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## PART ONE:

The light was leaving the Doctor's eyes. He struggled to breathe as he punched in the codes that would put the TARDIS into flight. As the time rotor began to rise and fall the muscle tension that kept the Doctor upright gave out. He collapsed to the floor. Angie scrambled to his side. She cradled his head in her lap.

"Doctor! Oh God! Doctor." She said, her voice trembling. The Doctor's eyes moved around the control room ceiling. His eyes finally met hers and he acknowledged her.

"Yes Angie?" He tried to force a smile but the pain made the attempt futile. Angie began sobbing. The Doctor had taken the full force of the blast on himself to save her. Now, the only person in the universe she felt connected to... was dying.

"You can't die Doctor."

"Don't... don't cry Angie." His hand moved to her cheek and then fell lifeless as the Doctor's eighth incarnation breathed its last.

The Doctor was dead.

Angie was alone in the TARDIS. The only sounds were the incessant hum of the TARDIS engines and the soft whimper of the young girl wondering what she was going to do.

Then there was another sound that made Angie jump. She could swear the Doctor moved. The sound was like soft whale song. She looked down at the Doctor's body. There was a spark and Angie leapt back from the body. A gentle glow enveloped him. She could feel the radiant heat on her skin. She stared in awe as the Doctor's features began to melt.

His noble aquiline features began to distort. The handsome time tripping madman she had once known was gone forever. In his place was a slightly older man. The once flowing brown hair had thinned and rode higher on his head. The tall athletic body that had outrun Daleks and Cybermen had changed to a much more average height with a little pudge around the middle. The eyes of the new Doctor snapped open and the stranger sat up.



"I don't mind telling you... I was a little scared there." He looked sidelong at Angie, "Oh I was scared." The British accent had been replaced by a midwestern American accent.

It was all too much for Angie. She slipped to the floor unconscious.

The Doctor looked at her and impersonated Paul Lind, "Was it something I said?"

## PART TWO

The windowless tower seemed incongruous as it rose in the center of the tropical island. Except for the roar of the wind, the hollering of the sea birds, the crashing of the waves and the dull hum of the tower, the island was silent. Two half naked native girls ran out of the jungle onto the beach. They carried with them a canoe and a burlap sack stuffed with hunting gear. Looking around cautiously they began to get the canoe ready for sailing. Traci, the buxom blonde, began assembling the harpoon gun. She looked around nervously.

“We have to hurry. They might see us.”

“We can’t live in fear anymore. Once the Burax is dead our people can leave this wretched island.” Brie, the redhead said as she loaded the rocket launcher.

Quickly they pushed the canoe into the water. The salt air blew their long hair and whipped against their naked breasts. Traci pulled out a sonar detector.

“I don’t see anything.” She said, shaking the electronic device.

Brie stared at the horizon. “It’s there.”

Suddenly the sonar blared a warning. Something huge was rocketing to the surface toward them. The girls cocked their respective weapons and waited. Unseen to them the water beneath the boat grew very dark.

They were trained and ready to fight the giant beast that kept their people as prisoners on the island. Slaves of the masters and their evil tower. Every week more and more were taken to the tower never to return. The Burax was the only thing that kept them from escaping. But Traci and Brie decided that today their people would be free.

Vague thoughts of freedom wafted around in their heads like some phantom that can’t be captured. In fear they began kissing. Their near naked bodies caressing each other. Then the sound came.

As the giant Burax tore through the two amorous half naked beauties, the hopes of their people drifted away in soupy clumps on the surface of the water.

In the tower, a cold eye watched the feeding.



## PART THREE:

Angie awoke in her room. She had no idea how long she'd been out. All she could remember was knowing the Doctor was dead. After that, everything was fuzzy. She found that tears were again in her eyes. She jumped as there was a knock at her door.

"Hello? Who is it."

"The Doctor." Came the voice.

Her heart leapt. He wasn't dead. She flung open the door and standing on the other side was a stranger. He wore a purple Northwestern shirt and carried a styrofoam cup of coffee with him. She shrieked.

"What?" The stranger said.

"What have you done with the Doctor?"

"I am the Doctor."

Then the memories came flooding back. The way she had watched the Doctor change. How he became somebody else.

"What happened?" She asked him.

"Regeneration. When a Time Lord's body dies it gets renewed. Kind of like when John Wetton left King Crimson and Robert Fripp had to get a replacement. Actually that seemed to happen to a lot of bands in the 70's."

"So you're going to look like this forever?"

"Actually I've written an explanation of Regeneration for you." The Doctor said handing her some papers.

"It's over 40 pages long." Angie said taking the paper.

"It probably sucks anyway."

Angie rose to inspect the new Doctor. "So is this your new look?"

"Actually I was going to ask you for help with that. I've got an idea." The Doctor stepped to the door. He reached out and pulled in a black and aqua bag filled with plastic props. Some plastic swords could be plainly seen. He began rummaging. Before Angie could do anything the Doctor stood before her, his arms outstretched wanting approval. He wore an American flag bow-tie and a pair of glasses that made his eyes look huge. She shook her head. He rummaged some more. Soon he had replaced the American Flag tie with a black one and donned a paper hat that read "Burgie Belter."

"Do expect to be taken seriously in that?" She asked.

That outfit was soon replaced by a tie-dye shirt and a ratty bleach blonde wig. Angie rolled her eyes and walked out into the corridor.

When she got to the control room there was a huge jolt that threw her to the floor.

“Doctor!”

The Doctor, now dressed in a puffy shirt and a Three Muskateers hat, complete with feather, bounded into the room. He dashed to the controls and began scanning the readings.

“Oh shit!” His hands flashed across the controls. “Here this is the sound I make when I have to do something quickly. “ He then proceeded to make the sound of an Asian squat lifting five hundred pounds. The TARDIS shook and the time-rotor stopped moving.

“Cool. We’ve landed.”



There was a jolt as the thing.

TARDIS hit some-

“Man! I’m just used to a smaller TARDIS.” The Doctor activated the lever that opens the doors. He began to leave. He stopped next Angie. “Now, understand, we are on another planet and their customs maybe very different from ours. You maybe required to do something to help us blend in.”

“Like what?”

“Blow me. It maybe proper in this culture for you to blow me or a tribal chief as a form of greeting. Maybe we should practice?”

“Get lost Doctor.” Angie barged past him out onto the alien landscape. As she stepped onto the beach she could hear the Doctor continuing his skit. She stared out at a clear blue wind swept ocean. “Doctor it’s beautiful.”

The Doctor stepped out of the TARDIS onto the sand. He shut the door to the ship quickly, talking back into it, “No Princess! Stay. Damn cat never listens to me.” The Doctor dropped his ever present bag of props and looked out at the sea. “Cool man.”

Angie chuckled. No matter how fucked up she thought the Doctor looked, the pirate outfit seemed to fit on this beach.

“Wow. I keep expecting to see Jimmy Buffet.” He looked at Angie. “ He hangs out in places like this you know.”

“Do you know where we are?” Angie asked, blocking the sun with her hand.

“No idea. I’m sorry. There’s something wrong with the destination read out.” He said adjusting his sweat pants.

“Didn’t you get that fixed?”

“No... I keep calling but the guy there won’t return my calls.” The Doctor looked around. “He’s probably a jag.” His eyes fell on the giant windowless tower that jettied up out of the forest. “I think if we’re going to find out where we are, we’ll have to start there. Come on.” And the Doctor headed for the jungle. “Mind the black mambo snakes.” He called back to Angie.

The floor of the jungle was damp from an earlier rain. Angie tried listening to the cry of the strange birds but the Doctor continued talking.

“Don’t worry, I used to do this all the time. Really. I don’t think there’s any terrain in the universe I haven’t walked through. Mud. Snow. You know what the worst was?” Angie gave no reply. “Horse shit.” The Doctor affected the accent of an old New York Jew. “ When your people have trudged through horse shit for 10 thousand years...”

Angie’s attention turned to a snap to her left. She stopped dead in her tracks. The Doctor began explaining what a craphatet was when she yelled. “Doctor! Ssshh.” They both stopped dead in their tracks. There was the snapping of twigs all around them.

They suddenly found themselves surrounded by buxom half naked women. The women were pointing crossbows at them, their breasts jiggling as they stepped closer.

Angie raised her hands. “I don’t think we should resist, Doctor.”

“Who’s resisting?” The Doctor said pie-eyed. “ I’ve been waiting for this moment all of my lives.”

“Silence!” Yelled the brunette leader. “We are the Blomen tribe. You are treading on our hunting grounds. Who are you?”

The Doctor smiles “ Yes.”

“What?”

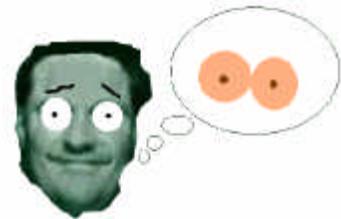
“No. Who.”

“Who me?”

“No. Me Who.”

“That’s what I asked.”

“Ask again.”



“Who are you?”

“Exactly.”

“You’re exactly?”

“No, I am Who.”

“I don’t know. I just asked you.”

“I just told you.”

“Told me what?”

“Who I am.”

“Who are you?”

“I am Who.”

“Never mind! We’re going to kill you!”

“Kill Who?”

“Shut up!” The brunette signaled for the others to fire.

“Wait!” Angie shrieked. “We’ve only just arrived. We didn’t know this was your hunting ground. We’ll leave.”

“Where did you come from?” The brunette asked, lowering her crossbow slightly.

Angie lowered her hands. “From the beach.”

The girls giggled and jiggled. A redhead blurted, “That’s impossible. How did you get past the Burax?”

The Doctor’s interest was further peaked. “What’s The Burax?”

A blonde answered. “The giant sea monster that keeps us on the island.”

“Why?”

“For the Masters.”

Angie looked around. “Who are the Masters?”

The brunette lowered her crossbow completely. “The ones who take our friends to the tower to eat them.”

The Doctor raised his eyebrows. “This just keeps getting better.” He shut up when Angie smacked him on the arm.

“Doctor. These poor girls are being held on this island against their will.”

The Doctor looked around at them. “Who isn’t a captive in some way. Know what I mean?”

He chuckled and then stopped. His face fell. “ Okay. I’ll go to the tower and free you.”

Moments later, the Doctor and Angie found themselves standing outside the giant tower. The Doctor looked up at the immense structure.

“Golly. I wonder what was on this guy’s mind? Hyuck hyuck.” The Doctor said in a hick accent.

Angie ignored him and knocked on the door.

The metal door slid up and two Daleks rolled into view.

The Doctor looked at Angie. “Great.” He said dejectedly.

“Do not move or you will be exterminated.” One of the Daleks said.

Suddenly the two Daleks were joined by something else. It appeared to be a Dalek but it was fitted with 6 metallic legs.



“What the fuck is that?!” The Doctor yelled in a high pitched voice. He then turned to Angie. “ Did I sound like a high fag when I said that?”

“Yes you did.”

“Just checking.”

With that the two bolted back into the jungle with the Spider Dalek in pursuit demanding they stop.



Out on the beach the water grew dark. Clouds began to fill the sky as the Burax lumbered toward the TARDIS. The waves grew more and more violent as the storm clouds stirred the power of the sea.

As the Doctor and Angie ran through the darkening forest they were joined by the Blomen tribe.

“Did you destroy them?” They all squeaked as their breasts bounced in time with their footsteps.

The Doctor screamed without stopping, “NO!”

Behind them the Spider Dalek gained more ground. “Exterminate! Exterminate!”

As the terrified Doctor, Angie and 3 dozen half naked women hit the beach the ominous form of the Burax blocked their path.

“Doctor. You have to do something! We’re going to die!”

“Okay. Okay. I’ll do something. But I want you to know that I’m doing this under protest.” He reached into his bag and pulled out an electronic looking device.

Angie looked back to see the Spider Dalek clear the trees. The Doctor activated the device.

There was a flash and the Burax toppled over dead and the Spider Dalek exploded.

Angie stared at the Doctor. “What is that?”

“It’s the BunaB device. It... does stuff. If you think that’s impressive you should see the pee coat.”

The Doctor lead Angie to the TARDIS. Angie walked inside. The Doctor looked back at the Blomen.

“Well bye.” He gestured toward Angie. “Think I gotta chance? Chicks dig time travellers. Oh they dig ‘em.” Then he disappeared into the TARDIS. The Blomen stood and watched as the TARDIS wheezed and groaned and vanished from sight.

Then a giant tidal wave slammed into the island killing everyone.

## EPILOUGE

The TARDIS spun through the time vortex.

Angie was growing to like the new Doctor. He was kind of goofy but in a charming spaz way. His hearts were in the right place. No matter what, he was the Doctor and there was no one like him in the universe.

‘Thank God’ she thought. ‘I’m not sure the universe could handle two.’ She decided that while she had every intention of giving him a hard time about things, she wouldn’t trade him for anything in the whole of creation.

The Doctor had spent several hours deep in the TARDIS and had only recently emerged. He had lost the dorky pirate outfit and was dressed in a much more tasteful black turtle neck.

“So where to next?” Angie asked.

The Doctor fiddled with some knobs and shrugged. He pulled a cassette out of his pocket.

“What’s this?” Angie asked.

“Oh I made a tape for you. I figure I can do that for every planet we visit. A little audio momento from the places we go.” The Doctor said. “Plus... you know I thought maybe that would help me get into your pants. Damn! I said that out loud again. I guess it’s all the government drug testing I did.”

“Doctor.” Angie stopped him before he launched into another 20 minute routine.

He looked up. “Yeah?”

Angie smiled. “Thanks.”

## THE END

