

BBC NEW ADVENTURES WITH THE TWELFTH DOCTOR

DOCTOR WHO

DOCTOR
WHO

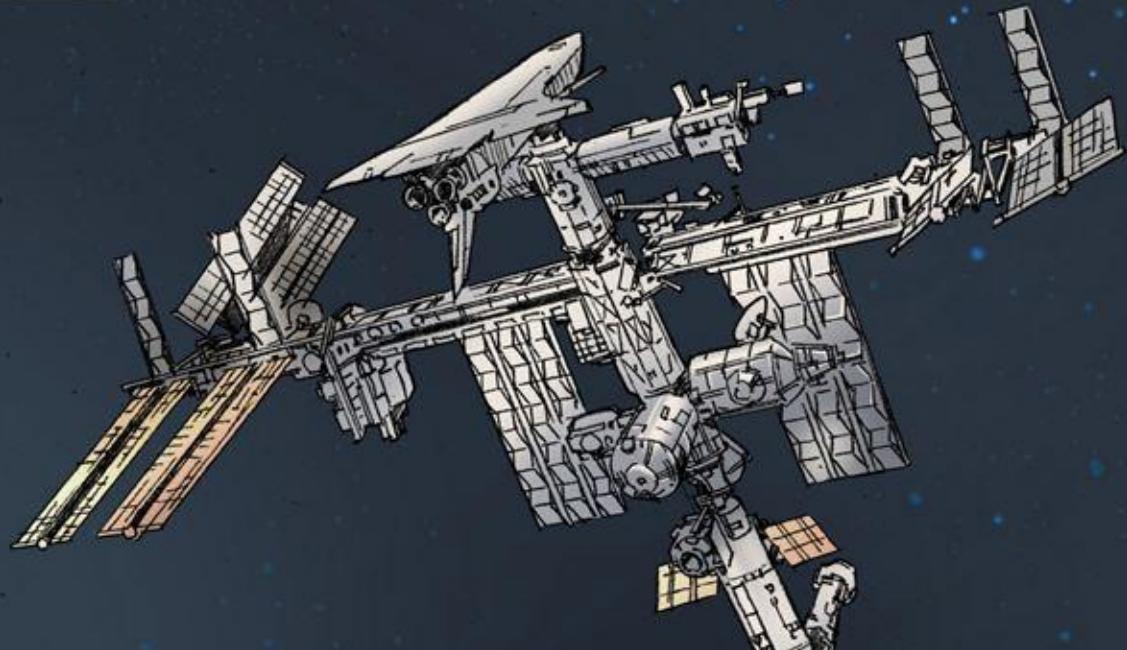
ROBBIE MORRISON
DANIEL INDRO
SLAMET MUJIONO



EARTH,
149,600,000 KILOMETERS
FROM THE SUN.



THE INTERNATIONAL
SPACE STATION,
400 KILOMETERS
ABOVE EARTH.



HABITATION
MODULE.



I KNOW HE'S
A HERO AND
A ROLE MODEL,
BUT...

TELL MY
OLD BUDDY CHRIS
HADFIELD THAT THE NEXT
TIME WE'RE OVER CANADA,
I'M GOING TO DUMP THE
CONTENTS OF OUR
WASTE DISPOSAL ALL
OVER HIS HOUSE.

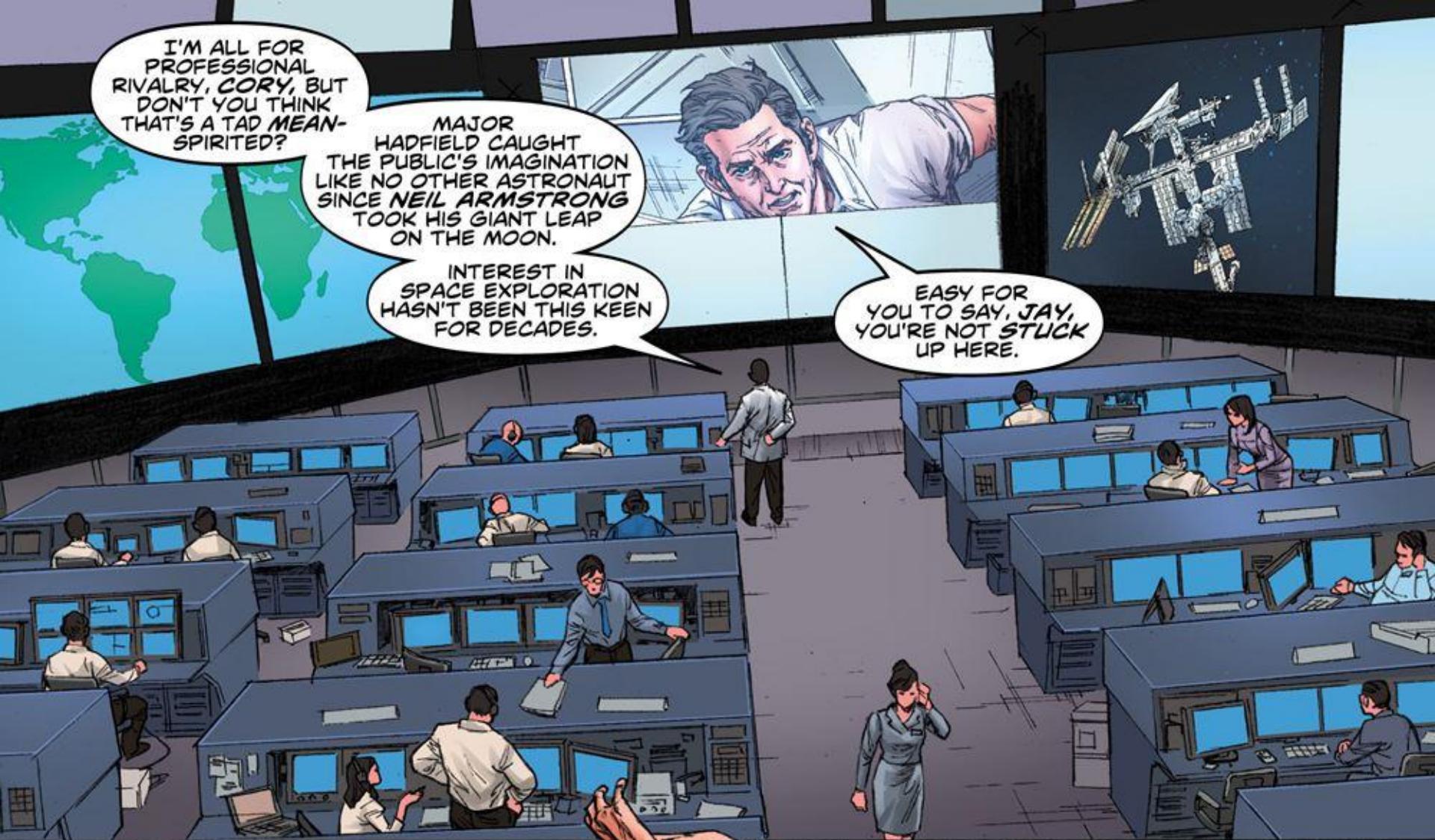


I'M ALL FOR PROFESSIONAL RIVALRY, CORY, BUT DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S A TAD MEAN-SPIRITED?

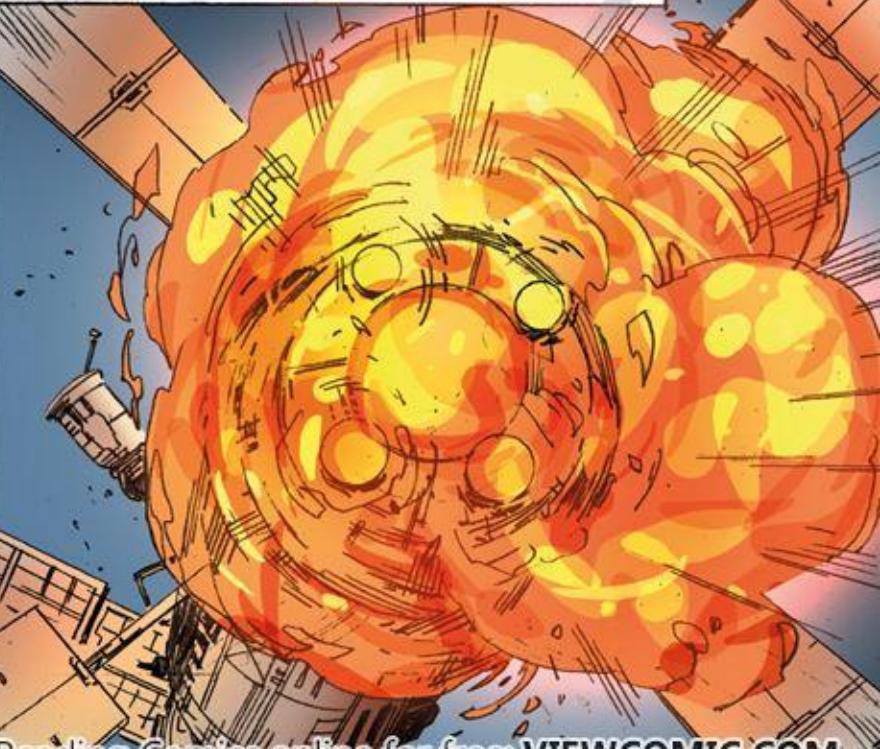
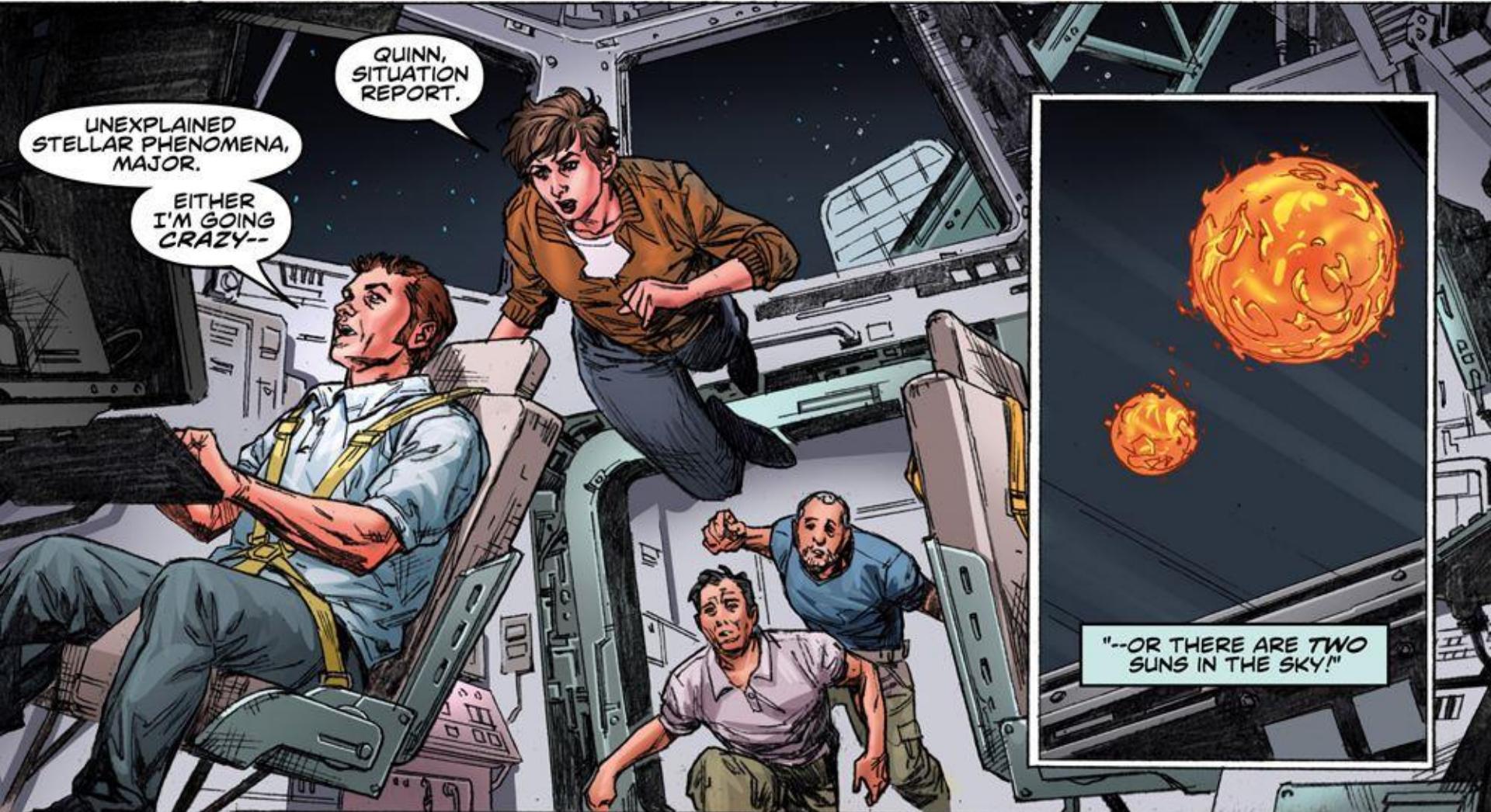
MAJOR HADFIELD CAUGHT THE PUBLIC'S IMAGINATION LIKE NO OTHER ASTRONAUT SINCE NEIL ARMSTRONG TOOK HIS GIANT LEAP ON THE MOON.

INTEREST IN SPACE EXPLORATION HASN'T BEEN THIS KEEN FOR DECADES.

EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, JAY, YOU'RE NOT STUCK UP HERE.



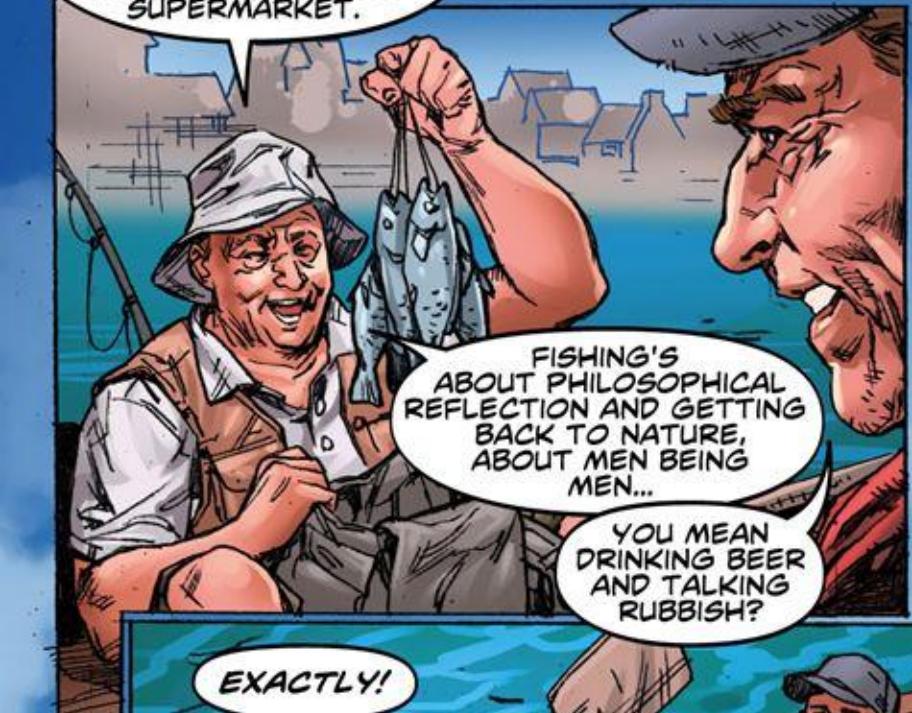


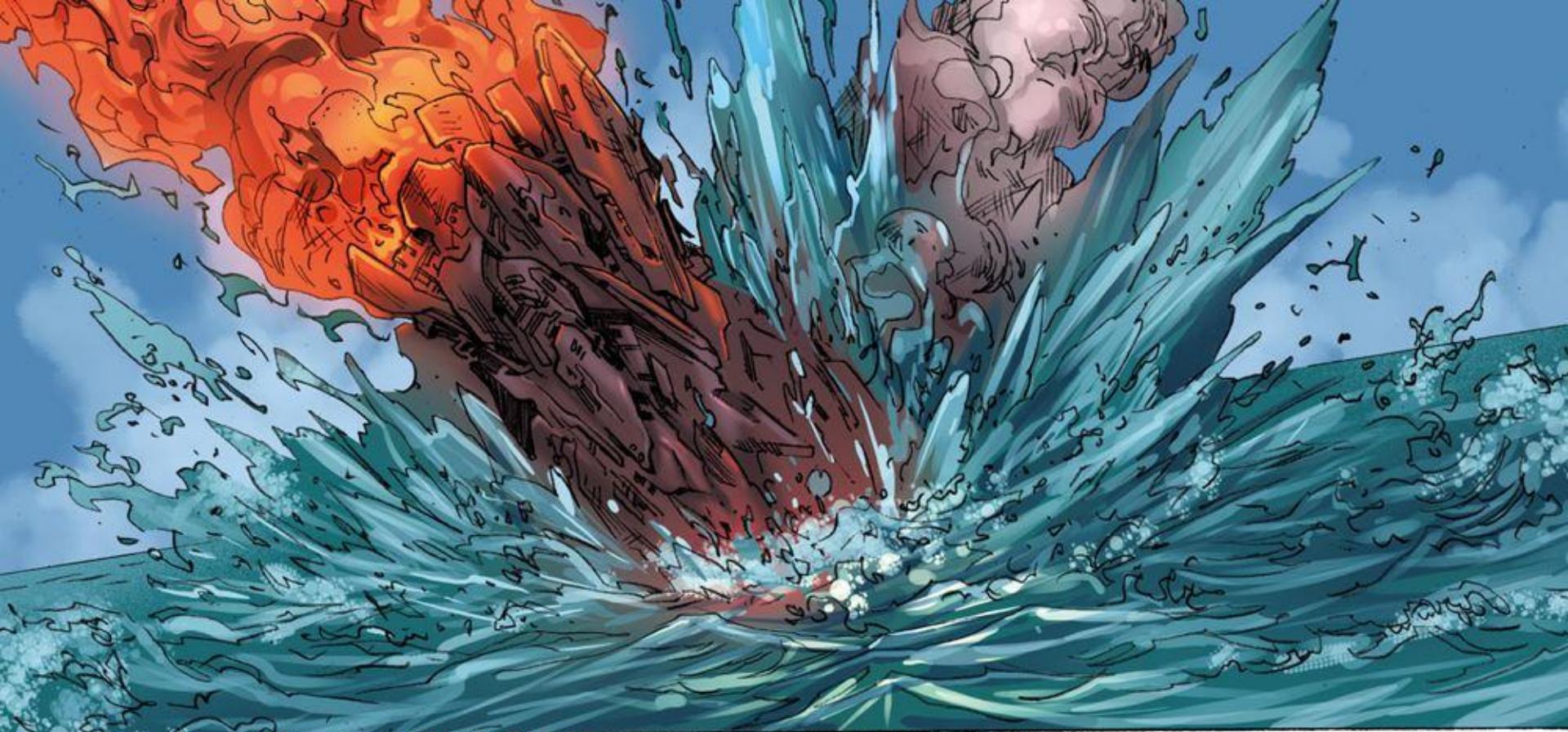






WINDERMERE,
THE LAKE DISTRICT,
ENGLAND.





IT'S DEFINITELY THE SAME OBJECT THAT COLLIDED WITH THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION, BUT WHETHER IT'S A NATURAL PHENOMENON, LIKE THE COMET THAT CAUSED THE TUNGUSKA DISASTER IN 1908...

CABINET OFFICE BRIEFING ROOM A,
DOWNING STREET, LONDON.

...OR SOMETHING MORE SINISTER, WE'VE YET TO ASCERTAIN.

COMMANDER STEWART, DOESN'T UNIT HAVE A SPECIAL ADVISOR FOR THIS SORT OF THING, THE MAN IN THE BLUE BOX?



WE'RE TRYING TO REACH HIM, SIR, BUT HE CAN BE... TEMPERAMENTAL. AND TRAVELS INTENSIVELY. IT MAY TAKE SOME TIME.

"HELICOPTERS FROM RAF SPADEADAM ARE EN ROUTE TO RECONNOITER THE CRASH SITE."

FOR THE MOMENT, WE'VE DESPATCHED GROUND TROOPS TO SECURE THE SURROUNDING AREA AND HELP EVACUATE SURVIVORS.

SCORCHED EARTH IN EVERY DIRECTION, THE SURROUNDING COMMUNITIES ARE IN RUINS. IMPOSSIBLE TO ESTIMATE CASUALTIES FROM THIS ALTITUDE.

BIGGLES-WORTH ONE TO AIR COMMAND, APPROACHING WINDERMERE NOW.

COMING OVER THE LAKE.

MY GOD... IT... IT'S GONE...

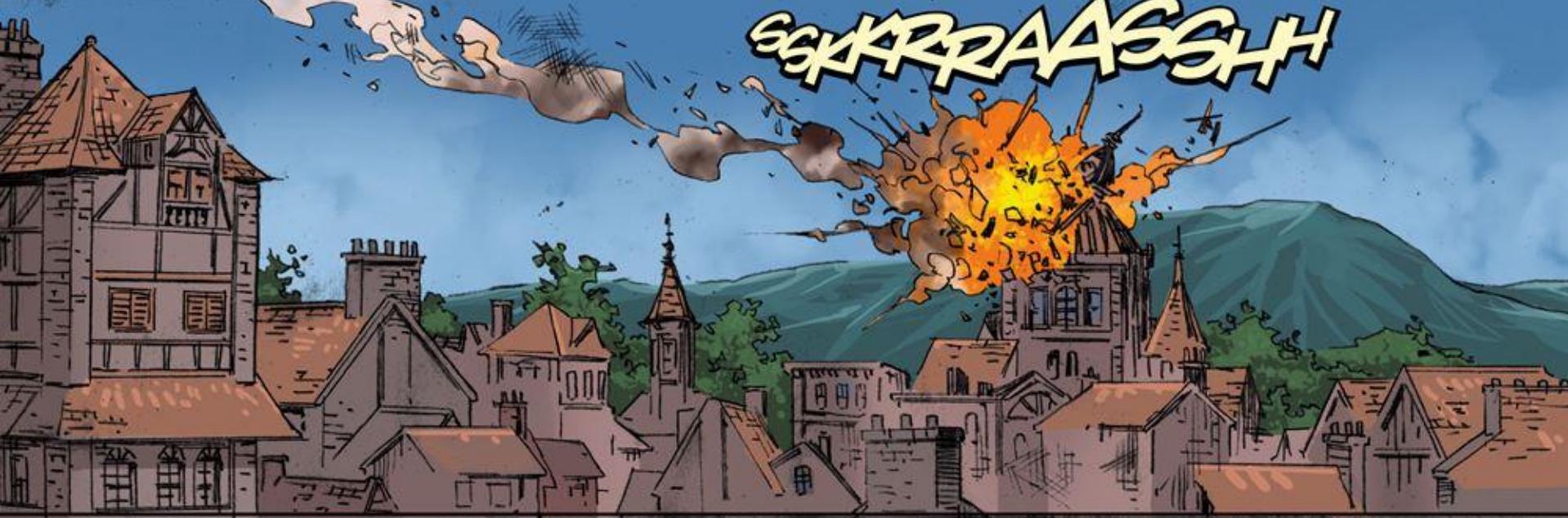
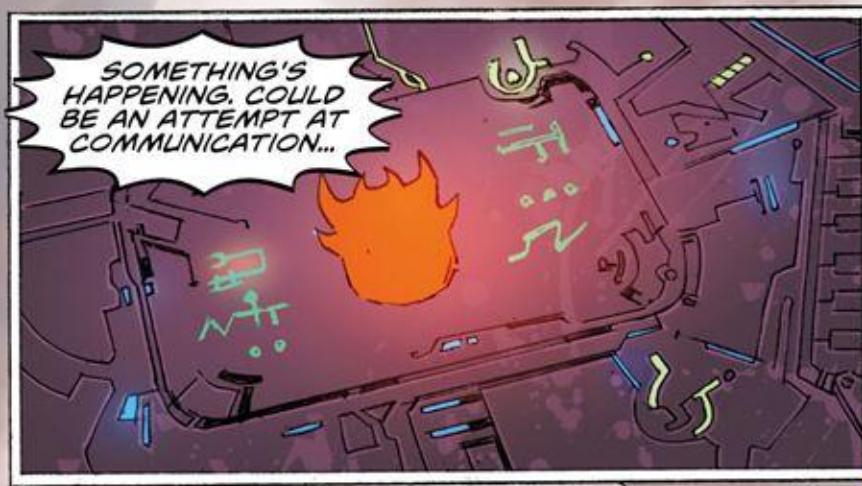
WHAT'S GONE?

WHAT ABOUT THE OBJECT? CAN YOU SEE IT?

AFFIRMATIVE. THERE'S A LOT OF SMOKE AND STEAM IN THE AIR, BUT WE HAVE VISUAL CONTACT.

IT'S DEFINITELY NOT OF THIS EARTH. EXTRATERRESTRIAL IN ORIGIN, BUT NOT A COMET. THERE ARE MARKINGS ON THE HULL, BUT...

WAIT!



THE CHOPPERS
ARE DESTROYED --
NO CHANCE OF
SURVIVORS.

IF THAT
WAS AN ATTEMPT
AT COMMUNICATION,
MA'AM, I'D SAY THE
MESSAGE IS PRETTY
DAMN CLEAR.

THEY
DO NOT
COME IN
PEACE.

AGREED,
CAPTAIN.



FIRE!





GREAT!

YOU'VE
DONE IT AGAIN,
DOCTOR.

DONE
WHAT
AGAIN?

TAKEN US
TO THE WRONG
PLACE, OR THE
WRONG TIME. THE
LAST OF THE
TIME LORDS AND
HE CAN'T EVEN DRIVE
HIS TIME MACHINE
PROPERLY.



WRONG
PLACE, WRONG
TIME. RIGHT PLACE,
RIGHT TIME. RIGHT
PLACE, WRONG TIME.
WRONG PLACE,
RIGHT TIME.

IT'S ALL
A MATTER OF
PERSPECTIVE.

WE'RE
EXACTLY WHERE
WE'RE MEANT TO
BE, CLARA.

COP-OUT ANSWER!

YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT THIS IS LONDON IN THE SUMMER OF 2015? SMELL THE AIR. IT'S SMOKY, AND THE BUILDINGS, EVERYTHING...

THE WHOLE CITY LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S BEEN TOASTED.

AND WHAT IS ALL THIS STUFF? SOOT, OR... ASH?

IT'S EVERYWHERE.

THIS HAS GOT TO BE AFTER, I DUNNO, THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

MAYBE THE BLITZ.

IT LOOKS LIKE HOW GRANDMA DESCRIBED IT, FROM WHEN SHE WAS A YOUNG GIRL.

CLARA, THIS IS YOUR CITY, YOUR TIME.

LOOK, THE GHERKIN AND THE SHARD.

THEY DIDN'T HAVE BUILDINGS SHAPED LIKE VEGETABLES OR GIANT TOOTH-PICKS IN 1666 OR 1941.

THEY HAD TASTE BACK THEN. PILLARS AND DOMES, NOT SHINY GLASS WALLS.

HOW SHALLOW
AND SELF-OBSSESSED
MUST MEMBERS OF
A SOCIETY BE IF THEY
WANT TO SEE
THEMSELVES REFLECTED
EVERWHERE
THEY LOOK?

IF YOU DON'T
LIKE SEEING YOUR
OWN REFLECTION,
THINK HOW THE
REST OF US
FEEL.

I STILL
THINK WE'VE GONE
OFF-COURSE.

I HEARD
YOU SNORING FROM
MY ROOM. YOU MUST'VE
NODDED OFF, NUDGED
A LEVER OR SOMETHING
BY ACCIDENT.

I DON'T
SNORE.

NO? WE MUST HAVE
ANOTHER TRAVELING
COMPANION,
THEN.
A SCOTTISH
BEAR BY THE
SOUND OF IT.

I DON'T
SNORE BECAUSE
I DON'T
SLEEP.

I JUST
TAKE --



-- STANDY-
UP CAT-NAPS,
I KNOW.

ACTUALLY,
2000 YEARS WITHOUT
SLEEP EXPLAINS THOSE
BAGS UNDER YOUR EYES.
AND WHY YOU'RE SO
GRUMPY ALL
THE TIME.

GRUMPY?

NO, I'D BE
DOC, THE CLEVER
ONE, THE MAN
IN CHARGE.

YOU'D BE
GRUMPY, OR
MAYBE DOPEY,
ALL THOSE
QUESTIONS
YOU KEEP
ASKING.
WHAT
WOULD YOU
DO WITHOUT
ME?



LIVE A
QUIET, PEACEFUL,
SAFE LIFE?

WHO
WANTS ONE OF
THOSE?

WESTMINSTER
ABBNEY.



I'M CLARA OSWALD.

I'M NOT BOSSY, OR STROPY, OR HARD TO GET ALONG WITH, DESPITE WHAT A CERTAIN BLUSHY-BROWED TIME-TRAVELER MIGHT TELL YOU.

I'VE SEEN AND DONE IMPOSSIBLE THINGS...

I'M STILL THROWN BY HOW SUDDENLY THINGS CAN CHANGE...

THE RANDOMNESS OF EVENTS.

I'M ME. TRYING TO BE THE BEST ME THAT I CAN... IN A WORLD THAT CAN CHANGE IN AN INSTANT.

THINGS THAT FILL YOU WITH WONDER, MAKE YOU LOVE THE UNIVERSE...

...BUT ALSO THINGS THAT TERRIFY YOU, MAKE YOU HATE THE EVIL THAT SOME BEINGS ARE CAPABLE OF.

YOU'RE TALKING TO SOMEONE YOU LOVE ON THE PHONE AND THEIR VOICE IS CUT OFF BY THE SCREECH OF CAR BRAKES...

YOU GO OFF ON A TRIP, AND WHEN YOU GET BACK, THE WHOLE WORLD'S GONE TO HELL...

RUN!

OKAY, I'M NOT GOING TO TRY AND BE FRIENDLY OR REASONABLE, OR BABBLE ON INANELY IN THE HOPE OF FINDING SOMETHING AN AXE-WIELDING MANIAC WANTS TO HEAR.

I'M JUST GOING TO--

THERE'S SOME SORT OF TELEPATHIC RESIDUE CLINGING TO THE DUST, BUT OTHERWISE IT SEEMS FAIRLY UNREMARKABLE.

CARBONIZED ATOMS, ORIGINAL COMPOSITION PRIMARILY...

OH, HUMAN DNA.

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE PRUDENT IF WE POPPED BACK TO THE TARDIS FOR--

CLARA?

CLARA, THIS IS HARDLY THE TIME TO GO ON A SNACK-HUNT.

AH... I WAS WONDERING WHEN A GUN-TOTING IDIOT WOULD CROP UP.

CONGRATULATIONS, IT'S YOU. I HOPE YOUR MOTHER IS VERY PROUD.

STAY BACK! I'LL FIRE!

I'M WARNING YOU, I WAS A MEDICAL STUDENT, SO, I... I KNOW WHERE TO SHOOT.

A RATHER UNORTHODOX INTERPRETATION OF THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH.

I'M THE DOCTOR, SO THAT MEANS I OUTRANK YOU.

AND BEFORE YOU FIRE, BEFORE YOU SQUEEZE THAT TRIGGER AND TAKE A LIFE, THERE'S A LITTLE THING CALLED A SAFETY-CATCH...

ONE LITTLE SWITCH ON THE SIDE...

...THAT'S ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN YOU AND ANOTHER DEPRESSING STATISTIC.







EEEEEAAAARRRGH!



TO BE CONTINUED...