

THE DOCTOR WHO PROJECT

A Day in the Life of Tamara Scott



Misha Laurenstein

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Bonus Feature

A Day In The Life of Tamara Scott

A Word From Bob Furnell

“A Day In The Life of Tamara Scott” came about soon after I created the character of Tamara Scott who was going to be our 8th Doctor’s latest companion. After experimenting with the 8th Doctor travelling alone for most of season 27, and not being able to find a companion characterization that I felt was suitable for teaming up with our Doctor, I took it upon myself to create a companion for him. What I ended up creating was a sort of a more resourceful version of Ace, a character that was played by Sophie Aldred in seasons 24-26 of the original television series, and a female version of John Steed from the British television series “The Avengers”. Tamara was intended to be a very independent and strong woman of the future. She is a former British secret agent and didn’t need to rely on a man to protect her or get her out of a jam. She is a 21st century action girl who I felt would be a superb companion for our more outgoing 8th Doctor. Not only was Tamara female, but also she was black. I didn’t want a typical Anglo-Saxon strong female type and I knew I wanted her to be different compared to all the previous companions in the series. This is when I got the idea of making her a black female. To my knowledge there had never been that many black characters in “Doctor Who” and especially one who was one of the lead characters.

While Tamara wasn’t actually introduced in print to readers until the season 28 story *“The Cosmic Plot of Doctor Hu”*, I wanted something that would give fellow TDWP contributors a better idea of who and what Tamara was all about. This was when I asked Misha Lauenstein to pen an introductory story for her, which was only intended to be read by those writers who were planning to contribute to season 28.

“A Day In The Life” is intended to be an example of the typical day for Tamara before she met the Doctor. Misha did a great job with this. I think you’ll enjoy this story as its fun, exciting and a bit cheeky.

The Day In The Life of Tamara Scott by Misha Lauenstein

Thursday, December 31, 2048

The door to the trendy apartment in Chelsea opened, and out onto the stone landing stepped a woman in her early thirties. She let the door swing itself shut slowly as she stood on the top step of the short flight that led to the sidewalk. She brushed a strand of her shoulder-length brown hair behind her ear, revealing her green eyes. Those eyes swept the street for anything out of the ordinary. Satisfied that all was as it should be, Tamara Scott walked briskly down the steps and turned right at the sidewalk.

“Good Morning, Tamara,” called a voice.

Tamara smiled and looked in the direction of her neighbour’s house.

“Good Morning, Mrs. Miggins,” said Tamara.

Mrs. Miggins was kneeling in a flowerbed that ran along the width of the apartment building she and her husband ran. The bed was, of course, dead in the middle of winter, but Mrs. Miggins was wrapping a new set of plastic bags around the tops of her rosebushes.

“Out very early,” she commented, looking up from her task. “Do you have to work today?”

“I just need to pop into the office for a few hours,” answered Tamara. “I’ve a little bit of paperwork left unfinished.”

“Oh, then you’ll be back by this evening?”

Tamara knew that Mrs. Miggins was tactfully prying for information about her New Years Eve plans.

“Yes. Steve’s coming over for dinner this evening.”

“Oh, yes,” said Mrs. Miggins. “Steve, is it? He seems like a nice young man.”

Tamara had seen Mrs. Miggins peering through her living room curtains from time to time when Steve came to visit in the evening or went home early in the morning, but she hadn’t asked about him until today.

“And what sort of work does he do,” she asked.

“Astronaut,” replied Tamara.

“Oh,” said Mrs. Miggins, with a small look of condolence. “Friend of your brother’s?”

“Yes, actually,” answered Tamara. “He was on that first mission that went looking for Ryan and his crew.”

“No word then, yet, I mean, one way or the other then?”

“Nothing yet, Mrs. Miggins,” said Tamara, shifting her weight from one foot to another, her body language letting Mrs. Miggins know that she was anxious to be on her way.

“Well, our prayers are with him,” said Mrs. Miggins.

“Thank you,” said Tamara as she began off down the street towards her car.

“Say hello to Mister Miggins for me.”

“I will, dear,” said Mrs. Miggins, going back to her roses.

* * * * *

Tamara Scott continued down the street and when she reached the corner she entered the Starbucks situated there.

“Morning, Tamara,” said Henry.

“Morning, Henry. The usual please.”

“One tall Chai, not too hot, coming right up,” said Henry. “Oh, you wouldn’t fancy some cows milk, would you? Got a shipment this morning.”

“No thanks, just the normal today, Henry”

“All right.”

* * * * *

Five minutes later Tamara opened the door to her three month old, powder blue, 2048 Jaguar XJR-28. She put the tea in the cup holder, strapped herself in, and took off like a shot, expertly handling the sports car as she wound her way through the curving streets of London. Twenty minutes later she arrived in another residential neighbourhood and waited. At around 9:20 a grey-haired gentleman exited a building, got into a black sedan and pulled into the street, heading towards Tamara. Tamara, meanwhile, had started her engine and as the man approached the intersection she slammed her car into gear and lurched forward in the narrow street, her passenger-side rear-view mirror smashing neatly into his, destroying both utterly.

The two drivers stopped their vehicles and got out to survey the damage.

"I'm terribly sorry," said Tamara. "I thought it was in reverse, but I think it was in third."

"That's quite alright, Miss," said the gentleman. "Very little damage done. Why don't we just forget about this."

"Oh, thank you very much," said Tamara. "That's most kind of you."

"Not at all," said the man. "I'm in a bit of a rush, as it happens."

"Of course," said Tamara. "I'm so sorry."

"Think nothing of it." The man got back into his car and pulled into the intersection. Tamara got out, picked up the pieces of broken mirror and got back into her car. "Enjoy your golf game, General," she said. She took a sip from her tea and turned on the stereo.

* * * * *

Albert Singh heard the vehicle approaching his guard's booth. With a heavy groan he got out of his chair, turned down the volume of the television he was watching and leaned out to inspect the black sedan that pulled alongside his booth.

"Evening, Singh," said the grey-haired man driving the car.

"Evening, General," said Albert. He passed the clipboard to the General who signed himself in to the compound.

Tamara took the opportunity to inch her way out of the shrubbery towards the rear tyre of the General's car. She slowly crept forward until she was beside the General's front tyre, directly below the place where his mirror would have been, had it not been conveniently smashed to pieces earlier that day.

Albert Singh raised the gate and the General's car started to roll forward. Tamara crawled on her hands and knees beside the car. It was the only way to be sure that the General would not see her out of the corner of his eye. The car started to roll faster, and it began to pass her. She sped up, crawling like a crazed baby, the sharp gravel digging into her hands and knees, padded though they were.

As the General parked his car near the front door, Tamara scrambled out into the bushes. She pushed herself up against the outside wall of the building as close to the door as possible. Concealed by the heavy foliage surrounding the building, she watched as the General slid his key through the scanner and the door opened. He pulled it open and walked in. The door began to swing shut slowly and Tamara walked swiftly but quietly to the door and through it. She quickly stepped to the side of the entryway, her one-piece black-cotton cat-suit and dark-brown skin making her virtually invisible amongst the shadows of the darkened lobby.

She watched patiently as the General called for a lift and get into it when it came. When the lobby was clear she made her way quickly across the marble floor, ducked into one of the three hallways that converged on the lobby and after a few more turns and twists found the room she was looking for. She pulled an electronic key emulation system from one of the many pockets in her suit. Swiping it through the reader, it did its work almost instantly.

The door clicked and when she pulled it swung open. She entered the room and closed the door. Opening another of her pockets, which were sealed with Silent-Velcro she pulled out a torch and shone it on the rows of filing cabinets. Two minutes later she was making her way back to the

front door of the building with three file folders tucked snugly into a Silent-Velcroed pouch on her back.

Suddenly, she saw the light of another torch ahead of her. The inside security guard! He was early.

* * * * *

Tamara looked around. She backed quietly down the corridor and around a corner. She tried a couple of the doors. Locked. With normal locks, not electronic ones. She didn't have time to pick the locks. She could see the light approaching her. The guard was coming down the same corridor. She looked around for some way to distract the guard so she wouldn't have to hurt him. She saw the fire alarm, but it was further down the hall, past the junction to the corridor that the guard was coming down. She pulled her gun.

She didn't carry guns with bullets. Her gun contained tranquilizing darts. Even so, she would rather not use it on the guard. He could be hurt when he fell, or he could have a bad reaction to the tranquilizer and die. She took aim and fired. The little dart raced through the air, past the nose of the guard as he came into view and struck the thin glass rod of the fire alarm.

Immediately, the complex was filled with the deafening ringing sound of a bell. The guard stopped and turned around and raced back towards the lobby. Tamara knew that he would check the panel behind the reception desk to find out where the alarm was, and when he saw where it was he would come racing back up the corridor with a fire extinguisher. She sped down the corridor to the lobby. She peered around the wall only to see that the guard was already removing the fire extinguisher and would turn around any second and come towards her. She ran back to the files room, used the key to re-enter it, left the door ajar and waited until the guard ran past her. Then she slipped out. Unfortunately, the door had been open longer than the 20 second maximum, and the intruder alarm began to signal. She closed the door behind her and took off towards the lobby. The fire bell was loud enough to obscure the high-pitched whine of the intruder alarm, but anyone looking at the panel would see a red indicator light. Perhaps the guard at the front gate would see a similar light on his panel. She saw through the glass of the front window that the guard at the booth was leaving his post and coming

towards the building. She would wait in the shadows as he entered the building and then slip out. Oh no. He had a dog with him. She couldn't stay in the lobby: the dog would notice her.

She pulled open the door to the stairwell and raced up to the second floor. She picked the lock of one of the offices and opened the window. She looked down into the parking lot. Empty. The guard and dog were already inside the building. She lowered herself out the window and jumped the remaining three metres to the muddy flowerbed below. She dashed across the parking lot, hurdled the pole that passed for a gate and turned down the adjacent side street on which she had parked her car.

As she got near her car she saw a Chinese man in his early thirties sitting on her car.

"I hope you haven't scratched the paint," she said, approaching him. He smiled and got off the car. Tamara was aware of a sound behind her back. She spun around and saw another man and two women, all Chinese. They surrounded her. Suddenly the man in front of her stepped forward and kicked at her midsection. She sidestepped him, grabbed his leg and kicked his other knee, causing him to go down in pain. She felt the woman to her right grab her right arm. Tamara grabbed the woman's shoulder and jumped into the air, putting all her weight on the woman and kicking the other woman in the face, knocking her backwards. The other man grabbed Tamara's legs while she was in mid air. Now the man had her legs and the woman had her right arm. Both of them started kicking Tamara with rapid, hard kicks. Tamara smashed the man in the face with her left elbow. He lost his grip on one of her legs, which she used to kick his groin. He let go of her other leg and as her lower body fell towards the ground she used the momentum to pick up the woman who still had a grip on her right arm and throw her over onto the man. The man's head hit the pavement hard and he lost consciousness. The first man, meanwhile, still sitting on the pavement in agony, had taken

out a length of chain. Tamara took the opportunity to kick him hard in the head and he too lost consciousness.

The second woman and Tamara fought for several minutes: Karate chops, kicks, and flips. The first woman joined the fray after she had regained her senses and Tamara found herself evenly matched. As the two women both threw a kick at her, she ducked, snatched the chain from the ground and swung it upwards, wrapping it around the two women's legs that were in the air. Now, tied together, the two Chinese women lost their balance. Two well-placed kicks brought them to the ground. Tamara got into her car and started it, leaving the four villains lying in a heap on the cold asphalt. As she drove she noticed an envelope lying on the passenger seat, with her name typed on the front.

"I can't say much for your delivery people," said Tamara to the envelope. She opened it with one hand while keeping the other on the wheel. Inside was an invitation:

*You are cordially invited
to the estate of
Dr. Winston Hu
On Friday, the Eighth day of January, Twenty Hundred and Forty Nine.
To take part in the festivities of
Dr. Hu's Garden Party.
Food and drink will be provide
Fun and games are guaranteed.*

No address. No phone number. How was she expected to RSVP? And an annoying pedant to boot. Twenty Hundred indeed!

"I have to work that day," said Tamara aloud and slid the card and envelope into another of her many pockets.

* * * * *

Tamara Scott sped through the streets of London, her tyre's squeals echoing through the cold night air. She came to a stop in the block next to her apartment building and began to run down the street towards her apartment building. She stopped when she saw that Steve was standing at the front door, ringing the buzzer to her flat. He reached into his pocket. His key!

Tamara leaped over the fence into the Miggins' yard, raced around to the back of the building, leaped over the fence that separated the Miggins' place from hers, sped across the yard and began to climb up the side of her building, using window sills, wrought-iron window boxes and even chinks in the brickwork. She stood on the red brick windowsill outside her bedroom window and pushed upward on the window, forcing it open. She slipped inside, kicked off her shoes, stripped off her espionage gear in seconds and pulled a sleek, grey dress from the closet. Slipping it on, she ran to the bathroom and ran a brush through her hair.

There was a knock on the door. Tamara ran from the bedroom to the kitchen. The chicken in the oven smelled terrific. The champagne bottle already had a corkscrew in the top. She put the bottle between her knees and yanked out the cork, filling two glasses, as she heard the key in the front door. She grabbed the two glasses in her right hand and then sliding across the wooden floor to the front door just as it opened and Steve stepped into the room. She came to a stop inches away from him and handed him one of the two glasses. She clinked his glass and said, "Your timing is excellent, Darling," and took a drink.