

EXT. PATIENTS' LOUNGE BALCONY - NIGHT

A hospital (with everyone inside) suddenly got transported to the moon.

MARTHA

I promise you, Mister Smith, we will find a way out. If we can travel to the moon, then we can travel back. There's got to be a way.

DOCTOR

It's not Smith. That's not my real name.

MARTHA

Who are you, then?

DOCTOR

I'm the Doctor.

MARTHA

Me too, if I can pass my exams. What is it then, Doctor Smith?

DOCTOR

Just the Doctor.

MARTHA

How do you mean, just the Doctor?

DOCTOR

Just the Doctor.

MARTHA

What, people call you the Doctor?

DOCTOR

Yeah.

MARTHA

Well, I'm not. As far as I'm concerned, you've got to earn that title.

DOCTOR

Well, I'd better make a start, then. Let's have a look. There must be some sort of . . .

He throws something out, and it bounces off.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Forcefield keeping the air in.

MARTHA

But if that's like a bubble sealing us in, that means this is the only air we've got. What happens when it runs out?

DOCTOR

How many people in this hospital?

MARTHA

I don't know. A thousand?

DOCTOR

One thousand people Suffocating.

MARTHA

Why would anyone do that?

DOCTOR

Head's up! Ask them yourself.

Three massive columnar spaceships pass overhead, then land nearby. Columns of marching beings come stomping out.

MARTHA

Aliens. That's aliens. Real, proper aliens.

DOCTOR

Judoon.