

Stitch glances down at her palm.

The beginnings of a clay dragon perch there, winding up--

MATCH CUT TO:

**EXT. DREAMSCAPE - STARRY PLAIN - NIGHT**

--to ROAR, now rendered in full galactic detail.

Swathes of nebulae rake the dome of the sky. The purple dragon hovers in space, facing an Earth with planetary rings and an unfamiliar pattern of continents.

An asteroid barrels towards the dragon, carrying a suit of armor. The knight flicks open their visor, revealing a determined Stitch.

She swings a finger to the dragon. Her voice carries.

STITCH

(dramatically)

Wretched drude, monster of old! You dare threaten the Authority's masterpiece? You dare succumb to the pull of the Naught? Dare you might try, for I, Sir Heartsworth, will put an end to your daring!

(over her shoulder)

How's that?

Behind her, The Doctor floats, clothed in the garb of a companion wizard.

THE DOCTOR

Oh... Your improvisation needs some work. Include grander claims about the world, a few more cutting remarks here and there.

STITCH

All right.

(to dragon)

I, Sir Heartsworth, will put an end to your oppression, barbecue lizard!

THE DOCTOR

Oh dear.