

BBC THE TENTH DOCTOR ADVENTURES YEAR TWO

DOCTOR WHO



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This little music box from the planet Wupatki was given to me by a Shantee, a being made of living music.

He put a sketch of me inside - a musical portrait.

Whenever I open it, I think it's going to be the same... but the notes are always different.

It changes, according to my mood.... as if it's a variation on a theme...

Because, here, we're bathed in music. It's everywhere.

And since we came here, it's more responsive than ever.

I love this time. I love this place...

It's the Jazz Age.

New Orleans is a city full of music, from the Lakefront to the Mississippi River and everywhere in between.

I've been a little worried about the Doctor. Is he depressed? He seems obsessed with the idea of "songs ending..."

We've been here two weeks now - a proper, actual holiday - but he's barely been out of the TARDIS.

Says he "has to account for all the variables."

GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR VENKMAN.

GOOD EVENING, MS. GON-GIZMO.

Whatever. I insist that he meets me and Cindy for dinner, every day.

I MUST SAY, YOU'RE LOOKING VERY DASHING TODAY.

THANKS.
WHERE'S CINDY?

WE'RE MEETING HER SOMEWHERE ELSE AFTER OUR MEAL.

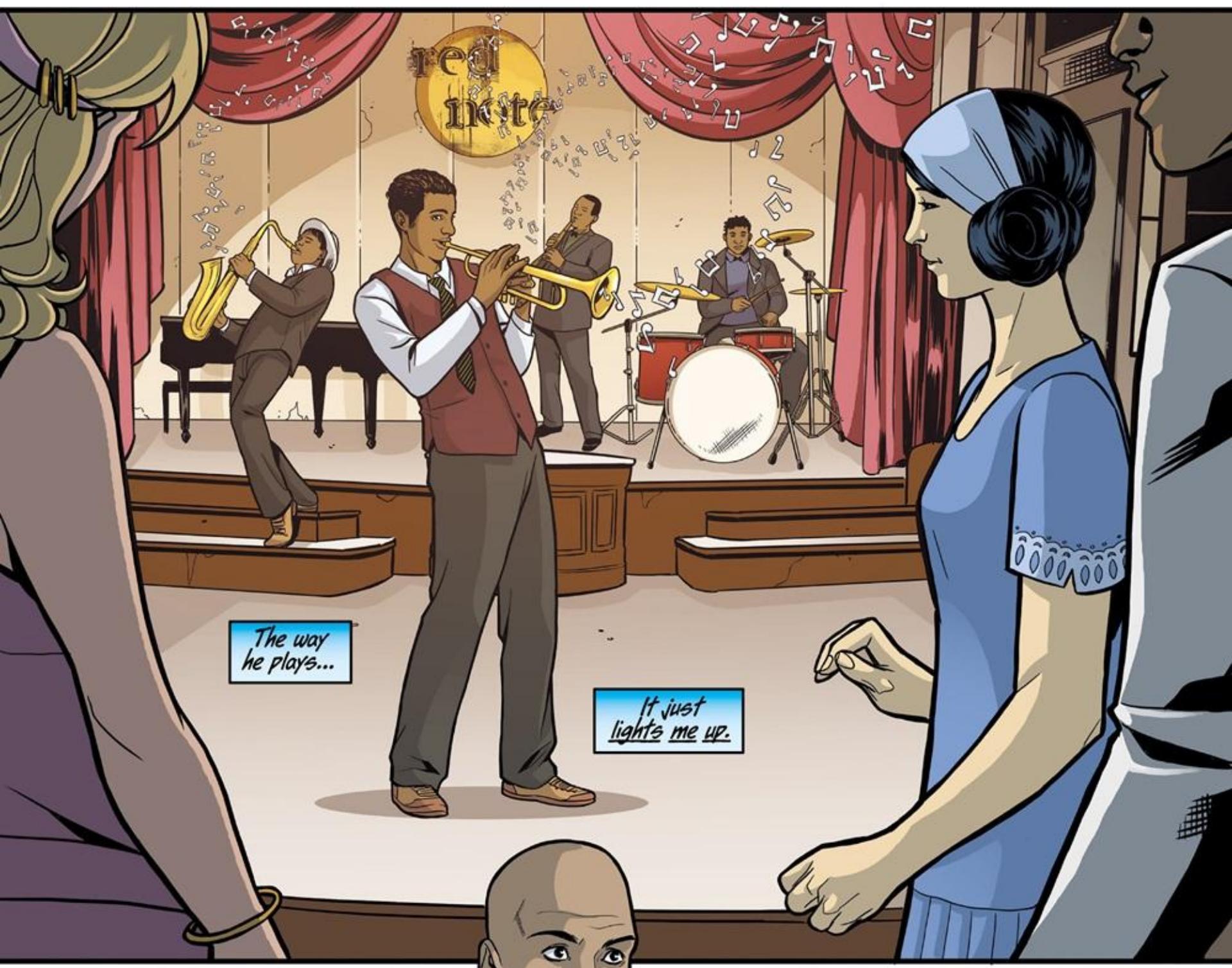
WELL, I--

YOU'RE HAVING AN EVENING OFF. WE'RE GOING TO LISTEN TO SOME MUSIC.

Oh, Doctor... don't you know? Haven't you noticed...?

JUST ONE EVENING.

OH, ALL RIGHT...
SO, COME ON THEN... WHERE IS SHE?



...THE KID
KEPPARD
BAND!

HEY,
CINDY! YOU
LIKE THE
SET?

I PLAYED
SUGAR FER
YOU!

I
LOVED
IT!

I love you.

Right now, I do. More
than anyone else.

YOU GOTTA
TELL ME MORE ABOUT
NEW YORK CITY. I
WANNA GO THERE
SOMEDAY.

OH, YOU
WILL. YOU HAVETA.
SOMEONE WHO PLAYS
LIKE YOU...
JAZZ IS --
I MEAN, I THINK IT,
WILL, LIKE, SWEEP
THE WORLD.

YOU
SLAY ME,
GIRL! I NEVER
MET ANYONE
LIKE YOU.

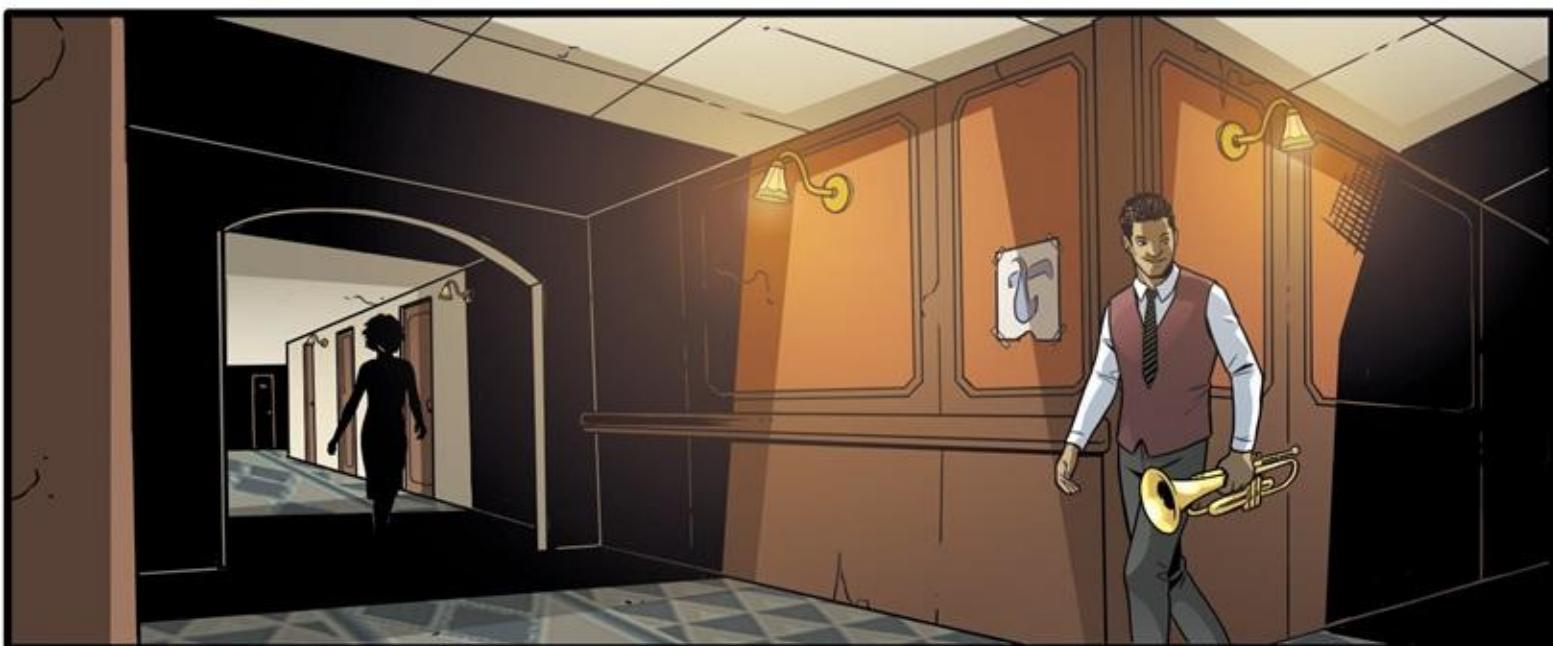
I GOTTA
TALK TO THE
FELLAS. ONE MORE
SET AND I'LL SEE
YOU AFTER,
YEAH?

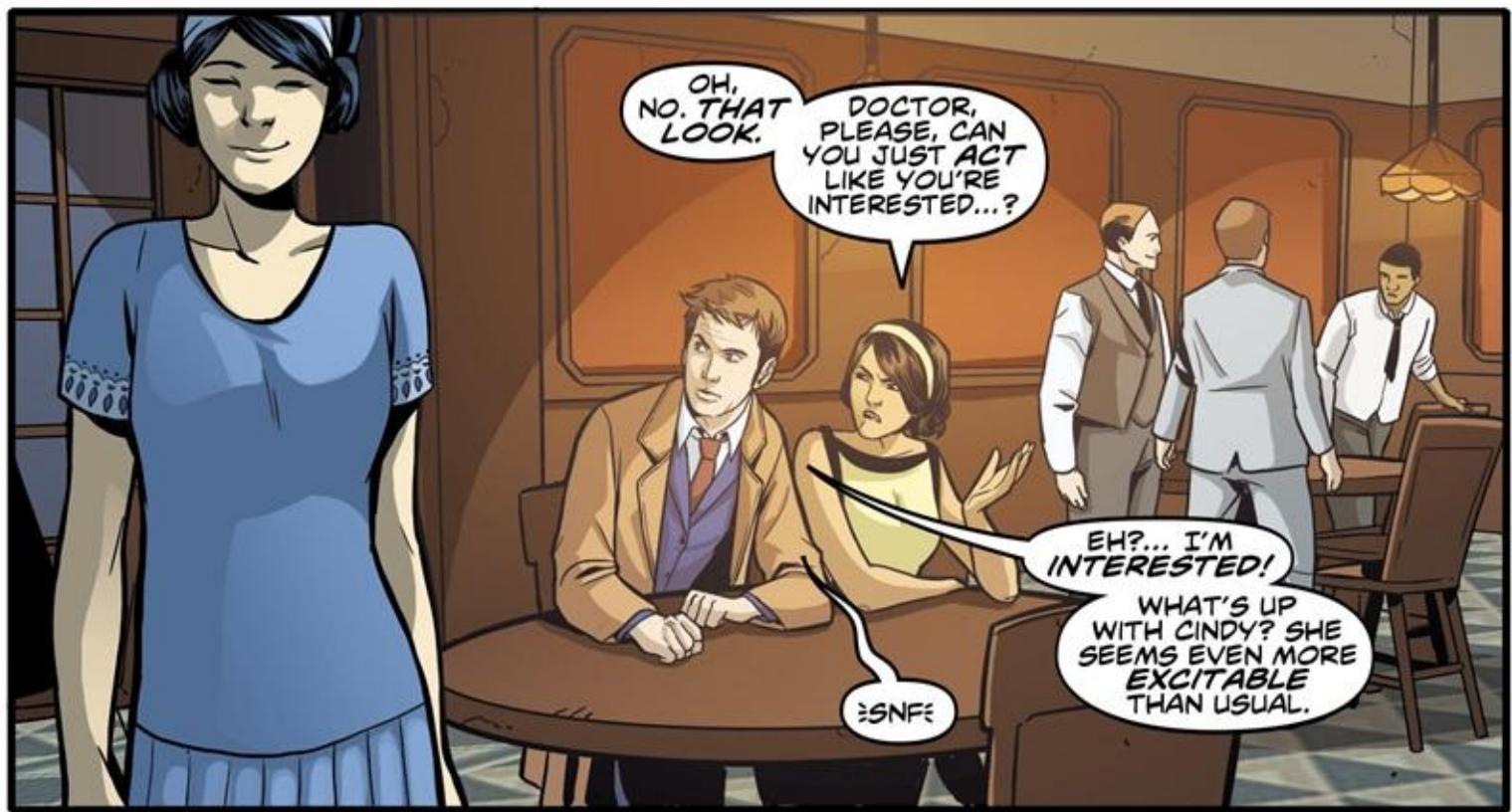
YOU BETCHA,
HONEYBUN!

ROSCOE!
GET OFF THE
STAGE, YA BLUM!
LET SOMEONE
ELSE HOG TH'
LIMELIGHT!

"HONEYBUN"...?

GET
A GRIP,
WU.

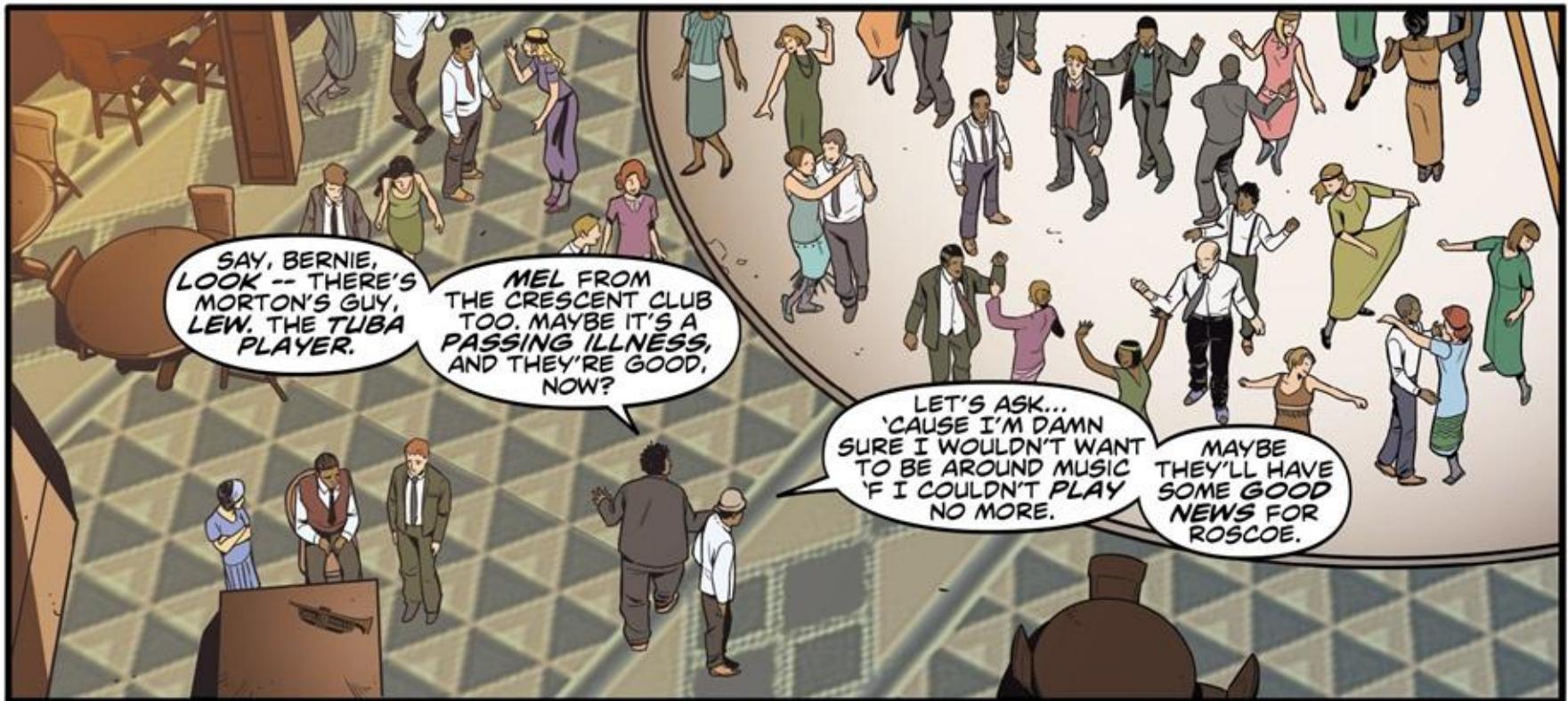
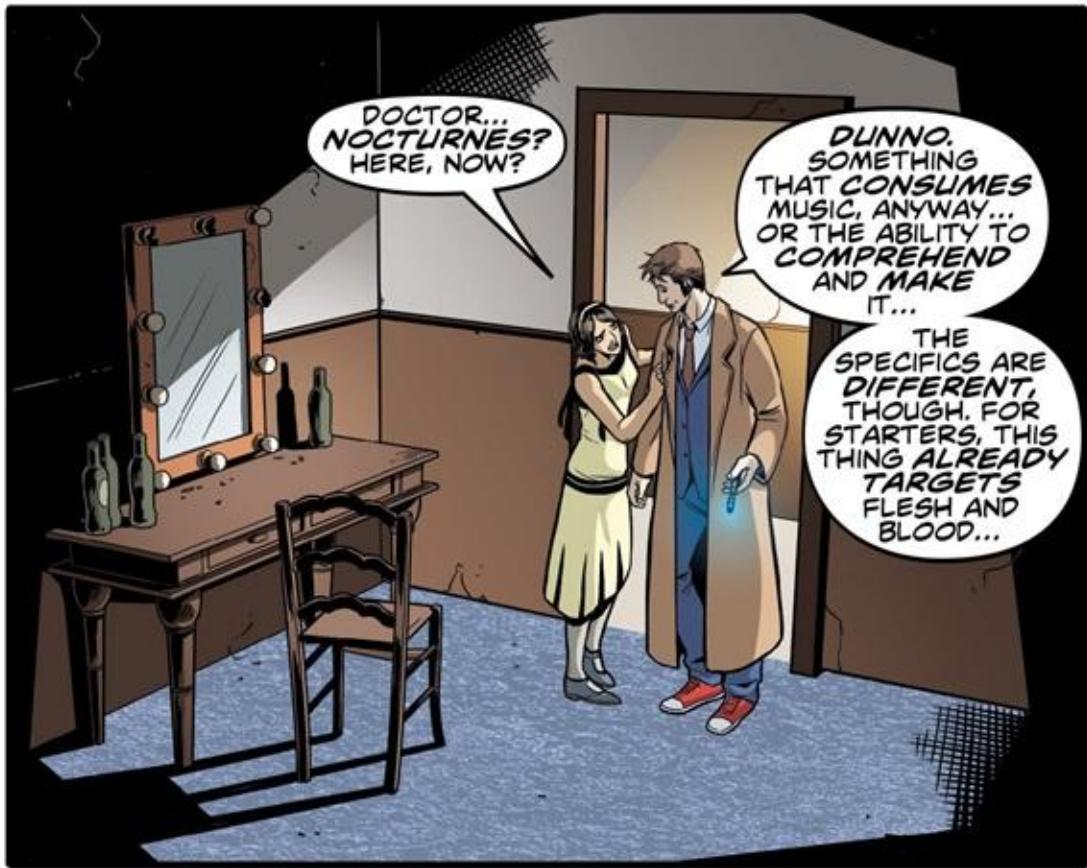


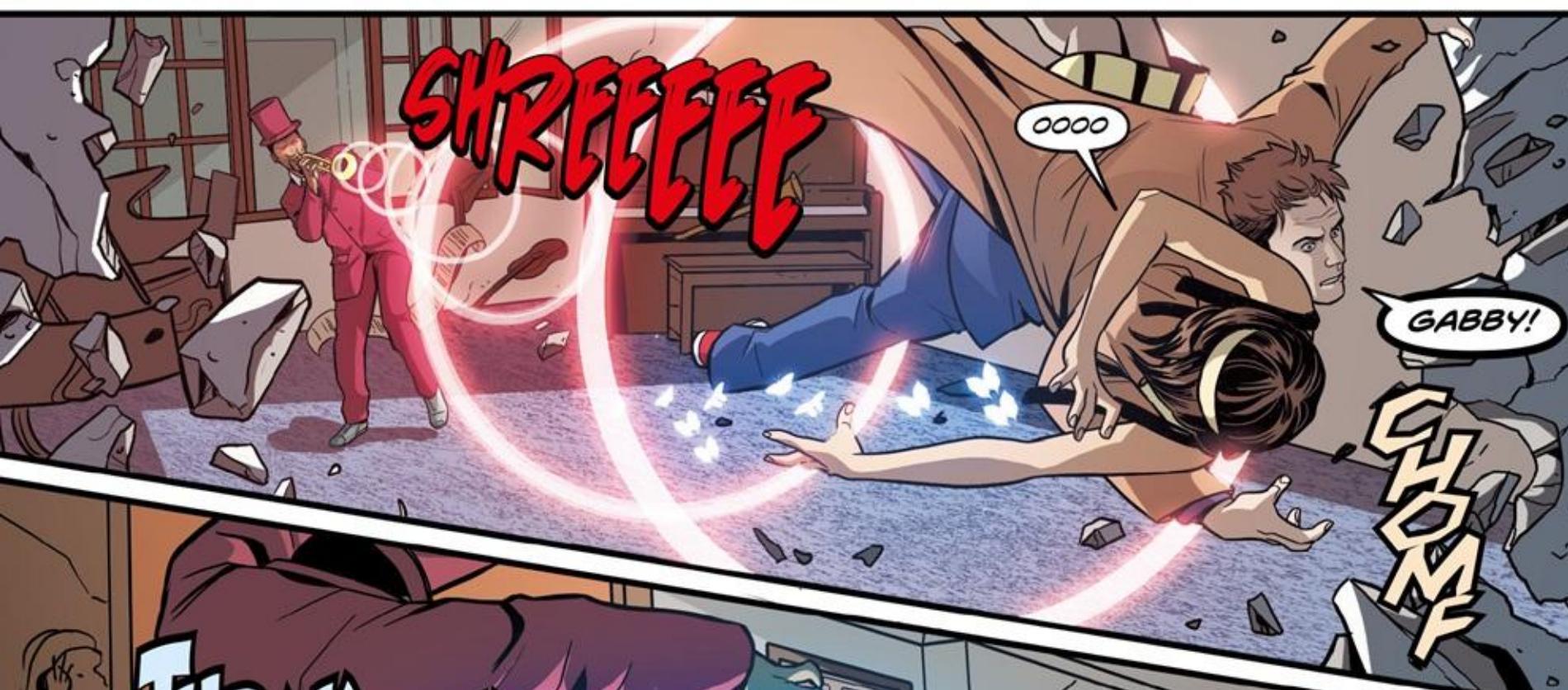








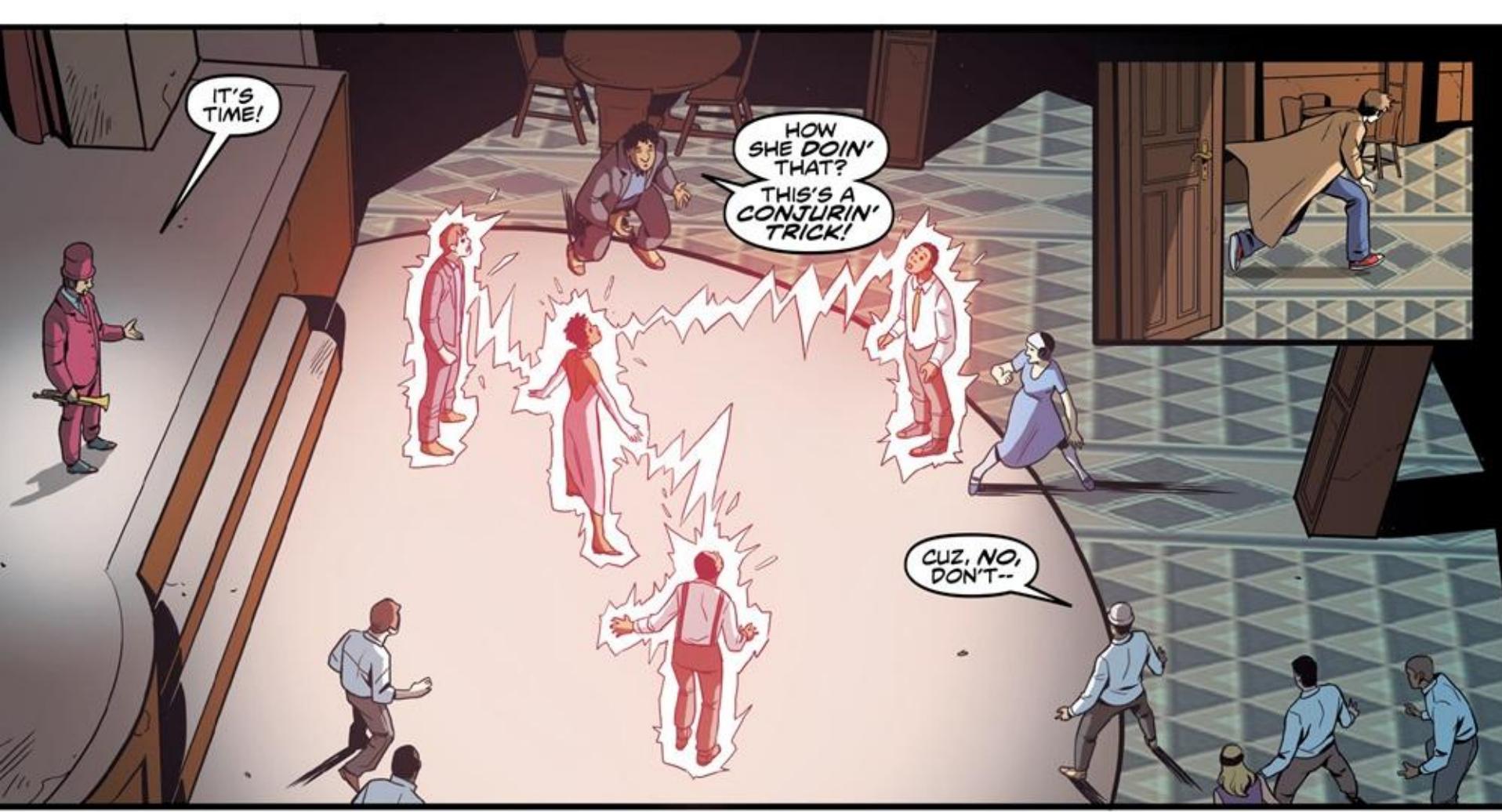


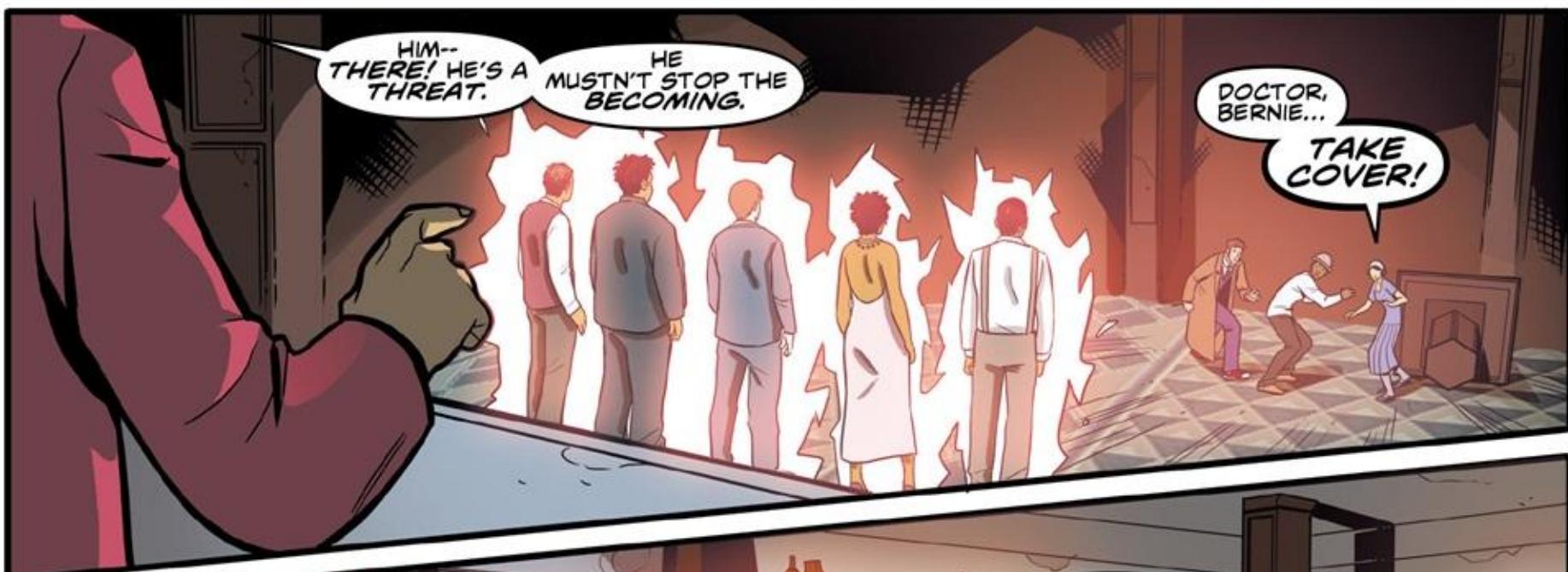
















THE PUPPET
MASTER REVEALS
ITSELF.

EWW.
WHAT
IS IT?

EMINENCE!

I AM
BECOMING.

A
CREATURE MADE
OF VIBRATIONS...
TINY OSCILLATIONS
IN QUANTUM
FOAM...

BERNIE...

NOW!



