

THE  
**DOCTOR-WHO**  
PROJECT

**BEAUTY IS ONLY...**

**Scott Marshall**

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## Bonus Feature Beauty is only...

### A Word From Bob Furnell

I don't really remember a lot about this story. I do recall that "*Beauty is only...*" was intended for season 28 and was to include the Autons, of which I was keen to bring back after the success of the Silurians in season 27. I don't remember where in the season the story was to be slot, but season 27 contributor Scott Marshall, ("*The Pax Process*"), volunteered to take on the task of bringing back the Autons. When Scott submitted his first draft, I remember I wasn't very happy with the story when I read it. I felt it was weak and needed a lot of work on it. I made my suggestions to Scott for changes and he submitted a second draft. I recall I wasn't happy with this draft either. Back Scott went penning a third, fourth, fifth and possibly other drafts. I think poor Scott became extremely frustrated with me, but he seemed to take it all in stride.

After several more versions, I decided that the story wasn't working. I seem to recall a year or two later when Kyle joined TDWP, he thought the story could be salvaged and made workable, but I originally believe after several drafts, I'd had enough. I just didn't feel the story was working, and pulled the story from the line-up for season 28. I don't recall what Scott's reaction to this was, but I do know it's the only time in publishing TDWP that we pulled a story for publication.

I remember a few years later I was going through some files and found a copy of this story on a diskette. I printed it off and read it over. I still didn't like it. While I don't profess to be an expert fiction writer, I really feel at the core there is a great story dying to get out. Maybe it's me, and I'm imagining it, but there's just something about this story that doesn't work for me. It seems confused and forced. Whatever I think doesn't matter, so I'll let you the reader judge for yourselves.

### About The Authors

#### *Scott Marshall*

Scott contributed "The Pax Process" to the very first omnibus of stories, which made up season 27. "Beauty" was his second submission. Since receiving this story for publication, I lost contact with Scott.

## Beauty Is Only...

### by Scott Marshall

Jennifer Greenhalgh hadn't long till she was due at the ball. The ball, thrown by a good friend of hers, was the social event of the year. All the important people in Augato's social circles would be present, along with a few international and intergalactic dignitaries. She'd picked out the dress, which was a slinky blue number.

She'd been sent a beauty package from one of the heads of some body corporate she had met at the last function she attended. Some thin man with a black moustache and slight Japanese accent, a Mr. Sumona or something. Surely she couldn't be expected to remember everyone she met. Apparently he was the head of some cosmetic plant that had just opened a new plant here on Augato, making wondrous additions to the economy apparently. Anyhow the thing was, this gift from cosmetic guy had come just at the right moment, as her last batch of shampoo and lipstick had just expired. She needed to wash her hair at least once a day; all that cigars that those men smoked would have a shocking effect on her long, blond hair.

She turned on the shower and adjusted the temperature so there was just a little bit of steam. It always helped open her pores. She opened the shampoo and had a sniff; it smelled of cherry blossoms, it's sweet smells reminding her of home. The mirror above her had just begun to fog up, so she closed the shampoo bottle, and adjusted the water temperature. She slid off her robe and entered the shower.

Once inside she wet her hair and opened the bottle of shampoo. She squeezed a small amount of the shampoo onto her hand, and began to massage it into her hair, beginning down at the bottom and working her way to the top of her head. Her fingers massaged the shampoo deep into the roots and touching the skull.

All of a sudden Jennifer felt a rearing pain go through her head, like a really bad migraine. The shower floor and drain swam underneath in her blurred vision. She removed her hands from her hair; her hands were bright red. Blood red. Her blood. Jennifer screamed and it was her last scream. Her eyes closed and she dropped to the shower floor, unconscious.

Jennifer's eyes reopened a moment later, opened but not seeing. They had glazed over. She stood up and stepped out of the shower, leaving it running. Then went to the basin and took out the red lipstick from the gift package. Stepping back into the shower, she applied the lipstick then removed the remnants of the shampoo from her hair. Leaving the shower running, Jennifer stepped out into her room, dried herself off, and put the dress on. Her hair had formed into a tight bun and she looked dressed to kill. Taking a large kitchen knife that an ex flat mate had left behind had left behind, placing it into her purse, she left the house leaving the front door wide open.

Half an hour later, Jennifer arrived at the Van Eldek ball, where the president's wife, Natasha Bikler was in attendance as a guest of honour. The Ballroom was set up in 18th century décor. The only thing that let the illusion down was the obvious holographic fire in the torches in the far left and right corners of the room. That and the choice of clothing that everyone had on.

The doors swung open and Jennifer waltzed in to the room. All chattering ceased and the music stopped to a moment of complete silence, then when all the jaws that had dropped righted themselves and the general chatter and music had returned, Jennifer continued on towards Natasha. Natasha was standing, talking to some foreign dignitary. As Jennifer edged closer her hand reached inside her purse and her hand grasped the cold, black handle. Natasha turned and looked at her and began to greet her, when Jennifer pulled the knife out from the bag, ripping it. The knife glistened dangerously in the air before she slashed it down through Natasha's dress and into her body. Natasha cried out in pain and alarm, Jennifer had a maniacal, blood lust look on her face. Jennifer drove the knife home and round in a circle, around the heart, cutting off all arteries. Blood gushed out all over Natasha's dress, and spilled onto Jennifer. Her hands soaked in the blood and specks on her dress, face and top part of her body.

Suddenly, Jennifer stopped, the knife clattering to the floor. She found it difficult to breathe. It was if some invisible hand had grabbed her by the throat and was squeezing the life out of her.

She wriggled on the floor as if to break free of the invisible. Her limp and dying form fell down next to the presidents, where it twitched spasmodically, and then lay still.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara was sitting in her room in the TARDIS. Her room was beginning to become her 'home' not just a place where she collapsed when she was exhausted. She had begun to leave her little individual marks in her room. A book here, a photo there. Directly above her bed for instance, she kept a photo of her Mother hanging off a roundel. Not for the first time she wondered what her Mother would think, if she told her that she was traipsing halfway across the universe. Tamara always knew that there would be intelligent life other than those on Earth. Granted some of them had wanted to kill her, but they would always have to be the provable bad apple of the bunch. Tamara was lying back on her bed staring at the ceiling listening to the gentle hum of the TARDIS. Its constant, soothing hum, always seemed to keep her in high spirits. Maybe there was some hallucinogenic agent in the TARDIS air that only affected humans and not Time Lords. She'd have to ask the Doctor one day about that. Admittedly she couldn't imagine him walking around, wheeling a canister of Human thought control gas, but it never hurt to ask.

All of a sudden, Tamara heard the materialization sound of the TARDIS. She got up off her bed, opened the door and went to find the Doctor in the control room.

When she entered the Control room, she was surprised she was alone with the console, a metal waste paper basket and the hat stand. She turned around and was just about to leave when the door she came through opened, and out came the Doctor, beaming. One arm of the sunglasses he was wearing draped over his left shirt pocket.

"Let's have a look where we are now." The Doctor said.

"You mean you don't know?" Tamara replied.

"Well, I know that I set the controls for Mertib in the year 2138. The place is a nice peaceful holiday resort, just what we need. Plus I hear there's a fantastic sunglasses boutique just inside the main city."

Tamara sighed. "You and your fixation for sunglasses. It's unbelievable. It's worse that someone who's got a gambling problem."

The Doctor looked hurt. "I didn't think it was quite that bad." He brightened. "At least for my addiction there's no support help group. Besides I don't need one. Anyhow, I'll refrain from purchasing any more sunglasses for at least the next, let's say week?"

Tamara sighed, she couldn't really get angry with then Doctor. Maybe she was right, maybe there was something in the air. She looked at the Doctor. He looked like someone who was had just been given a new toy and was itching to go outside and play with it. She crossed over to the destination panel on the console.

"Doctor, didn't you say you set the controls for Mertib?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well, either my reading skills are shot or the display here is reading Augato, 2374."

The Doctor looked puzzled and crossed over to the display. "Yes your right, It appears that we are indeed are on Augato in the year 2374. Let's double check the scanner to see if this is in fact Augato." The Doctor activated the switch for the scanner. The screen opened with an audible hum, on the screen, the scanner was displaying a sign a little blurred. The Doctor activated the focus button. A white reflective sign came into view. On the sign in big black letters were: "Welcome to Augato."

"It appears that we have indeed landed on Augato." The Doctor said. "I hear it's a nice enough place, a little like Earth in some aspects. If memory serves, Earth had joined in an alliance with the native inhabitants. A lot of Earth's cultures and beliefs remained behind long after the Exploration Party had left. I think even one or two of the exploration party even stayed behind. Haven't been here myself, but as I said, I've heard nice reports. A really nice beach as well, so you'll want to pack your bathers. And one main advantage of where there's a beach there's always somewhere..."

“That sells sunglasses...” Tamara finished the Doctor’s sentence for him.

“Okay, I’ll go and pack a overnight bag.” Meet you back here in ten minutes. With that she turned and left for her room.

The Doctor looked at the Destination panel and at the scanner again. “I’ll have to give you a service soon old girl if you can’t take me where I want to go. Both you and I know that I set the controls for Mertib.” He patted the control panel affectionately. “Still, can’t complain, you’ve always been relatively good to me. He walked over to the destinations environmental controls. And pushed a few buttons. A slip of paper came out. He began to read to himself...

*Weather: Sunny, with a remote possibility of rain later on in the evening.*

*Current Temperature: 23 Degrees Celsius*

*Relative Humidity: 23 Percent*

*Wind Speed: 2 Knots coming from the South East*

Chance of a horrific World destroying disaster: 10%

“Ten percent.” the Doctor muttered. “That’s better than Earth’s thirty five percent. Should give us a bit of a breather for a change...”

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara re-entered the console room, wearing a light purple Sarong, and dark green thongs. Her hair let down, flowing freely. Over her shoulder she was carrying a straw bag.

“What’s in the bag?” The Doctor inquired.

“Nothing much. A water bottle, change of clothes, a reading book, a towel and a solar powered foot spa for all those tiring chases we’re bound to get into...”

“Tamara, has anyone ever told you your too facetious, Tamara.”

“All, the time. Can we go now?”

\* \* \* \* \*

Across on the other side of town, Detective Picca was not having a good day. With the recent killing of the President’s wife, and all of the other murders going on, his plate was more than full. In fact, it was overflowing off the table and even on to the floor. He reached in his pocket and pulled out his bottle of pills. He’d lost count of the amount he’d swallowed down with in the last couple of days. His Doctor told him it would help. So far all the help it had given him was to lighten the weight of his wallet. The mayor had promised him that extra officers would be delivered from some other planets, but so far nothing. A dull ring began to rattle around his head. Those pills weren’t working after all he thought. He was about to throw them in the bin, when he noticed the light on top of the phone was flashing frantically. It wasn’t his head, but in fact the phone. He picked up the phone and immediately the high-pitched scream of the mayor travelled down the phone line and into Picca’s office. He held the phone far away from his ear as physically possible. It still wasn’t far enough. The mayor’s voice seemed to enter his head and its high-pitched tone basically tore whatever elements of his brain that wasn’t suffering with pain from his headache, into shreds and the pain in his head mounted. It was the mayor’s usual rant of late. There was too much crime; he wasn’t doing his job, yada, yada, yada. It just never seemed to end...

\* \* \* \* \*

“Tamara, see what did I tell you, this place is brilliant.” The Doctor was leaning back on a brightly colored deckchair, sipping an equally brightly colored drink. Tamara hated to say it, but this time the Doctor was right. This place was relaxing. She could feel the tensions of the previous number of days slowly ease away. Then, the peace was shattered. The familiar sign of a police siren wailed by. Tamara sighed and began to rise, guessing that as usual the cops would be after them for something.

The doctor raised out an arm stopping her getting up. "I'm sure that's not for us, we haven't done anything."

"Yes, your right." Tamara replied. "Yet." She muttered under her breath. The beads at the front of the door rattled noisily. In the entrance stood the foreboding presence of two officers. They were both wearing dark blue trousers, with light blue shirts. One was exceptionally tall and thin, while the other was of average height and slightly chunky build. It was the one of average height who asked the welcome robot near the door for something. The robot, with officers in tow began to advance towards the Doctor and Tamara.

The Doctor, still leaning back admiring the view through his sunglasses, noticed that something was blocking his sun. He took his sunglasses off and peered upwards. One of the officers was in front of him, the other in front of Tamara. "Yes, officer. There does appear to be a problem?"

"Did you arrive recently?" The tall one asked in an angry and bored tone.

"Yes, we did, but..."

"Right, come with us." The officer cut the Doctor off in mid-protest. "You off-worlders have no idea, honestly. You arrive here and you automatically think that you're on holiday. All though, I can't say I suspected much more seeing that you were sent here by the Mayor."

Tamara sighed; it appears that things were too good to be true as usual. Getting off her chair and picking up her things, she saw the Doctor reluctantly get up and leave behind his brightly colored drink behind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Picca need some fresh air, hopefully that would clear his head. He was wrong, the outside of the building was worse. The sounds of police sirens, media people asking questions and just general noise, were somehow tripled out here. One of the cars turned its lights and siren off, and a tall officer opened the back passenger doors. Out stepped a tall man, unflustered and a woman wearing a light purple sarong looking deeply annoyed. Out of the passenger side another officer got out and walked over to the detective.

"Detective Picca." The officer called out over the noise.

"Yes?"

"These are the new recruits from the Mayor."

"You're kidding."

"I'm afraid not, sir. There the only new people to arrive of late, so they must be it."

Picca sighed. "Oh what's the use..." He looked at the officer for his name badge. "Officer Pudmenzky. Take them inside, give them fresh uniforms and brief them on the situation. Knowing the mayor, he wouldn't have told them anything."

"Yes, sir."

Officer Pudmenzky gestured for the Doctor and Tamara to follow him. The other officer, Faludi stayed with the car. Picca was left standing outside; looking at the city, and wondering not for the first time what was the universe up to...

The Doctor, Tamara and Pudmenzky entered the building and headed to a conference room.

"I thought you said the police wouldn't be after us." Tamara angrily whispered to the Doctor.

"As far as I can see there not after us for doing a crime, it's a case of mistaken identity. We've been mistaken for a couple of replacement officers."

"That's all fine and dandy, but I'd like to get out of here back to the TARDIS and somewhere where we won't be mistaken for anyone other than ourselves."

"But Tamara where is your sense of adventure?" The Doctor queried.

"Left behind with my common sense by the looks of it."

The trio arrived at the conference room and Pudmenzky gestured for them to enter and sit down.

For a conference room, this one was unusually bare and uninviting. An uneven, wooden table, looking like it had seen better days, hard metal chairs which were starting to show signs of rust near the welding joints. Against the far wall, the projection screen was a white bed sheet, that

no longer looked white, there was oddly shaped stains in a weird looking patchwork pattern. The Doctor and Tamara walked over to the table and chairs, checking they wouldn't collapse, sat down. Pudmenzky walked over to the antiquated projection equipment, and set the slides going.

"Since the middle of last month, some very gruesome deaths have happened to some very important people. Augato, as you know by the choice of clothing that you chose to wear here, is mainly a holiday and relaxation planet. Most of the people who come here come here for this purpose. This," Pudmenzky changed the slide to reveal the badly burnt remains of an elderly gentleman.

"Was what was left of Mr. Mark Richards, one of the managing directors of the Quest Trust banking corporation? It took us a while to actually discover it was in-fact Mr. Richards, we had to resort to dental records, and that wasn't easy seeing that he only had one tooth." Pudmenzky grinned at his own morbid joke. Seeing the looks on the Doctor and Tamara faces, he cleared his throat and carried on. "This was the first in a spate of the afore mentioned murders." Pudmenzky flicked through a number of slides briefly showing more gruesome remains of bodies, each seeming to be more horrific than the last.

Pudmenzky flicked to the last slide showing the remains of two bodies. Pudmenzky placed down the control of the slide machine and walked over to the screen. "This," he pointed "Is Jennifer Greenhalgh and the President's wife, Natasha Bikler. They were the last killed. However we noticed one very interesting fact with this case, you'll notice that Miss Greenhalgh has some partial hair loss. "She lost even more hair when we attempted to move her. Her hair fell out in large chunks, we think she was subjected to high amounts of radiation before she died."

The Doctor got up off his chair and walked over to the projection on the wall. "I don't think this is radiation officer, I think something has forced their way into the poor victims head. It's loosened the hair follicles connection on the scalp, and that is why unfortunate Miss Greenhalgh here is now a, hairless and b, dead." The Doctor walked back to his chair chewing thoughtfully on one of his sunglasses legs.

"I don't suppose there has been any new plants or industry here on Augato within the last couple of months?"

"I wouldn't have the foggiest idea, I don't keep that up to date with the economical changes in this place." Pudmenzky snapped back. "I'll give the newspapers a ring to see what they can tell me." And with that he left the room.

"Thank..."

The door slammed shut, cutting off the Doctor's farewell comment.

Tamara stood up and walked over to the projection of the slide. "Doctor, what do you make of this?"

"I believe they call it hair."

"Oh, very funny. I was implying look at the hair. It's spotless; the follicles are clumped together but there in perfect condition, which removes any ideas that they might have had about radiation. I don't think any parasite would have worried about the condition of the hair, so I think we can rule that out as well. What, I'd say is that the victim only recently washed her hair and there was something in the shampoo."

Just then Officer Pudmenzky returned with a folder in his left hand.

"It appears that there is a recent arrival to Augato, Entense Cosmetics Inc." Tamara gave the Doctor a knowing look.

"It appears my partner here has come up with a theory about your murders officer. We suspect that they are linked to something happening to the victim's hair. We'd like to investigate."

Pudmenzky sighed. "We'll have to see the chief first. He's not in the best of moods at the moment. Don't say I didn't warn you." With that he left with the Doctor and Tamara in tow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Officer Pudmenzky was correct. The Detective was not in the best of moods. He'd tried going outside for a break and that didn't work. The mayor was yelling at him every chance he got and the paper work seemed to be mounting up so high that if someone wasn't done soon, he'd have a group of mountain climbers wanting to climb it, stating it was one of the six hundred and seven three wonders of the world. All of a sudden, he heard three raps on his front door. He sighed. He really couldn't be bothered seeing anyone at the moment. He looked at the door and managed to work out that the silhouette that could be seen through the frosted glass was that of Pudmenzky and the two new off worlders. Most likely they'd be after some transport to help with the other officers out in the field. He called out. "Take them to where ever they want to go to Pudmenzky."

The Doctor and Tamara looked at each other and grinned. "You heard the Detective, Officer. We'd like to go to the plant please."

Pudmenzky reached into his pocket and pulled out some car keys. "I couldn't be bothered driving you. Do either of you know how to drive?"

Tamara snatched the keys out of his hand. "Last time I checked I did." With that they turned and left.

\* \* \* \* \*

Out in the car park, the Doctor was frantically patting his pockets to see what he'd done with his sunglasses. Suddenly it dawned on him. "Tamara, we have to go back to the conference room, I've left my sunglasses behind."

"Doctor, I'll buy you another pair when we get back, I'm dying to know whether my hunch about the factory is correct." She pushed the button for the central locking. The car beeped once, the doors opened and the headlights came on. Tamara smiled, "Who said that central locking was a waste of time?"

Both her and the Doctor got in the car and shut the doors. The Doctor looking in the back seat for the referdex, managed to find that and something else of note. "Tamara, what do you think of this?" Tamara swung round to face the Doctor to find him wearing an antique pair of rap around shades. "I didn't think that Back to the Future was a good export movie."

She inserted the key into the ignition, fired up the engine, and the car left the car park, on route to the Entense Beauty Cosmetic plant.

\* \* \* \* \*

Driving through the streets of Augato proved to be a relatively easy task with little to no traffic being on the road. "Doctor, how do you suppose we have a look around the plant without seeming to conspicuous?"

"Well, unless I'm very much mistaken, most plants have a plant tour, which is both a PR exercise and a great money spinner for the company. While it shows off how efficient the plant is, it's also making money by doing absolutely nothing at all except making its product. Turn left at the next intersection."

Bringing the car round they saw that dead ahead of them was the plant, huge and dwarfing the near by surroundings. Driving through the main gates into the car park, they found the visitors parking, parked the car and left to find the reception.

Outside reception was a large company sign and a bright red button telling the pusher to press for a plant tour. Tamara looked at the Doctor and shrugged. Upon pressing the button the doors on their left swung open with the smell of perfume and an automated voice telling them to come in and sit down.

Inside the office was a bench, which was cool white and two cream chairs. Following the advice of the automated voice, the Doctor and Tamara sat down.

They were there no longer than thirty seconds when a panel to the left of the bench slid open and a man dressed in formal attire, wearing thin, horn rimmed glasses and grinning, welcomed them. "Hello my name is David Andrews. And I'm your tour guide for this afternoon. If you'd like to

follow me, we can get this tour started.” Getting up from the chairs, the Doctor and Tamara followed Andrews through the doorway.

“This Entense cosmetics plant was built here on Augato in early 2374. This is the thirteenth plant the company has going on eight different planets. Here we manufacture many types of cosmetics including shampoo, conditioner, certain fragrances of perfume and lipstick. Other cosmetics such as eye shadow, leg wax and hair spray are made at our other plant on Nashu.”

Andrews was talking through a hands free microphone while driving the miniature tour bus through a preordained route. Most of plant seemed to have various smells as they went from one section to another. Most of the operators had plugs in there noses. One thing stuck the Doctor as rather odd though. “David,” called the Doctor “why are all the pipes made of plastic?”

Andrews turned round and faced them briefly.

“The reason most of the pipes are PVC is because PVC is cheaper and does not taint the product as much as metal or other type of piping would.” Andrews continued driving and returned to his spiel.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few minutes later, Andrews had driven the bus out of the plant, and was rapidly approaching what appeared to be the souvenir section of the factory.

“That concludes our tour of the plant. We from Entense cosmetics hope you enjoyed our tour. Our souvenir shop has many cosmetic products just right for him or her for that special occasion. From myself, David Andrews and the rest of the company, we hope you enjoy your day.” Andrews clicked the mike off and stopped the bus from just outside the shop.

Tamara and the Doctor hopped off the bus and entered the shop. Tamara and the Doctor waved their good-byes and the bus began back for the main plant.

Once inside the shop, it resembled something out of a department stores cosmetic section. All sorts of various perfumes mixed together to make an indescribable sickly sweet stench. The Doctor reached into his pocket to pull out his handkerchief to cover his nose.

Tamara looked at the Doctor condescendingly. “Honestly Doctor, taking you places is like taking a two year old shopping for clothes. You can’t spend two minutes in the one section, before tugging on my clothes and begging to be taken to either the sweets or toys section. We’re here to investigate if you remember.”

The Doctor sighed and pocketed his handkerchief. “I don’t mind a little perfume or aftershave occasionally, but this is ridiculous.”

“Look, if the smell is getting to you, just go and wait outside. I’ll be outside in a minute after I ask the shop attendant over there a few questions.” Tamara pointed in the direction of the desk. A bored looking female youth wearing way too much eye shadow and lipstick was sitting over in a corner, idly flicking through a issue of some magazine.

“I can see your going to have a fun time of that. See you in lets see, thirty seconds?” With that the Doctor turned and left through the doors.

Once outside the Doctor took in a deep breath of fresh air. The Doctor sensed something he didn’t want to tell Tamara. He couldn’t quite put his finger on it though. It was a case of right on the tip of his tongue, but he couldn’t quite place where it was from.

Tamara was really in need of a break. The Doctor could see that. If she didn’t take it easy soon, she’d collapse from mental exhaustion. He’d seen it happen before. He and Tamara had been through too much together to see it happen to her. It was all fine and well, to be alert and ready for action most of the time. But you have to relax or you’ll be more messed up then a rubix cube after a two year old has been fiddling with it. The Doctor turned around to look through the door. He could see Tamara was getting nowhere with the assistant who had less intelligence then the people who decided, that once the internet took off, the work place would become a paperless office... He turned to face the car and slowly began to walk towards it.

A few seconds later Tamara caught up with him. “How did it go?”

“Pretty pointless, it was like trying to extract the chocolate chips out of choc chip ice cream.”

“So, it was messy and your fingers got cold?”

“Well, not entirely but I didn’t get anything out of her. I’m still convinced that we’re looking in the right place though. I think we should come back once the plant closes for the evening.”

The Doctor looked at Tamara. He could see she was set for this. She was right of course.

“Yes, I agree, we’ll come back later on this evening, when the plant has closed. I think round eight sounds good. Feel like going back to the café for that drink?” The Doctor smiled his most prize-winning smile. The smile that nine times out of ten persuaded people to relax and do as he asked.

Tamara’s determined grin also broke a smile.

“Why not, my shout. We’ve got nothing to do till then, and I could do with a drink.”

The pair of them got in the car, and drove back to the café.

\* \* \* \* \*

Five hours later, the Doctor and Tamara arrived back at the intersection.

“Park the car here, off the side of the road, that way they won’t know we are coming.” The Doctor suggested.

Tamara parked the car facing back the way they came. “Just in case we need to make a quick getaway.” She told the Doctor. Upon approaching the plant, the Doctor noticed something glinting in the trees, just off to his left. He indicated for Tamara to shine her torch over in that direction. Thinking it was only a harmless squirrel, or whatever form of small, rodent like wildlife this planet had, she shined it over in the general direction. The torchlight showed a body, with glasses, torn clothes and minus all hair.

The two of them walked over to have a closer look.

On closer inspection it appeared that the body was none other than that of David Andrews, the tour guide from before. His face was contorted with pain, and he appeared to be drooling some sort of blue fluid.

Tamara was about to touch the ‘drool’ when the Doctor stopped her. Picking up a near by stick, he dipped a end into a pool of it on the ground.

“Watch.” He held the stick in front of the torchlight. The piece that had been dipped in the goo began to glow dark blue, before all of a sudden with a small fizz it disappeared. What remained of the stick was like the end had been sawn in half.

“Have you ever seen anything like this before, Doctor?”

“I’ve seen many types of drool, some acidic, some just plain, ordinary drool, but this is the first time I’ve seen something like this. We’ll report it to the Detective when we return the precinct. Come on, let’s go.”

The two of them left the body and continued towards the plant.

\* \* \* \* \*

The plant apart from the front gates was covered in a barbed wire fence, which after testing electrified. Pulling a pair of wire cutters from her bag Tamara set about cutting a hole in the wire for which the two of them could fit through.

\* \* \* \* \*

Inside the plant, a security guard was relaxing watching an episode of “The Wonderful World of String”, a late night TV documentary. Although security was pretty tight around the plant, as long as the guard had been working there, they’d been no attempted break-ins, or robberies of any kind. The show had just gone on an ad break when the guard noticed movement on one of the security screens. Upon closer inspection, the screen showed a man and a woman on the way to the main entrance of the plant. The guard picked up the phone and dialed the number of his employer, Mr. Sutona.

Mr. Sutona, a middle aged man of oriental descent, thin black moustache and usual bad temper, was sitting in his air conditioned office going through most of the plants paper work, looking for any inaccuracies in the math and the amount of product to shipped to various parts of the planet. The phone rang and he picked the phone up without looking.

“What?”

“Um, Mr. Sutona, sir. This is Geoff Sockii here from security. It appears we have some intruders on the front lawn. Would you like me to investigate?”

“That is what we pay you for, Mr. Sockii.” Sutona picked up a near by remote and the TV in the far left corner of the room flicked into life. It displayed the same shot from the security camera that the guard saw from downstairs.

“On second thoughts Geoff, I’ll visit the guests myself in a minute. Make sure your men stay out of site and that they are allowed access into the building.”

“It’s only myself on this evening sir.”

“Well it should be easy for you to stay out of site then. Hide under your desk or something. Use your initiative.”

“Yes, Sir. Thank...”

Sutona had hung up. He looked at the screen a little while longer. These were the two intruders he was warned about. A Doctor and a Tamara Scott.

Sutona pushed a button on his armchair, a sliding door in the wall slide back to reveal three guards. All three were the same height, wearing the same clothes, which was the same as their hair colour, black.

“It appears our friends have arrived Gentlemen. We should greet our guests at the main processing plant in ten minutes. You,” Sutona said pointing to the middle guard. “Take care of the guard out the front of the building. We do not wish to be disturbed.” With that the middle guard turned, and quietly marched towards the guard at the front desk.

\* \* \* \* \*

“If recall from memory, the door was two paces left from the big button outside here. In my pockets here, we should have the required instruments to open the door and allow us access into the plant.”

The Doctor rumbled around in his pockets. Fishing out a yo-yo string, a half eaten sandwich, two coffee cup handles and handful of electronic bits and pieces.

Meanwhile Tamara was feeling along the wall, looking for the groove where the door was. As she ran her hands along the wall, the door slid open. She turned to call out to the Doctor. The Doctor appeared to have tied the two coffee cup handles together with the yo-yo string and was putting the components together using the ring as a basic circuit board.

“Well, I suppose that could work too.” He replied and the pair of them entered inside.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once inside the Doctor reached into his pockets and pulled out a small penlight torch. From the entrance they made there way to the main factory area they saw earlier.

“Doctor,” Tamara mused. “Wouldn’t you say it’s been to easy for us to get in?” The fence was not electrified, our presence hasn’t been detected and the front door was unlocked.”

“Yes, I’d agree with you, and this plant. Granted it’s a cosmetic factory so it shouldn’t be that messy, but the entire plant seems to have no wear and tear. It’s as if this part of the plant wasn’t used at all, and it’s just a front to keep the tourists happy.”

Tamara walked over to a vat of what the label said was ‘sent of calm’.

Removing the lid, she took a slight smell. Nothing. She breathed in deeply still nothing. The Doctor had pulled out a small device, which was flashing brightly and giving a display reading.

“It appears that sent of calm is nothing more than red colored liquid. Not a good idea for a cosmetics factory wouldn’t you say?”

“That and red isn’t a very calming colour.”

“It appears that you’ve caught onto our scheme Doctor.”

The Doctor and Tamara spun around to face Mr. Sutona and his two guards.

Tamara charged the guard on Sutona’s left, temporarily knocking him to the ground. She reached up and grabbed his eye sockets. To her surprise his face came off with a light plop. To reveal a blank, emotionless face.

“Autons.” The Doctor breathed. “I should have known.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Sutona cleared his throat. “Now that we’ve all played around, can we get on with some business?”

“And what business would that be?” The Doctor replied.

“That would be the business where we kill you for trespassing.”

“Ah. Doesn’t that seem a little harsh just for breaking into a plant?”

“I didn’t see any ‘Trespassers would be shot’ signs.” Tamara chipped in.

“I can’t believe that a cosmetics company would have such a highly aggressive policy against intruders. What could we do apart from swipe a few bottles of conditioner?”

“Is that all you think we do here?” Sutona sneered. “Haven’t you heard of deaths of all the people due to unusual circumstances of late? I think the latest was of the Presidents wife.”

“Your behind that?”

“And head control said you were intelligent.”

“Well, why don’t you explain what’s going on then?”

“Your friend here is correct in saying there is nothing in that vat but colored liquids. The liquids themselves are useless; it’s all in the packaging as one of the marketing boys said. You see the bottles themselves contain a range of plastic bacteria that is controlled by the Nestenes. The bacteria eat through the human skull and work their way into the brain of the victim. They then become vessels for the Nestenes. The Nestenes can then do what they wish. If that involves the destruction of this planet then so be it.”

Tamara looked stunned. “But this is your home planet, virtually a utopia, why would they...”

The Doctor sighed. Unfortunately the Nestenes aren’t like you or me Tamara, they only see things in one of two perspectives. Useful and non useful. Anything non useful, such as beauty is destroyed.”

Sutona cleared his throat. “As touching and insightful as this is, you now know of our plan. You two cannot be allowed to live. Guards...” Sutona gripped his head for a moment, then stood upright. “It appears that your life has been spared, Doctor, you are to be converted to work for the Nestenes.

However, your companion is of no importance, she will be terminated still.”

The guards dragged their captives off to their respective fates... Sutona following the Doctor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara was taken into a lime green room with restraints against the wall. The guard tied her to the wall. When he was finished, her legs and arms were tied secure to the wall. Her head was tilted aback and her jaw wired open. She could see from the ceiling some sort of tubing with a small thin end, which obviously some liquid came out of. The guard didn’t hang around to admire his handy work. As soon as he was finished, the guard turned and left.

“Off to join the other guard with the Doctor.” She mused. Tamara knew she didn’t have long to do something. Either something was going to come out of that pipe, and she didn’t want to think what it was, or the Doctor was going to be turned into a mindless zombie.

She began to wriggle, trying to loosen the bonds. Suddenly she heard something in the pipes. She began to wriggle frantically, knowing if she didn’t do something soon, she wouldn’t be able to get out of this, or save the Doctor.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor wasn't having a much better time either. He'd been strapped to a hard PVC table with some sort of leg and arm restraint, and had a metal helmet on his head with various wires running from it, looking something like the Doctor's hair was standing on end and his scalp was metallic.

Sutona had then instructed the guards to go back to their quarters and wait for further instructions.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So Mr. Sutona, I've dealt with the Nestene's before, what marvellous bit of grandeur have they offered you?" The Doctor was biding for time, this was not a situation he'd be able to survive if he turned the power on and began the conversion process."

Sutona turned and faced the Doctor.

"I've never liked this planet, Doctor. It's mock cheeriness. It's fake beauty. They say beauty is only skin deep. That's more than true for this planet. While this planet appears sugar coated, underneath, it's a horrible ugly beast that needs to become extinct. I'm going to help kill this planet in exchange for being taken to a new planet, somewhere like Traxia. There I can begin a new life, on a planet that does not have to lie to the outward population about its existence or point in living."

"So you wish to destroy a planet that is enjoyed by millions of people each year. A relaxation planet enjoyed by many to relieve stress. It's stress that drives people insane. Obviously the a fore mentioned stress has driven you insane. You need serious mental help, I hear there is a good psychiatric ward aboard PAX 00765..."

"Stop your prattling Doctor. It is beginning to give me a headache." He flicked the switch beginning the conversation process. The hum of machinery powering up filled the room. The Doctor could begin to feel the power from converter running down the wires and into his brain...

\* \* \* \* \*

Tamara was wriggling for her life. She could see a bright red substance running through the clear plastic pipes over her head. With her mouth open and unable to close it, she would either swallow this thing into her stomach or she would choke on it.

A few drops of the substance came out ahead of the substance; Tamara had no chance but to swallow it. It was like swallowing hot wax. Tamara gave a low scream. Then all of the substance came out. She couldn't swallow at all. It was forcing itself inside her. Working into her throat and into her organs. She could feel it crushing them. The liquid was cutting off her access for air. She was slowly choking.

Tamara wriggled frantically, running quickly out of air, when suddenly one of her straps came loose. As quickly as she could she removed the restraint from around her head so she could close her mouth to stop any more of the substance entering her.

Her head freed, she frantically tried removing the substance, which was beginning to harden. Just as she was on the verge of blacking out forever, she managed to remove enough for her to be able to breath. That breath was the sweetest bit of air Tamara had ever tasted. She coughed, spluttered and tried to force herself to vomit the rest of the substance up. However this was to no avail. Tamara rested against the wall, head bowed.

"So this is how it's going to end." She thought. "After all I've been through, after all I've seen both on Earth and on my travels with the Doctor. The Doctor. He's still trapped by Sutona, if I'm going to die, I don't want to see him die as well." She forced herself to stand up. "It's what the Doctor would do for me." Tamara stood up and when she wasn't wobbling too much set off to find the Doctor before he was converted.

She half ran, half stumbled around the plant, with it's clear pipes and vats. She passed the front desk where a TV was bearing out static. She turned to investigate. There was guard there,

with the same type of ‘drool’ that she had seen on the tour guide outside. Obviously the Autons had got to him as well. In his hand was a gun.

She stumbled over to guard to take the gun. Filling the gun with the bullets that were on the table. She continued on. Hearing the cries of the Doctor, she ran on. He couldn’t be any more than a hundred meters away she thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor was in serious agony. The helmet, had increasingly become hotter, to which the Doctor thought it was going to melt into his head. The wires were feeding all sorts of thoughts in. Thoughts of evil, death and destruction. He heard Sutona call out. Although he was no more than five meters away it sounded like five hundred.

“As exciting as this is Doctor, I’ve got no desire to see a man be turned into a plastic robot. I bid you farewell.”

“Not so fast.”

The Doctor looked up for a moment, through his blurred vision. He couldn’t be sure, but he thought he saw a girl, with holes in both her hair and clothes. She was pointing a gun in the direction of Sutona.

“Now, I’m guessing one of those fancy switches your next to is the device that controls the device which is causing a terrible effect on my friend here.” She coughed “Now, While I’m not a fan of guns, nor destroying technology...” She aimed and fired two shots into the control panel for the converter. The pain in the Doctors head ceased and the helmet became cooler.

He almost lost consciousness, but fortunately he did not and tried to work loose the straps holding him down.

“Now that, I’ve taken care of that little problem. I believe seeing, you tried to kill me, and I’m going to die, tooth for a tooth sounds like a good idea...”

With that she aimed between the eyes of Sutona and fired. Practically point blank range. The bullet entered Sutona’s head, and he staggered backwards.

The bullet popped out his head the other side with a sickening, wet sound. Stunned that Sutona was still standing she took her eyes off the bullet on the ground and looked up at Sutona again. The bullet hole had disappeared. Sutona was grinning inanely.

“Wish to take another shot?”

Tamara emptied the entire contents into Sutona, although he did stagger back he did not fall, and by the forth bullet he began to laugh.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Doctor meanwhile was still struggling against his restraints, to no avail. He looked up in the direction and saw Tamara fire the gun at Sutona.

“Tamara!” He cried out. “That won’t work. He’s an Auton as well, albeit the stupidity. It appears that he was the first one of this conversion process. You’ve got to find the heating of this building and turn it up as far as it will go. That should melt the both the Auton guards and Sutona.”

Tamara dropped the gun, turned and ran towards the processing part of the plant, which housed both the plant operations and the building controls.

Running up the steps, she felt the substance inside her, grip and harden. She became short of breath for a minute, and fell down, pushing the door open. Reaching up she managed to grab a chair and pull herself up. Looking at the rows of buttons and keys they were all in some language she didn’t realize. Not knowing which ones controlled which, Tamara pushed, pulled and bashed every single button, lever and key she could see.

The plants machinery started up. The temperature began to rise. Tamara heard a ringing sound and thought it was her head. However it was the plants warning system that the plant was overloading. Leaving the control room she staggered down the stairs. Down the bottom of the stairs was an Auton guard. Thinking that the guard was going to come after her, she began to back track.

However it fell down and began to melt. Letting out a sigh of relief she worked her way down the stairs and managed to jump over the decaying corpse of the Auton.

Back in the conversion chamber, things were not looking good for Sutona. His false toupee had begun to melt and the bottom of his shoes was sticking to the floor. Tamara ran back in the room and helped the Doctor loosen his restraints so the pair of them could get out of there. Sutona walked over to the gun in the corner of the room where Tamara had dropped it. Picking it up he turned and faced them.

“Stop where you are, or I’ll shoot you.” His voice became all slurred as if he had just eaten a large spoonful of Golden Syrup. Tamara turned for a brief second and looked at Sutona, his toupee melting and his shoes beginning to dissolve. She laughed remembering that she had emptied the gun at him, and continued to help the Doctor.

“Ah, yes forgot about that...” He mumbled. He dropped his hand with the gun in it to reveal an Auton gun. “Didn’t forget about this though.”

The Doctor stood up and turned in Sutona’s direction. He could see that Sutona was about to fire at them.

“Tamara, get down!” He yelled. Grabbing her, the pair fell to the ground as the electrical charge flew overhead. The charge ran into a group of pipes and a foul smelling gas came out.

Tamara heard Sutona’s gun powering up again. She knew unless something was done quickly they were going to be trapped in here, and they were going to die from either being shot by Sutona or die from the lack of oxygen.

Spying a bullet near by, she grabbed the pipe and the bullet. Creating a spark from the remnants of gunpowder she managed to create a crude flamethrower, she turned and aimed it at Sutona. He screamed as he began to dissolve.

The Doctor stood up and looked over in both disgust and pity.

When the screaming finally ceased, Tamara carefully laid the pipe down so nothing would else would catch fire.

“Shall we leave?” The Doctor asked.

“Sounds like the best plan you’ve had all day.” She replied.

An explosion sounded in the far distance. “And quickly would be a good idea.” The pair of them ran for their lives.

\* \* \* \* \*

They were just about back at the car, when an almighty explosion lit up the night sky. They turned to look.

“Did you bring the marshmallows?” The Doctor asked.

“No I forgot, I thought that you had them.” Tamara replied with a tired smile.

They entered the car, set it on autopilot, back to the TARDIS.

\* \* \* \* \*

Outside the TARDIS, she parked the car and put a sorry note underneath the windscreen. The Doctor fished out his key and they entered. About five steps in, Tamara collapsed. The Doctor rushed over and asked what was the matter. She told him about what had happened to her in the termination chamber.

Picking her up, he took her to what vaguely resembled a medical doctor’s surgery. Placing her in front of an x-ray machine, which he turned on. He saw the remains of the pipe. Which appeared to be breaking down. “I’ve got some good news and some bad news, which would you like to hear first?”

“I need a change, tell me the good news.”

“The good news is that substance, which appears pipe like, is beginning to break down and should dissolve into your blood stream and your white blood cells will destroy it.”

“And the bad news?”

“Till it breaks down completely, you’re not going to feel the best. I think you’ll have a couple of days rest before you can go anywhere.”

“But...”

“But nothing, you’re going to have a good sleep. Doctor’s orders.”

He picked her up and carried her into her room. Her eyes half closed before she touched the pillow. The Doctor loosened her boots and put them on the floor beside her. After that he turned and left.

“Doctor?” Tamara called out, just as he had turned out the light and was about to close the door.

“Hmmm?”

“Thank you.”

The Doctor smiled. “That’s okay, Tamara. Sleep well.” With that he turned and left for the console room. He needed some rest himself. That had been a harrowing trip for both of them. After a rest, he’d be able to check out the TARDIS had brought them to Augato in the first place. Until then, a rest and let the TARDIS take them through the Space and Time Vortex towards their next destination...