

ROBBIE MORRISON • MARIANO LACLAUSTRA • CARLOS CABRERA

BBC THE TWELFTH DOCTOR ADVENTURES YEAR TWO

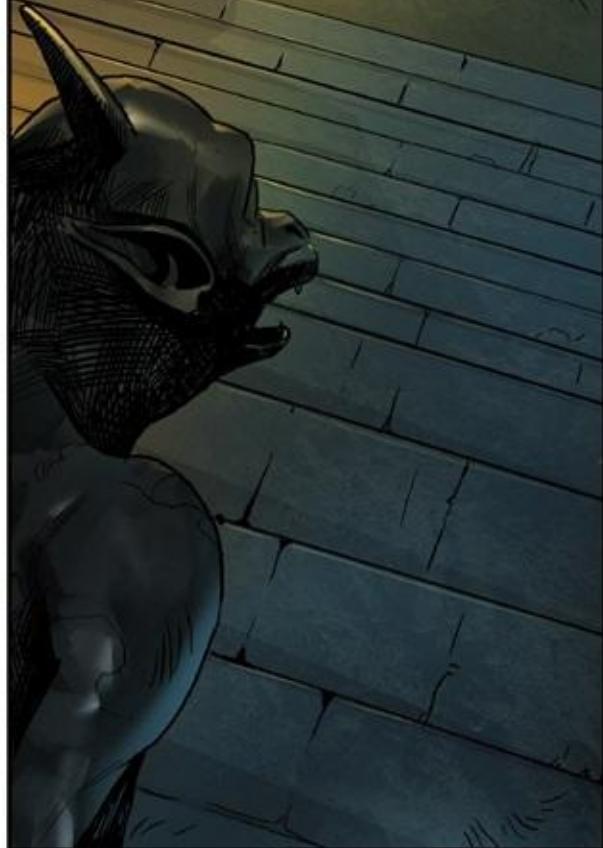
DOCTOR WHO

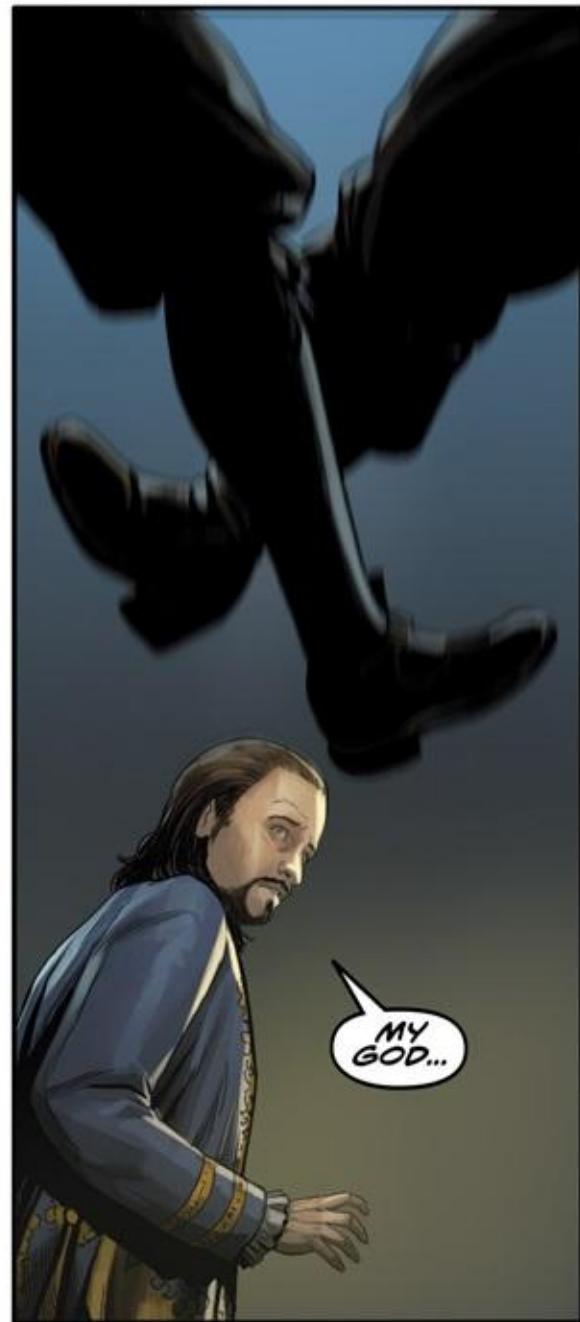
PARIS, FRANCE, 1695.

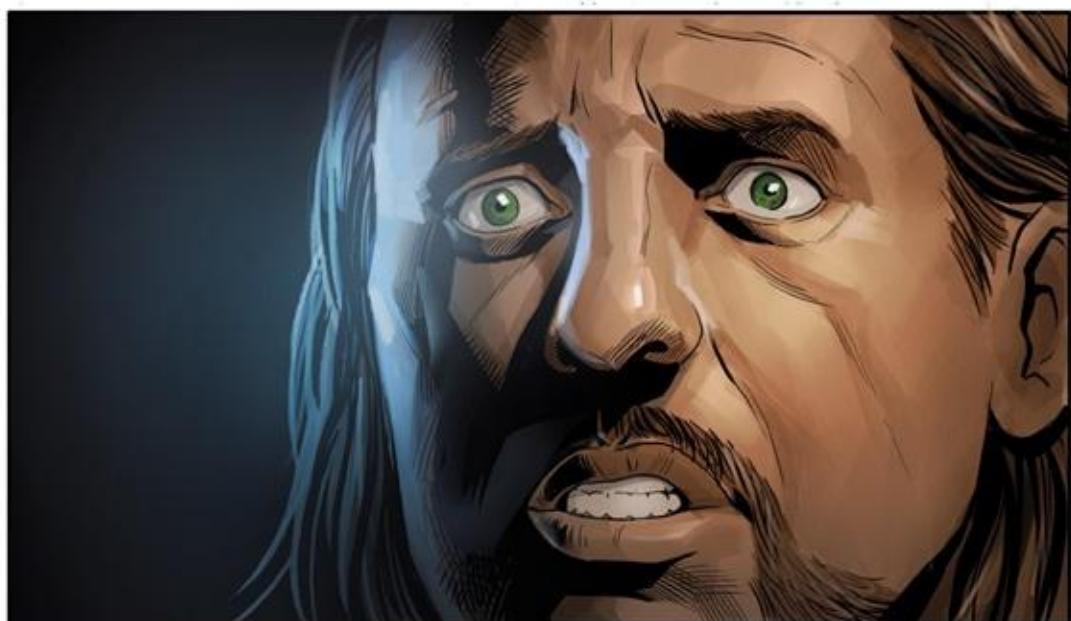
**52 YEARS INTO THE REIGN OF
KING LOUIS XIV -- THE SUN KING.**



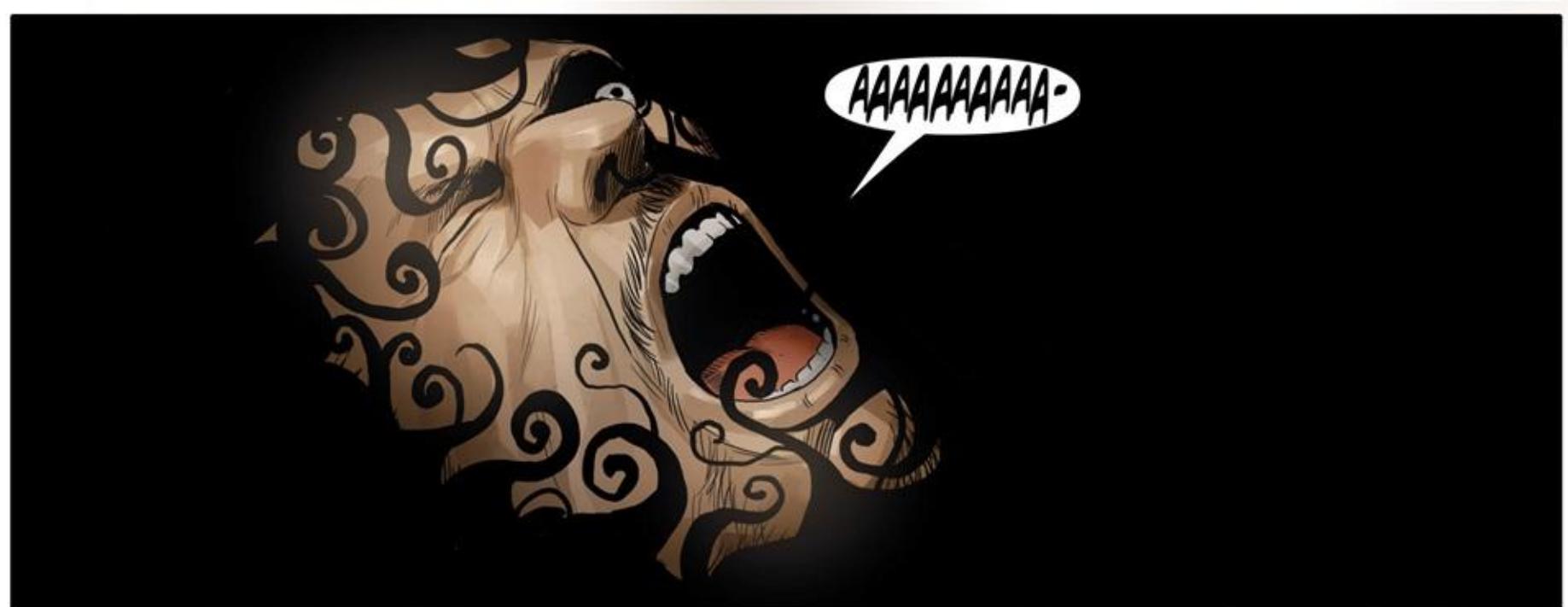
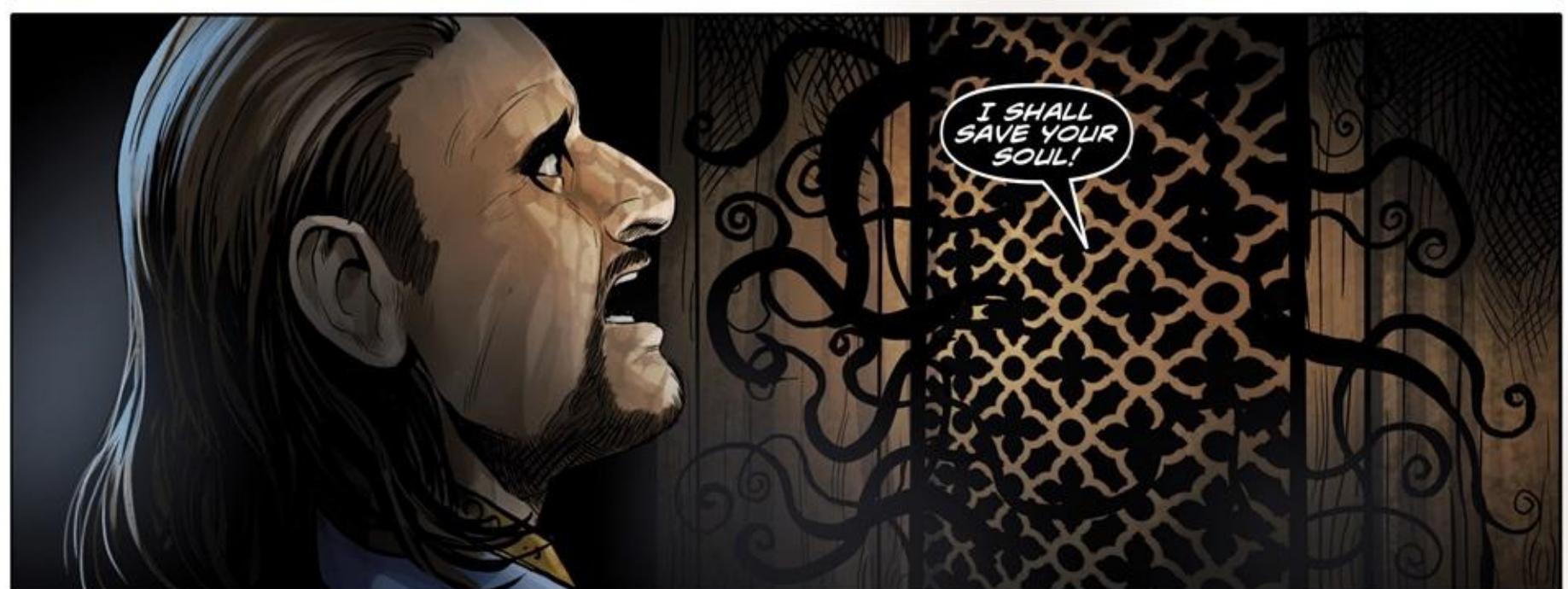
NOTRE DAME
CATHEDRAL.







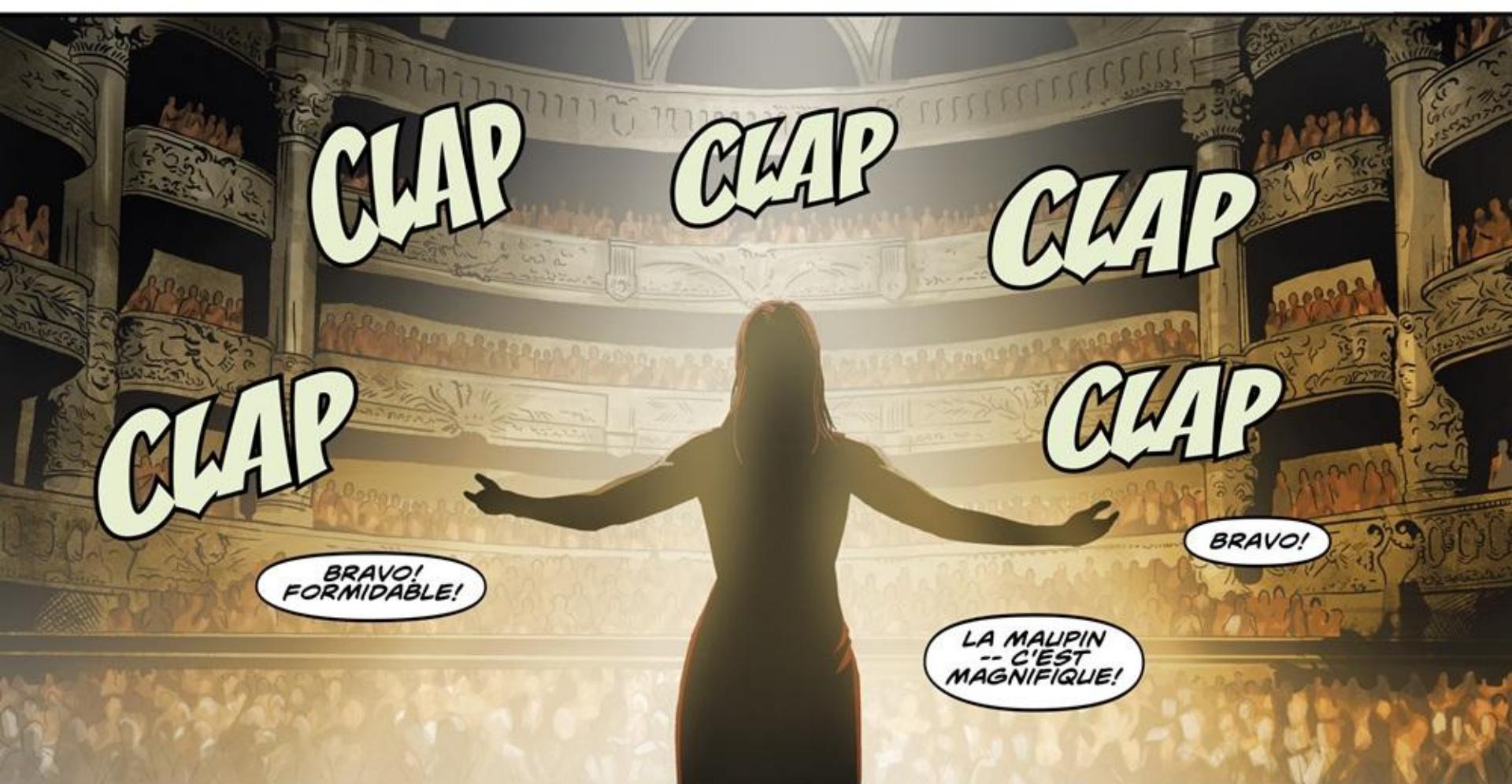




THE PARIS OPERA.



CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP



BRAVO!

LA MAUPIN
-- C'EST
MAGNIFIQUE!

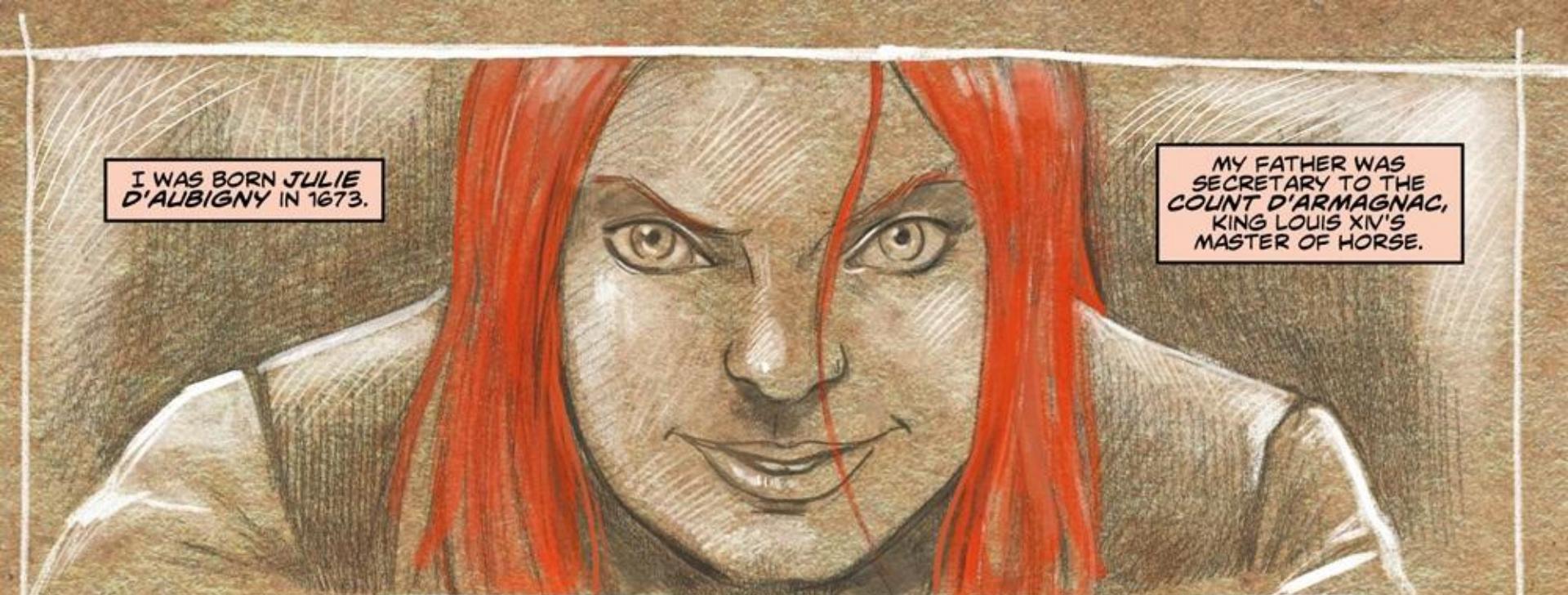
MY MORE DISCREET
ADMIRERS SAY I'VE LED
A COLORFUL LIFE.

MY DETRACTORS, OF WHOM,
I'M PROUD TO SAY, I HAVE MANY,
ACCUSE ME OF LEADING A BAWDY,
DEBAUCHED, SCANDALOUS
EXISTENCE, MOST UNBECOMING
OF A YOUNG LADY.

TO THEM,
I SAY...

GUILTY AS
CHARGED.

WHO WANTS TO DIE
OF BOREDOM?



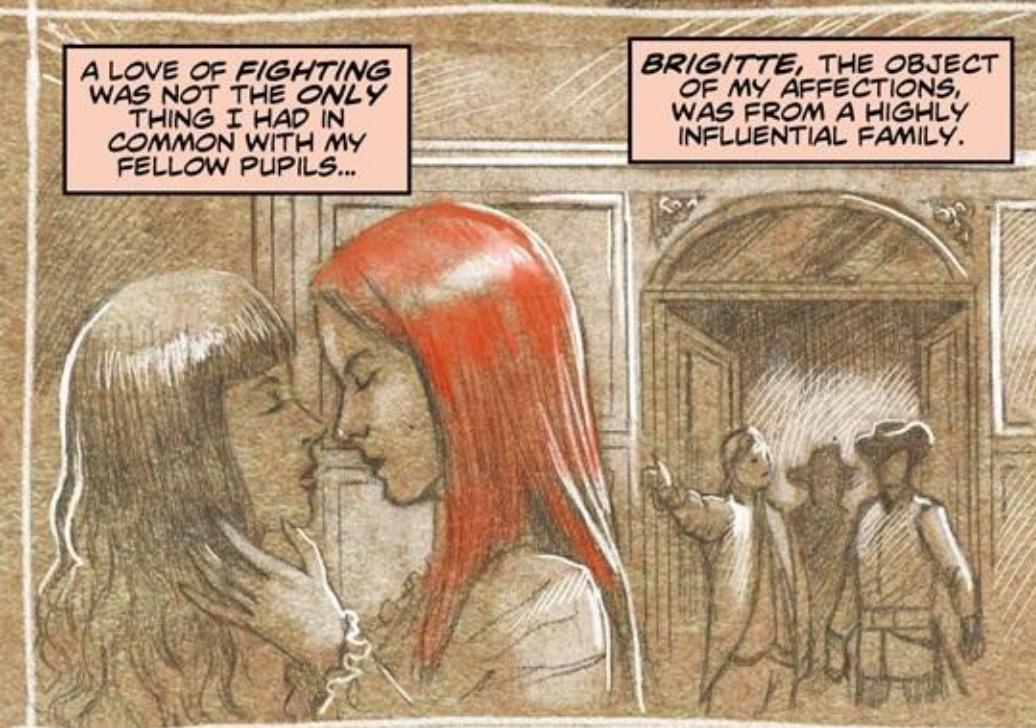
I WAS BORN JULIE D'AUBIGNY IN 1673.

MY FATHER WAS SECRETARY TO THE COUNT D'ARMAGNAC, KING LOUIS XIV'S MASTER OF HORSE.



AN ACCOMPLISHED SWORDSMAN, FATHER TRAINED THE COURT PAGES AT THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES IN ETIQUETTE AND COMBAT.

FROM AN EARLY AGE, I DRESSED AS A BOY AND WAS EDUCATED ALONGSIDE THEM, EXCELLING, IF I SAY SO MYSELF, IN THE ART OF FENCING.



A LOVE OF FIGHTING WAS NOT THE ONLY THING I HAD IN COMMON WITH MY FELLOW PUPILS...

BRIGITTE, THE OBJECT OF MY AFFECTIONS, WAS FROM A HIGHLY INFLUENTIAL FAMILY.



THEY WASTED NO TIME AT ALL IN SENDING HER TO A CONVENT IN AVIGNON, WHERE A COVEN OF TROUT-FACED NUNS WOULD 'EXORCISE HER DEMONS'.

FOR 'DEMONS', READ 'ME'.



I WAS PROMPTLY MARRIED OFF TO THE SUPPOSEDLY ELIGIBLE MONSIEUR MAUPIN, A DULL-AS-DITCHWATER DIPLOMAT, WHO RECEIVED A PROMOTION IN RETURN.

REMIND ME, ONE OF THESE DAYS, I MUST DO HIM THE COURTESY OF ASKING WHAT HIS CHRISTIAN NAME IS.



ON OUR WEDDING NIGHT, I WAS AT PAINS TO POINT OUT THAT MY INTERPRETATION OF OUR VOWS -- LOVE, HONOR AND OBEYANCE -- WAS RADICALLY DIFFERENT TO THE REST OF SOCIETY'S.



HOPELESS ROMANTIC THAT I AM...

...I RODE TO AVIGNON THAT NIGHT AND RESCUED BRIGITTE FROM THE CONVENT...

...INADVERTENTLY CAUSING A SMALL FIRE IN THE PROCESS.



SADLY, IN MY FIRST INTRODUCTION TO LIFE'S CRUEL IRONIES, BRIGITTE HAD ALREADY BEEN 'SAVED'.

LEAVING ME ON THE RUN, CHARGED WITH KIDNAPPING AND ARSON. ROMANCE WAS DEFINITELY DEAD AFTER THAT...



WELL, FOR A DAY OR TWO...

HIS NAME WAS SERANNE, A BRIGAND AND SWORDSMAN FROM MARSEILLE.

HE'D OBVIOUSLY INTENDED TO ROB ME...

...BUT WAS HANDSOME AND CHARMING ENOUGH TO MAKE ME FORGIVE HIM...

...THOUGH NOT TO MAKE ME TRUST HIM ANY FURTHER THAN I COULD THROW HIM.

WE TOURED THE COUNTRY, ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE AUTHORITIES, MAKING A LIVING FROM SINGING IN TAVERNS AND GIVING FENCING EXHIBITIONS AT VILLAGE FAIRS.

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED SINGING, BUT IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D EVER DARED PERFORM IN PUBLIC.

ONE NIGHT, A GENTLEMAN OFFERED ME HIS CARD, SAYING THAT I HAD ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL VOICES HE'D HEARD AND TO LOOK HIM UP WHEN NEXT I WAS IN PARIS.

GABRIEL-VINCENT THEVENARD, LEAD SINGER AND DIRECTOR OF THE PARIS OPERA.

RETURNING TO PARIS AND TAKING TO THE STAGE WAS A TEMPTING PROSPECT.

ALTHOUGH THERE WAS A MINOR COMPLICATION IN THE FORM OF THE CRIMINAL CHARGES I FACED...

A PROBLEM THAT FORTUNATELY RESOLVED ITSELF WHEN SERANNE -- JEALOUS OF THE ATTENTION I WAS RECEIVING -- TRIED TO RUN OFF WITH THE MONEY WE'D ACQUIRED ON OUR TRAVELS.

HE'D ALWAYS WONDERED WHICH OF US WAS BETTER WITH A SWORD.

I WAS NEVER IN ANY DOUBT.

IT TRANSPRIRED THAT SERANNE'S CRIMES WERE MORE EXTENSIVE THAN HE'D CLAIMED, INCLUDING SEVERAL COUNTS OF MURDER.

APPREHENDING SUCH A DANGEROUS FUGITIVE WAS AN ACT OF COURAGE AND A GREAT SERVICE TO FRANCE, EXCLAIMED THEVENARD...

...AND PETITIONED KING LOUIS TO GRANT ME A PARDON THAT WOULD ENSURE MY FREEDOM AND ALLOW ME TO JOIN HIS OPERATIC COMPANY.

OUR OPERA-LOVING KING DULY OBLIGED -- ON THE CONDITION THAT I PROMISED TO BEHAVE LIKE A LADY AND STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.

AND THAT'S WHAT
I'M DOING...

APPEARING AS
THE REBELLIOUS
SARACEN PRINCESS
CLORINDE IN TANCREDE,
A ROLE SPECIALLY
WRITTEN FOR ME...



...AND STAYING OUT
OF TROUBLE.

MORE
CHAMPAGNE,
PLEASE!

JULIE,
PLEASE! YOU
HAVE TWO
PERFORMANCES
TOMORROW.

EXACTLY!



NONSENSE,
GABRIEL, YOU'LL
MAKE A FORTUNE.
EVERY SHOW HAS
BEEN SOLD OUT,
STANDING ROOM
ONLY.

I ALWAYS
DRAW A
CROWD.

YES, THOUGH
NOT ALWAYS
FOR THE RIGHT
REASONS.

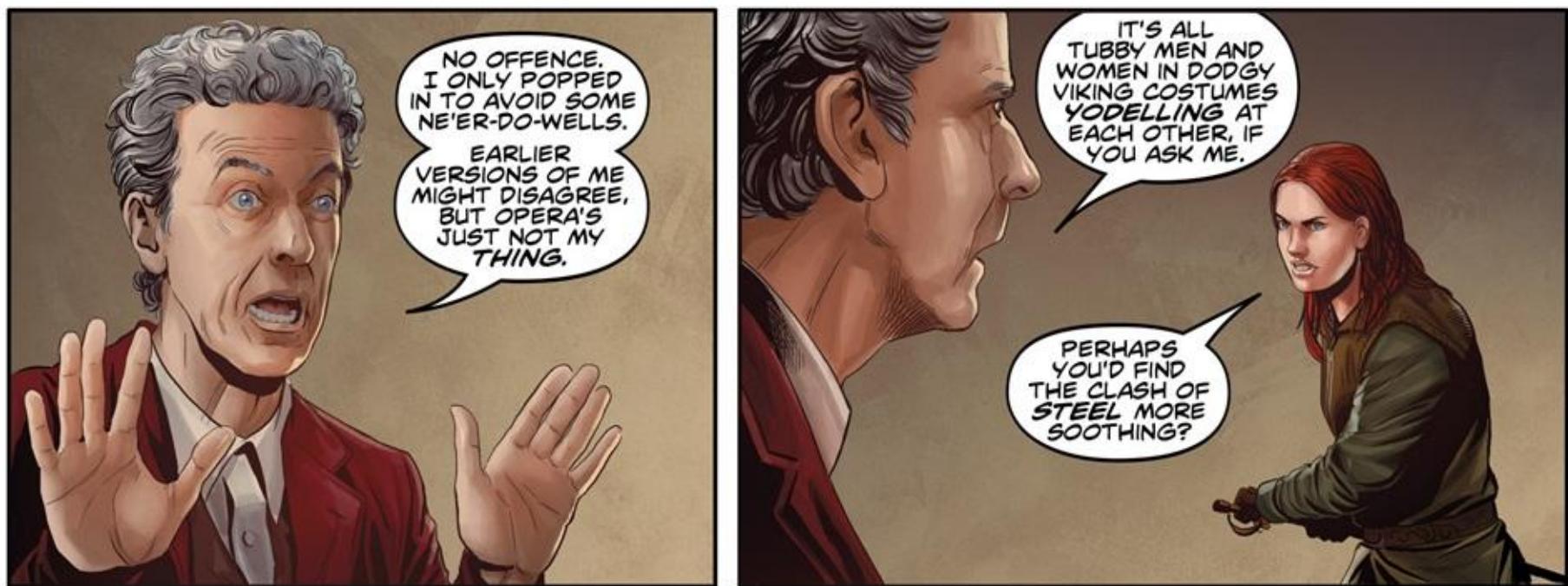
MADEMOISELLE
MAUPIN?

A DISGRACE
TO SOCIETY. THE
ONLY STAGE SHE
SHOULD BE ON IS THE
GALLows--











HA!

HA-HA!

YOU HANDLE
A BLADE WITH
MORE PANACHE
THAN I EXPECTED,
DOCTOR.

OH, I'VE
CROSSED
SWORDS
WITH THE
BEST.

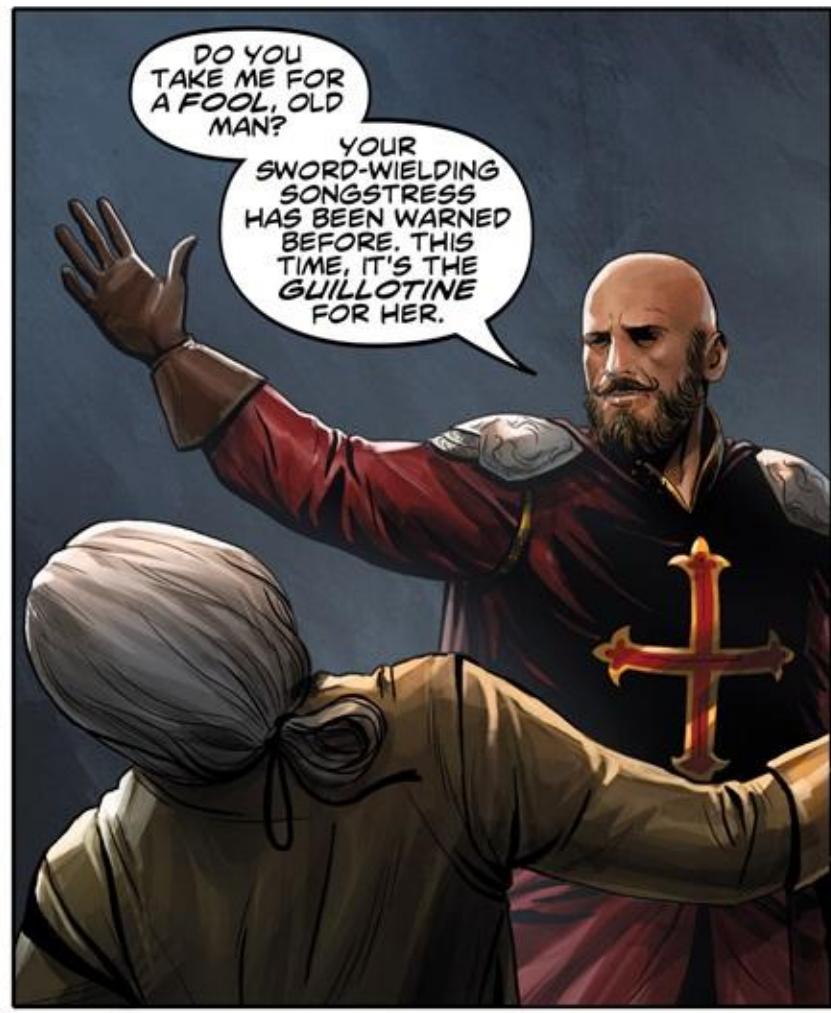
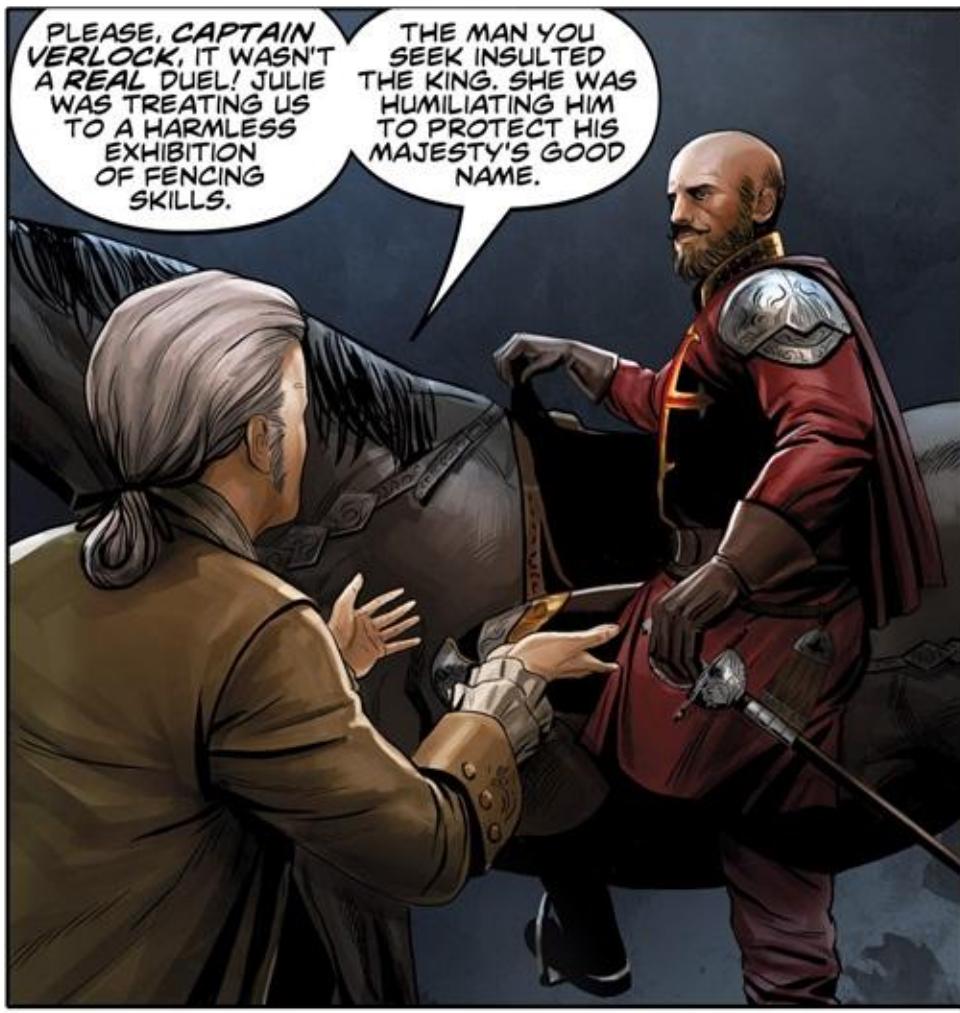
WHO?

NO ONE
YOU'D KNOW. ALL
AFTER YOUR TIME.
SOME EVEN FROM
OTHER --

WHAT
THE...?

GRENADE!





AAAAAAHHH!





