

*NOT ONLY A FEELING!!!*



*THE DUMMY'S HAND HIDES  
A WEAPON.*

*A NEAR HIT FOR RANSOME.*



*HE SUCCEEDS TO ESCAPE OUT.*





*THE CREATURE IS STILL AFTER HIM.*

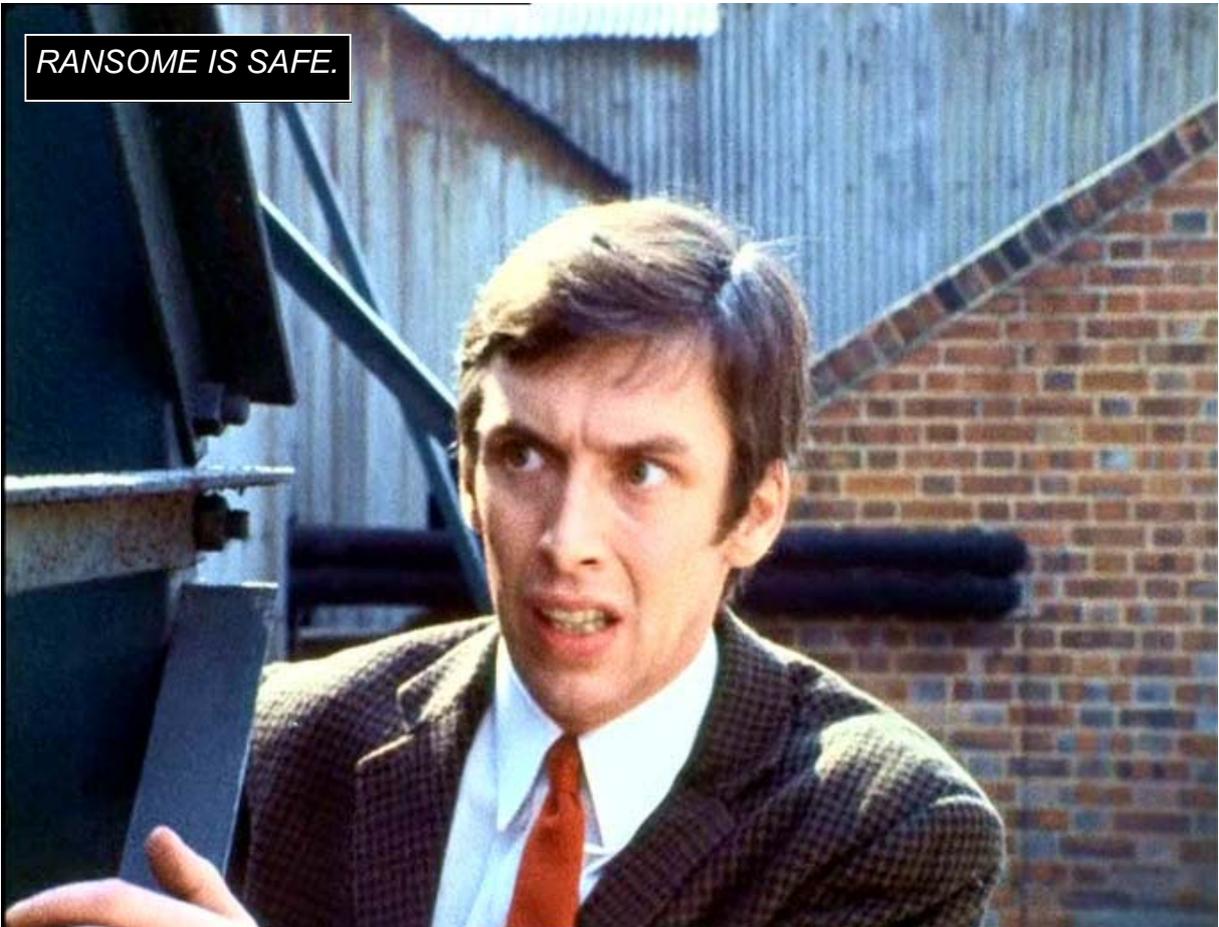


*BUT IT'S FORCED TO STOP BY SOME PEOPLE'S ARRIVAL.*

*JUST A LOOK FROM THE MYSTERIOUS MAN  
AND THE CREATURE RETREATS.*



*RANSOME IS SAFE.*





**RANSOME GETS OUT.**



**AT THE LABORATORY...**



How do you know it was Ransome?

We detected him and recorded his brain print...

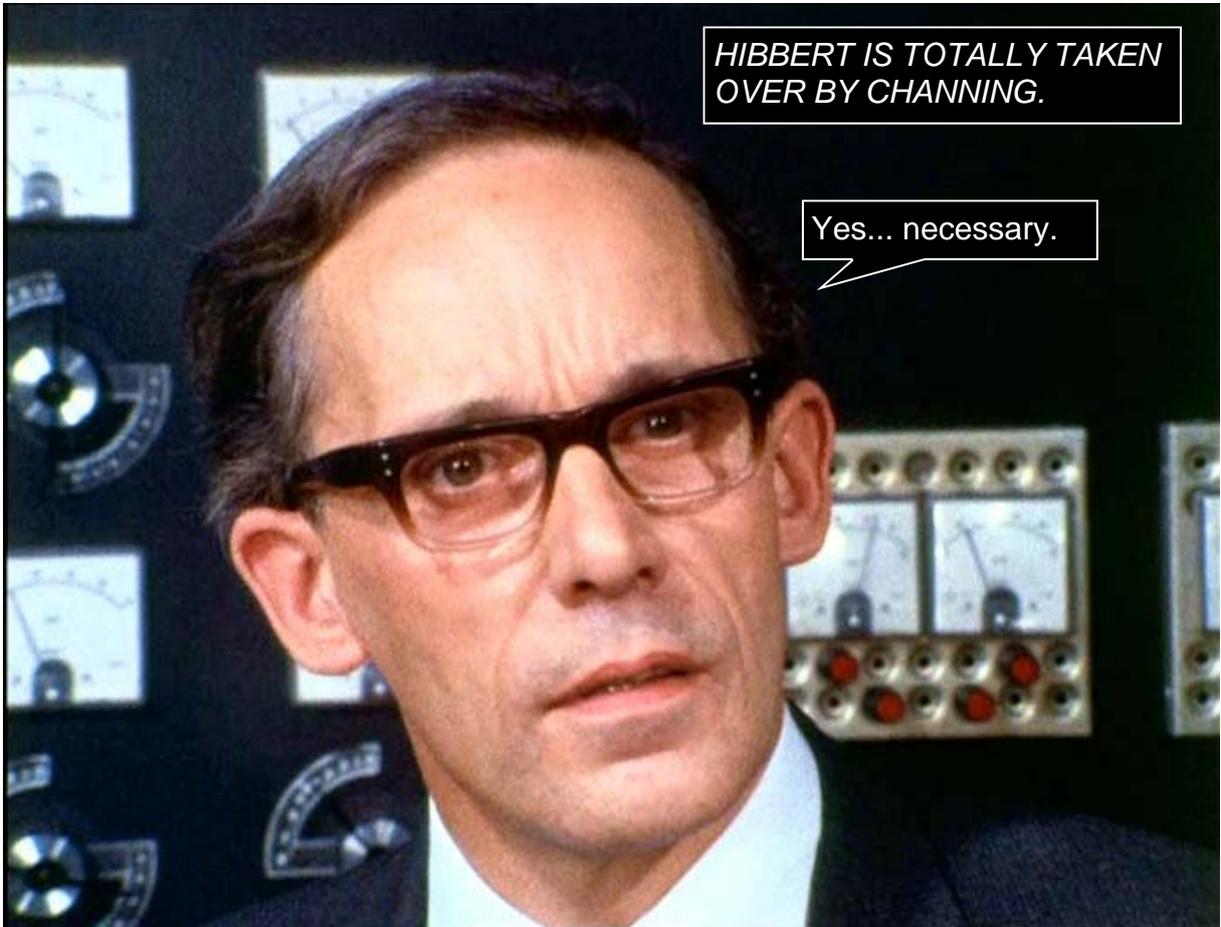


...and now  
he's here.



But they will  
kill him!

I'll send an  
Auton.





*NOT VERY DISTANT, THE UNIT  
GUARD HEARS SOMEBODY  
COMING HIS WAY.*

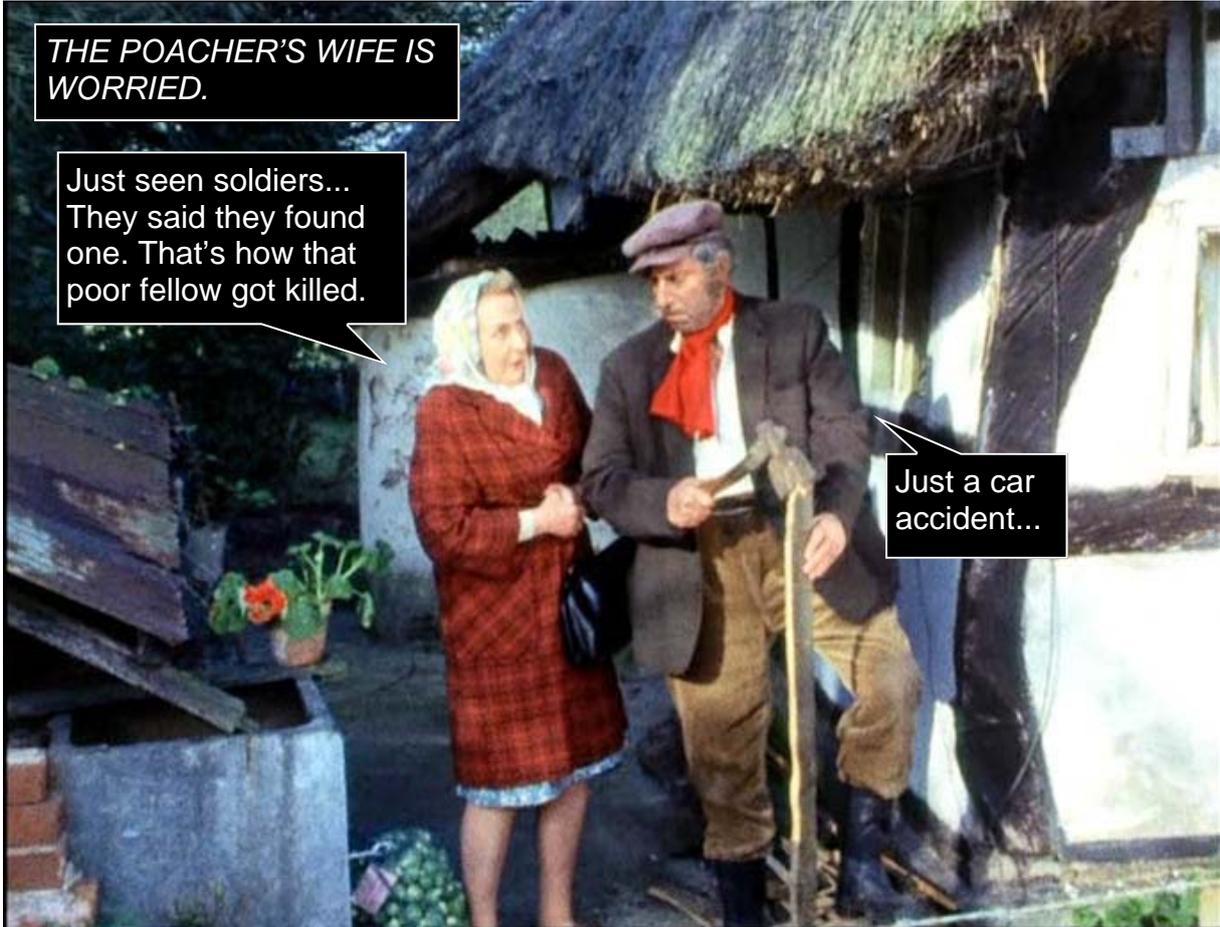


*IT'S RANSOME, IN A TOTAL  
STATE OF CHOC.*

**THE POACHER'S WIFE IS WORRIED.**

Just seen soldiers...  
They said they found  
one. That's how that  
poor fellow got killed.

Just a car  
accident...



The constable said the  
boy's face was terrible.  
Something must have  
frightened him...

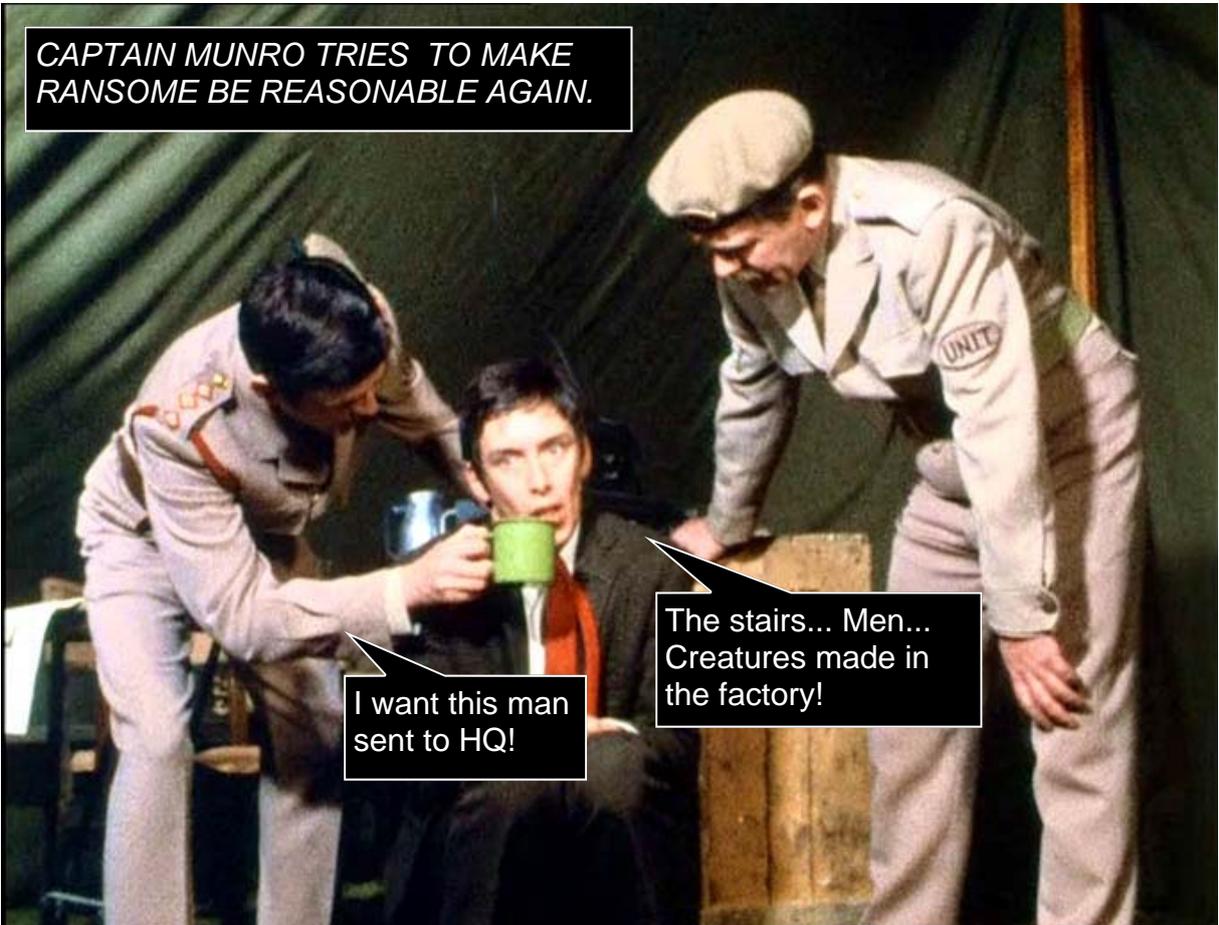
You're very  
fanciful, Meg...



THE POACHER BEGINS TO WONDER IF THE OBJECT HE FOUND COULD REALLY BE WORTHY.

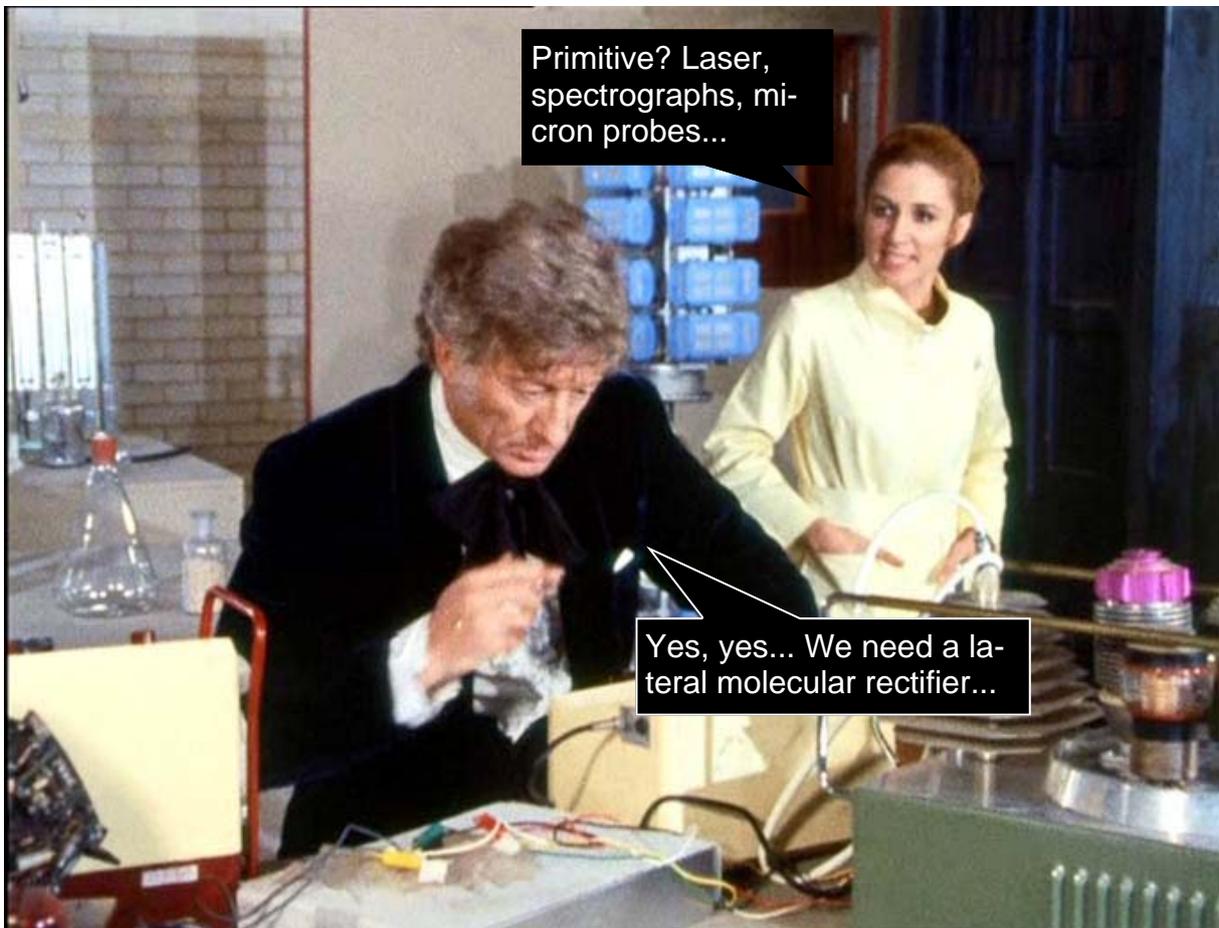
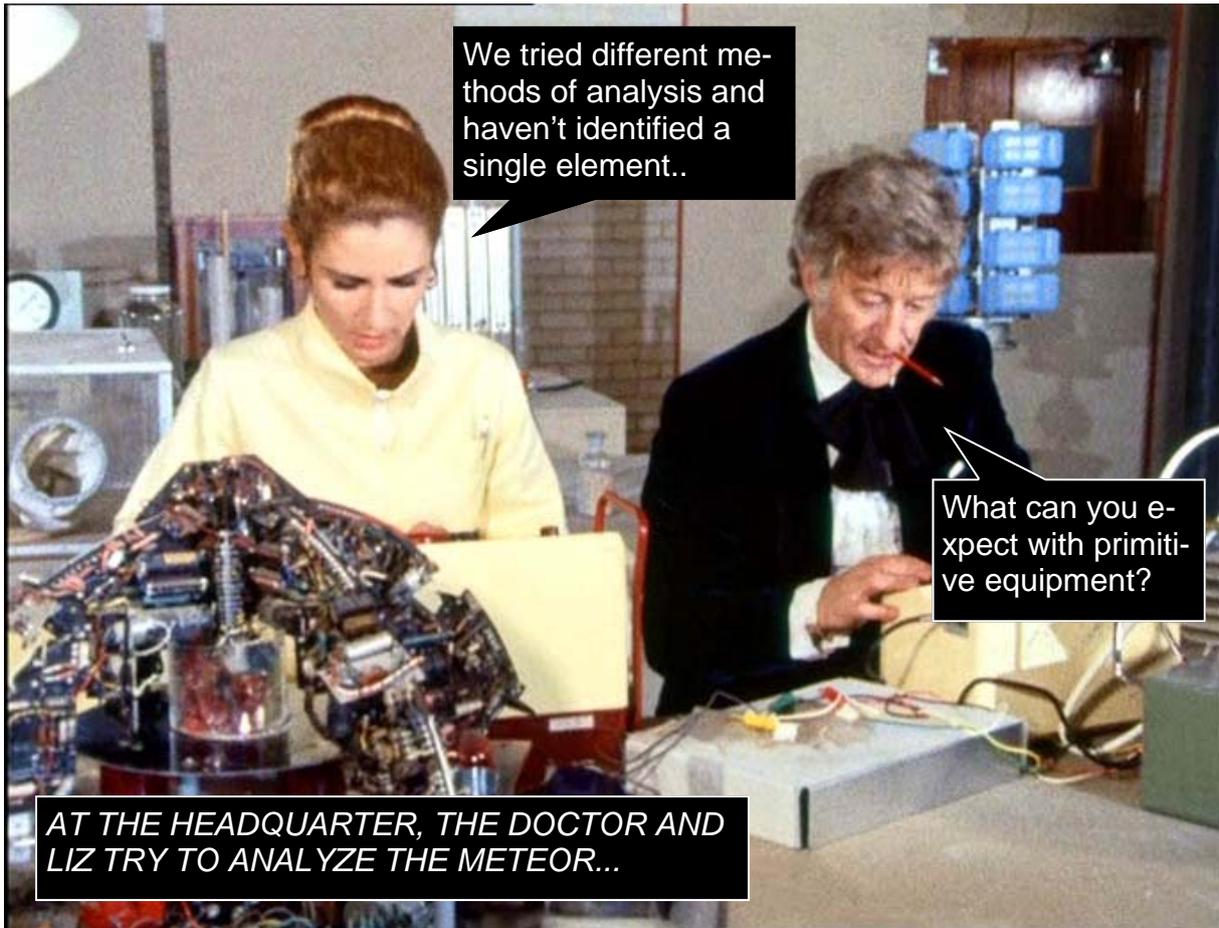


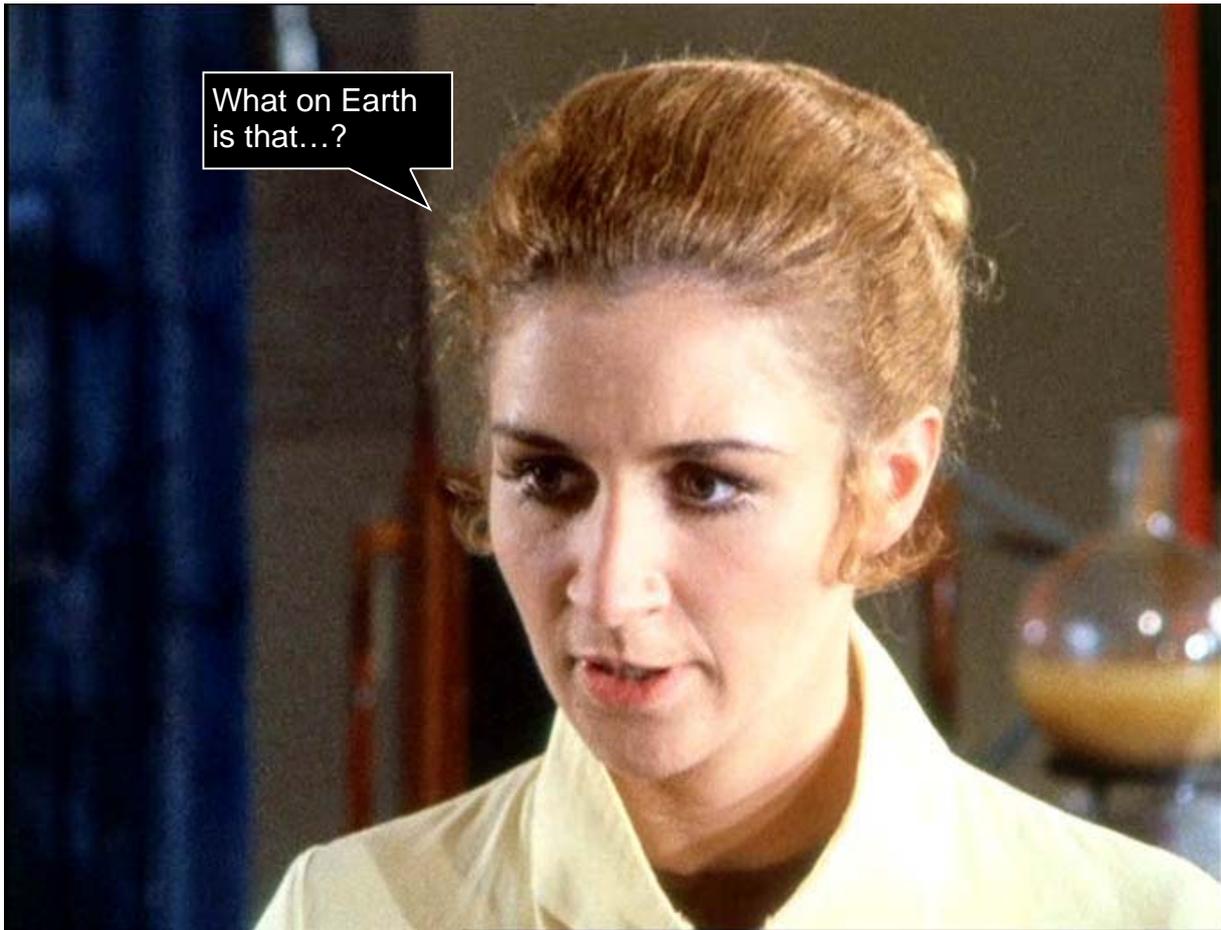
CAPTAIN MUNRO TRIES TO MAKE RANSOME BE REASONABLE AGAIN.

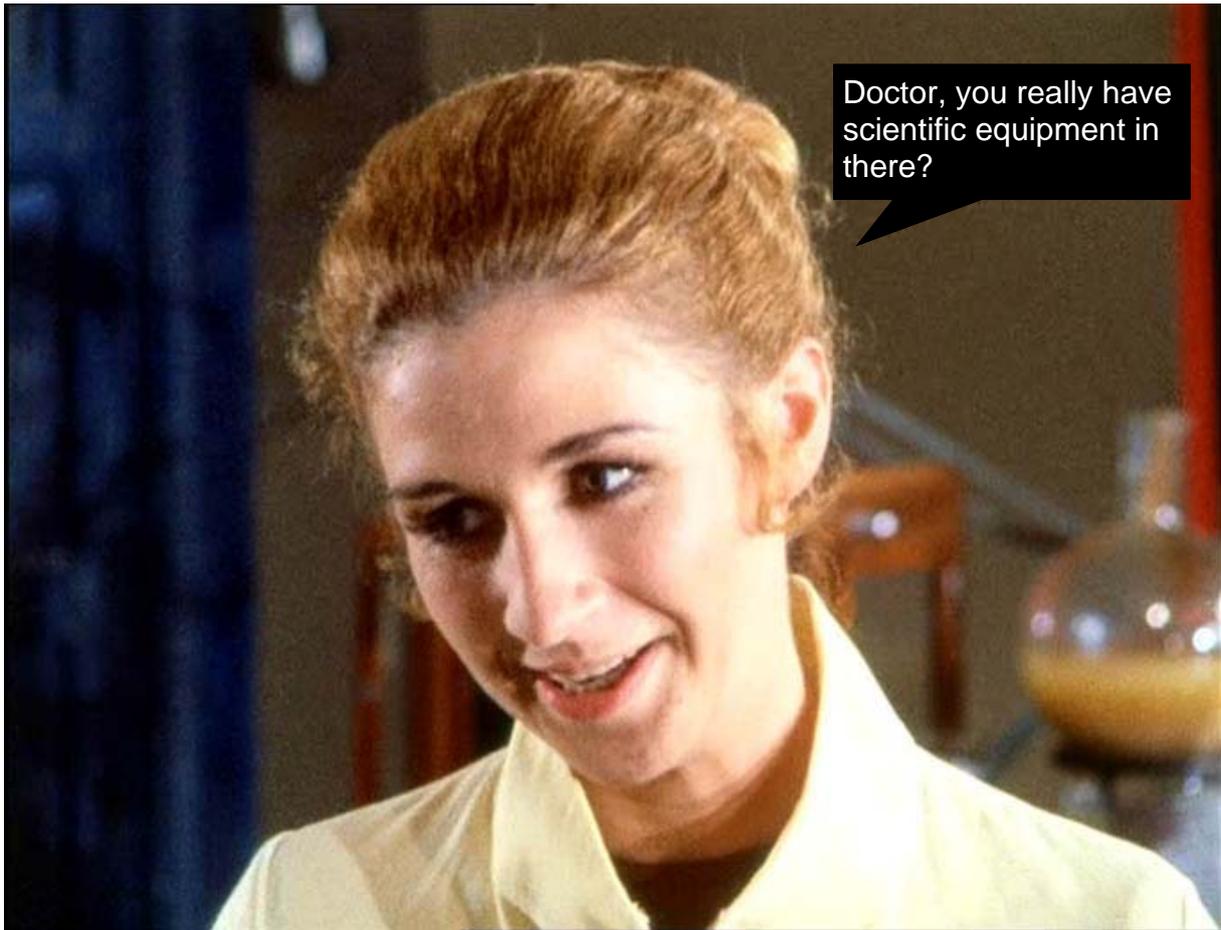


I want this man sent to HQ!

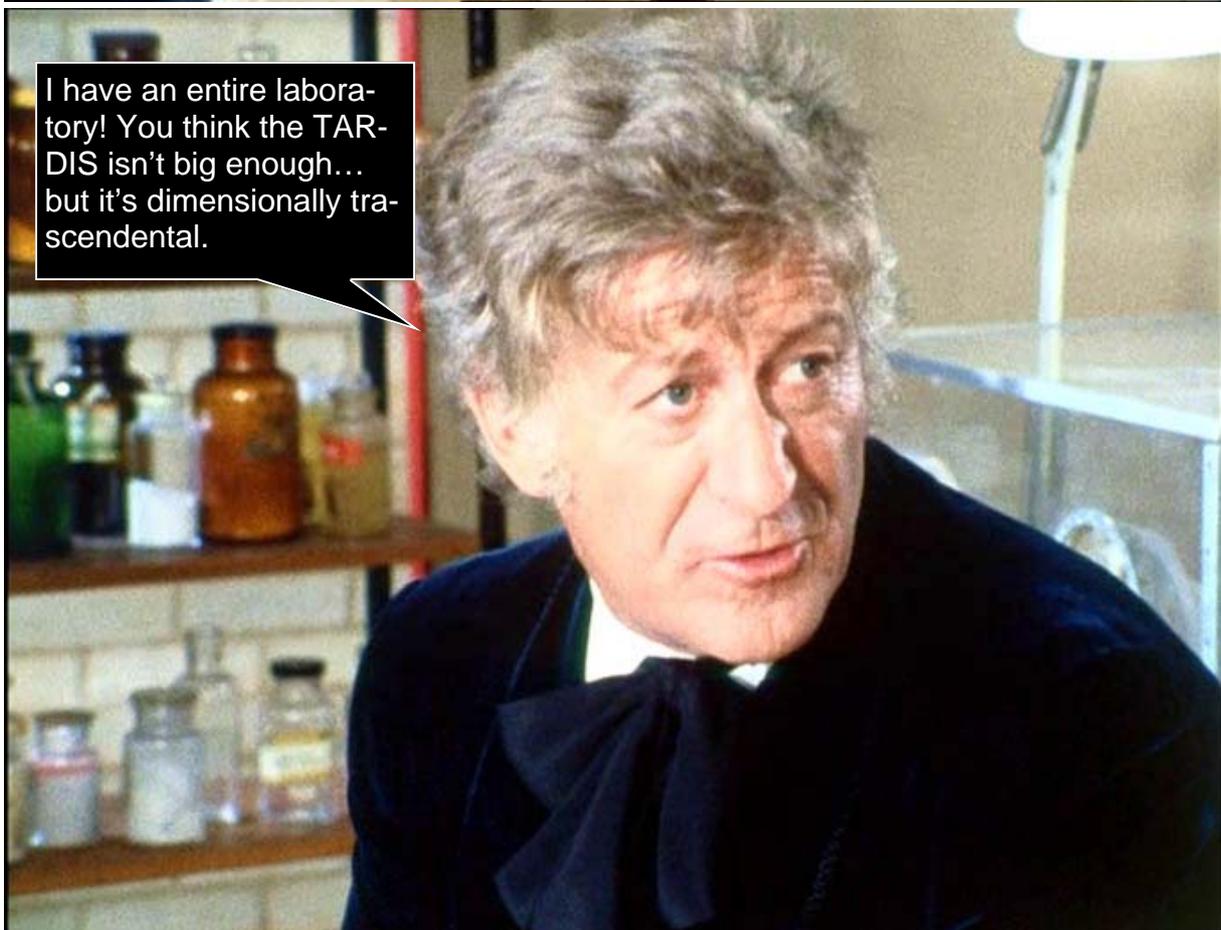
The stairs... Men... Creatures made in the factory!







Doctor, you really have scientific equipment in there?



I have an entire laboratory! You think the TAR-DIS isn't big enough... but it's dimensionally transcendental.



You could do the analysis with your equipment?

Child's play! But the Brigadier took the key...



Well, I suppose it is your property...

Yes... you might be able to persuade him...

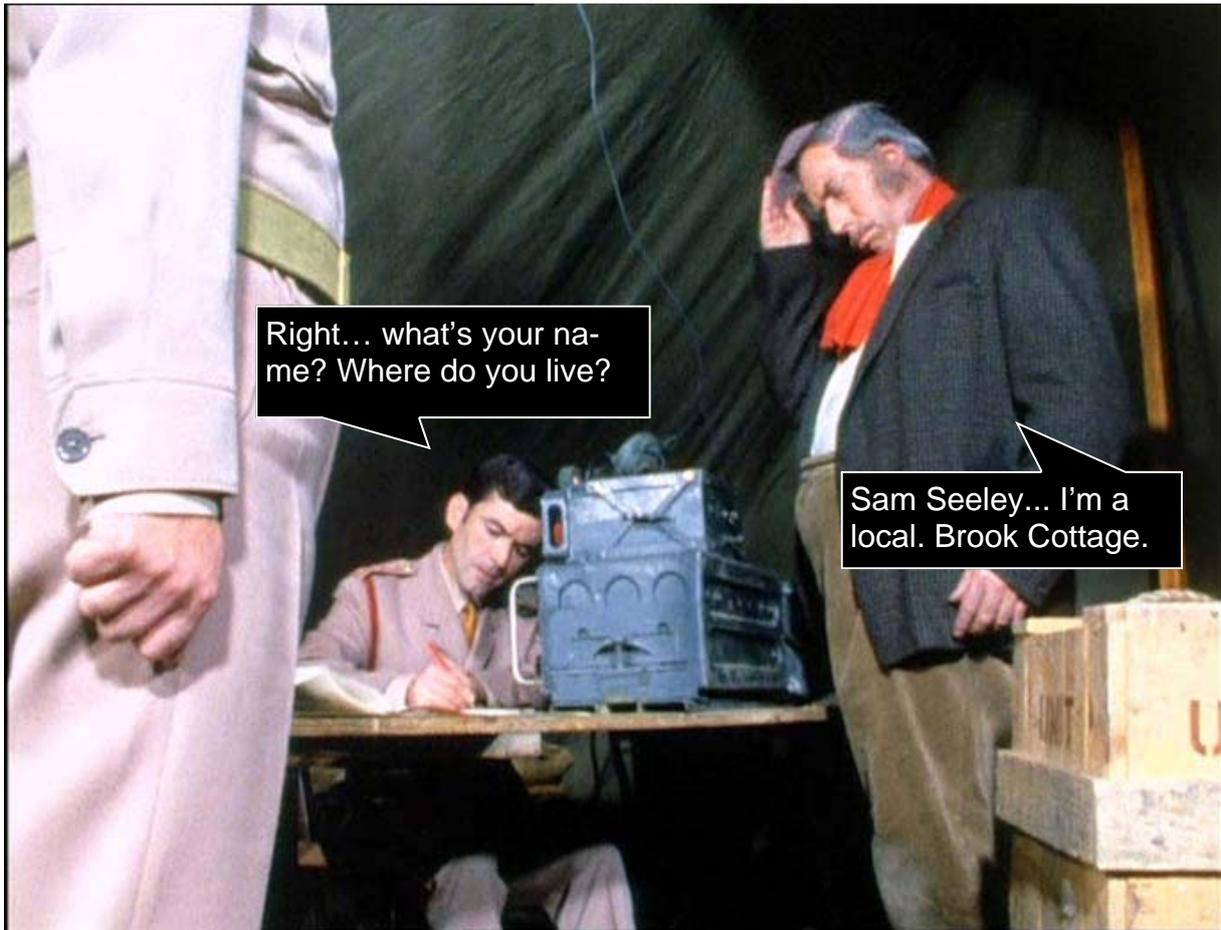


We've drawn a tight cordon around the area...  
Whoever has taken the meteorite, he won't go far!

*CAPTAIN MUNRO IS MAKING HIS REPORT.*

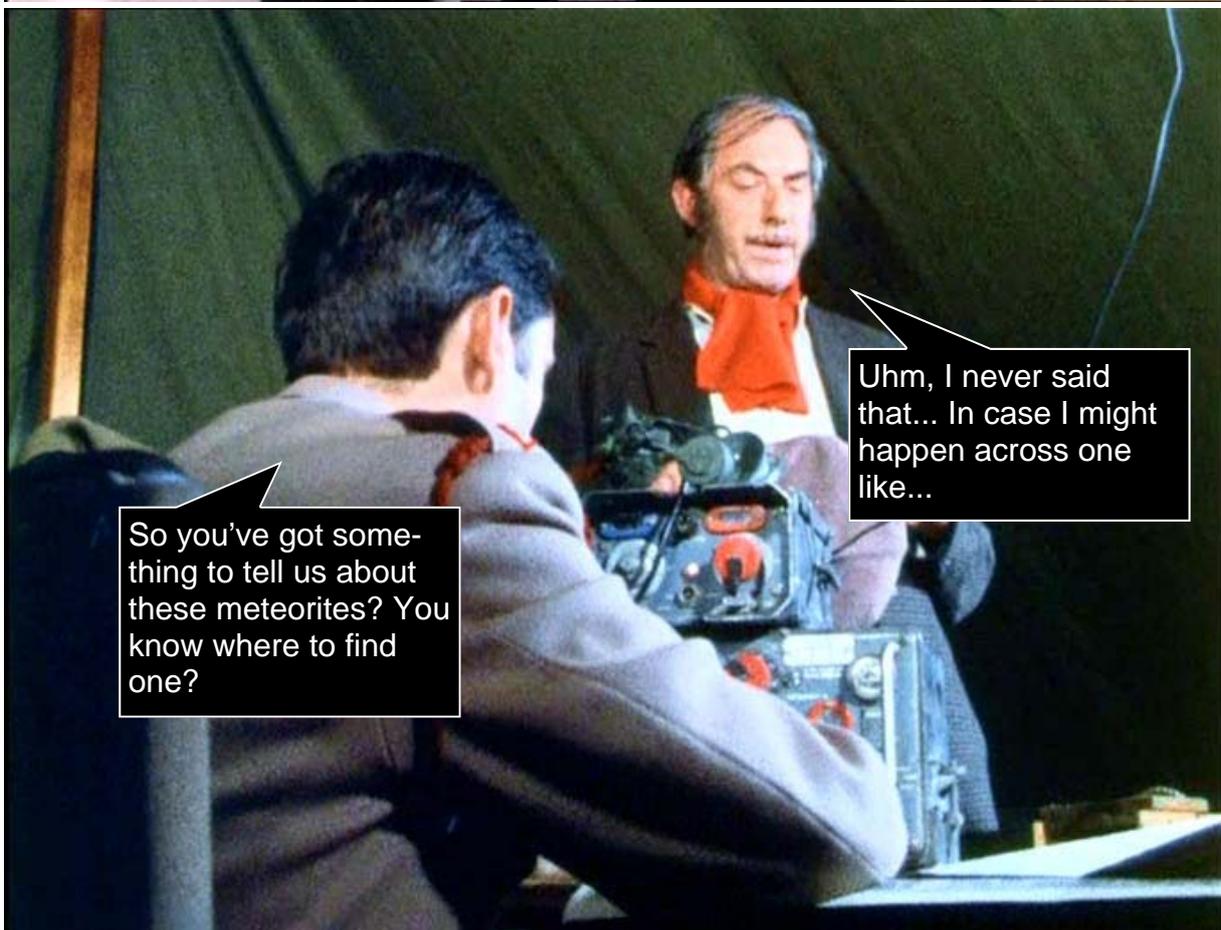


Sir, this man wants to know the reward for finding a thunderball...



Right... what's your name? Where do you live?

Sam Seeley... I'm a local. Brook Cottage.



So you've got something to tell us about these meteorites? You know where to find one?

Uhm, I never said that... In case I might happen across one like...



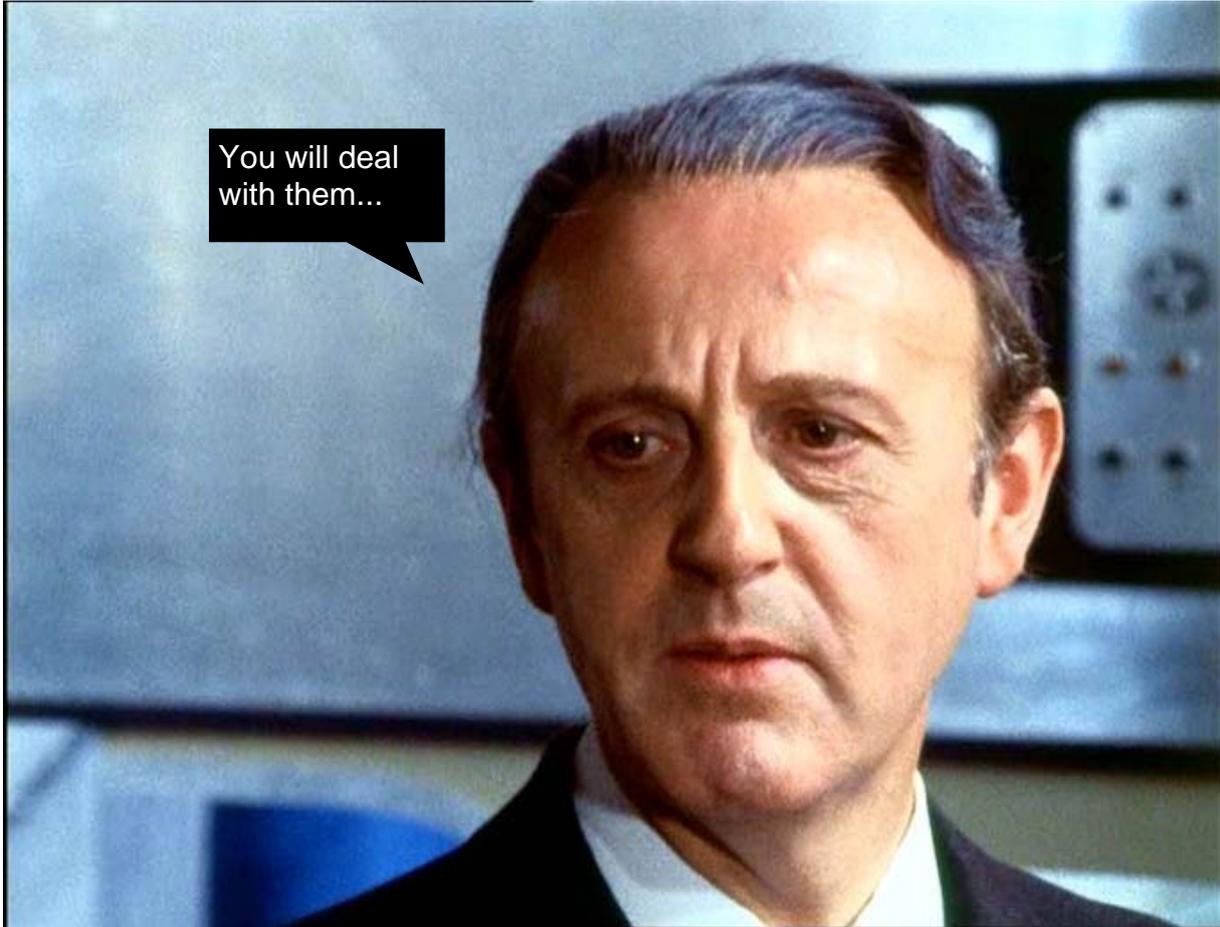
Did you see any of them land? Mr Seeley, I want the truth!



The Autons have lost Ransome...

Suppose he goes to UNIT? They might come here!

AT THE DOLLS' FACTORY...



You will deal with them...



Soon will be the final phase of the plan...

There's still one energy unit missing... And what about Ransome?



If he returns, the Autons will track him down and destroy him...



RANSOME IS TELLING HIS HISTORY TO AN ASTONISHED BRIGADIER...

...the face was made of plastic! Made in the factory...

Why do you say that...?



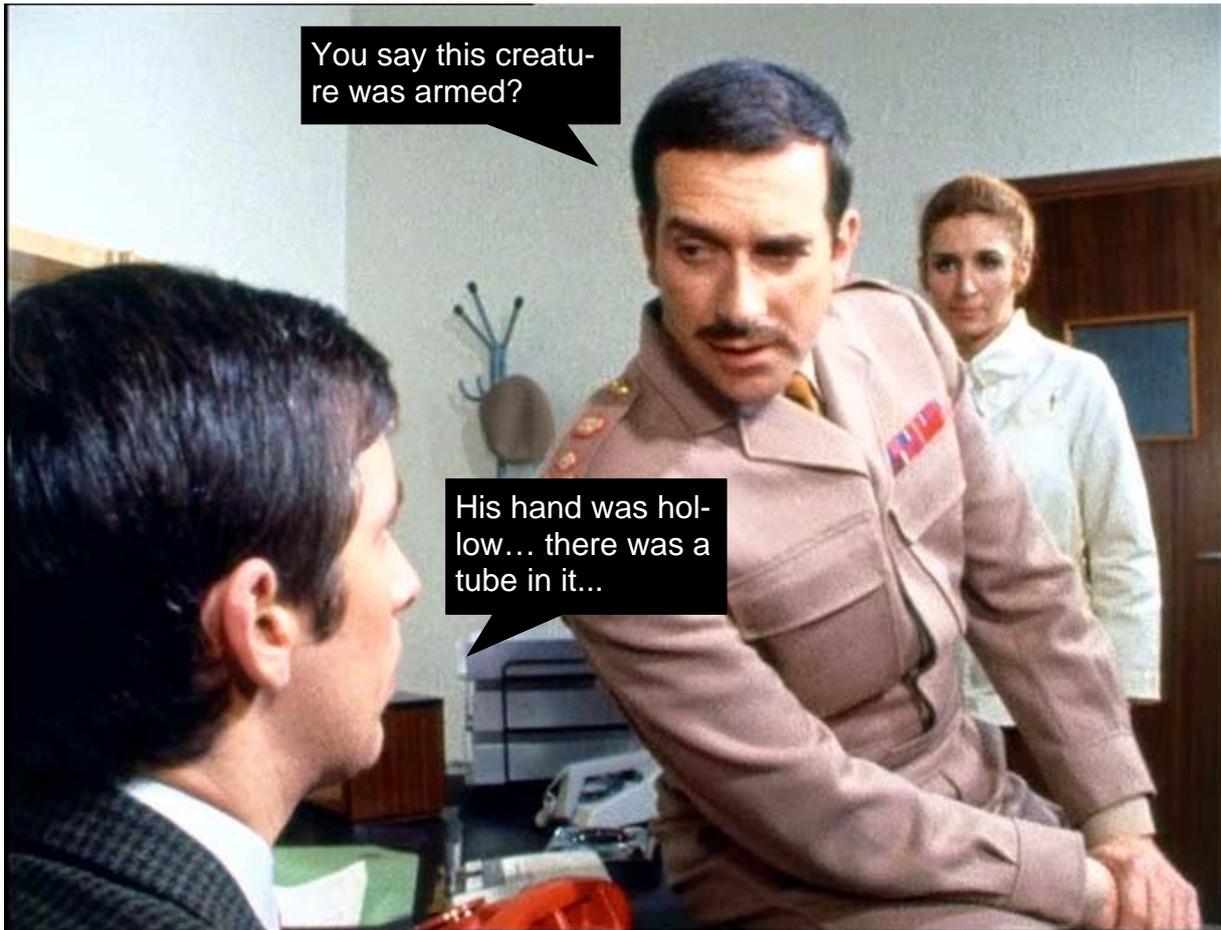
There was a whole line of them. They were exactly all the same.



Can I have a word with you? It is rather important...

Miss Shaw, I'm busy now... Your work here is part of one big exercise. You have to be patient.

*LIZ ENTERS THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE...*



*WHILE THE BRIGADIER IS DISTRACTED,  
LIZ PICKS UP THE KEY...*

...you should see  
the hole it blasted  
in the wall!

This didn't attract  
anybody's attenti-  
no?

*... AND GETS OUT.*

There was no one in that  
part of the factory... they  
seemde to have sacked  
alla the workers. It's com-  
pletely automated now.



I agree with you, sir but it's happened!

You have been six months in America... Similar steps do not occur overnight, do they?

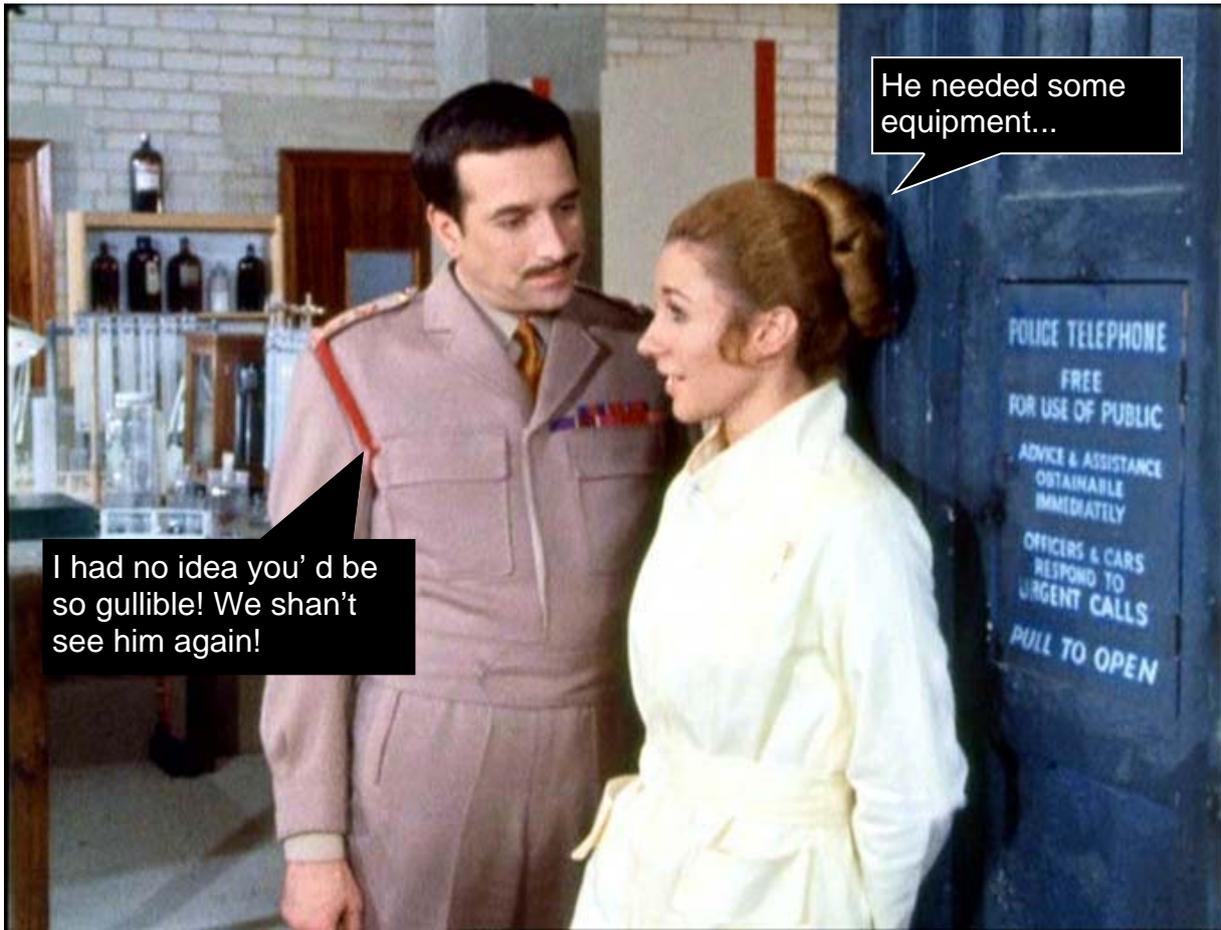


He's going to be awfully cross with you...

If you're quick, he might not even miss it...

**LIZ HAS GIVEN THE KEY BACK TO THE DOCTOR.**





He needed some equipment...

I had no idea you'd be so gullible! We shan't see him again!



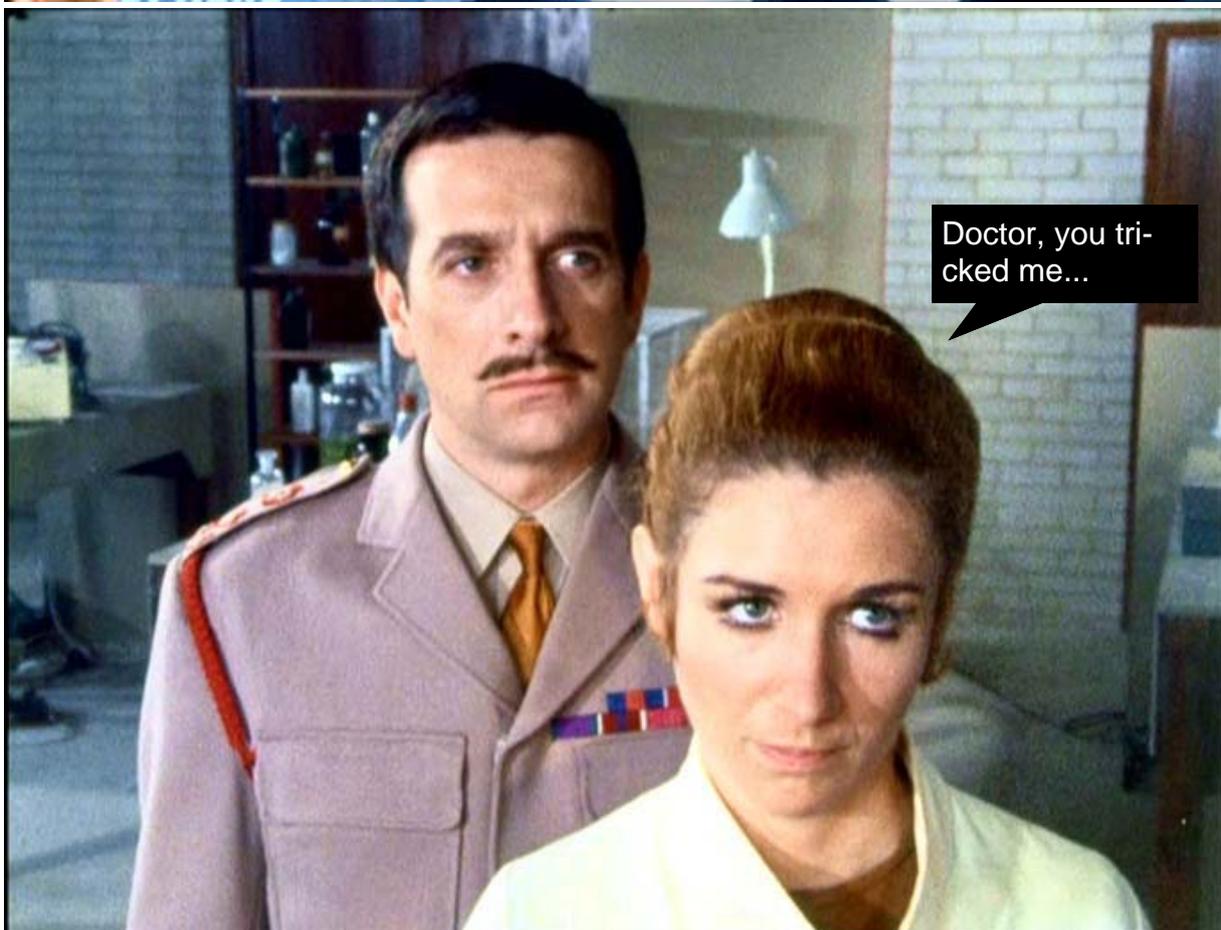
THE LIGHT IS ON... THE TARDIS IS TAKING OFF.

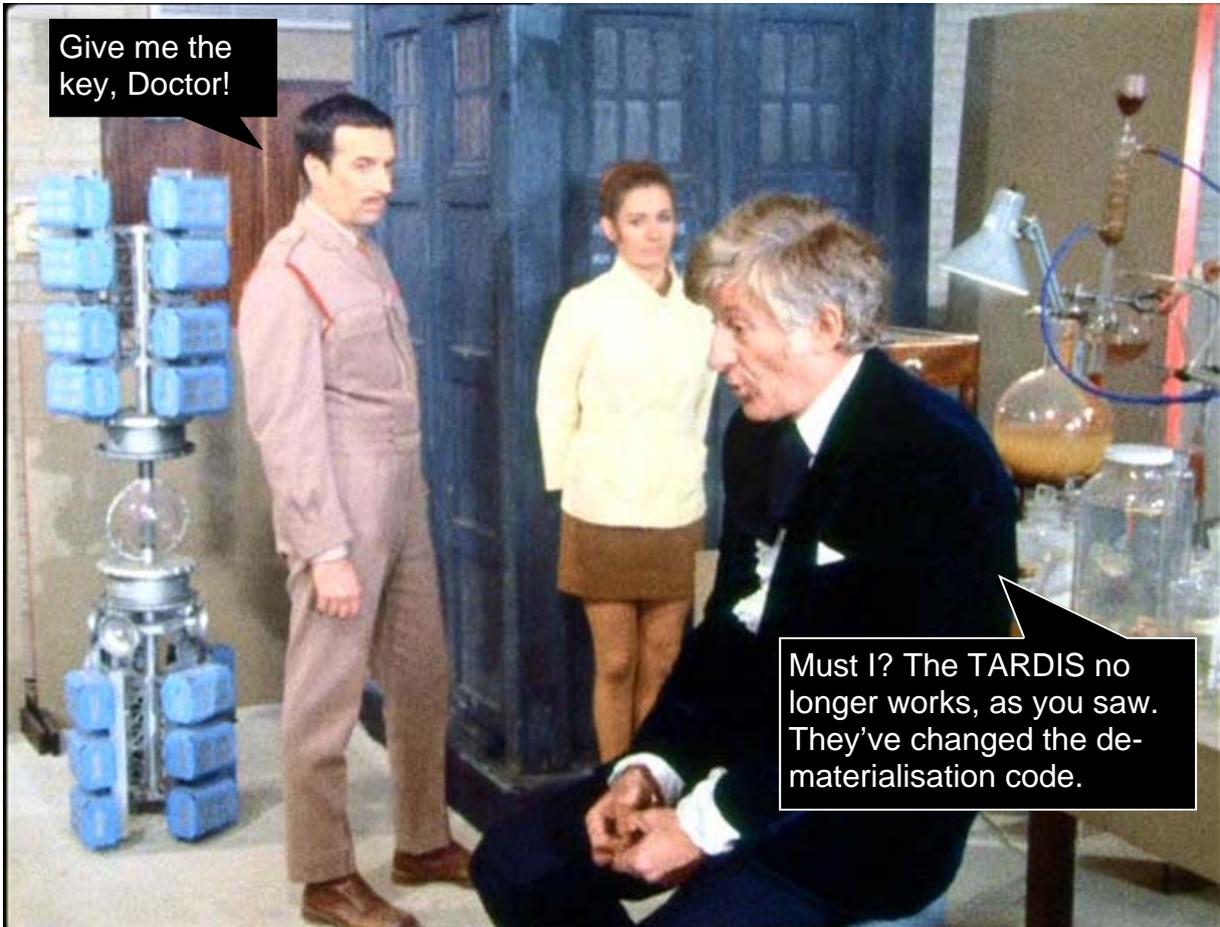
*BUT THE ENGINES MAKE A STRANGE NOISE AND SMOKE COMES OUT... THE DOCTOR IS FORCED TO GIVE UP.*

Ehmmmm... Just testing the engines...

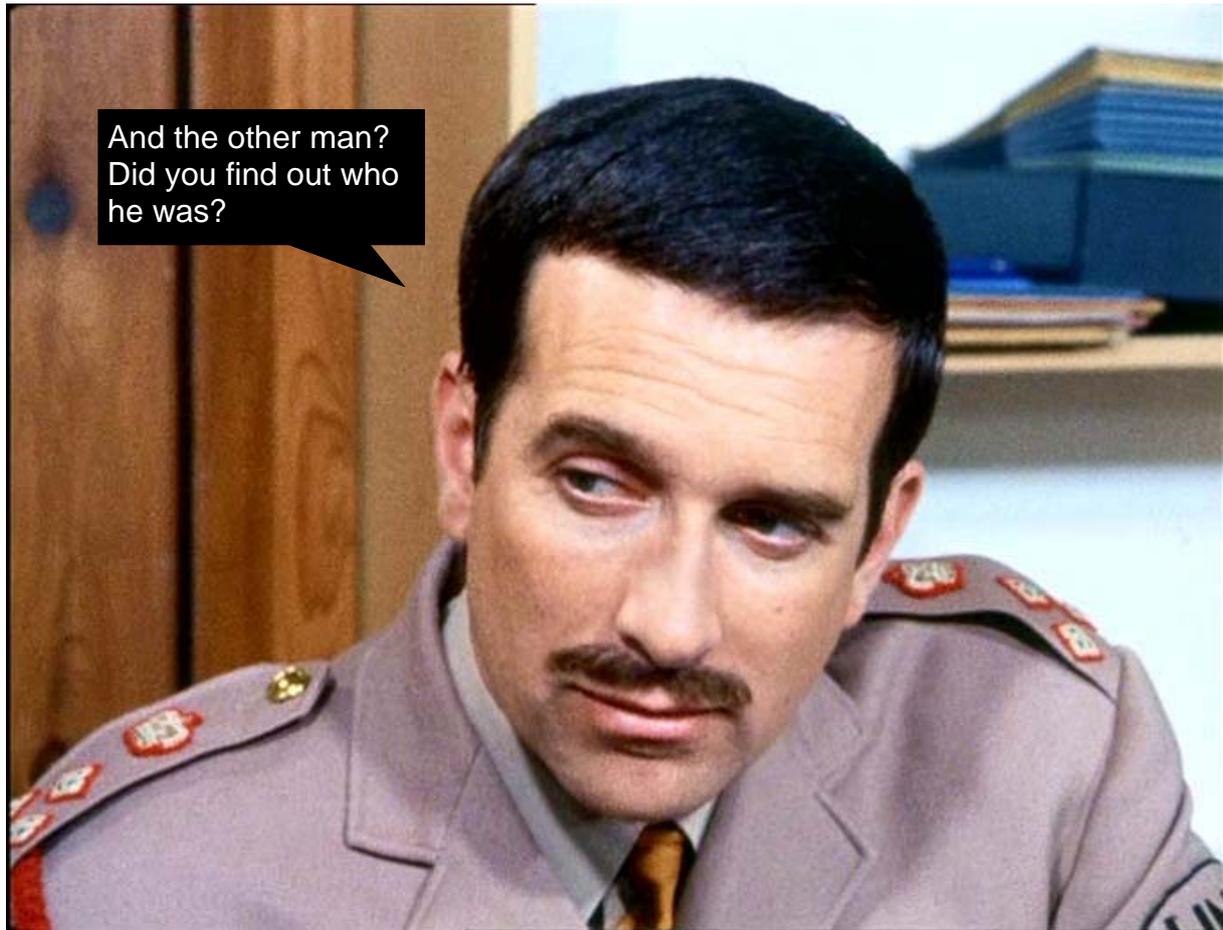


Doctor, you tricked me...









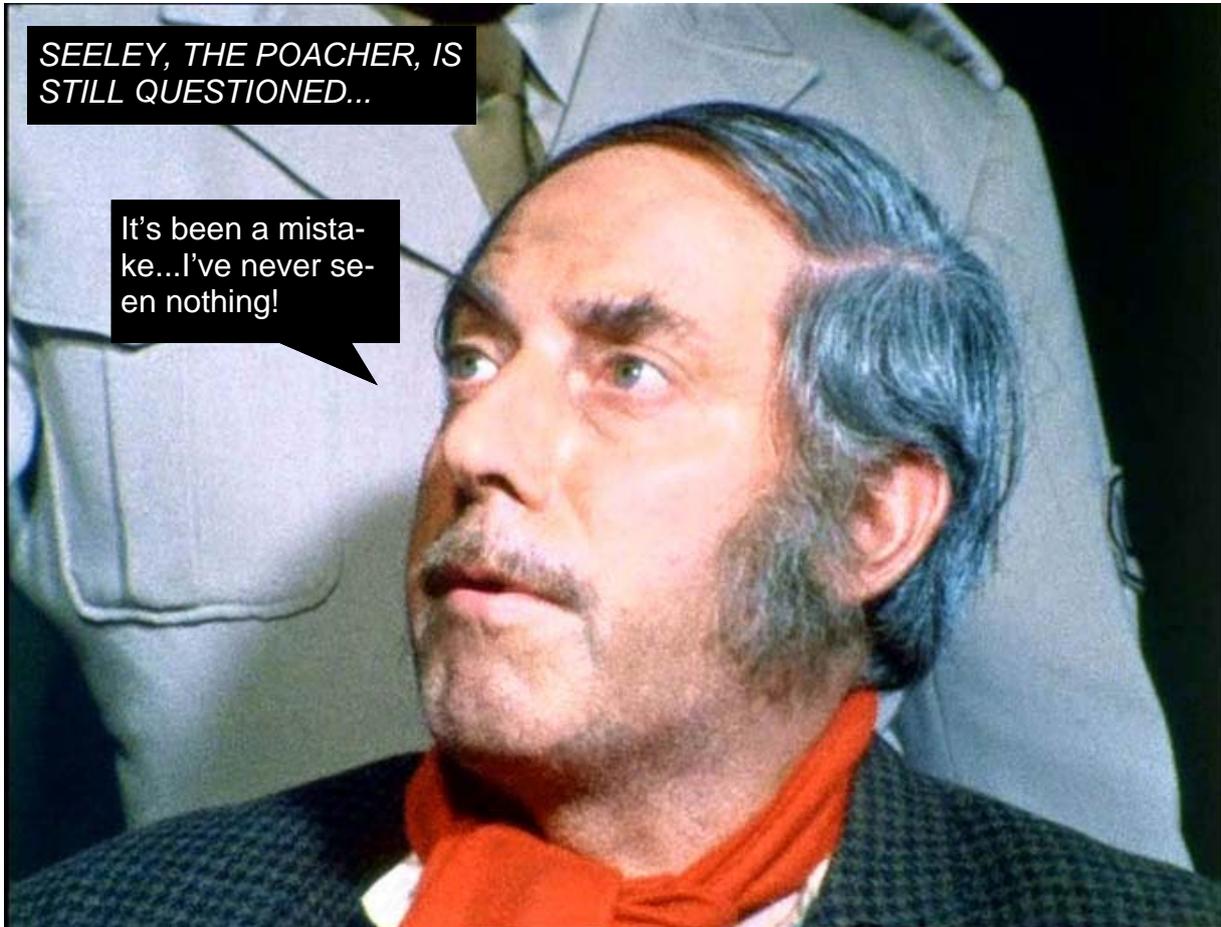
And the other man?  
Did you find out who  
he was?



His name is Channing...  
He seemed to have some  
sort of mental hold  
on George... almost as  
he was hypnotised.



Brigadier, a visit to that plastic factory would be in order, don't you think?



SEELEY, THE POACHER, IS STILL QUESTIONED...

It's been a mistake...I've never seen anything!



If you tell us where it is, you can go home...



With a bit of money, I reckon...



I'm not going to bargain with you! You tell me everything, and tell me quick!



MEANWHILE SEELEY'S WIFE IS DETERMINED TO DISCOVER WHAT IS HIDDEN IN THAT BOX...

WHAT COULD BE SO WORTHY?



SHE DID NOT EXPECT A THING LIKE THAT...





AND SO...

It's less than two miles away...



THERE'S ALWAYS A AUTON SEARCHING IN THE FOREST...

*THE METEORITE'S SIGNAL LEADS TO A COUNTRY COTTAGE.*



*CAPTAIN MUNRO HAS DISCOVERED TOO WHERE THE METEORITE IS HIDDEN.*



In a trunk?!? Don't you realise these things might be dangerous?



We'll go in my car...

We have found the meteorite, sir, I was about to collect it.

*THE BRIGADIER ARRIVES TOGETHER WITH THE DOCTOR, LIZ AND RANSOME...*



Right... Mr Ransome, you stay here.

Brigadier, we'll come with you if you don't mind...

*THE OLD LADY PUTS BACK THE BOX...*



*SHE SUDDENLY HEARS A BIG NOISE COMING FROM THE HOUSE...*





Sam, is that you?  
What are you doing?



Who are you?

WORDS ARE USELESS.



OOOOHHH!!!



*THE OLD LADY RUNS, AND THE AUTON IS AFTER HER.*



*IN THE WAREHOUSE THERE'S NOT ONLY THAT BOX...*

Get out of here or I'll blow a hole in you!



*OBVIOUSLY TWO SHOTS ARE FIRED...*



*BUT IT'S DIFFICULT TO HURT A PLASTIC BEING...*





The signal is muffled...  
Search!!!

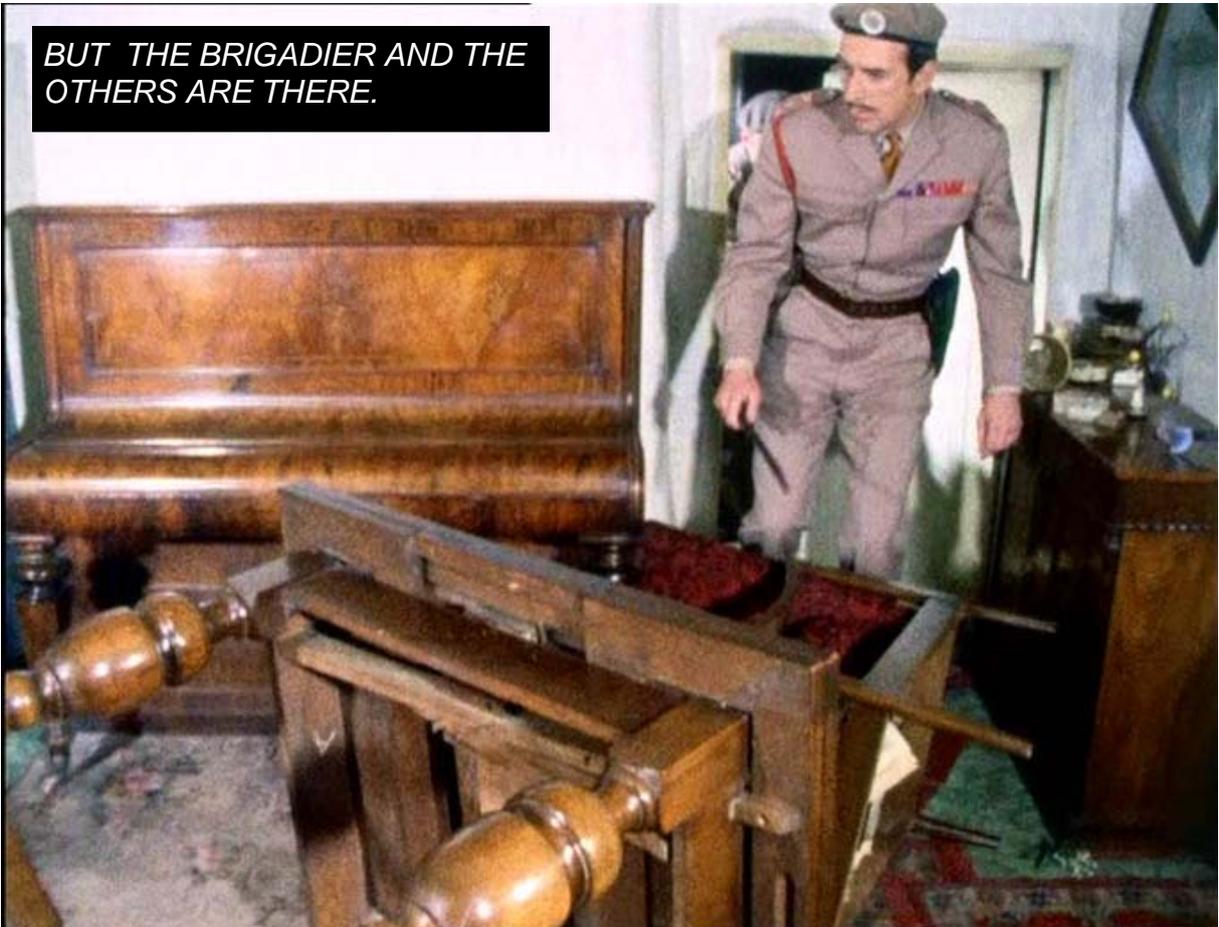


IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO GET  
RID OF THE OLD LADY...

*THERE'S ONLY THE METEORITE  
TO PICK UP.*



*BUT THE BRIGADIER AND THE  
OTHERS ARE THERE.*





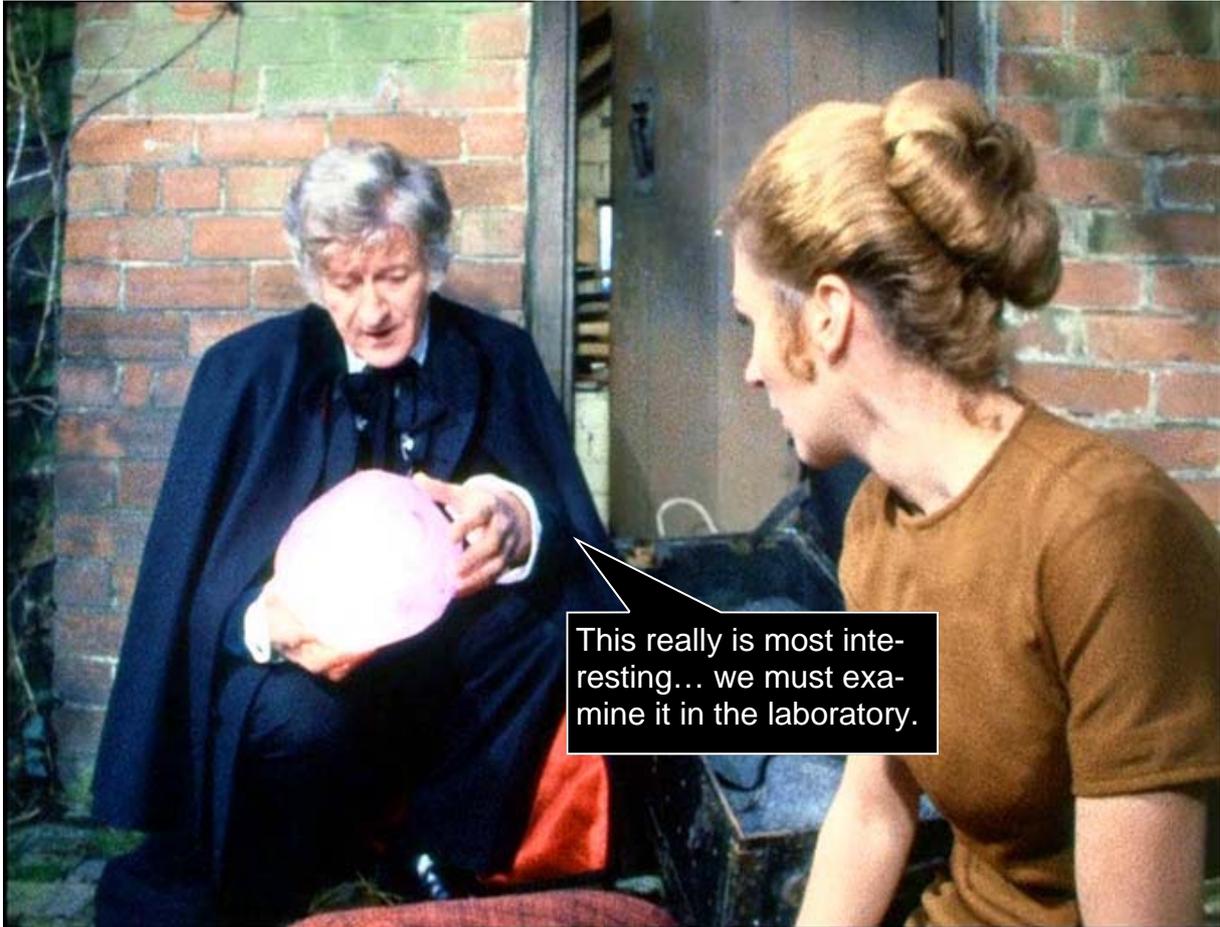
*THE AUTON RUNS AWAY.*



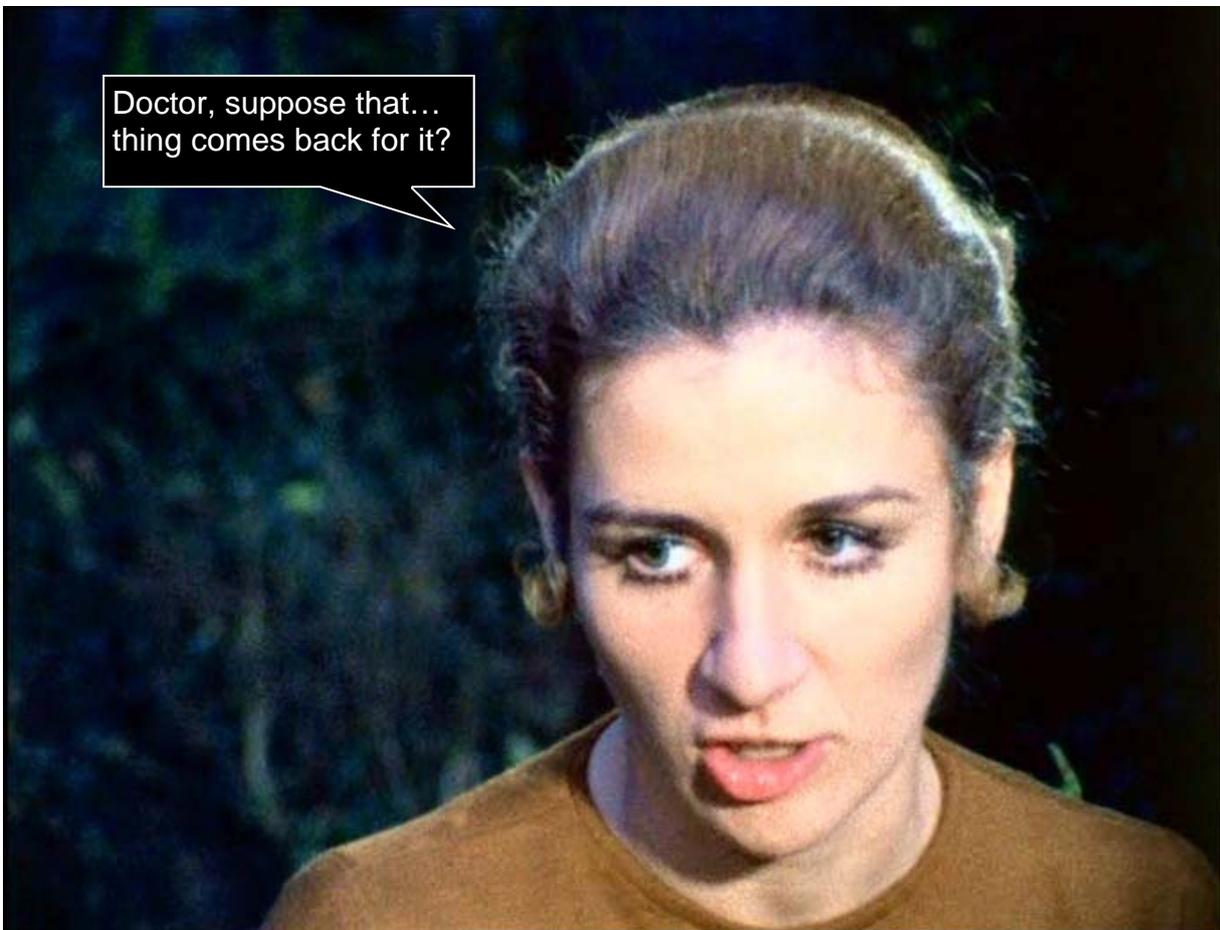
*THE BRIGADIER CAN'T INSIST.*







This really is most interesting... we must examine it in the laboratory.

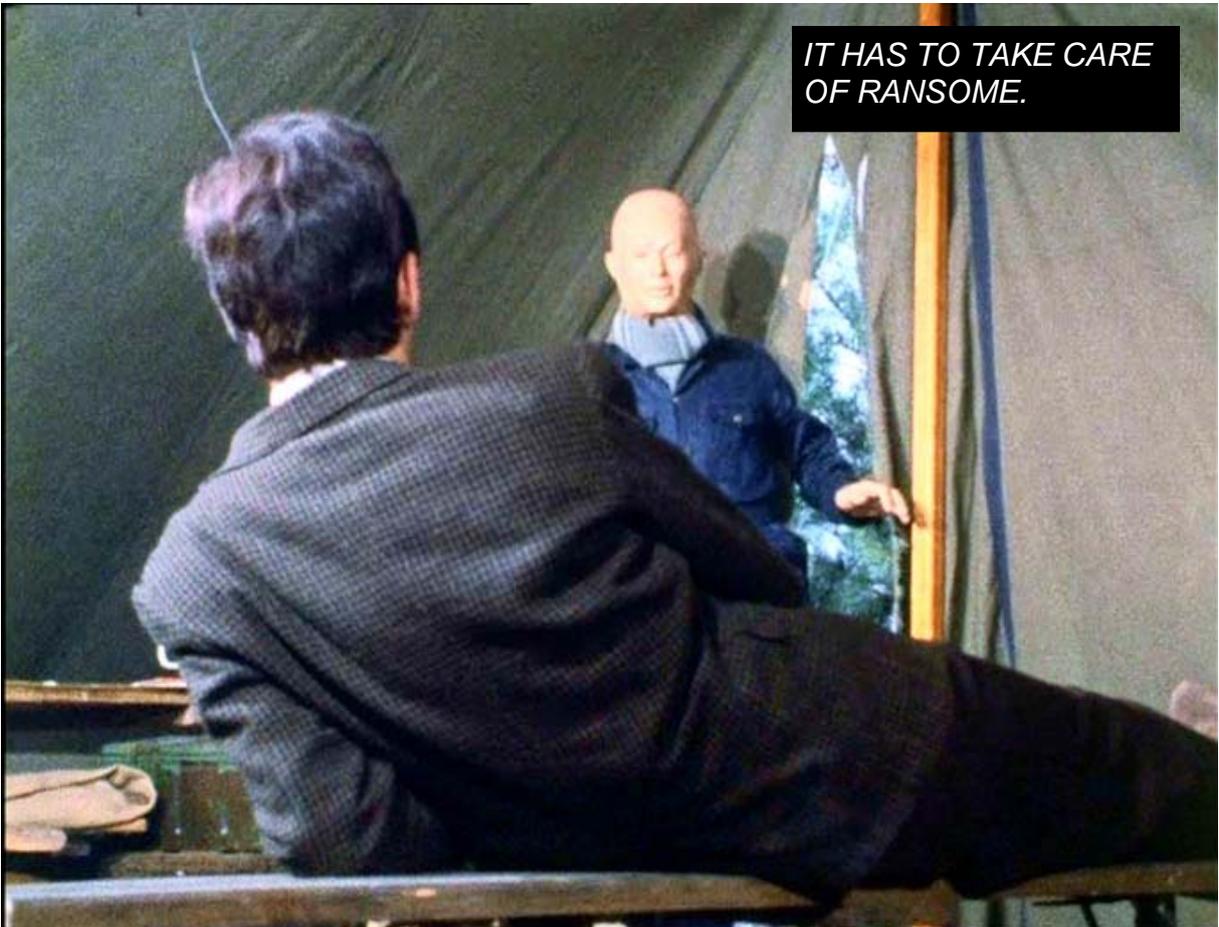


Doctor, suppose that... thing comes back for it?

*BUT THE THING HAS OTHER  
DUTIES FOR NOW.*



*IT HAS TO TAKE CARE  
OF RANSOME.*





*A SINGLE HIT IS ENOUGH...*



*...AND RANSOME LITERALLY  
DISINTEGRATES!*



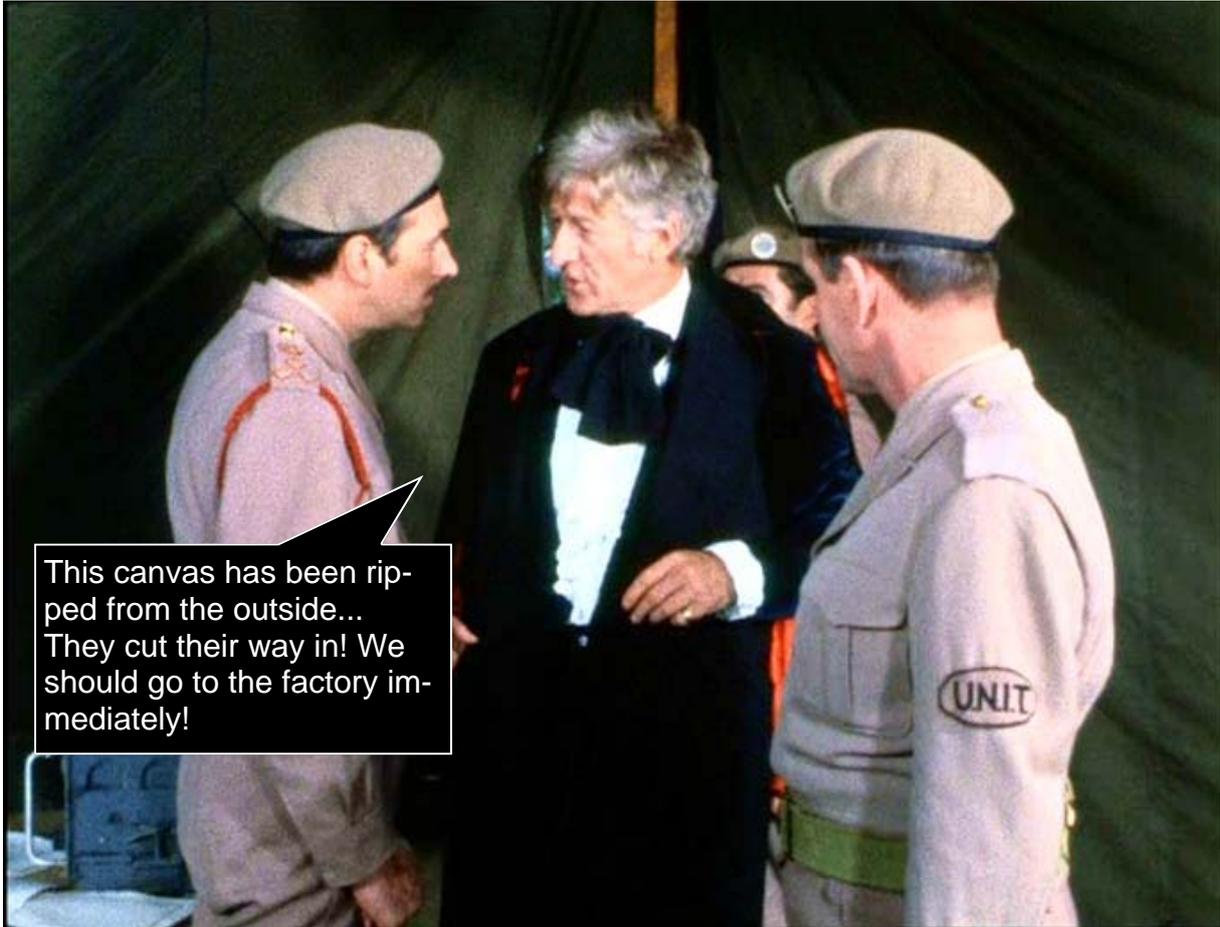
I want a cordon around that plastic factory... that creature came from it!



...what about the back?  
That's how he got away...

...a guard was on the front all the time...

**THE BRIGADIER IS VERY IRRITATED FOR RANSOME'S DISAPPEARANCE.**



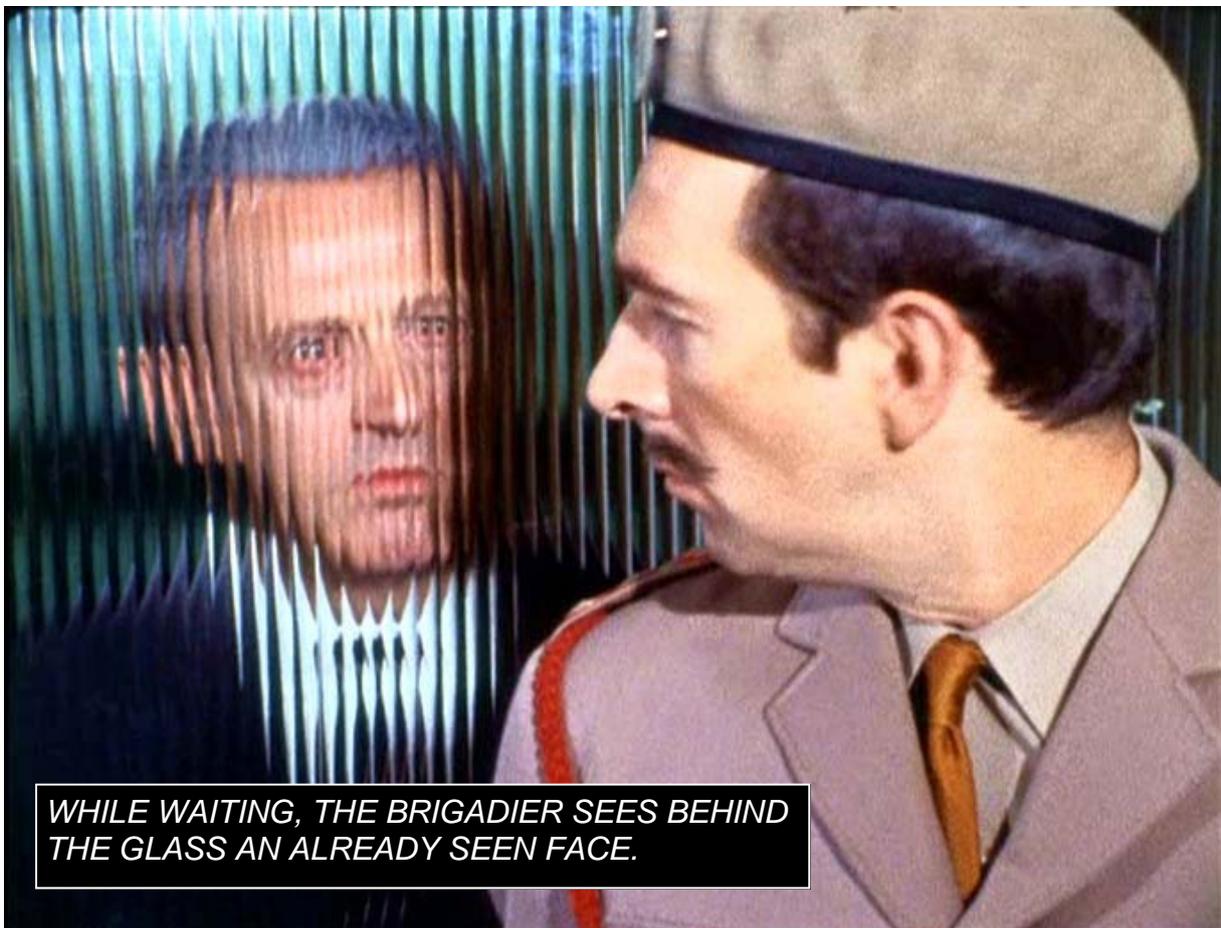
This canvas has been ripped from the outside... They cut their way in! We should go to the factory immediately!



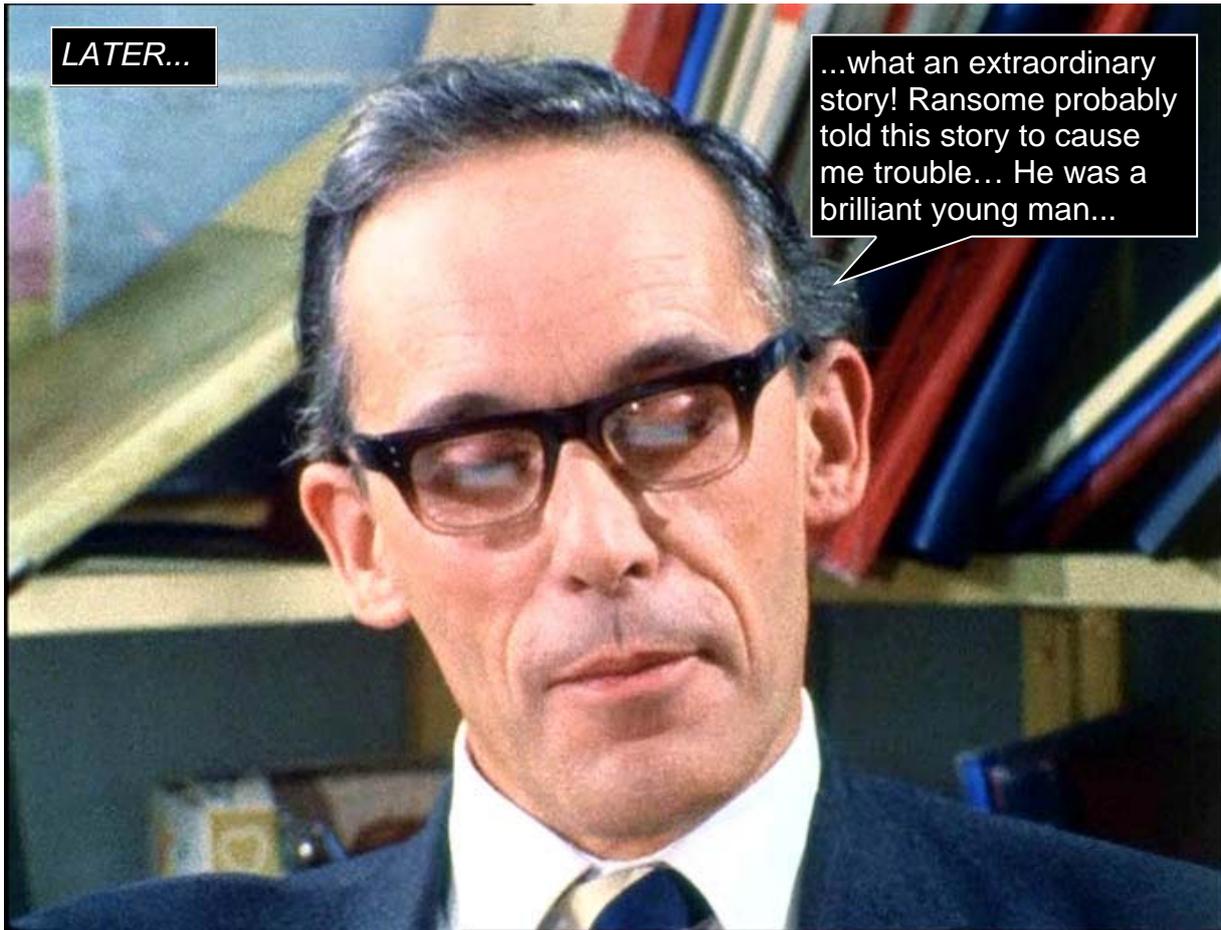
AT LAST UNIT CAN VISIT THE FACTORY.



*HIBBERT WILL HAVE TO GIVE A LOT OF EXPLANATIONS.*



*WHILE WAITING, THE BRIGADIER SEES BEHIND THE GLASS AN ALREADY SEEN FACE.*



LATER...

...what an extraordinary story! Ransome probably told this story to cause me trouble... He was a brilliant young man...



Why did you dismiss him?

He had some wild scheme for making electrical dolls... Quite impractical.



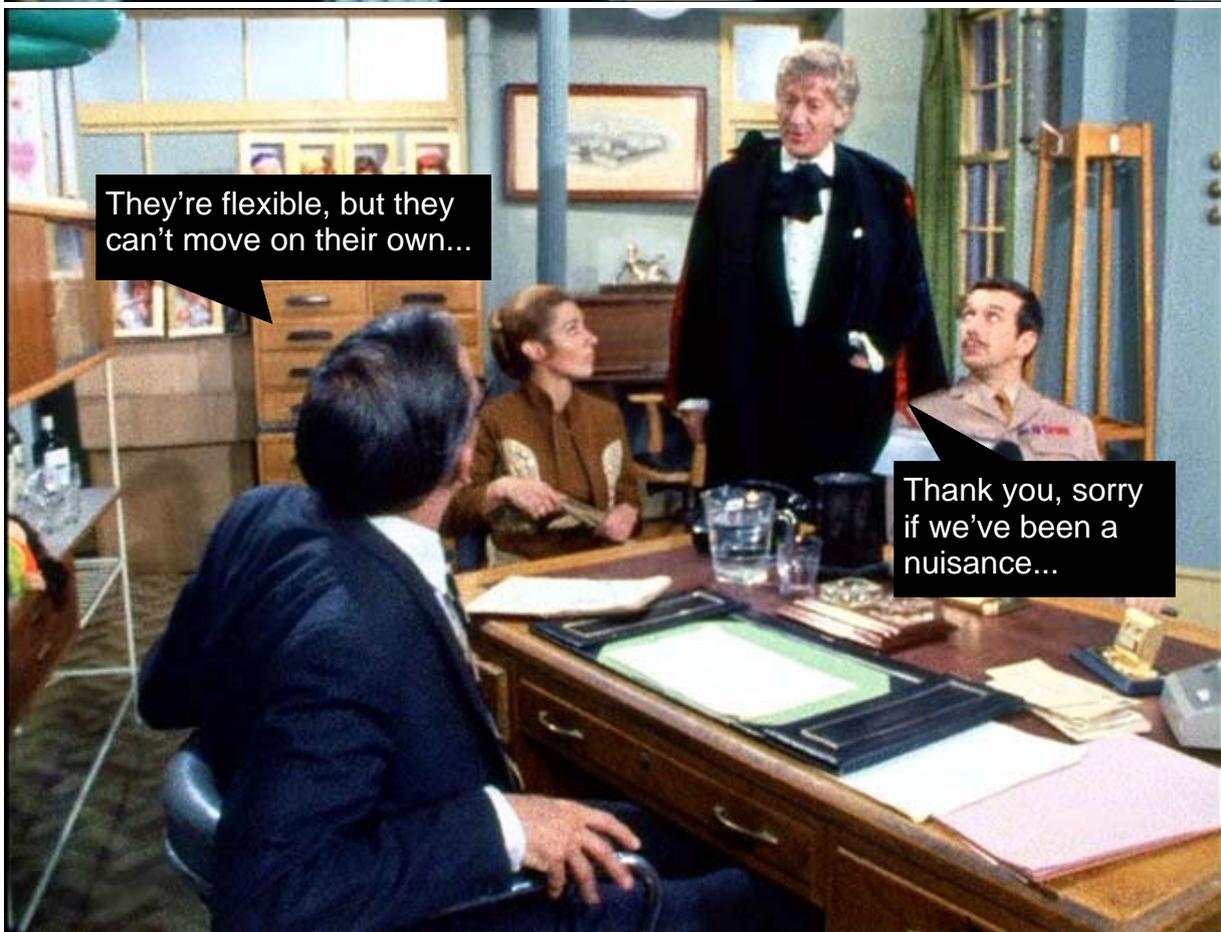
What exactly are you making here?



Plastic dolls. Our new line is display mannequins for shops... We sell them all over the country!

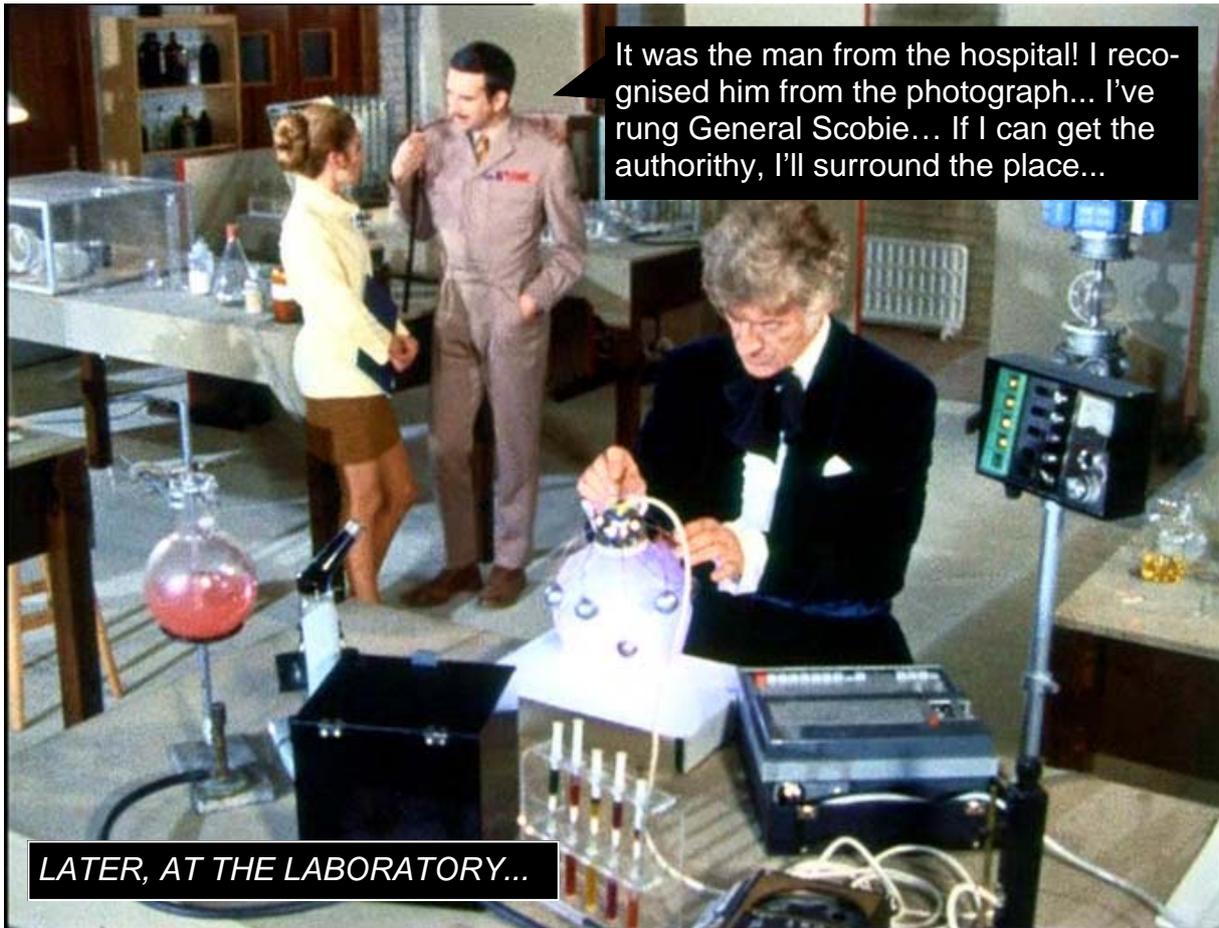


Can these mannequins actually move?



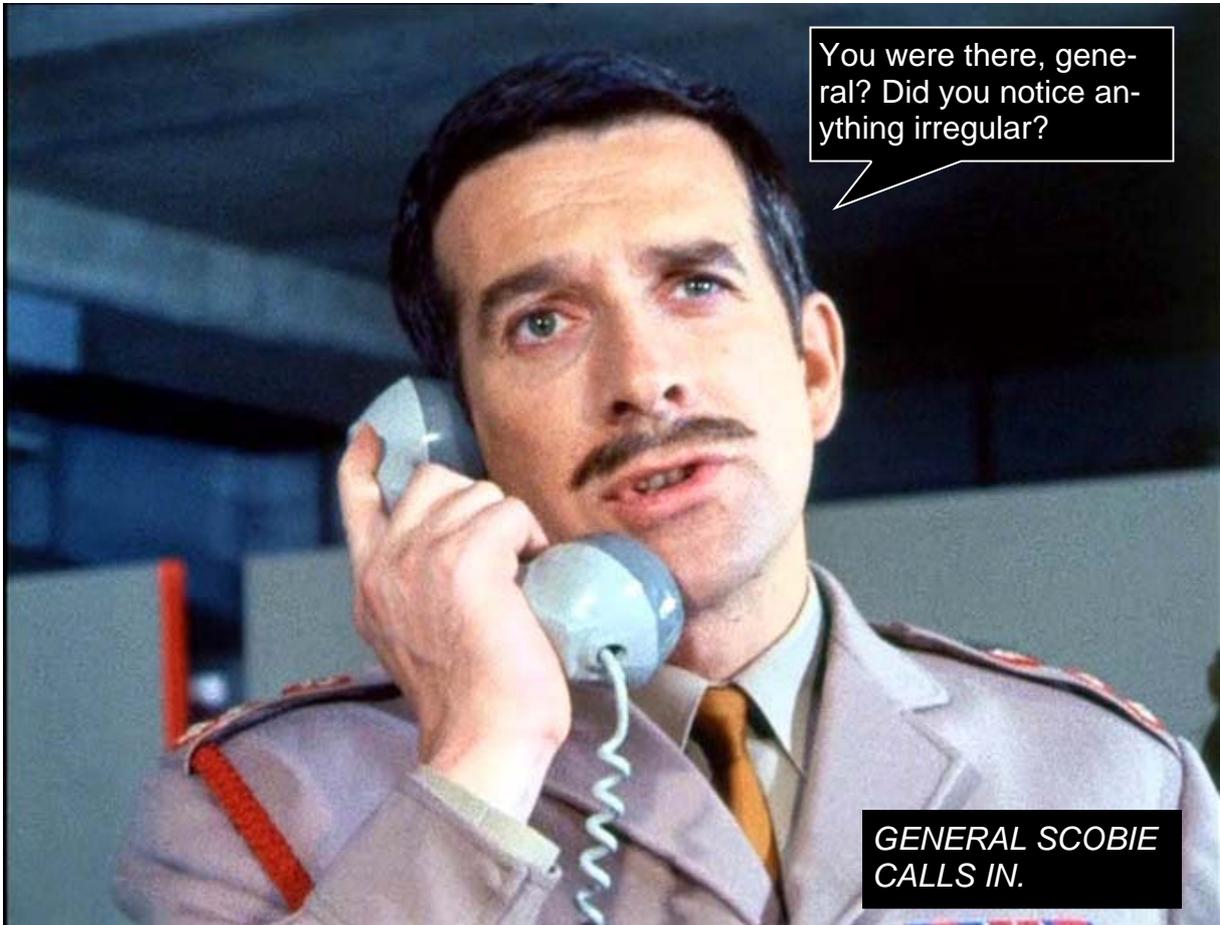
They're flexible, but they can't move on their own...

Thank you, sorry if we've been a nuisance...



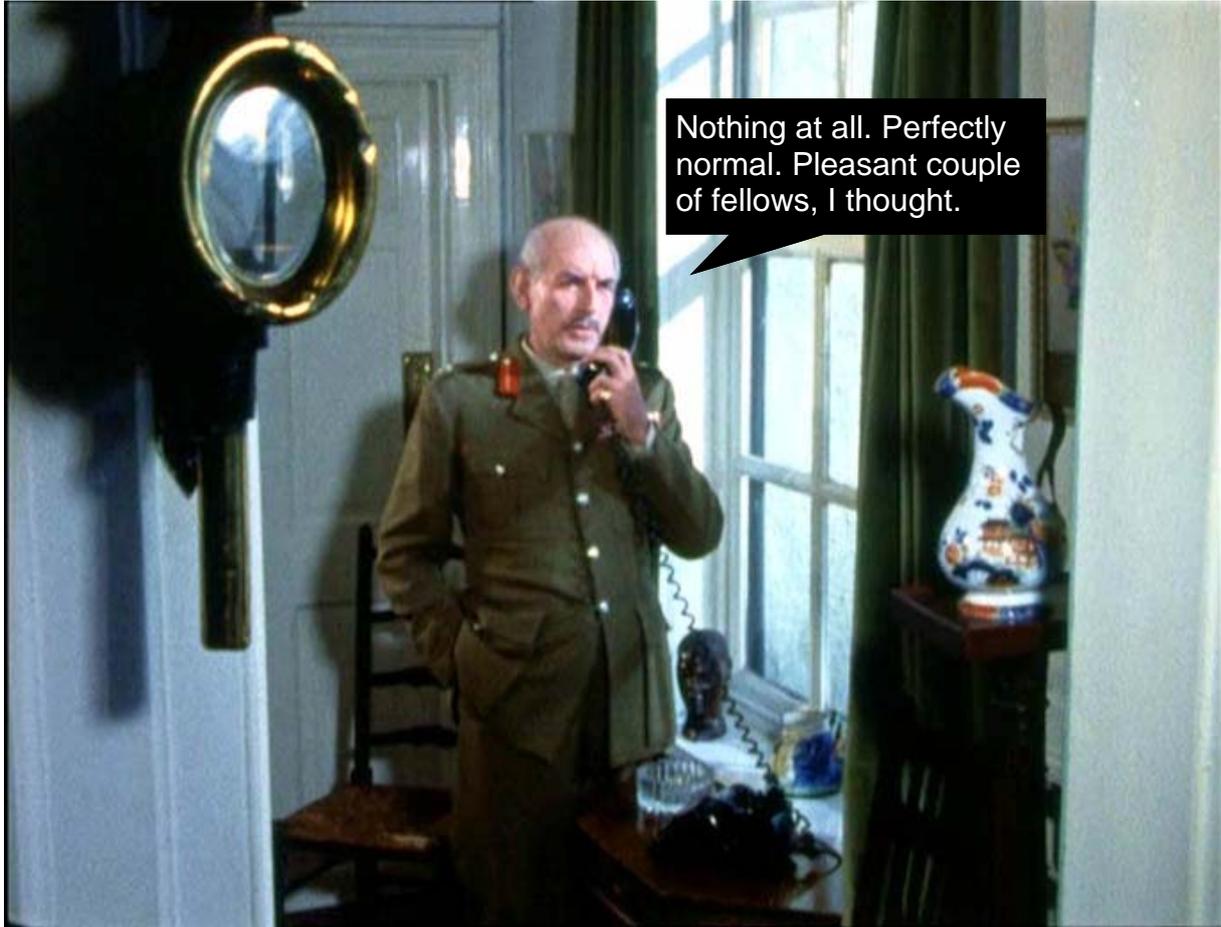


As I supposed, this globe is only a container.



You were there, general? Did you notice anything irregular?

**GENERAL SCOBIE  
CALLS IN.**



Nothing at all. Perfectly normal. Pleasant couple of fellows, I thought.



I see, that sounds pretty serious... I'll give you all the support you need.



*SOMEBODY IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR...*

Goodbye, brigadier...



*A VERY UNEXPECTED GUEST.*

*THE GENERAL WANTED  
TO SEE HIS DOUBLE...*

