

BBC NEW ADVENTURES WITH THE TWELFTH DOCTOR

DOCTOR
WHO

ROBBIE MORRISON
BRIAN WILLIAMSON
MARIANO LACLAUSTRA
HI-FI

DOCTOR WHO



THE VAULT-WORLD
OF JANIZZAR.

JUDOON
CONTAINMENT
FACILITY.

EARTH-TIME:
1963.

THE FIREPOWER
OF AN ENTIRE
JUDOON STRIKE-
SQUAD IS RANGED
AGAINST YOU,
LAWBREAKER.*

THERE IS
NO ESCAPE.

YOU
HAVE TWO
CHOICES.

* TRANSLATED FROM JUDOON.

SURRENDER NOW
AND BE IMPRISONED
FOR THE REST OF YOUR
EXISTENCE.

RESIST AND BE
ERADICATED. THE
FAVORED OPTION, AS IT
SAVES TAX-PAYERS THE
EXPENSE OF YOUR
INCARCERATION.

YOU HAVE
THREE SECONDS
TO DECIDE.

YOU JUDOON
ARE ALWAYS
THE SAME -- NO
IMAGINATION.

DON'T YOU
THINK A BEING
WHO WAS PREPARED
TO BREAK INTO THE
MOST IMPREGNABLE
WORLD IN THE UNIVERSE
WOULD HAVE SOME
SEMBLANCE
OF AN ESCAPE
PLAN?

BEFORE YOU
CHARGED IN ALL
GUNS BLAZING, YOU
SHOULD'VE CHECKED
EXACTLY WHAT
WAS BEING HELD
IN THE VAULT WE
BREACHED.





LAS VEGAS, 1964.

HA-HA-HA!

I'LL SQUEEZE AND SQUEEZE AND SQUEEZE, UNTIL YOUR EYEBALLS POP OUT OF YOUR --

KKRRJUNNCH

WWURRK!

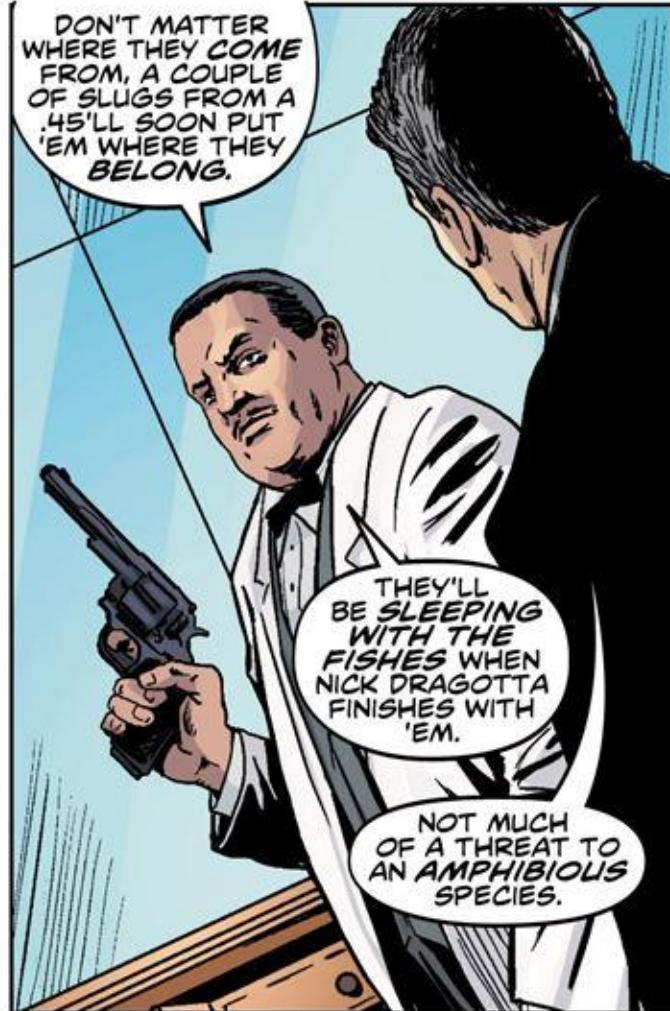
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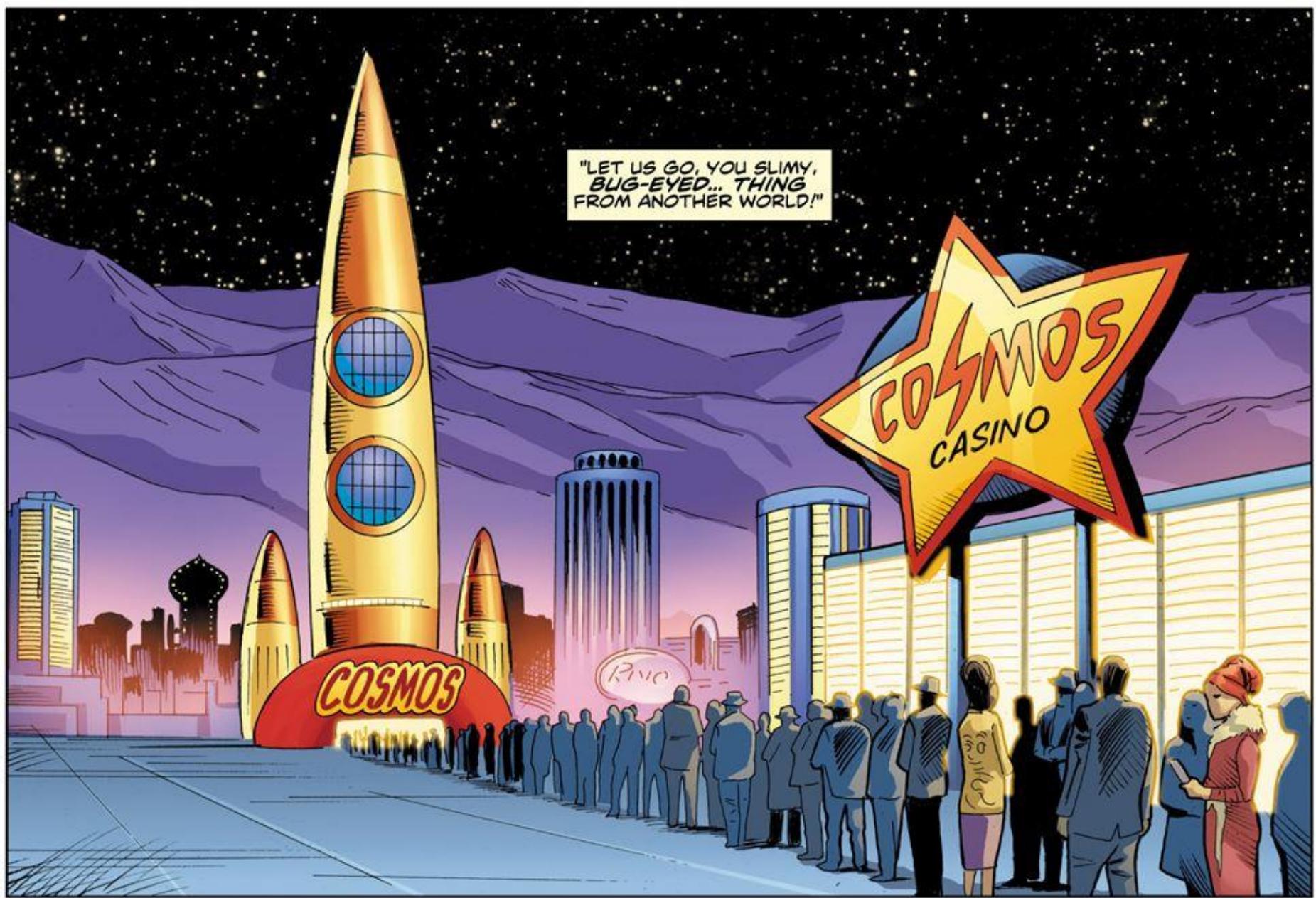
NO!

R-R-
RELEASE ME,
HUMAN!

RELEASE
ME, THIS
INSTANT!

ANYTHING
YOU SAY,
FISH-FACE!





YOUR CONTRACT WITH THE SANDS HOTEL IS CANCELED.

YOU'RE WORKING FOR ME NOW.



NOBODY CANCELS MY CONTRACT BUT ME.

YOU BETTER LET US GO, I'VE GOT FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES.

I GOT FRIENDS IN LOW PLACES.

YEAH, AND I KNOW EVERYBODY IN-BETWEEN. THAT'S A WHOLE LOT OF UNHAPPY BODIES COMING AFTER YOU.

STEADY ON, FELLAS, DON'T BE HASTY.

AS YOUR AGENT, IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY TO GIVE DUE CONSIDERATION TO ALL BUSINESS PROPOSALS. YOUR BEST INTERESTS ARE MY BEST INTERESTS, REMEMBER?

ARTIE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF RECOMPENSE YOU HAD IN MIND, BUT HERE'S THE DEAL, CUDDLES:

FOR STARTERS, THE WOLF PACK GET DOUBLE WHAT THEY GET PAID AT THE SANDS. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.

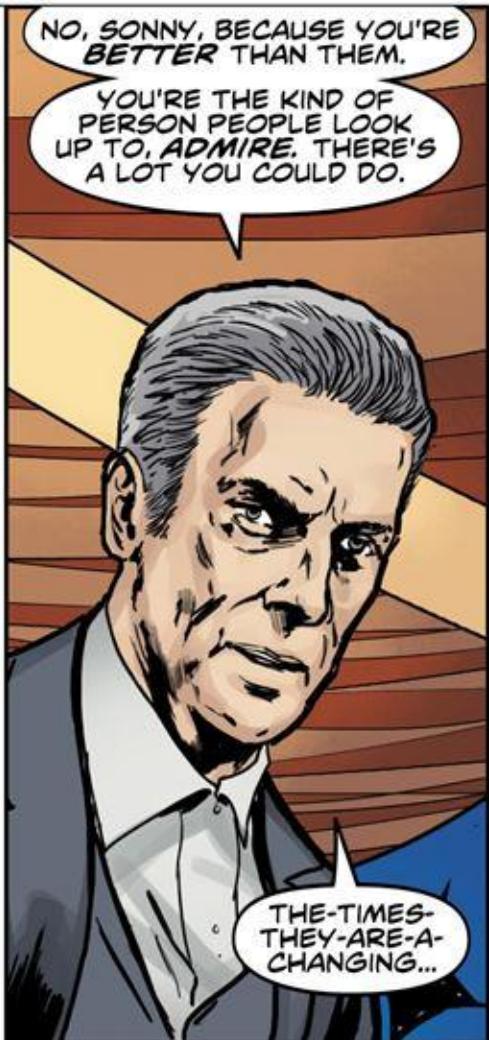
WE OBVIOUSLY HAVE DIFFERENT CONCEPTS OF NEGOTIATION.

I WAS THINKING MERELY OF LETTING THEM LIVE.

YOU, ON ANOTHER TENTACLE, ARE SURPLUS TO REQUIREMENTS.

EEEEEEAAARRRGH!

VVVVVVVWWWWOOORRRP





-- SHE DRAGGED ME DOWN TO THE BREWSTER CENTER, WHERE JOE LOUIS LEARNED TO BOX, AND THREW ME IN THE RING TO TEACH ME A LESSON.

I LEARNED IT PRETTY WELL.

"TURNED PRO AT 18 AND WAS HEADING FOR A TITLE SHOT BY THE TIME I WAS 23.



"THE MOB WANTED ME TO THROW A FIGHT AGAINST A GUY I COULD'VE TAKEN EASILY, SO THEY COULD FIX THE ODDS, MAKE A FORTUNE.

"WHEN I REFUSED, THEY THREATENED MARTHA AND JOEY, MY WIFE AND KID.

"THE MOB DOESN'T PLAY FAIR.

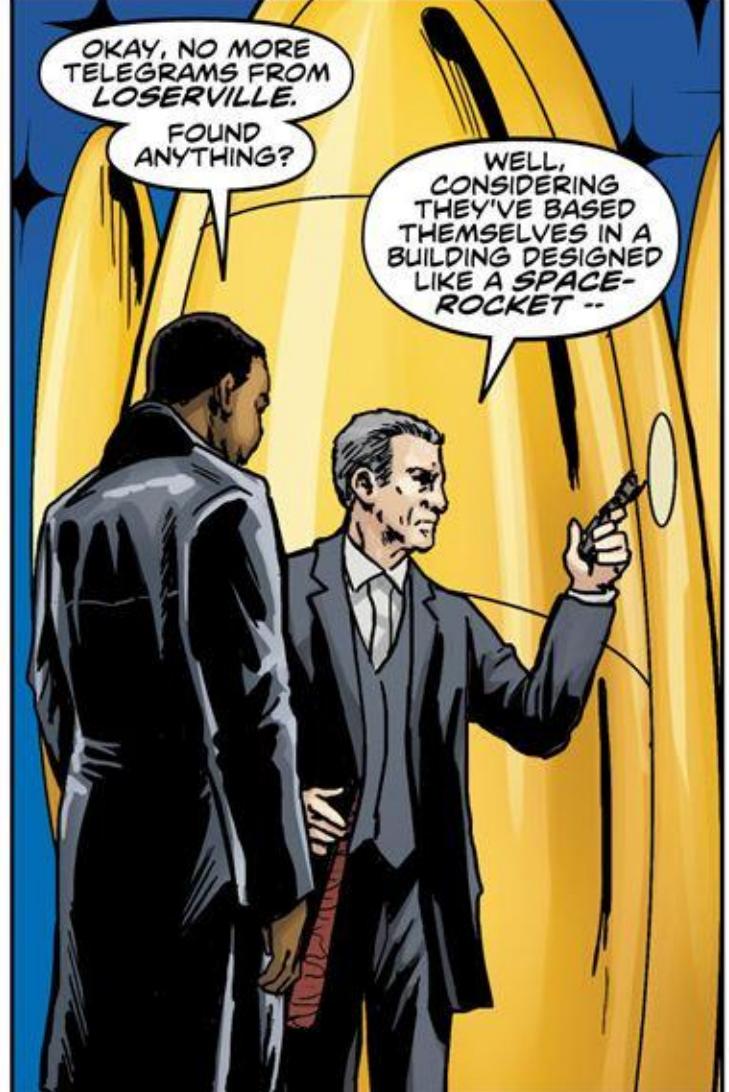


"THE BOXING COMMISSION REVOKED MY LICENCE, BANNED ME FROM FIGHTING.

"THE MOB SAID NOT TO WORRY, THEY'D TAKE CARE OF ME, AND PUT ME TO WORK AS JOHNNY DRAGOTTA'S BODYGUARD."



JOHNNY'S A FUN GUY, CALLS ME HIS TAME PANTHER.

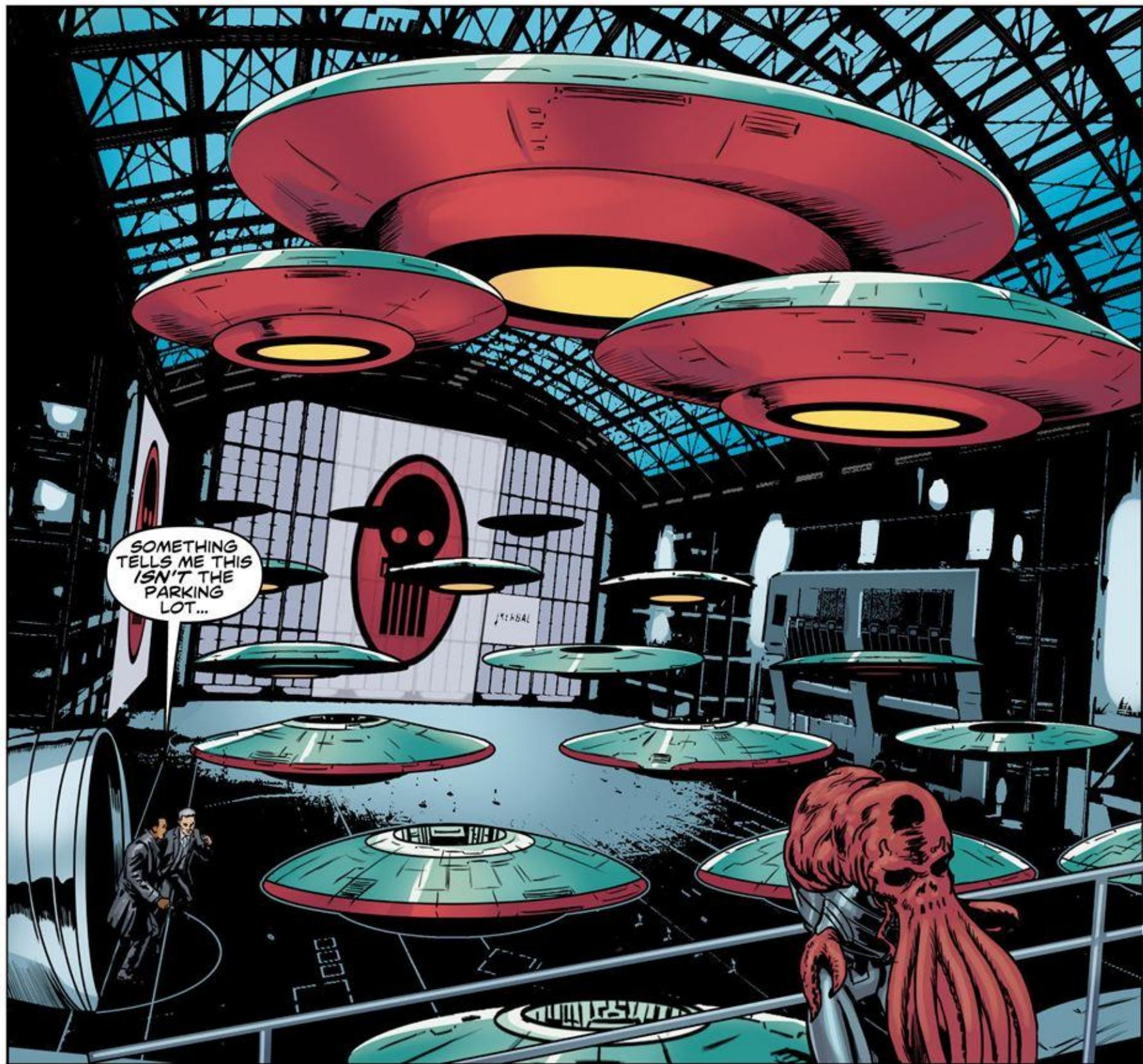
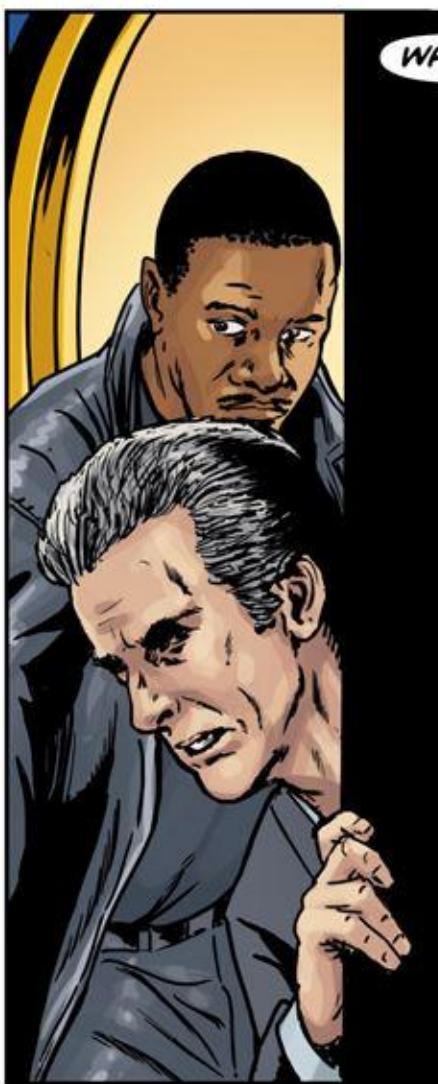


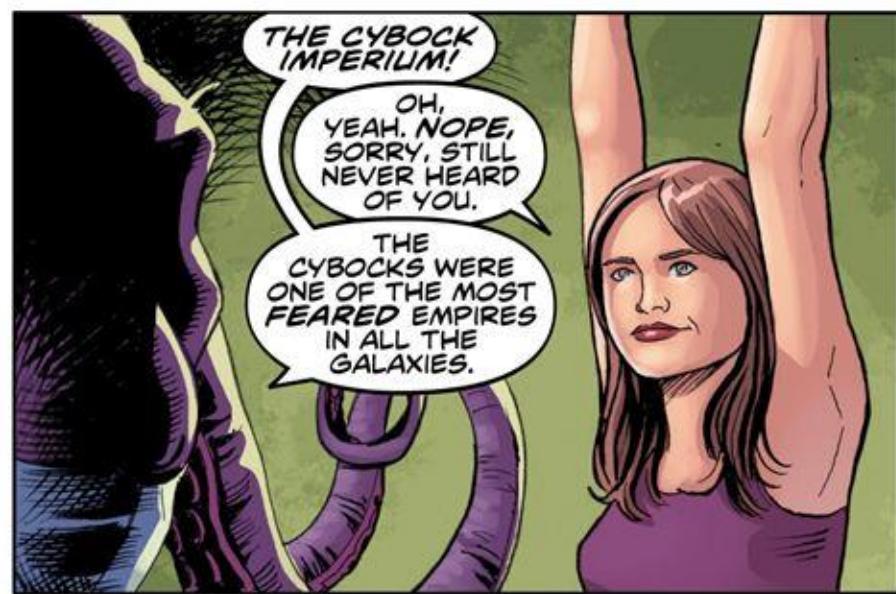
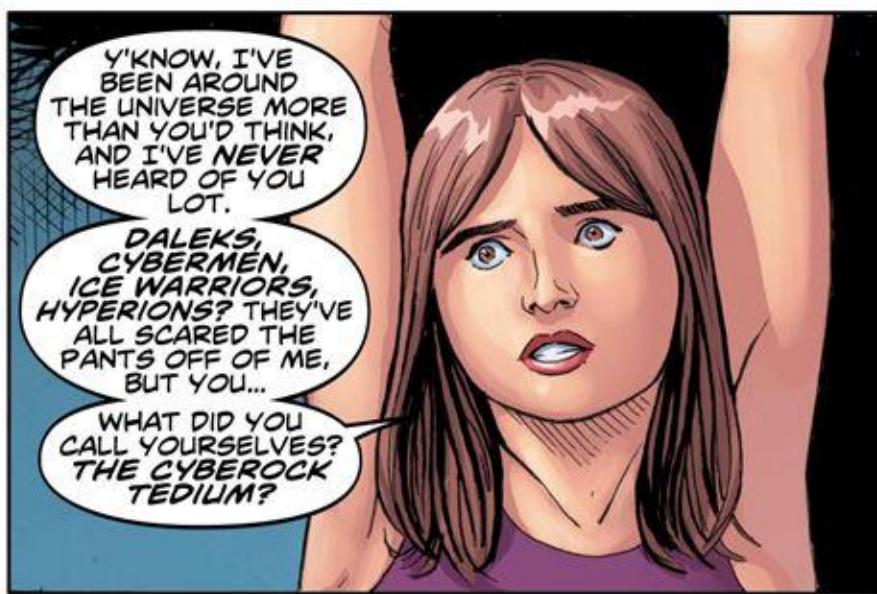
OKAY, NO MORE TELEGRAMS FROM LOSERVILLE.

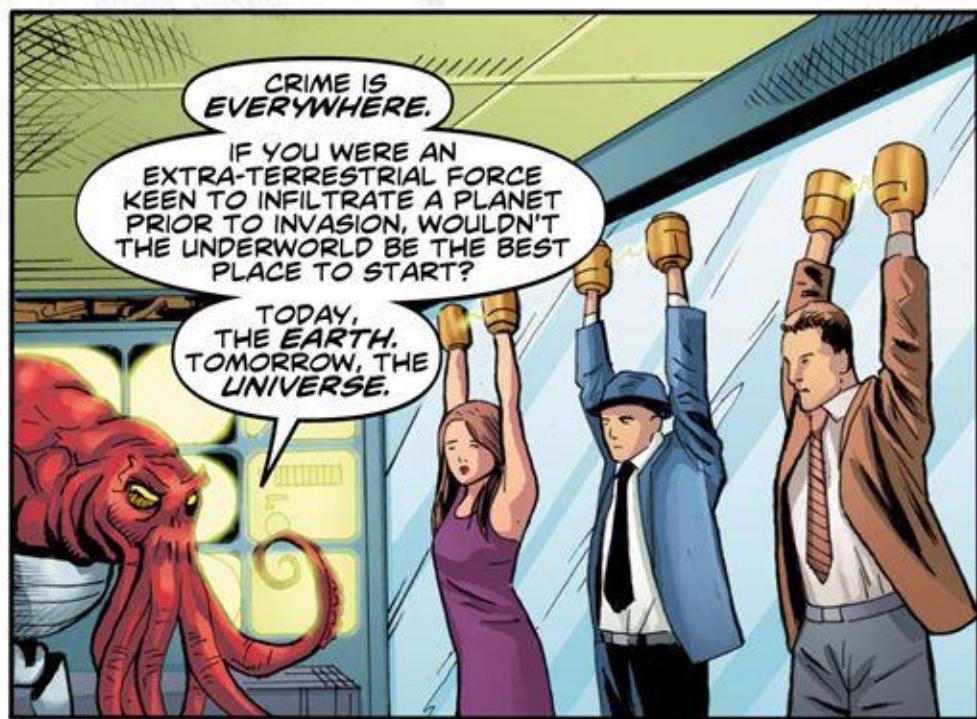
FOUND ANYTHING?

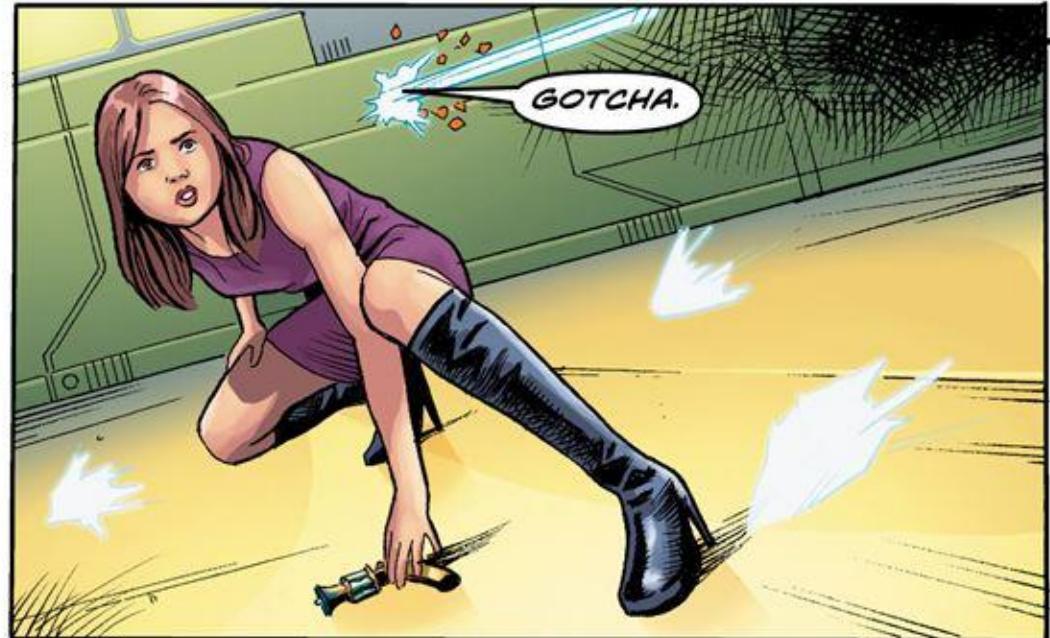
WELL, CONSIDERING THEY'VE BASED THEMSELVES IN A BUILDING DESIGNED LIKE A SPACE-ROCKET --

KEEPS DOING A MARLON BRANDO IMPRESSION, SAYING I "COULD'A BEEN A CONTENDER".









NO MATTER HOW MUCH TROUBLE I'M IN, YOU ALWAYS SEEM TO GET YOURSELF IN GREATER DANGER.

IT'S NOT A CONTEST, YOU KNOW.

'COURSE IT IS -- EVERYTHING'S A CONTEST WITH YOU.

HERE, GOT YOU A PRESENT.

THE TIME GUN OF RASSILON!



YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS?

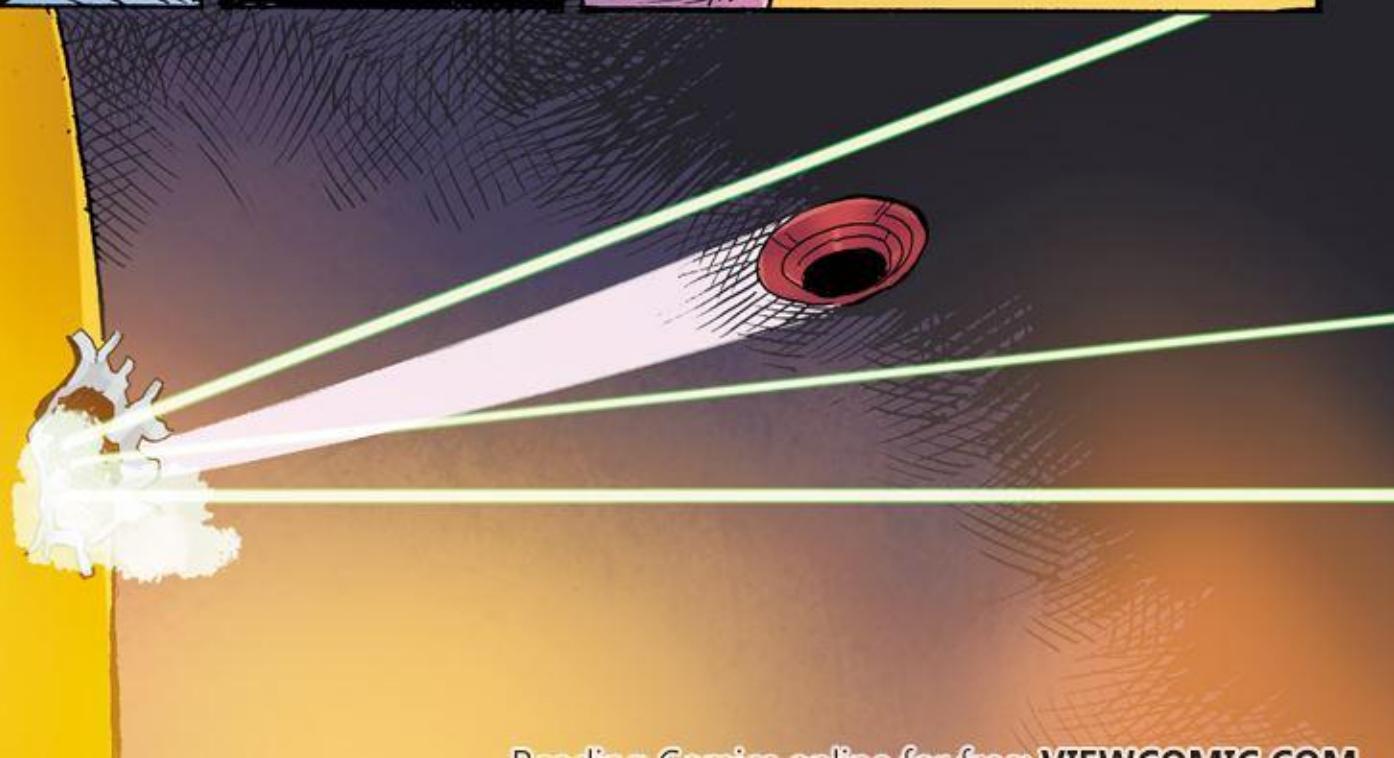
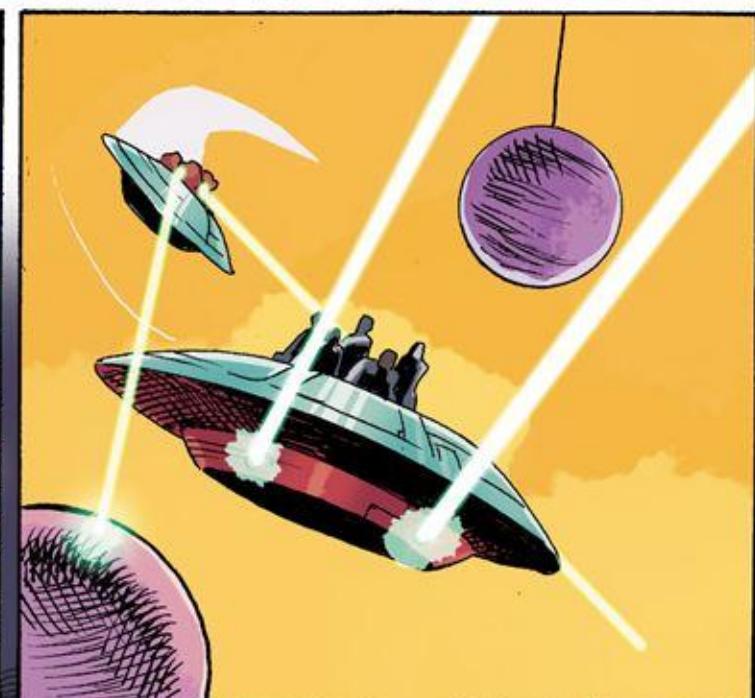
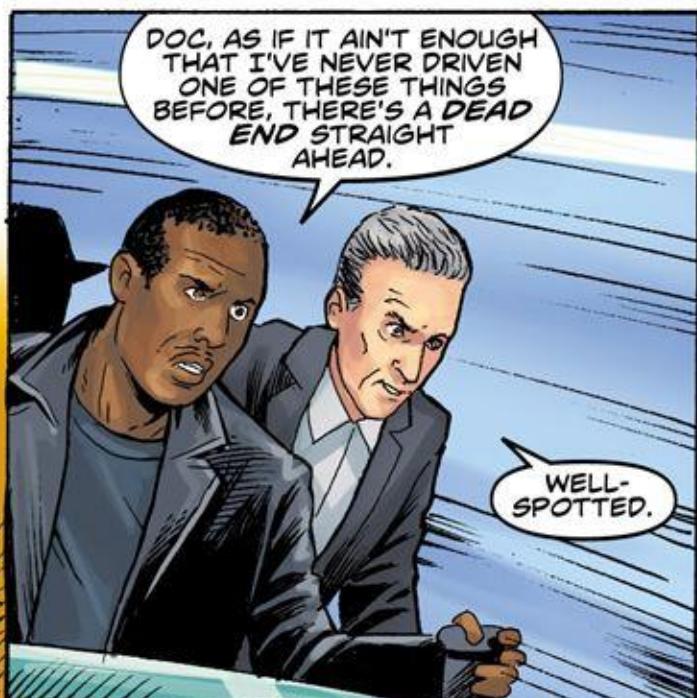
THE ANCIENT LEADER OF THE TIME LORDS' PERSONAL WEAPON, THE ONLY ONE EVER MADE.

"IT FIRES TIME-BOMBS, PROJECTILES THAT EXTINGUISH A VICTIM'S ENTIRE TIMELINE, WIPE THEM FROM EXISTENCE IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE. HOW...?"

DOC, AS IF IT AIN'T ENOUGH THAT I'VE NEVER DRIVEN ONE OF THESE THINGS BEFORE, THERE'S A DEAD END STRAIGHT AHEAD.

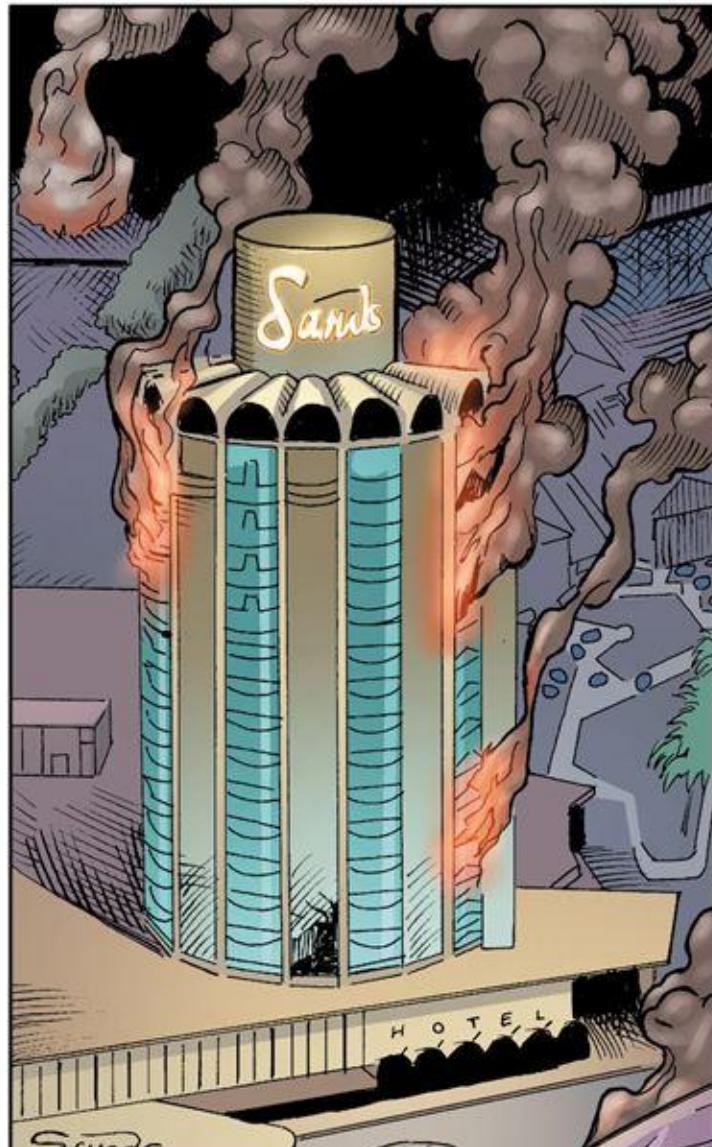
WELL-SPOTTED.

LET'S SEE WHAT THAT BUTTON THERE DOES, SHALL WE?









WE'VE BEEN
RELAXING AT THE
BAR, WAITING
FOR YOU TO JOIN
THE PARTY.

LAST I HEARD,
THE TIME GUN WAS
STORED IN THE VAULT-
WORLD OF JANIZZAR
AFTER RASSILON'S
DISAPPEARANCE/
DEMISE.

WE
LIBERATED
IT.

A WEAPON OF
SUCH POWER BELONGS
IN THE HANDS OF A
CONQUEROR.

HOW CAN
A LOWLY HUMAN
KNOW OF ITS
EXISTENCE?

LOOKS CAN
BE DECEIVING.
WE HAVEN'T
BEEN PROPERLY
INTRODUCED.

I'M
THE DOCTOR.
A TIME LORD
FROM THE PLANET
GALLIFREY.

IF YOU WANT
THE TIME GUN, YOU
KNOW WHAT YOU
HAVE TO DO.

RASSILON'S
ROULETTE?

YOU'D RISK
YOUR LIFE FOR
SUCH A PRIMITIVE
SPECIES? MOST
UNBECOMING
FOR A TIME
LORD.

RASSILON'S...?
DOCTOR,
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

LET ME
TELL YOU
A STORY,
CLARA.
IN THE
AFTERMATH OF
THE HYPERION
WAR...

