

**NOTHING AT THE
END OF THE LANE** E.14

**The Magazine of Doctor Who
Research and Restoration**

PROUDLY PRESENTS

FAREWELL GREAT MACEDON

by

MORIS FARHI

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INTRODUCTION

I feel quite ecstatic to have *Farewell, Great Macedon*, my scripts for *Doctor Who*, written almost half a century ago, at the beginning of my career, published in this edition.

These six scripts have a very special place in my heart. They are the fruits of a time when BBC television was emerging from its infancy and striving for the excellence it eventually attained. A time when writers were given full freedom to express themselves even if, occasionally, they fell below the desired standard. Indeed, for many of my contemporaries, failures often proved immensely instructive.

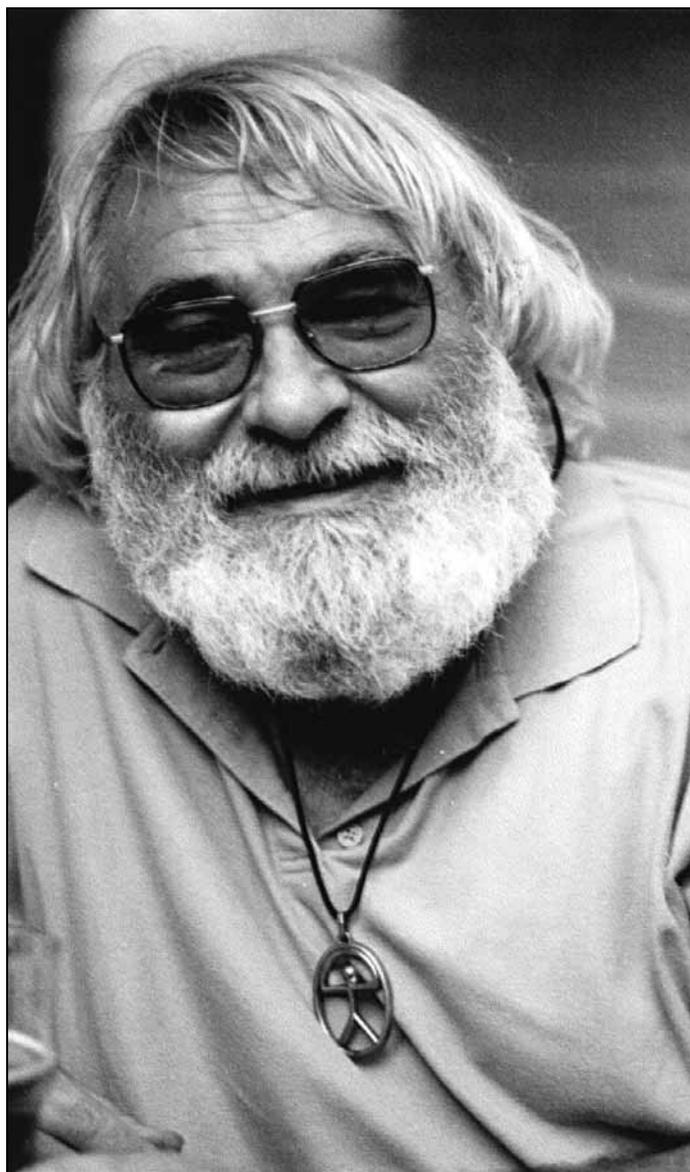
Farewell, Great Macedon was one such failure. Partly for being a highly ambitious project; but, mainly, because the guide-lines for *Doctor Who*, which initially encouraged using historical personages as characters, were changed stipulating that this would amount to rewriting history and might, therefore, through such fictitious revision, confuse *Doctor Who*'s most avid audience, the school-children.

The project started when David Whitaker, *Doctor Who*'s unique, visionary Script Editor, encouraged me to come up with "exotic" ideas. Because of my Turkish background we toyed with the possibility of a story around the great Ottoman admiral, Barbaros Hayrettin, reputedly the saviour of countless Jews and Moors who had survived the Spanish Inquisition. But given that this would require expensive sets and filming, we abandoned the idea. I then suggested a story around Alexander the Great's last days – killed, according to Plutarch for his dream of marrying the East and the West. (This ideal forged the themes of my work – it still does.) Since I was only a novice writer, David Whitaker, prudently, commissioned one trial episode.

The moment I started writing, I became demonically inspired. Instead of the single script demanded, I wrote all six of my original outline. And I loved writing it. I remember working night and day, never feeling tired or jaded. It was that experience that gave me the conviction that writing, irrespective of all the agonies and self-doubts it inflicts, is a celebratory occupation.



Moris Farhi



SO NEAR, SO FARHI... • • •

The early months of *Doctor Who*'s production were rather chaotic times. With recording of the first Dalek serial in full swing, it wasn't certain what adventures the Doctor would have beyond the end of *Marco Polo*. A whole host of potential adventures were considered, commissioned and finally discarded – among them Malcolm Hulke's *The Hidden Planet* and Terry Nation's *The Red Fort*.

By late February/early March 1964, things had firmed up somewhat. Around that time, script editor David Whitaker produced an internal document listing all the stories intended to make up the first nine adventures. Even then, the list was only accurate up as far as *The Sensorites* – the remainder comprising an un-named script by Whitaker, a four-part 'minuscules' story and Terry Nation's second six-part Dalek sequel. At the bottom of this document, Whitaker made a list of 'other commissions' – which included a "special fee for view of script only" to a man named Moris Farhi.

After graduating from RADA in 1957, Moris Farhi began his career as a stage and screen actor - and, in 1963, he won the role of the Gypsy chief's son in the second James Bond film, *From Russia With Love*. He later appeared in the fifth Bond feature, *You Only Live Twice*, playing one of Blofeld's technicians; in 1974, he appeared in Sidney Lumet's film version of *Murder on the Orient Express*, starring Albert Finney.

As well as pursuing an acting career, he turned his hand to writing, gaining his first screen credit on the 1962 film *The Primitives*. "Back in the 1960s, I had just started writing professionally and was trying to break into television," he remembers. "I met David Whitaker on an occasion that had something to do with the Writers' Guild – Scriptwriters' Guild of Great Britain, as it was called at the time – and I think I asked him how one could be considered for writing for the BBC. He said something like, 'Send some of your work to me or the Script Department, so that we can get an idea of your writing.'"

In February 1963, Farhi sent Whitaker the scripts to three of his plays, *And Now That the Sky is Found Empty*, *The Theban* and *The Pleasure of Your Death* and in return, Whitaker wrote back offering his objective criticisms on his work. As well as this, Whitaker also sent an encouraging letter to Farhi's agent suggesting that he could possibly be developed to suit the requirements of the BBC.

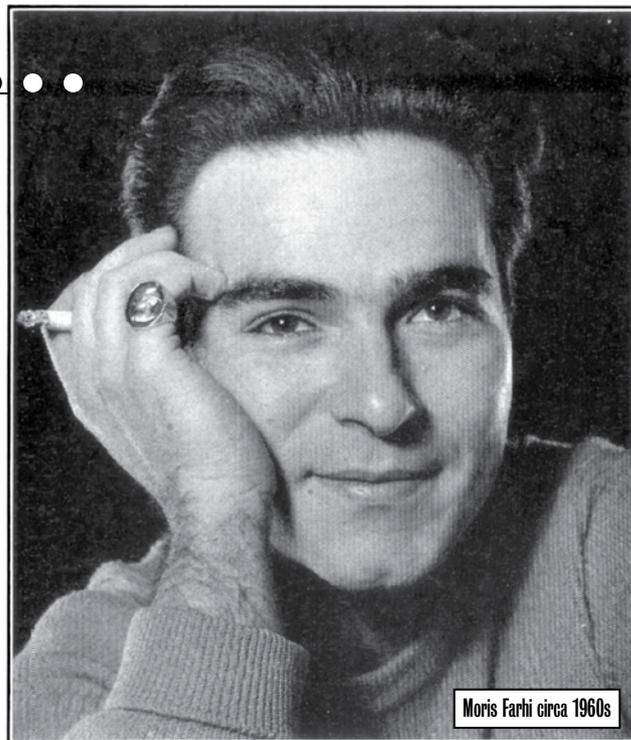
Almost a year later, Farhi wrote once again to David Whitaker, having noticed that he was working on a new television series.

I have now observed that at the moment you are editing the series, "Dr. Who" and I would like to take this opportunity to offer my services, should the series require further scripts.

I do, of course, realize that so far none of my work has been accepted by the BBC, and this offer may strike you as unfair - it might even put you in an embarrassing situation. Hence I would only be too prepared to do a sample work, in as many episodes as you may desire. Perhaps you might even find it possible to grant me an interview, during which I may have the chance to offer you suggestions, outlines, etc.

I do very much hope that circumstances will make it possible for me to meet you and discuss subjects with you and even perhaps give me the pleasure of working under you.

Moris Farhi to David Whitaker - 6 January 1964



Height 5 feet 8 inches

Kevin MacDonnell 1960

MORIS FARHI

Languages: TURKISH, FRENCH, SPANISH AND ITALIAN
 Latest Television: THE PARADISE MAKERS—BBC
 THIS WAY TO MURDER—BBC
 TRITON—BBC
 THE PRINCESS—BBC

Latest Film: YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE—Eon Films

01-794 5055

or c/o The Spotlight

The following day, Whitaker wrote back saying that he would be happy to meet with Farhi, but telling him that he was "too talented a writer to offer your services on spec...if I cannot arrange for you to be paid for what you do, then I cannot ask you to write a sample script." Whitaker promised to investigate what could be done and then write back within a few days. That same day, Whitaker held good to his promise and wrote an internal memo to his immediate boss, Donald Wilson.

I attach a letter from this very promising writer I interviewed about a year ago. I don't agree that he should write a script on spec. Can we spare fifty pounds and classify as writing encouragement?

He is a very talented man who may of course not be suitable for Doctor Who, but I feel would make progress as a writer if given the right push.

It would be possible to spread the fifty pounds over the Doctor Who budgeting, if you agree with the principle involved, that is, we would probably never use his script.

David Whitaker to Donald Wilson (Head of Drama Serials, Television) - 7 January 1964

The next day, Donald Wilson gave his blessing to the suggestion and at the beginning of the following week, Whitaker contacted Moris Farhi once again, asking if he would be prepared to come along to his office at 11.30am that Friday for a chat.

Farhi lost no time in trying to impress Whitaker and over the four days leading up to the meeting, he decided to write his sample episode anyway.

F A R E W E L L
G R E A T
M A C E D O N

a "DR. WHO" subject in six episodes

by: MORIS FARHI

C H A R A C T E R S

DR. WHO

IAN CHESTERTON

SUSAN FOREMAN

BARBARA WRIGHT

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

HEPHAESTON

CALANUS

CLEITUS

PTOLEMY

ROXANE

SELEUCUS

ANTIPATER

CONSPIRATORS

IOLLA

GLAUCIAS

BABYLONIAN WOMEN

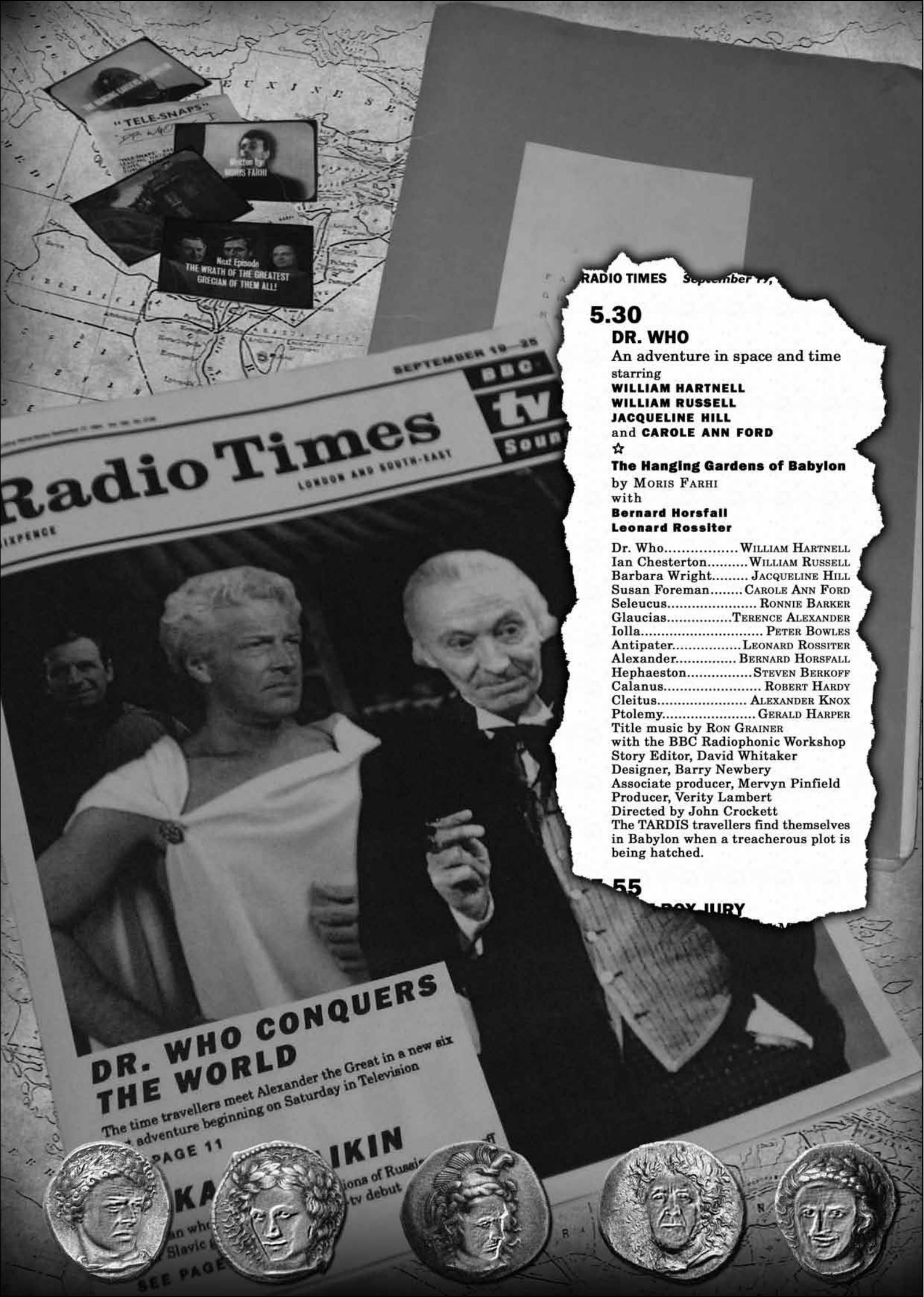
SOLDIERS

CUP-BEARERS

WRESTLERS & ATHLETES

ALEXANDER'S GENERALS:

PEITHO
ATTALUS
DEMOPHON
PEUCESTAS
CLEOMENES
MENIDAS
ARISTOBULUS



RADIO TIMES September 17,

5.30

DR. WHO

An adventure in space and time
starring
WILLIAM HARTNELL
WILLIAM RUSSELL
JACQUELINE HILL
and **CAROLE ANN FORD**

☆
The Hanging Gardens of Babylon

by **MORIS FARHI**
with
Bernard Horsfall
Leonard Rossiter

Dr. Who..... **WILLIAM HARTNELL**
Ian Chesterton..... **WILLIAM RUSSELL**
Barbara Wright..... **JACQUELINE HILL**
Susan Foreman..... **CAROLE ANN FORD**
Seleucus..... **RONNIE BARKER**
Glaucias..... **TERENCE ALEXANDER**
Iolla..... **PETER BOWLES**
Antipater..... **LEONARD ROSSITER**
Alexander..... **BERNARD HORSFALL**
Hephaeston..... **STEVEN BERKOFF**
Calanus..... **ROBERT HARDY**
Cleitus..... **ALEXANDER KNOX**
Ptolemy..... **GERALD HARPER**
Title music by **RON GRAINER**
with the **BBC Radiophonic Workshop**
Story Editor, **David Whitaker**
Designer, **Barry Newbery**
Associate producer, **Mervyn Pinfield**
Producer, **Verity Lambert**
Directed by **John Crockett**
The **TARDIS** travellers find themselves
in **Babylon** when a treacherous plot is
being hatched.

55
ROY JURY

DR. WHO CONQUERS THE WORLD

The time travellers meet Alexander the Great in a new six
part adventure beginning on Saturday in Television

PAGE 11

VIKIN
The Vikings of Russia
TV debut



I-01.

1. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. DAY. IAN. BARBARA. SUSAN.
DR. WHO.

The CAMERA starts on the expressionless faces of IAN, BARBARA, SUSAN and DR. WHO. They are strapped onto separate couches - and each has two electrodes attached to his or her forehead. The electrodes in turn are attached to a strange machine that looks like a cross between a tape-recorder and an electronic computer. To all appearances, DR. WHO, IAN, SUSAN and BARBARA look dead, but in actual fact they are in a deep sleep.

(SUGGESTED END FOR THE PREVIOUS EPISODE)

There is no sound inside the ship, for the Tardis has come to a stop. No sound, except for an eerie melody, played as if on millions of harp-strings. This music should be very soft until our protagonists become aware of it. It is, in a way, a music of the subconscious - its quality and effect defined only when there is awareness of it...

Gradually, starting with IAN, our heroes wake up from the deep slumber and unstrap themselves.

IAN

(disconnecting the electrodes)
Well, I've had my fill of Ancient Greek, I can tell you...

BARBARA

I must say it again, Doctor. This machine is a beauty. Thanks to it, we now know all the archaic languages...

DR. WHO

Good. Next, you can start learning what you call the modern languages...

SUSAN

Grandfather knows about hundred and twenty languages, don't you, @grandfather ?

DR. WHO

What ? Yes, of course, child. It's easily learnt when fed hypnotically...
(explaining)

You see, the brain is in actual fact like a computer. All you have to do is feed it...

(pointing at the electrodes)
with those electrodes and it will absorb whatever knowledge you want...

SUSAN

(suddenly aware that the Tardis has stopped)
We've stopped !

IAN

Stopped ? Where ?

I-02.

1. Cont.

DR. WHO
(rushing to the control panel)
Confound it !

BARBARA
What's wrong ?

DR. WHO
(checks the panel)
Fuel leak.

IAN
Serious ?

DR. WHO
Of course, it's serious. We might be
stranded for years...

BARBARA
Oh, no !

SUSAN
Where are we, Grandfather ?

DR. WHO
How should I know child ! All instruments
feed on the same fuel...
(looking at one instrument)
Judging by this, I'd say we're on Earth,
but somewhere in the past...

SUSAN
(suddenly in panic)
Sssshhhh ! Listen ! Listen !

DR. WHO, BARBARA and IAN react.

And now they become aware of the strange music - the
soothing melodies of which bring to mind a heavenly
orchestra... As they listen, the strange heavenly
music gets louder and louder...

BARBARA
It's beautiful...

SUSAN
What is it ?

DR. WHO
Music, child, music... What else could
it be ?

IAN
And it's not Beethoven.

SUSAN
(frightened)
You don't think----

THE TIME TEAM

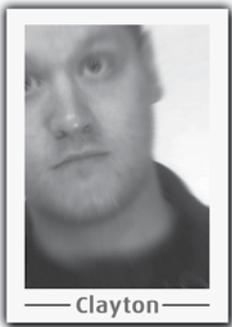
» Four viewers. 6 Scripts. 297 hours. No escape. «



Peter



Richard



Clayton



Jac

Compiled By
John Molyneux

In an Alternate Universe, we'd like to imply Six more weeks of Ian's old school tie During that first season of Doctor Who With plots and intrigue about a military coup All for what could have been Serial 1



EPISODES 042.1 TO 042.9

Last week's episode concluded with the Doctor and his friends strapped to their foreheads. Are our heroes at the mercy of a fiendish alien interrogator or has the Doctor just subscribed to a Linguaphone course? The latter, it seems. With this latest amazing piece of TARDIS technology the Doctor can speak 120 languages.

'How interesting, even at this early stage, that writers were thinking about how the Doctor and his friends can talk to people of other languages,' muses Richard.

Jac isn't so easily impressed. 'The Doctor's 120 languages would have been used up within the first few years, I reckon! And he'd be in trouble meeting completely new alien species. As you say, Richard, fascinating that it was dealt with but I think not addressing the issue on screen was probably the most sensible option.'

Peter nods sagely. 'Absolutely. Especially as by this stage the TARDIS team would have already been seen conversing with cavemen, Thals, thirteenth-century Venetians and alien Voord!'

Jac gives a start and looks searchingly around the room. 'But where's Clay?'

Richard shakes his head. 'His transportation unit became trapped in a time eddy. For the moment he can do no more than sit at a computer and play with his Photoshop filters. But Madame Tussaud's have lent us this waxwork of Matt Lucas.' The three reflect quietly for a moment before returning to the story.

The TARDIS has landed we know not where. Moreover, due to a 'fuel leak' it's now grounded. This scenario sounds strangely familiar to Jac. 'Interesting that there's a TARDIS fault and they're stranded - very much the pattern of the first few stories.'

Susan, it seems, has been dialling up Absinthe on the TARDIS food machine again. Upon hearing heavenly music emanating from outside the ship she quite reasonably decides that they must all be dead. Richard shakes his head. 'Susan's rather going off the deep end here, isn't she? Supposing that they've all died simultaneously and are now in the afterlife is stretching it a bit on the available evidence.'

Jac agrees. 'Bizarre behaviour! I'd say that a lot of this opening would probably have been lost. But then I think of *The Edge of Destruction*, so who knows!'

Peter nods. 'It's bonkers. She thinks she's dead just cos she's hearing unexplained music?'

The Doctor too is coming over all metaphysical, professing a belief in God: a first and only for series.

CLICHÉ COUNTERS

Deaths	00007
One or more regulars rendered unconscious	00000
One or more regulars incarcerated	00004

'It's an astonishingly different world view for *Doctor Who*,' Jac muses. 'Imagine how things might have developed if they'd taken this into account. Or imagine how hard fans would have to work to reconcile things if they didn't. No regeneration of course, but off to paradise with the Almighty! There's something rather touching about the Doctor reassuring Susan that if they're in Heaven, they're in safe hands, though.'

Peter remains unconvinced. 'Mmm, it makes the Doctor seem less alien.'

Jac has an epiphany. 'I've suddenly realised what this reminds me of: it's like when we had to write a whole *Doctor Who* novel from seeing *Rose* once. You make notes of what seem to be the series traits and stick them all in, in the hope you get the flavour right. We've got a TARDIS fault, a stranded crew, Susan being odd, the Doctor getting Ian's name wrong, Barbara giving a history lesson: it's a tick-box for Season One.'

Peter thinks Jac's hit the nail on the head. 'You're right! Though the Doctor's getting Ian's name wrong far more often than he did on the televised stories. And what's all this nonsense of Ian calling the Doctor "Sir"? Was this written before *An Unearthly Child* went out?'

As the crew leave the TARDIS and find themselves very much alive in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, nearby a murderous plot is being laid.

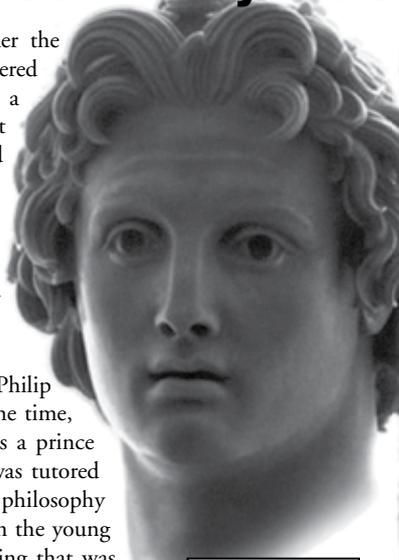
'The scene with the four conspirators sets out the stall for this story very nicely,' comments Richard. 'What a devious bunch! Get rid of the king and install Seleucus as a puppet monarch for their own ends.'

KING OF THE WORLD

The Real History of Alexander the Great

The real life story of Alexander the Great could almost be considered fiction itself. The very idea that a single man could conquer almost 90% of the known world would still be almost impossible to imagine today; however, not only did Alexander achieve this, but he did it by the age of 25; and, by all accounts he was also a visionary man well before his time.

Born in July of 356 BC to King Philip II of Macedon and his queen at the time, Olympias, Alexander was raised as a prince of Macedon, or Macedonia. He was tutored by none other than Aristotle in philosophy and literature, who also instilled in the young prince a love for books and learning that was to prevail throughout his life. The legends of Alexander's wisdom and cunning begin at a young age when he realised that a wild horse's own shadow was frightening him and allowing none to mount him. With no fear, Alexander approached the horse and turning it into the sun, mounted the horse easily and rode it. From that day forward the horse, Bucephalus, became one of the most constant companions of Alexander throughout his conquests.



Alexander III of Macedon

There are four main sources for details of the real Alexander's life. Diodorus Siculus of Sicily lived during the First Century BC and chronicled events from the Trojan War to the death of Alexander. Both Quintus Curtius Rufus and Arrian were Roman historians that wrote during the First and Second Centuries AD, respectively. Arrian's work in general is accepted as one of the most complete and widest read histories of Alexander. However, the writings of Plutarch, a Greek philosopher that lived over 300 years after Alexander, was the only one to document Alexander's boyhood and to devote considerable time to analysing his character. All these men lived a few centuries after Alexander had perished and based their manuscripts on the journals of men that lived and fought alongside the legendary warrior.

After many successful battles at the side of his father, Alexander was proclaimed King when Philip was assassinated in 336 BC. After proving his ascension to the lands that Philip had conquered it was only a short time before Alexander was on the move to expand the territory of Macedon. Many of the records indicate that although the King could be brutal to those that defied him, including razing several cities to the ground, he was just as good at peaceful negotiations – so long as he was recognised as the King of the lands he passed through.

As Alexander moved through Asia he met many foes, and continued to show the ingenuity that would have him remembered to this day. He tackled the hitherto insoluble Gordian Knot with his usual straight forward manner. The Knot was said to be tied by the gods and only the future king of Asia could untie it. Declaring it didn't matter how the Knot was undone, Alexander hacked it apart with his sword. He then met Persian King Darius III on the plains of Issus, and even though outnumbered more than two

to one Alexander's troops turn the tide of battle leaving Darius no option but to flee in humility. Darius left behind his wife, daughters and mother in the hands of the conquering Macedonians, but when brought before Alexander to beg for his mercy the new King of Persia indicated that the women were all to be treated well, and continue to live in the station they were accustomed too. While Alexander's men may have disagreed with his decision, this act led many Persians to accept him immediately. It is even said that Darius' mother spurned her son for his desertion and claimed "I have only one son, Alexander, and he is king of all Persia."

Moving on to the island city of Tyre, Alexander was infuriated by the resistance of the people there to proclaim him king. Imagining what others could not, Alexander said he would teach the Tyrians that their city was indeed part of the same mainland he had conquered. He directed his army to build a causeway from boulders, connecting the shoreline to the island city. In the end, Alexander showed that he was not going to be deterred like other men, and he would literally move heaven and earth to achieve his goals. This causeway still exists to this day, now with a road paved directly over it.



Alexander riding Bucephalus at the Battle of Issus
From a mosaic dating from circa 100 BC

Taking time out to found the first of several cities to be named after him, Alexandria, in Egypt, would become famous for housing one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world – the Lighthouse of Alexandria – and the largest library of the ancient world. It was after leaving Egypt that Alexander visited Babylon for the first time after defeating Darius once more. Alexander's greatest wish seemed to be the merging of the cultures he had conquered with his own Macedonian traditions. This led to tensions with his countrymen and at least two failed attempts to assassinate him, but he still led them on across Mesopotamia and into India. It was here that Alexander's troops faced some of their fiercest battles, and after many years away from home and their families, complained bitterly about Alexander's adoption of Persian customs and naming Persian generals. Agreeing to return home, but still punishing those that opposed him directly, Alexander started to lead his weary army back across Persia.

T H E
F R A G I L E
Y E L L O W
A R C
O F
F R A G R A N C E

by: MORIS FARHI

written for "DR WHO"
1964.

1.

TITLE BACKGROUND AND INTRODUCTION

MIX TO.

1. STUDIO. PLANET FRAGRANCE. DAWN. CU. BARBARA.

The CAMERA holds in Close-Up BARBARA WRIGHT's face. Her face is slightly at an angle, looking just off-screen. And her expression is one of sadness and nostalgia - the silent, inner sighs of her heart almost audible.

CUT TO.

2. STUDIO. PLANET FRAGRANCE. PLAINS. DAWN. BARBARA'S POV. BARBARA.

In a chiaroscuro light, a large Sun is heralding the dawn to the Planet FRAGRANCE. So far, only one third of the large Sun is seen on the horizon, and the flat surface on which BARBARA stands appears to extend as far as the Sun.

CUT TO.

3. STUDIO. PLANET FRAGRANCE. DAWN. CU. RHYTHM.

Now the CAMERA takes in Close-Up, a strange, but very handsome man. This is RHYTHM, a very tall, very pale youth of Adonis features. He is wearing - like all the inhabitants of FRAGRANCE - transparent, cellophane-like drapes over a tight, body-embracing tunic. He has a face that boasts of no lines, no wrinkles - a face that has smiled throughout its existence. But at this moment, as it watches BARBARA, the face is deeply melancholic.

RHYTHM

(a soft, melodious voice)

Barbara...

CUT TO.

4. STUDIO. PLANET FRAGRANCE. PLAINS. DAWN. BARBARA. RHYTHM.

Self-consciously, BARBARA turns round and faces RHYTHM.

RHYTHM

Must you go, Barbara ?

BARBARA

(after hesitation)

Yes...

RHYTHM

(involuntarily looks at the rising Sun)

It hurts me to think that the next time the Sun rises on my planet it will not find you smiling at its brilliance...

BARBARA

(moved)

It hurts me, too, Rhythm...