzzes and lights up green and--

Drake's pager begins to *beep*. He looks sheepish and confused as he reaches for it.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)
 (laughing awkwardly)
 Oh, uhh, I guess I am pretty busy.
 (beat)
 If you don't mind...

Dr. Marton hurries forward, nodding eagerly.

DR. MARTON:

Of course. If only we had more
doctors as committed as you are.
I'll make sure I get her situated
in her new room.

As Dr. Marton reaches for the rail at the head of the bed,
Drake still seems reluctant to let it go.

When he finally does so the Dean gives him a tight smile then
begins to wheel the bed down the hall.

We pull back for a shot behind Drake as he watches Dr.
Marton's retreating figure.

When there is enough distance between them, he retrieves the
severed arm from the pile of Cybersuit pieces and hauls it
after Dr. Marton.

The arm hits Dr. Marton in the centre of his skull with
enough force to see him instantly slumping to the ground,
unconscious.

When we cut to a point of view shot from Dr. Marton's body we
see that Drake is standing over him, his blade already raised
above his head.

DRAKE:

I claim your head in the name and
pride of the--

JENNY:

DRAKE!

Drake's head suddenly snaps up.

Jenny is once again kneeling at the head of the bed, her
eyebrows raised nearly to her hairline.

Drake has turned back to his "trophy" and has not lowered his
weapon. He is clearly making a point of not looking at Jenny.

DRAKE:

Let me do this, Jenny.

Jenny swings her legs over one side of the bed and gets to
her feet.

JENNY:

Don't, Drake.

Drake suddenly reels on Jenny, his expression furious. When
he swings the blade, it is pointing directly at her.

DRAKE:

He's working for the Cybermen!

Jenny seems unfazed and calmly steps around the blade. She lays her hand over Drake's and looks as if she is trying to force his arm back to his side, only she is having absolutely no success.

She speaks regardless:

JENNY:

That is exactly why we shouldn't
kill him. I don't want to face the
Cybermen blind. We need numbers.
Okay?

Although Drake seems to be attempting to burn a hole in Jenny's face with his eyes, he slowly lets her push his arm down.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

Right. Now help me get him onto the
bed. We'll need to find somewhere
else to wait for him to wake up.

FADE TO:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL STORAGE ROOM - LATER

The storeroom is dark now, with only light from the moon coming in the window on the far side allowing us to make out the people in there.

Jenny is slumped against one of the shelves, her head tilted back and her eyes closed. From her posture we gather that quite some time has past. She wears Dr. Marton's lab coat.

Opposite Jenny, Dr. Marton lays on the floor unmoving.

Jenny slowly lifts her head and opens her eyes. She does not look happy.

JENNY:

(resigned)
How hard did you hit him?

When Jenny's head turns towards the window, we see that Drake stands there with his back to us.

DRAKE:

Not hard enough.

Jenny gives an exasperated huff and arduously climbs to her feet.

She moves closer to Drake and leans her shoulder against the shelves, her arms crossed.

JENNY:
 You know, I'm sure the military
 have rules about not going into
 battle with a brooding soldier.
 (beat)
 How can I trust you to have my back
 if you're too busy sulking?

Jenny pushes herself off the shelves and reaches out a hand to Drake.

For a moment it looks as if she may put it on his shoulder, before she thinks better of it and busies herself tying up her hair instead.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
 What else do you know about the
 Cybermen?

DRAKE:
 Not much.

JENNY:
 You said they don't feel emotions.

DRAKE:
 They're not supposed to.

JENNY:
 But...

DRAKE:
 I think there's something wrong
 with these ones. It smelt too
 human. It smelt like fear.
 (beat)
 Like you.

JENNY:
 (snorts)
 I'm not scared. And I *don't* smell
 human.

Drake does not look convinced.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
 So you think these ones have
 emotions? Why? Evolution?

DRAKE:
 No. Definitely not. Cybermen see
 emotions as a weakness. This is a
 mistake.

JENNY:
 (prompting)
 So...

DRAKE:
Something's gone wrong.

JENNY:
Do you think it's all of them or
just--

A groan from off screen stops Jenny mid-sentence, and both she and Drake turn to look at Dr. Marton.

Dr. Marton is struggling to sit up and orientate himself.

DR. MARTON:
Ugghnn... What...where...?

Jenny comes and crouches beside Dr. Marton. She doesn't offer a hand to help him and seems to be slightly amused by his struggles.

JENNY:
No, you're not dreaming. Yes, this is actually happening. And *I* think you owe Doctor Agon a thank you for sparing your life. *Then*, if I was you and had *any* plans on getting into heaven, I'd apologize to the human race and go beg for forgiveness this Sunday at church.
(beat)
That's how it works, right? Kill a few of your fellow human beings, go pray or whatever, then your slate gets wiped clean and all is forgiven?
(beat)
I don't know, Drake, what do you think?

Drake doesn't answer, but we now see that he stands a few paces behind Jenny.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
Well *I* think that it should be a little more difficult than that. On some planets, I'm sure fraternizing with the Cybermen is a crime punishable by... Decapitation by the lead warrior of the... Extravagant Ergosian Empire's Army.

Jenny throws a smirk over her shoulder at Drake, and his lips twitch into a fleeting, almost sadistic smile.

Jenny continues:

JENNY: (CONT'D)
The only reason it hasn't already happened...
(MORE)

JENNY: (CONT'D)
Well, we figured you'd be willing
to tell us what we need to know in
exchange for your life.

Drake snorts, shaking his heads in obvious disgust at the
notion.

DRAKE:
Humans have no sense of honor.

Dr. Marton finally manages to sit up. He rubs the back of his
head and mouths words that we cannot understand. He seems
quite confused, but at the same time there is guilt mixed
with fear in his eyes.

JENNY:
(patronising)
So, how's about it? We're all ears.
How many Cybermen are there in this
building?

DR. MARTON:
I... I... I-I don't...

JENNY:
(calmly)
Yes, you do.

DR. MARTON:
No... No! They'll kill me!

Suddenly, Drake grabs Dr. Marton, lifting him from the floor
and holding him against the shelves as easily as if he was a
rag doll.

Drake's mouth has become slightly elongated, more like an
animal's snout than a normal human face.

DRAKE:
(deep, growling voice)
How many?!

DR. MARTON:
I-I don't--

We hear a *smack* as Drake's fist collides with Dr. Marton's
jaw.

The force of the punch drives the side of the doctor's face
into the metal shelves he's held against, and a choked cry
escapes from his throat.

Jenny's face is a mask of shock and anger, but she quickly
regains her composure.

JENNY:

This is your last chance. And I'm going to speak *slowly* so you understand this time.

(beat)

How many Cybermen are there in this hospital?

DRAKE:

(clearing his throat)

I doubt he can talk, or will ever be able to again. His jaw is shattered, if not the whole right side of his skull. He would be screaming in agony if he could.

Jenny looks on the verge of hitting Drake upside the head, but instead sighs in defeat.

JENNY:

(defeated)

Put him down. And this time, don't give me any of that nonsense about your trophy. Just put him on the floor.

Obediently, Drake releases his hold on Dr. Marton and lets him fall to the floor.

He steps back to make space for Jenny, and though it is obviously not what she wanted, she says nothing.

Jenny she squats beside Dr. Marton, picking up his hand in both of hers.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

(deadpanned)

Show me how many Cybermen there are.

(beat)

Please.

Although they shake violently, Dr. Marton manages to unfurl all of his fingers: Five.

Jenny nods and rises to her feet.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Jenny makes to leave the room and Drake goes to follow her, but further distressed moans stop her in her tracks.

Dr. Marton is making waving motions towards his face.

Jenny shakes her head.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
We don't have time. We need to
clean up your mess. Someone will
find you sooner or later.

Jenny opens the door to the storeroom and both she and Drake disappear into the corridor beyond.

As the door closes behind them, a strip of light from the hallway that fell across Dr. Marton's body decreases in size until it disappears entirely, leaving him in darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jenny is just releasing the door handle, having shut the storeroom door behind Drake and herself.

As she turns away from the door, we see that Jenny's lips are pressed together, evident that she is deep in thought.

Drake watches her. His wings seem to be twitching under his lab coat and he is obviously eager for a fight.

DRAKE:
What's the strategy?

Jenny doesn't respond, but in the background we see a nurse move from one wardroom into the next, disappearing from sight as she checks up on her patients.

Drake frowns, not amused about being ignored.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)
Are we going to go head strong?
(beat)
Or maybe pick them off one by one?
(beat)
What about--

JENNY:
(interrupting,
exasperated)
Drake! I'm trying to think here!
Just... Shhh!

Obediently, Drake shuts up, looking unfazed by her outburst.

We pull back as they start walking slowly down the corridor side by side as Jenny buttons up the lab coat to hide the hospital gown she wears underneath.

We get a close up of Jenny's hand as she fiddles with her sonic pen, flicking it back and forth between her fingers.

A mid shot of Jenny shows us that her eyebrows are knitted together in thought.

Colours are suddenly muted and a montage of images fades in over her face, showing Jenny's thought process.

We see: the Cyberman helmet that she found in the storeroom; Drake's amber eyes as he walks past her in Act One; the Cyberman shooting at Jenny; Drake's wings; Drake's blade slicing through the Cyberman's arm; her sonic pen, and finally Dr. Marton's hand revealing the number of Cybermen in the hospital.

Music builds and crescendos as Jenny's face comes back into focus, her head snapping up in sudden realization. She opens her mouth to speak, but it cut off by a woman's scream.

Jenny turns towards Drake but he has already gone.

Panning around, we see that he has already started down the corridor. We can see his wings straining against the material of his lab coat.

Jenny takes off after him.

Drake disappears around a corner at the end of the hallway.

Immediately to our left there is a nurse's station, behind which a handful of nurses and doctors cower from two rapidly approaching Cybermen that chant "Delete" at regular intervals.

Drake, with the use of his wings, runs half-way up the opposite wall and executes a perfect back-flip so that he slides across the nurse's station desk, simultaneously throwing his blade like a javelin into the chest of the first Cyberman.

He lands with a *thump* behind the nurse's station and out of view.

The five or six doctors and nurses shriek and leap up from their hiding places, making a mad dash out from behind it and directly down the adjacent hallway.

We cut back to Jenny just as she starts to round the corner to enter the fray.

A rogue red beam comes shooting just past her head and she immediately jerks back and presses her back against the wall.

Pulling out her sonic pen, Jenny risks a glance around the corner.

From her point of view we are able to see that the first Cyberman is going haywire, his arms rising and falling erratically as his body twists from side to side, randomly shooting off red beams.

Jenny raises her arm, aiming her sonic pen at the first Cyberman. It buzzes and lights up green and--

The first Cyberman abruptly stops and falls backwards, landing with a *clang* on the linoleum floor.

We cut back to Drake and see that the second and remaining Cyberman is marching towards the entrance into the nurse's station.

When its comrade falls, however, it suddenly turns towards Jenny, weapon arm raised.

CYBERMAN:
You will be deleted.

The first Cyberman lays at this Cyberman's feet and we can see Drake army-crawling towards his blade, which still protrudes from its chest.

Once Drake is within arm's length of the first Cyberman, he heaves himself forward, grasping the hilt of his blade and yanking it from the robot's chest. There are sparks and zaps and--

This catches the second Cyberman's attention. He angles his weapon arm down to that it is pointed directly at Drake and fires.

The red beam hits Drake squarely between his shoulders and he goes limp.

Jenny stares towards Drake's body with an expression of horror and disbelief etched into her features.

JENNY:
(aghast)
Drake!

The second Cyberman turns back to Jenny and begins to fire repeatedly.

Jenny dodges the red beams while simultaneously trying to get closer to her assailant. Despite her superhuman reflexes, this is far from effortless.

We get a shot from behind Jenny as time slows.

As soon as she has maneuvered herself close enough to the nurse's station she is cart-wheeling over the desk to take cover behind it, narrowly avoiding more red beams as she goes.

We return to real time as Jenny lands in a crouched-position in the floor with a *thud*.

Jenny immediately goes to the nearest drawer, yanking it open and urgently rifling through its contents for a weapon.

After a few moments the second Cyberman's feet appear at the entrance to the nurse's station, right beside Drake's still-unmoving body.

Jenny anxiously glances towards the second Cyberman, meanwhile slamming closed this drawer and opening the next.

An instant later she is brandishing a pair of orange-handled scissors and leaping to her feet.

We pull back as Jenny jumps up onto the counter, then from there leaps onto the second Cyberman's shoulders, securing her thighs around his helmet and using her weight to topple him sideways against the wall.

Jenny wraps both her hands around the scissor's handles and uses all her strength to drive the point into the top of the second Cyberman's helmet. The tip only just sinks into the metal.

The Cyberman rights itself and attempts to remove Jenny from its shoulders, where she cannot be hit by its beams.

Jenny seems to be oblivious to this and even manages to maneuver herself into a crouch so she can utilize more of her body's strength to accomplish her goal. Still, she is unsuccessful.

Suddenly, the second Cyberman lurches to one side, forcing Jenny to brace herself against the wall.

We tilt down and see that the flat of Drake's blade is being held against the Cyberman's leg.

There is a fizzing sound and although the weapon is not cutting through the metal suit, we can safely assume that it is burning through it instead.

We follow the hand that holds the blade down the arm until we are finally able to see Drake.

He still lays on the floor, but his head is held up to see what he is doing. His face is pale and shiny with sweat and it seems that even that is taking a great deal of effort.

DRAKE:

(weakly)

Jenny... pen...

Jenny glances downwards. Her face lights up when she sees Drake.

JENNY:

(relieved)

You're alive!

Immediately relinquishing her hold of the scissors, Jenny pulls her sonic pen out of her breast pocket and drops it down to Drake.

The pen clatters to the ground directly in front of Drake. He seizes it and points it at the exposed wires in the Cyberman's leg that his blade has revealed.

The sonic pen buzzes and lights up green, causing sparks to shoot from the Cyberman's leg.

Jenny slides from the Cyberman's shoulders just before it crashes to the floor.

Jenny lands beside Drake. He has managed to climb to his feet, but he braces himself on the edge of the counter, his head bowed forward.

Jenny retrieves her sonic pen from beside his hand and pockets it, then gingerly lays a hand on Drake's shoulder.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Are you okay?

DRAKE:
(grunts)
It's the shot. The Cybermen use a type of energy that is poisonous to my kind.

Jenny just nods and it is clear that she doesn't know what to say.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)
I'll live, I just--

Drake suddenly convulses, her upper body involuntarily lurching forward. He holds up a finger to Jenny, indicating that he needs a second to recuperate.

Drake lurches forward a second time and this time gags and retches until he throws up off camera.

Jenny grimaces sympathetically.

Finally, Drake straightens and wipes his mouth on his arm. He looks better already, with colour returning to his face. He speaks as if nothing is amiss.

DRAKE: (CONT'D)
Now that that's over, let's go hunting.

Jenny seems dubious, but she starts towards the gap in the counter to exit the nurse's station. She stops abruptly halfway through it.

JENNY:
There are two Cybermen left, right?
(grins)
I know what to do.

Jenny leans towards Drake to whisper in his ear. We hear only the quietest muttering as Jenny explains the plan.

When she's done, Drake's is grinning too.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. KING GEORGE HOSPITAL ABANDONED HALLWAY - NIGHT

We come in on a pair of elevator doors. The sign beside the door indicates that we are on the second floor.

The doors *whoosh* open and reveal Jenny and Drake to be standing in the elevator.

They are attaching some sort of contraption to their arms that we cannot make out from this angle.

Their eyes are on the task at hand and it is unclear whether or not they are aware that they have reached their floor.

We get a close up of the contraption Jenny fits onto her arm, and we see that it is the weapon arm of a Cyberman.

The metal alloy reaches up to Jenny's elbow, and includes the hand and fingers as well as the gun-like device that protrudes from the top of the arm.

Jenny looks at Drake and we see that he is struggling to get his hand into the Cybersuit. When he shoves his hand forward into it a grunt accompanies it and a grimace forms on his face. It is too small for him.

Jenny smirks, but this quickly fades as she looks out of the elevator. She takes a deep breath.

JENNY:

I sure hope this works.

Drake nods solemnly and they step out of the elevator.

The doors close behind them.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

You better make sure you block those shots with your wings this time. I don't want to be sliding around in that black gunk you coughed up.

DRAKE:

I'll do my best.

JENNY:

I hope so. The... Ergosian Empire won't be very happy if their lead warrior fails.

DRAKE:

They will not.

Jenny swallows visible. She is nervous about facing the Cybermen a third time.

She flexes her fingers within the Cybersuit and turns to Drake.

JENNY:

You ready?

DRAKE:

An Ergosian is always ready for battle. It is you I am more worried for. I suggest I take lead.

Jenny looks offended, but as she opens her mouth to say something the screeching of a circular saw starts up.

Jenny raises her eyebrows at Drake.

JENNY:

Go on, then.

Drake doesn't share Jenny's sense of humor, his eyes going wide and his nostrils flaring. He breaks into a run and leaves Jenny to chase after him.

They tear around the first corner, dashing past an abandoned nurse's station towards the plastic curtains that hang at the end of the hallway.

They light up blue as the saw buzzes a second time, this time accompanied by a terrified shriek.

Drake hasn't slowed his run to match Jenny's pace, and she has fallen behind.

We get a shot from the other side of the plastic curtain as Drake suddenly breaks through them, holding up his weapon arm and swinging it from side to side.

We see that the nurse we saw before is strapped onto a metal autopsy table, one arm, as well as her torso encased in her Cybersuit.

She screams again when she sees Drake.

The two Cybermen that stand over her lift their heads and turn around to face him.

CYBERMAN:

Unauthorized life-form present.

Jenny bursts through the curtains behind Drake and comes to a sudden stop when she sees the Cybermen. She hastily lifts her own make-shift weapon.

CYBERMAN: (CONT'D)
 You are a Time Lady. Your organs
 are incompatible. You will be
 deleted.

Jenny huffs and puts her free hand on her hip.

JENNY:
 And what about him? He's not human
 either!

CYBERMAN:
 He is compatible. He shall be
 upgraded.

Drake shoots Jenny an accusatory glare, but she is oblivious as she steps further into the room, her eyes sweeping their surroundings.

The floor is a mess of metal and wires and pipes and beyond that we can just make out the outline of several other bodies laying on autopsy tables, all in various stages of upgrading, but all obviously dead.

JENNY:
 You haven't exactly perfected the
 art though, have you?
 (beat)
 You want to know what I think? I
 don't think that you have any idea
how to upgrade people. You have a
 hospital filled to the brim with
 people, you have a human *working*
 for you, and yet there are only
 five of you. *And* they're defective.
 (beat)
 Sorry, did I say five? I meant *two*.
 We've already taken out the other
 three. *Oops*.

Drake takes a step towards Jenny, his eyes on the Cybermen.

DRAKE:
 (warning)
 Jenny...

Jenny is either purposefully ignoring him, or is unable to hear him over the sound of her own voice.

JENNY:
 So there's two of us, and two of
 you. It seems pretty fair to me.
 There's just *one* problem.
 (beat)
 We've already taken out three of
 you on our own. And that was
without weapons.
 (stepping forward)
 (MORE)

JENNY: (CONT'D)

Now, I have a fairly good hunch
about these. So how about it, boys?
Let's see if I'm right.

Jenny raises her weapon arm, whips out her sonic pen and points it at the base of the protruding gun. It buzzes and lights up green, activating the gun and making it shoot a red beam.

It hits the closest Cyberman in the middle of his chest and is immediately followed by four or five consecutive shots, each hitting the same target.

The other Cyberman raises its own weapon arm, aiming at Jenny and firing.

Drake rushes forward, shredding his shirt again as his wings spread out to form a barrier between the Cyberman and Jenny, shielding her from them.

Jenny peers over the top of Drake's wings to fire back at the Cybermen.

Drake grimaces and shudders whenever a shot hits his wings, his jaw clenched tightly.

DRAKE:

(through gritted teeth)
I don't like being used as a
shield, Jenny.

Drake suddenly pulls in his wings and the camera follows him as he twists around to face the one remaining Cyberman, raising his own weapon arm and firing at it repeatedly.

Jenny stands beside him, still working her own gun.

JENNY:

That's one advantage of being
compatible with Cyber technology.
(beat as Jenny ducks a
shot)
You don't need one of these.

Jenny releases the button on the end of her sonic pen, causing it to cease fire as she brandishes it to accompany her words.

Drake continues shooting and, finally, the last Cyberman falls.

Jenny lets loose a celebratory whoop, punching the air and jumping slightly as she does.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

We did it!

Now that the sound of shots has ceased, we are able to hear the sounds of the captured nurse sobbing.

Jenny rushes over to the bed and cradles the woman's head in her hands.

JENNY: (CONT'D)

It's okay. We're going to get you out of here.

The nurse's eyes are rapidly filling with tears and we--

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. JENNY'S APARTMENT BUILDING BACKYARD - NIGHT

We are in a small, grassed area. There is a small building towards the back of the yard, but due to the minimum light we cannot tell what it is.

We get a close up of an old, neglected garden light as it suddenly switches on and illuminates the space around it.

Tilting up, we see that Jenny is standing over it and has used her sonic pen to activate it.

The smaller building is now revealed to be an outdoor shed. Drake stands in its doorway, looking in.

He turns around to speak to Jenny.

DRAKE:

(sceptically)

And no one has found this?

Jenny casually waltzes over to Drake, looking around his body to peer into the shed for a moment, before looking up at him.

JENNY:

My neighbors aren't really shed kind of people.

(beat)

Plus...

Jenny brandishes her sonic pen and wears a cheeky grin as she points it into the shed.

It lights up green and buzzes, causing the naked bulb that hangs from the ceiling to flicker to life.

Inside the shed is a long, jet-style space shuttle that monopolizes the small space. It isn't clear how Jenny managed to get it inside.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
I'm not sure how I ended up on
Earth, much less twenty-first
century Earth, but... I have no
idea how to leave.

DRAKE:
You probably fell through a black
hole.

Drake wanders into the shed and kneels down beside a panel on
the side of the shuttle that has been opened.

Jenny watches on from the doorway.

JENNY:
Is that how you got here?

DRAKE:
No.
(beat)
I can fix this.

Drake turns his attention onto his watch, fiddling with it
for a second before we hear a distinct *click*.

He holds a small component up for the camera. The piece is a
white so bright it almost appears to glow, and it seems to be
throbbing like a heart.

JENNY:
(sceptically)
With that thing? From your watch?

DRAKE:
Yes.

Intrigued, Jenny ventures into the shed and squats beside
Drake.

JENNY:
Show me.

Drake hands the component to Jenny and she points her sonic
pen at it.

It lights up green and buzzes, then Jenny holds the pen up to
her eyes to check the reading.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
(impressed)
Where did you get this?

DRAKE:
Sixty-seventh century Earth.

JENNY:

(groans)

Of course the I couldn't have been spat me out there.

(beat, excitedly)

Let's see if it works.

Drake takes the piece back from Jenny.

We get a close up of his hands as he attaches it to a blue wire sticking out of the side of the shuttle. It sparks and we hear a *zap* as he does so.

Jenny hands Drake her sonic pen and he uses it to seal the panel closed, then both climb to their feet.

Jenny takes her sonic pen back and points it at the edge of the glass panel that provides access into the shuttle.

With a *whoosh*, the seal is broken and the hatch lifts, only just managing to open all the way without hitting the roof of the shed.

Jenny is about to climb inside when she suddenly seems to remember something and dashes out of the shed, calling after her:

JENNY: (CONT'D)

One second, gotta do something!

CUT TO:

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

When we come in Jenny is just letting herself into her apartment.

She slams the front door closed behind her and hurries across the room to her laptop, quickly flipping open the lid and starting it up.

We cut to a shot from within the computer as Jenny leans over in front of it so that the camera can capture her face.

JENNY:

(breathlessly)

Dad, if you're watching this, I'm coming to find you.

Jenny goes to close the laptop, only to hurriedly snap it open again.

JENNY: (CONT'D)
Oh, and if you're watching this
after I leave... You have really
bad timing!

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNY'S APARTMENT BUILDING BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny and Drake are sitting inside the shuttle, squashed together uncomfortably in the small space. Regardless of this, Jenny hits a button over their heads to close the hatch.

With that done, Jenny reaches forward to pull back the steering mechanism. She smiles out at the camera.

We cut to an extreme long shot of the apartment building and backyard as the shuttle bursts out of the roof of the shed

It hovers in the air for a moment, then turns and flies away from the camera.

We see a white light surround the shuttle, which grows in strength until we are able to see it alone, and nothing of the ship.

When the light fades, the shuttle is gone, and we can safely assume that it is now travelling through time, and possibly space.

When the lights of London go out and all we can see are the stars in the night sky, we--

BLACK OUT:

END OF EPISODE.