

And here is the midnight news. The continued freezing weather across the United kingdom and the majority of Western Europe is continuing unabated. Widespread disruption continues, with schools and non essential places of work closed for the tenth day in succession. The death toll from the Fort William avalanche has now reached fifty three, with some twenty people still missing.

Poor souls...

Internal Monologue

by Simon Berian

The current state of emergency is set to continue for the foreseeable future. The Prime Minister, in his televised address this evening admitted that even if the weather breaks in the next few days, it will be many weeks before the country returns to normal. Until that time, the Army will remain mobilized to keep supply routes open and to maintain order.

Typical! Your people are freezing and all you can think to do is point rifles at them. I didn't fight and die for people like you, sonny Jim. You toffs are all the same – protect your property and the stuff the rest of us. Enough of that I think. Dunno why I bring the radio up here anyway. Never any good news, too many adverts, and the price of batteries! Not on my pension.

Mmmm, that's hitting the old spot. Whatever you say about Sylvia, and I

could say a lot, she knows how to make a cuppa. Sweet as a nut. Right, where was I? Orion just coming up above the horizon, that's a good 'un to get the night off to a good start. That belt is looking all blinged up as Donna would say, Mr Orion. Careful with that sword, you'll have me eye out! You do know that talking to yourself is the first sign of madness don't you Wilf? Actually Wilf, that's the second sign of madness. Oh yes, Wilf? Yes, Wilf, the first sign of madness is actually having a conversation with yourself about what the first sign of madness is. Yes Wilf, I suspect you might be right. I usually am Wilf. Except where Sylvia is concerned.

Well yes, there is that. But I bet my bobble hat to a flask of tea that Sylvia won't be trudging up here in the snow to tell me I'm wrong, so I reckon I'm safe for the next couple of hours. Yes, mate. Looks like snow. Clouds coming in. I'm all for a winter wonderland, but this is taking the biscuit... Bloody hell!

'Ello Granddad!

Come here you little tyke, that snowball's gone right down the back of my neck... if I get hold of you...

What? What will you do? Breathe on me to death?

You little bugger, I'll...

No you won't. Nice telescope granddad,

You boys, leave that alone, I was in the army you know...

The Telescope army?

No, the real army.

Yeah, like a million years ago. You're about as scary as a rice pudding now gramps.

Don't call me that.

So what should I call you? Twat in a hat?

Why you...

Careful gramps, you'll give yourself a heart attack. Like I said, nice telescope, you could look right into those windows down there you dirty old man. Is that what you're up to; is it gramps? Having a sneaky look in girls' bedrooms? You look the type.

Shut up! Leave me alone!

Awww diddums. Did the nasty boy make de old man cwy and cwy?

Please...

Beg me.

What?

Get on your knees and beg me. Go on gramps. You want us to leave you alone, get on your knees, in the snow, and beg me. If you beg really good, then I might not take your telescope. Better still I might not brain you with it.

I... I...

Get down. Now...

Wha... ? Bloody hell...

Christ! What's that?! Run! Get out of here!

I don't believe it! The TARDIS! The TARDIS! Doctor! Doctor thank you you've scared them away... thank you... Doctor?

Hello.

Doctor?

Yes. I think so. You appear to have the advantage of me?

But...

Well hello, Mr Butt, I'm the Doctor, but yes, you know that don't you? Chilly isn't it? Is that tea? I love a good cup of tea. The TARDIS can do most things to a tee, but can't do tea. Please excuse my little joke... um, er, have I offended you in some way?

No, it's just... you're not the Doctor...

I assure you I am.

But you're all Beatles and pockets.

Beatles? Where? Oh my giddy aunt!

No, no – your hair, it's all Beatles. You know, *Love, Love Me Do*.

Well we've only just met...

It's a song.

Is it? Good. What is?

Doesn't matter. Look you don't look like the Doctor.

Ahhh. I understand.

Do you? I don't.

You were expecting an old fellow, white hair, walking stick and haughty manner. Didn't like clowns as I recall.

No...

Then the later model? All hair, nose and terrible shirts?

No-

No?

No. Tall bloke, spiky hair, looks like he was made out of pipe cleaners. Face so sharp you could shave your beard on it.

Oh. Doesn't sound very encouraging.

Short people don't ever think tall people sound encouraging.

I am not short! I am perfectly proportioned. If a little baggy. Now, are you going to get up off your knees and offer me a cup of tea from that flask, or not? Twelve sugars please.

Well you've had this place redecorated since I was last in here.

Impressive, isn't she?

Not really. The other one was a little grander and a bit... bigger.

Size isn't everything you know.

Now, Doctor, no need to sulk.

I am not sulking. This is the face I got saddled with. It's not like I got a choice. It just seems to hang that way.

So you can change bodies? Just like that? I'd settle for just changing this bleedin' hip. Been giving me gyp since that little bugger made me kneel in the snow...

Forgive me, please have a chair. So, tell me, what were those lads up to?

Just having a go I suppose. Bored out of their skulls they must be. No schools, no shops open. The whole country is shut down.

Just because of the weather?

Yes.

How unusual.

Not really, they close the railways down when there's leaves on the line. The place goes to pot when there's even a hint of snow. We've run out of grit, in more ways than one! The roads are frozen. It's bleedin' chaos out there, Doctor.

Still, no excuse for those little devils to pick on you.

No. I suppose not. Sometimes I wonder what it is exactly I was fighting for in those wars.

One would assume the right to watch stars on a hill in peace Mr Butt.

Mott.

Mott?

Mott, not Butt.

Ah.

Yes. So What are you doing here? Why are you visiting me, if you don't know me yet?

I don't know. Odd isn't it? I'm sure the TARDIS has her reasons, even if I don't understand them myself yet. All will be revealed I'm sure. She just coughed, spluttered and fell straight out of the Time Space Continuum. Most strange.

Well, it's not like I'm complaining. Could have got hairy if you hadn't turned up and scared off those boys.

Indeed. The even odder thing was that I hadn't even set the TARDIS to land here – Earth yes, but here, no. I don't usually get the choice of where to land, but the TARDIS has been frightfully well behaved lately, and I took advantage of making a trip that I'd wanted to make for quite some time... but it appears this little detour was necessary. At least for the TARDIS that is.

The TARDIS can make its own decisions?

Well yes, she is a little bit alive, after all.

I don't understand Doctor, but it's lucky for me that it is.

Nothing to do with luck Mr Mott, nothing at all.

Same result.

Hmmm. Yes. Well I'm afraid I must be on my way. As I said, I've taken advantage of the TARDIS cooperating with me... I'm due at a UNIT reunion thirty years ago and I don't want to be late for the Brigadier.

How can you be late if it was thirty years ago?

That's a very complex question.

You don't know do you?

No.

My Doctor would have known.

Hurumph. Well, it's been most enlightening meeting you Mr Mott, but I really must be...

You sulk more than Donna!

I do not sulk!

Yes you do, that's a classic sulk, that is! You could... hang on, what's that?

Hmmm?

Stop ignoring me and playing with your buttons, Look! That over there. I saw something move.

Impossible. Jamie's on the Fang Moon of Bellonteron playing dazzle-cards with Smoke. We are entirely alone in the TARDIS.

Well, I saw something move. Over there, in the corner. It flashed blue, like a passing police car, then went behind that chair. Looked like it came out of that central box of tricks you keep fiddling with.

Mr Mott, it's terribly flattering that you'd like to stay and chat with me a little longer, but the Brigadier...

It's there I tell you. There!

Stay quite still, Mr Mott. I think I know what we're dealing with here...

What?

Perhaps you'd like to go to a General Practitioner in the morning and have him... check you over.

I am not seeing things!

Well, as much I'd hate to argue with you... look. I've just turned the internal life scanner inwards on itself, and am scanning the TARDIS. There is nothing, here at all.

I saw it, I tell you!

Would you like me to walk you home? I could carry your telescope.

I don't need any help from anyone! Least of all you. Open this door.

Perhaps when we meet again, you'll be in better spirits.

I'm just glad Donna and I met the other fellow first. Now are you going to open this door or not?

As you wish. There. Good evening, Mr Mott.

Good evening... oi! Now there was no need for that! Just because I don't like your TARDIS now, and I think My Doctor is better. You didn't need to put more snow down the back of my neck!

I didn't!

That's bloody freezing!

Mr Mott! Come back! Wait!

Good night and good riddance!

I don't know, how can the same man be so different from himself? Doesn't make any sense! Good riddance to you and your TARDIS! If I never see you again it'll be too soon!

That's the last time I'm coming up here too. Man my age, looking at stupid space and silly planets! What's the good of that? I should be wrapped up at home, feet up, slippers on, watching the Telly. That's what I should be doing. Not out here in the snow! Sylvia's right! It's about time I grew up!

Hello Wilf.

Wha... ?

Hello Wilf.

What? Who's there? Where are you hiding?

Inside.

Inside what?

Inside you, Wilf.

What?

Hello Wilf.

But...

Mott, not Butt. Isn't that what you told the Doctor?

Who are you?

Me? I am The Word, Mr Mott.

The Word?

Yes.

And you're inside me?

Yes. Specifically in your mind.

But...

I am the Word, Mr Mott, and you... well you are my new blank page. And I'm about to start scratching out a few lines of doggerel... this might be a little...

uncomfortable...

Stop it! Stop! Stop it! Please... No! No! Nooooooooooooooooooooo!

Mind those boots, you'll walk slush all over the kitchen floor! Wait there; let me put some towels down. Dad! Dad? Don't ignore me, when I'm talking to you. It's not you who has to clean the floor is it? Dad, for goodness sake, there's no use having one of your sulks again... Dad?

Wotcher Gramps, you're back early. Too cold?

He's not talking to anyone Donna.

Gramps?

Look at those footprints! Right across the kitchen.

Gramps? What's up, are you...

What about my floor?

Don't slam the... Okay, do slam the door in my face.

I'll put you in a home! I will!

Mum, stop it.

Well, thinks he owns the place.

He does.

That's beside the point, we've all got to live here.

Let me give you a hand, come on.

He's getting weirder, that one. You mark my words, he's going like Auntie Mabel, all funny in the head.

Auntie Mabel made a pass at the vicar and flashed her knickers to the Deli counter at Tesco's; I don't think Gramps is going to be doing anything like that. But... but, his face, I've never seen him look like that, have you?

I wasn't looking at his face, I was looking at my floor!

His floor!

The floor! And don't you start with all that fancy mouth. Go to his room, and get those boots off him, I don't want to be down on my hands and knees all night cleaning up his mess!

Can I come in? Gramps? It's me Donna. Are you okay... -? Well, seeing as you're not answering so I'm going to open the door anyway, alright? Hello mate, what's the

matter? Not like you to get all curled up on the bed this early. You've got all that shouting to do at Paxman yet. He'll get lonely if you don't have a good old rant at Newsnight, won't he? What's up? Gramps... ? Gramps... ?

GET OUT! GET OUT! GET OUT!!!!

He just went for me, hands right at my throat. Screaming, 'get out!' I managed to get out of the room before he got hold of me. He slammed the door, and started putting all his stuff in front of it, so that we couldn't get back in. We tried to reason with him, and then in the end, with all the screaming, we couldn't do anything else but call the police, and they brought him here. When can we see him?

Well, the doctors are with him at the moment, he needs some stitches in that head wound. Do you know how he got it, did he hit his head?

Police said he was digging... I'm sorry, it's really upsetting... Police said he was doing it to himself, trying to tear out his hair... digging his fingers right in the wound... I'm sorry...

It's all right... he's in the best place now. As soon as the Doctors finish with him, I'm sure it'll be okay for you and your mum to go in. But I warn you he may be sedated, so don't worry if he's a bit sleepy, okay?

Thanks. You okay mum?

The floor here could do with a going over too.

That's you all over innit mum? There ain't a crisis that can't be solved by putting on a pinny and reaching for the Mr Sheen.

Do you think he'll be all right, Donna?

I think by the morning, he'll be right as rain.

GET OUT! GET OUT! GET IT OUT OF ME!!!!

Where am I?

It doesn't matter Wilfred.

I feel sleepy.

The primitive physicians have administered a pharmacological intervention.

Come again?

They've drugged you Wilfred.

Drugged me? Why? What for?

was having it with you. All I'd have to do is access some of your memories and there's one. Et Viola! Tell me about... Donna.

Donna...

Yes Donna... From your memories, it looks like she'll be almost more fun than you...

You leave her alone you... sssssssssssssssssssssssssss!

Potty mouth!

Don't do anything to Donna!

She'll be coming to visit you soon, no doubt.

They won't let her in, not after the last time.

They will if I suggest to them that you're feeling somewhat better.

And how will you do that... ah... stop it... stop... Dr Reynolds, I say Dr Reynolds, do you... think I might have bath, I feel right as... right as... rain.

There that's better. With a little bit of tweaking and a modicum of background...

Noo!!! Arhhhhhhhggh!

...pain, I'm sure we could convince them of anything Wilf. Don't you?

Mum's doing her pieces Gramps, she hasn't been able to get out and do the windows for two weeks. Not that anyone can get close enough to the house to see through the windows, what with the snow drifts. I had to tie your old tennis rackets to my feet and use 'em as snow shoes just to get here this morning. Couldn't get a taxi for love nor money and it's a bleedin' long walk. Hope you don't mind that I didn't bring you any grapes, but there's no way I could to the green grocers on Market Street, as well as get up here, but I did bring you a little treat. Here. Don't tell the Docs, yeah?

A metal container?

Yes, Gramps! Look, Guinness.

There are contents?

Yeah. The Black stuff. You love it, well, you used to. It was left over after Christmas, and I'm sure, seeing as you're on the mend, that they won't mind if you have a couple of sips. Here let me open it.

Come closer.

Hang on, just trying to find a cup.

Come... closer!

You don't want this tea do you? It's cold and looks transparent anyway. I reckon they have special invisible tea for hospitals, don't you? Always tastes like diluted water.

Come closer.

There you go.

Come closer.

We'll take it then, I'm not holding it out like a lemon all day.

Come closer.

Gramps, you're giving me the creeps. Just take the cup, yeah? Okay, tell you what, I'll leave if here on the table and I'll be getting back for mum, she'll be worried about me walking back in the dark, but I'll be up to see you tomorrow. Okay?

Come closer!

Few more days I reckon Gramps and they'll be letting you home, don't worry. Love you. Bye.

TAKE MORE THAN THAT TO GET TO DONNA, YOU SWINE!

There's always tomorrow. Always tomorrow.

Would you like some tea, mate?

Don't talk to me.

It's tea time. I could get you a cup of tea if you want, I don't mind. Then we could play dominoes. Or cards. I'm good at cards.

I said, don't talk to me. It's sleeping at the moment.

What is?

I don't want to wake it up. Don't you bloody listen?

I'm only trying to make conversation.

I don't want your bloody tea. I don't want anything.

Come on Wilf, it's not all that bad is it. We get a meal, we get tea, somewhere nice to sleep and when we're all better they let us go. Beats sleepin' rough dunnit?

Sleepin' rough?

Yeah, we're both gentlemen of the road ain't we?

No!

I just thought, you know, with the beard and the hair, you were, you know, like me, just swinging the lead to get off those freezin' streets.

No! I'm not swinging the lead. And how do you know my name?

That nurse, the big one with the muscles in his spit, he called you Wilf when they brought you out of that room. What's it like in there? Comfy and warm I bet. It's a bit draughty in the dormitory, but you'll be in with us soon if they're letting you out into the day room. I'm Cobble by the way, Tom Cobble. At your service Wilf.

Don't talk to me.

I used to be like that. Not wanting anyone near me, but it's just pride Wilf, men of our age, well we can't afford pride at this time of our lives, especially with all those young 'uns on the prowl. Did they do your head? The kids? The hoodies?

No.

No?

I did.

Right, you did it yourself and you're not swinging the lead?

No. I'm possessed, and I told you, leave me alone or you'll wake it up.

Wake what up?

Come closer.

What?

Come closer.

If I got any closer I'd be inside your dressing gown with you!

Come closer.

I can't get... no! No! Please No! Arrrrrrgh! Stop stop! Nooooooooooooooooooooo!

Tom? Tom? What's up? Did Wilf hit you?

Get it out of me! Get it out of me! Help help!

I've got you Tom! Don't worry! Barry! Crash Call, ward 14, we need help!

Get it out of meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Calm down Tom, you're safe. Barry, I need 100mg Acuphase, and I need it now... get the keys...

They're in your pocket...

That's okay you can... you can... you can... come closer.

What?

Come Closer Barry.

Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

Come Closer Ray.

Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

Come closer Gill.

Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

Come closer... everybody. Like it Wilf? Do you like it? The Lunatics taking over the asylum?

Three days into the siege at Fullbourne Park Hospital, and negotiators are no nearer to finding a peaceful solution to the riot and subsequent orgy of destruction.

The west wing is still ablaze and firefighters have not been able to get close enough to train more than a cursory amount of water into the flames, such is the ferocity of the resistance from the patients still inside the hospital. Chief Constable Hugo Carmichael spoke to us earlier live from Gold Command.

Obviously everyone wants a peaceful solution to this ongoing incident. I have been in constant communication with the Cabinet office and the M.O.D. and I can categorically state that the Army are not on stand-by, or do they have any orders to come and end this incident my military means. In fact, I have not asked them for anything other than logistical support at this time.

Greyhound Three to Trap One, Greyhound Three to Trap One.

Go ahead Greyhound Three.

Perimeter secure and sanitized zone in place. Not enjoying wearing these Police Uniforms, but better than civvies I suppose. Over.

Thank you for your sartorial input Captain. Stick to the facts, over.

Understood Brigadier. We are in a position to storm the building at your command, over.

I'm meeting the Prime Minister and the Secretary General in ten minutes. I'm fully expecting them to give us the go ahead in this meeting. Now the nature of the Alien Threat we

are encountering here cannot has been confirmed, we cannot underestimate the potential threat to humanity. Once the order is given, I want this operation carried out with the minimum of fuss and the maximum prejudice, is that clear, over?

Clear and understood sir. Captain Bailey, over and out.
Sergeant Crane!

Sah!

Code Blue. Go weapons live.

But who are you?

I must see Mr Mott.

I told you, he's not here.

Well where is he?

He's up at Fullbourne Park.

Is that far?

Where have you been? And please, don't walk there, your feet are filthy!

I'm terribly sorry Mrs Mott.

Noble! I'm Noble, my Dad is Mott.

I must see Wilf.

Don't you watch the News?

Why on earth would I do that? I have next year's history books for news.

Have you escaped from there as well?

From where?

From Fullbourne Park? The mental Hospital. It's been three days now.
Fires and violence and riots. My dad's in there. Donna's there now, trying to find out what's going on.

Riots? Fires? Violence?

Yes!

Crumbs.

Look, just leave me alone. Get out of my garden and get yourself back to the loony bin.

Which way?

That way!

Many thanks, and Mrs Noble?

What?

I'll get your father out of there, I promise.

Why?

Because I rather fear it was me that put him in there.

And I don't care, Mr Policeman, how much scrambled egg you have on your cap, I want my Granddad out of that place, and I want him out of there now!

Miss Noble...

Ms!

Ms Noble, please, we're doing everything we can.

Well, hiding behind a big white van and getting interviewed on Sky News every five minutes doesn't seem to be doing very much, Chief Constable!

Who let this woman through?

Oh I'm just a woman now am I? I have a name you know! Listen you Sexist Prawn, do you know what this is?

If you stopped waving it about perhaps I could read it.

There.

It says you're a fully qualified masseuse.

Does it?! Well, I can't be responsible for what your psyche is thinking, can I, you bloody perv? How about now?

Oh. Right. Unified Intelligence Task Force.

You'd better believe it, buddy! Now, I want my Granddad out of there. Do we understand each other?

Captain Bailey?

Do you mind? I'm talking to you!

Yes sir?

This... wo... person, appears to be one of yours.

Oi! I'm not one of anyone's!

And who might you be?

Read this.

The Red Headed Babes Brigade?

Bugger! Is everyone a pervert around here today? Now... try again, read this!

Ah, of course Ma'am. Please follow me and I'd fully debrief you.

And you can stop thinking about my briefs riiiiiiiiiiiiight now.

I thought they said the army weren't involved. It's all over the news.

Well as you know, we're not strictly the army

Bald men should never split hairs Captain. So it's all been a big old lie then.

You're getting ready to go in all guns blazing?

Well, no, but we are prepared for any eventuality.

So, that'll be all guns blazing then?

You're not really a member of UNIT are you?

Might not be...

So where exactly did you get this UNIT pass?

What this old thing? Dunno. Found it in my handbag, Last Christmas. Some kinda spooky clever magic trick, innit? Been useful for getting into the VIP area of a few clubs and I thought it might get me in here, which it did. So watch it Soldier Boy, you don't wanna mess with me, not now that I know you're all here and what you're up to.

I'm not going to mess with you.

Good.

I'm just going to shoot you.

Oh. Right. You can do that?

Oh yes. If I wanted to.

You don't though, do you?

Not yet. But, threaten the security of this operation just one more time...

You know, you're quite dishy when you're being all mean and intense.

Captain Bailey?

Yes, sergeant?

We've got a problem.

A problem? Any chance you could be a tad more specific sergeant?

The sanitized zone...

Yes? Spit it out man!

It's not sanitized any more!

Who the double blue blazes is that?

We don't know sir, but he's walking across the grounds like he owns the place.

Run it again. Did he come from inside?

No sir. We've checked all the footage. He came directly from the perimeter in Charlie One Nine.

Who was Covering Charlie One Nine?

Corporal Jenkins sir.

And what's her explanation for this breach in the Sanitized Zone?

She doesn't have one.

What *has* she said?

Not spoken a word sir. More... sang.

Sang?!

Yes sir. Mary Had a Little Lamb. Keeps repeating it over and over. MO reckons she's been hypnotised.

Oi. Soldier boy! I'm still here you know. If someone can get in, then maybe Gramps can get out.

When the MO has finished with Jenkins, get him over here to stitch up her mouth. Carry on, Sergeant.

Sah!

Wilf?

Go away.

Wilf, it's me. The Doctor. Open this door.

This is my cupboard, you can't come in here. If it wasn't for you doctors, I wouldn't be in this blasted place.

No, not a doctor, the Doctor. I've come to get you out of here, now please, open the door.

Doctor?

Yes. The very same. Slightly crumpled from my time on Gallifrey with Naughty

old Borusa, but otherwise all present and correct. Are you coming out, or shall I...

Get in here now. Before they come back.

Ow, ouch, you have very bony knees Mr Mott.

I'm not going out there, not for all the tea in China. How did you get in?

I walked in Wilf. Soldiers, so easily suggestible.

What about the patients. They're on the rampage.

Haven't seen anyone. They all have appeared to have congregated in the sports hall. Good place to amplify energy, sports halls.

How did you know I was here, in the stationery cupboard?

It's where I would have hidden.

That's the first smile I've seen in three days. What's happened to me, to the others?

Are you still under its control?

Sometimes. It comes and goes. It was very strong when it was just me, but it seems to have lessened, the more people its possessed. What is it? It calls itself The Word.

It's a form of life, a Memeoplasm. Literally it's a thought with a mind of its own, and it was me that brought it to Earth.

You?

Yes, that blue flash you said you saw in the console room; that was the Memeoplasm disengaging from the TARDIS telepathic circuits and entering you. The detour the TARDIS made to the hillside last week was perhaps some ancient emergency system that operates when the TARDIS feels itself threatened by something onboard, causing it to make an forced landing.

And then it sticks this thing in my head!

I'm sorry, Wilf truly I am.

Get it out of me, Doctor!

That's why I'm here Wilf, that's why I'm here.

Trap One to Greyhound Three. Trap One to Greyhound Three.

Go ahead Trap One.

Code Red. Engage. Maximum prejudice, the alien threat

must not escape that building. Over.

***Understood. Cold Red. Engage. Over and out. Greyhound
Three to all hounds. Let's get this party started.***

They're shooting at us!

Keep your head down Wilf. It's rather indiscriminate.

It's criminal, that's what it is! These people can't be held responsible for what the Word is doing!

I know. Come on, the Sports Hall, we've got to get there before the soldiers!

Why?

I need to get everyone out of there before the TARDIS destroys it.

What?

I'll explain yesterday.

Sssssssssssssssssss! Sssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss! Older than Time I am, and newer than tomorrow! I am the Word, and you are my stories! I could kill you now with a throatful of strangulation, I could pop your eyes with the needle quill of my words. I can lay waste to this planet with a sliver of language! You are my puppets and these lines are my strings. Dance for me, all of you dance! And yes, the bullets will come, and yes the soldiers will try to rewrite me out of your dead bodies, but they will fail. I am The Word and they are but punctuation in the history of my life. They are nothing, you are nothing. All that matters is the WORD.

Goes on a bit doesn't he?

Keep your voice down Doctor, he'll hear you!

No, he won't Wilf; he's far too busy preening. Who is that he's using as his mouthpiece?

Dr Reynolds, my psychiatrist.

Well he doesn't look like he can hold up much longer, poor man's exhausted.

They all are. Making them dance like that... it's sick.

Drunk on power – seen it all before, the Terrible Zodin, you know just a couple of days ago I was chatting about him with the Brigadier...

Doctor, I thought we didn't have much time.

We don't. Where did I put my watch?

It's on your wrist.

Is it? Oh good, yes. Well, a couple of minutes yet before the soldiers get here...

What are you going to do?

What I always do.

What's that?

Improvise.

Doctor, no, no come back!

I say, hello there, Mr Word, coooooee. I say!

What is this insect?

Oh not beetles again, what is it with beetles all of a sudden? No, not an insect, not at all. Now, where were we, oh yes, hello, Mr Word, I'm The Doctor. You came here in my TARDIS.

‡ remember you.

Well, I should jolly well hope so. I wouldn't describe myself as at all forgettable; I may approach mayn't I?

Come closer.

Good, good. Just what I was wanting. You're a friendly Memeoplasm when it's all said and done aren't you?

Come closer.

Now, you are aware, that as a Time Lord, you won't actually be able to get inside my mind, don't you? I'm sorry to disappoint you, but that's why you couldn't infect me in the TARDIS. When you sneaked aboard on the Fang Moon of Bellonteron while I was dropping off Jamie, it must have really annoyed you to stowaway with no one you could play with.

Come Closer

You really won't be able to get inside my head.

No, but ‡ will be able to twist your head right off your scrawny neck.

Really? You see I don't think so, because, according to my watch - do you like it by the way? I got it next week in Argos. I adore Snoopy, well according to Snoopy it's now three minutes past seven, and if I'm correct, my TARDIS will be making an appearance right about now. And do you know what that means for your story Mr Word?

What?

The End.

Get this woman out of here now!

Don't you dare lay so much as a finger on me Soldier Boy!

Where do you want her, sir?

I don't care, just get her out of here, and shut her up. I feel like my ears are broken.

You can't do this! Stop the attack! Stop it! I won't stand for this, I won't...

Thank the stars and the maker of soundproof doors.

Sir? You'd better look at this.

What is it?

It looks like... sir, it's a Police Box.

A Police Box?

Yes sir, hovering over the Fullbourne sports hall. It's a flying Police Box. May I remind the Captain... standing order Niner Seven Zero, sir.

I know, I know. Greyhound Three to all Hounds. Immediate cease fire.

Immediate cease fire! Acknowledge! Acknowledge!

Well that's much better, shooting's stopped. Now we can hear ourselves think.

I can take over this Planet without infecting those soldiers, I have enough malleable minds here Doctor, and once you're dead I will send them out into the world to infect everyone. My World. My Thoughts.

I've met people like you before. Usually the heads of vast multinational technology corporations.

Kill him!

No.

Kill him!

I said "No" Mr Word.

But...

Indeed. Now leave Dr Reynolds's body, and let him go.

You cannot... you don't have the power... you don't... I can't...

†...ssssssssss? Sssssssssss! Sssssssssss???

Scary isn't it?

Sssssssssssssssssss! Sssssssssssssssss! Sssssssssssssss!

Yes, they're frightening words, but they don't mean anything now, do they?

They might be from before the beginning of time, but unless there's someone around to understand them, then they're all a bit pointless aren't they?

Sssssssss?

Yes, Mr Word, no-one can understand what you're saying any more. Not even me. You've lost your audience. Now let them go!

Ssssss!

That's it Wilf, he's letting them go! Lead them out, get them out of here!

What about you Doctor?

Don't worry about me! I've got my Snoopy watch, I'll be fine! I'll know when to duck!

Sssssss! Sssssssss!

Now, it's just you, me and Dr Reynolds, why don't you let him follow the others out, and then we can talk about this?

Sssssssssssss?

I assume you're asking me what happened...

Ssssss.

Well, I'll tell you as soon as Dr Reynolds leaves the room. That's it...

Where am I?

Dr Reynolds, if you'd just like to follow the others out of the hall...

But...

Please, there's been a little bit of bother, and we need you to leave rather quickly.

Bother?

Wilf? Show the good Doctor out, will you.

Alright, but, where is it now?

The Memeoplasm?

Yes.

Everywhere. Now get out, before it regains enough energy to infect you again.

Go!

This way Dr Reynolds...

I...

This way.

Now, Mr Word, I can feel you coalescing in the atmosphere, I can sense you all around me, you're weak and you're trapped, and that's when a cornered animal is at its most dangerous. So, in lieu of me destroying your voice forever, I'd like to offer you a deal...

And Police have confirmed that no one was inside the Fullbourne hospital when the Sports Hall exploded. Fire Officers say they suspect a gas leak started by the rioters and sparked by broken electricity cables was the cause of the explosion. All patients have now been moved to other hospitals in the area as the clean up begins. In other news, the Met Office are certain that the thaw will begin tomorrow, with a warm front moving up from the south...

Turn that thing off will you Doctor, I'm bored of being the only news story.

Good to see you back up here, looking at the stars Wilf.

Well I couldn't really stop now could I?

I suppose not.

Especially after those boys came round, cleared all the snow, apologized for roughing me up the other night and offered to carry all my telescope gear up here every night until next Christmas... you didn't have anything to do with that did you Doctor?

I... umm... may have... had a finger in that... perhaps.

You used the Memeoplasm didn't you?

I... umm...

Is that strictly... ethical?

Well, perhaps not, but the Memeoplasm is trying it's very very best to be helpful to me right now.

What did you do Doctor?

To the Memeoplasm?

Yes.

I turned off its voice.

How?!

The TARDIS's telepathic circuits translate any language spoken from any alien species into a language that anyone else can understand.

They can?

Yes, incredibly useful.

But I don't see...

I reprogrammed the telepathic circuits to work in reverse on the Memeoplasm. Made it completely unintelligible, turned everything it said back into the Ancient Language before Time. The one it kept going on about.

The one no one could understand.

Yes. Quite clever don't you think?

And it's terrified you won't let it have its voice back?

Yes. Once I've taken it back to its own planet, I'll give it back its voice by just flying away.

But how do you know it won't try this again?

Because it knows that all I've got to do is land the TARDIS in the same vicinity and I can take away its voice again. But this time forever. I think it's going to play nice from now on.

You're a wily old goat, you are, Doctor.

I'll take that as a compliment.

It is!

How's Donna?

She's glad to have me back to normal. They both are. Sylvia even let me walk in the kitchen with my shoes on! Donna wanted to come up here tonight, but you understand why I told her she couldn't, don't you Doctor?

Yes. She can never meet me again, in whatever ever incarnation I turn up in. Such a shame, I think I would like her.

She can be an acquired taste.

Can't we all Wilf, can't we all?

There's Orion, just coming up, right on time.

And I suppose I should be going – need to get the Memeoplasm back home

and then go and pick up Jamie. Hopefully he hasn't lost all his money on dazzle-cards again! And, I am truly sorry about all the trouble Wilf.

That's all right, Doctor. You put it all right in the end.

I suppose that's something.

Just one more thing Doctor, one thing I don't understand.

Hmmm?

Why did the TARDIS have to destroy the sports hall?

Two reasons. One I had to make sure the Memeoplasm couldn't coalesce within the walls – the sports hall, all that metal and glass would have acted as an energy container and amplifier – that's why the Memeoplasm took everyone there in the first place.

And the other reason?

All good stories should end with a bang!

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