Two Fat Ladies

by Herminbean

Summary

The Doctor needs some peace and quiet. That can be a hard thing to find these days

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Several monitors flashed frantically at the Doctors face, each one begging for attention. The Doctor sighed and slumped further into his chair.

“Yes yes, I hear you.”

He looked down at his hand, swilling his empty teacup around absent mindedly. The colours from the monitors lit it up in a variety of different colours, constantly reminding the Doctor of chaos going on.

The Doctor stood up abruptly, dropping his cup to the ground. He dashed up to the console and slammed a button, pulled a lever, and gave the side a kick. The TARDIS wheezed to life, complaining about having to move like it always did. The Doctor watched the column in the centre rise up and down, the monitors around him flashing at him faster. He couldn’t take it anymore. With a THUMP, the TARDIS landed, and the Doctor flicked a switch, plunging the console room into darkness, and the silence followed.

The column remained as the only light source. The Doctor closed his eyes. Even that small light was too much for him right now. He needed peace. Just for a few minutes. He needed to rest.

The silence seemed to wrap around him like a comforting blanket. He lowered his head and
focused on nothing.

_Bong._

The distant sound of the cloister bell rang softly through the room. It was usually there to signify great danger. At this point, it almost never stopped. The Doctor wished he could turn that off as well, but he could never figure out how. And so, it remained.

_Bong._

“Just a few minutes.” The Doctor insisted, his eyes still closed. He wasn’t going to be bossed around by his mode of transport.

_Bong bong._

“I know. Just…” The Doctor didn’t finish. He knew every minute he spent here, the more people were in danger. But, he also knew he needed this. He would be no good to anyone if he didn’t rest.

_Bong bong bong._

The universe was depending on him. He had to answer.

_Bang bang bang._

He had to answer. It was right outside. He couldn’t just ignore it. It was knocking right now.

_Bang bang bang._

It was…it was knocking?

The Doctor’s eyes shot open. Did he hear knocking? He twisted his head slightly. Surely it wasn’t…

_Bang bang bang._

He spun around and looked at the TARDIS doors, eyes wide. It was. Someone was knocking. But that wasn’t possible. It was a crazy. It was insane. It was…

“Exciting.” The Doctor let a smile creep onto his lips.

He dashed over to the doors and reached for the handle. He paused. Probably not the best idea. He pulled his hand back and tucked it into his pocket, not trusting it to behave itself. He cleared his throat.

“Who’s there?” He couldn’t resist. It wasn’t often he got to make a joke out of situations these days. Didn’t stop him trying any time the opportunity came up though.

“Doctor.” A voice came from outside.

The Doctor almost had a fit there and then. Was this person in on the joke, or was the universe throwing him a bone for once? Did he dare live the dream? He ran through the possibilities in his head. Finally, he responded.

“Doctor who?” He smirked to himself. This was just what he needed. Whoever, or whatever was out there, he made a mental note to thank them later.
And then the doors opened. The most powerful defence systems in the universe simply swung open. The Doctor took a few shocked steps back, reaching inside his coat for his sonic. A figure swaggered inside the TARDIS.

“Doctor too.” A broad smile with a body attached said smugly.

The body was definitely female in nature. Rather on the short side, with blonde hair and an outfit that would make his sixth face proud. She walked in like she owned the place. As the Doctor took in all the information, her response, the key in her hand, the ridiculous dress sense, he came to the conclusion that she in fact did.

“Sorry, sorry. I know this is against every rule. But, we need your help.” The new Doctor said.

“Against every rule?” Three humans were gathered around the door, peering in. The older man was speaking. “That would explain why you’ve done it so much lately.”

The new Doctor turned on him, rolling her eyes. “Not the time Graham. I’m trying to make an impression here.”

“Sorry, just saying.”

“It’s hardly my fault.” The new Doctor pondered for a second. “OK, this one technically was on purpose. But the others were just a matter of same place at the wrong time.”

“Excuse me.” The Doctor snapped.

The new Doctor spun around as if noticing him for the first time.

“Sorry, so rude, my bad.” She said frantically.

“Rude is walking right up to your old TARDIS and knocking.” The Doctor said, motioning around to identify HIS TARDIS.

“Respectfully disagree.” His future self put her hands in her jacket pockets and rocked on the spot. “Rude would have been letting myself in.”

The Doctor put both hands out and nodded in the direction of the new Doctor. She looked behind her to see the TARDIS doors wide open.

“OK, fine, good point. But we’re in kind of a bind here.” She said, sheepishly.

“Well, I’m glad unlike my dress sense, that hasn’t changed.” The Doctor looked his future self up and down.

“Why do I always have something to say about the clothes?” The new Doctor turned on her companions and raised her arms. “You guys like this look, don’t you?”

“Absolutely.” The young lady said instantly.

“Thank you, Yaz.” The turned to the young man. “Ryan?”

“It works for you.” He agreed.

“Graham?”

“It’s a bit much for my taste.”
“There, you see.” She turned back to the Doctor, smugly. “Perfect score.”

The Doctor decided it wasn’t worth correcting her. Clearly he had reverted back to his quirky persona. Could be worse, at least she was fun.

“Why are you here?”

The new Doctor clapped her hands together and dashed past the Doctor to the console.

“I need to borrow your TARDIS and your bodies for a second.”

She started pressing buttons and the TARDIS leapt back to life. The Doctor closed his eyes as the monitors began the flashing anew. He could see the colours through his eyelids, and just like that he was brought back to reality.

“Oh wow.” Ryan’s voice appeared behind the Doctor, but he kept his eyes closed. “Are we causing the screens to go crazy like that?”

“Those aren’t warnings, Ryan.” The new Doctor explained.

“Then, what are they?” Yaz asked.

“Cries for help.”

The Doctor opened his eyes. The new Doctor was standing next to him, staring at the monitors. She looked almost as pained as the Doctor felt. She looked over to the Doctor, tears in her eyes.

“You’ve been doing this for a while, haven’t you?” She said to him.

The Doctor knew what she meant. It was hard to keep track, but the Time War had been raging for some time. He turned back to the monitors as they called for help.

“So many of them.” Graham remarked.

“Hence why I knew you would be here.” The new Doctor said to her younger self.

Yaz turned and looked out of the TARDIS. “Where is “here” exactly? It looks like nothing but whiteness out there.”

The Doctor turned to the new Doctor, half expecting her to leap into a crazy explanation. She didn’t move though. She was waiting for him, he realised. He let out a weak smile, and walked to the TARDIS doors, looking out at the white void.

“I discovered this place just before the Time War broke out. Think of it as a second, mini universe attached to our one. In this one, there is nothing. Nothing gets in unless they know about it.”

He scanned the perfect whiteness out of his TARDIS. There was nothing, except for another blue box a few feet from his. He could only assume this belonged to his future self. He turned back to the flashing screens.

“It’s the perfect place to come. Because, sometimes…” He trailed off. He felt a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“…it’s too much.” His future self gave his shoulder a squeeze. “Even for us.”

Like a whirlwind, his future self dashed away from him and started prodding the buttons again.
“Which is why this is the perfect place to get us back to our time. You see, this place is just outside of our universe, and therefore outside of the Time Lock. If we were going to get back, this is place to do it from.”

“So, why not just pop out?” Graham asked.

“You really think it would be that easy, Graham?” The new Doctor said.

“Well, I live and hope.” He said. The Doctor decided he really liked this guy. Surely he came along by accident. He was one of the most humany humans he’d ever met.

The new Doctor hadn’t broken a step. “We need something to connect us from here to there.”

The Doctor walked up next to the new Doctor. “An anchor? Makes sense.”

“Exactly, yes. We need a connection from the Time War to outside the Time War.”

“Good luck with that. Like I said, we’re the only things here.”

“Like I said, I need you.” The new Doctor looked at the Doctor.

“Me?” The Doctor tried to see where she was going with this.

“Well, I need you. And I need…you.”

She darted around to the other side of the console, pressed a button, and the whole panel spun. The Doctor watched in amazement. He had no idea the console did that. On the new panel was a gooey looking substance. It glowed slightly and seemed to pulsate. It didn’t take the Doctor long to figure out what this stuff was.

“Is this…a psychic interface?”

It took the Doctor even less time to figure out his future self’s plan.

“You can’t mean.”

“I’m afraid so.”

“That is…”

“I know, but we need him.”

The Doctor hesitated. What she was proposing was insane. Then again, she was in trouble. Or, to be more precise, at some point HE would be in trouble. He couldn’t exactly say no. He glared at his future self.

“I hope you know what you’re doing.”

He plunged his hands into the psychic interface. Instantly, he felt his mind connect to the TARDIS. It was glorious. This was the closest he had ever been to her. He could feel her rummage around inside his mind. He had so much he wanted to tell her. But that would have to wait. Right now, he had to focus on one thing. Bring him here. Just that. Show him how to get here. Guide him.

The Doctor staggered backwards, severing his connection to the TARDIS. He wanted so desperately to go back, but he knew if he did, he might not come back. He looked around the console room. They were gone. He peered around to see them huddled around the TARDIS doors.
He shook the sensation of the TARDIS from his head and dashed to their side.

Outside, in the void, something new had arrived. Or rather, the same something new had arrived. A new blue box sat next to the other, steaming viciously from its hijacking. The doors swung open and someone stumbled out in a panic. His eyes darted around the nothingness, until they connected with the Doctors. The recognition was instant. It was a bit hard not to recognise your own face. And his own face looked furious.

“What the heck have you done?” He demanded angrily, storming over to the group.

“It’s…” Graham looked back at the Doctor, then back to the new guest. “…it’s you. Your own face.”

“That’s right. This is my younger self.” The Doctor sighed.

Ryan rubbed his head. “This is getting…” He walked back into the TARDIS. “Do you have a chair?”

The Doctor motioned vaguely behind him as he brushed past everyone and approached his past self. He looked a little younger, but it was certainly the same face. So young and full of vigour. He almost wanted to grab him and warn him.

“Lose the attitude, we wouldn’t have called you here if it weren’t important.”

“And, where is here exactly?” The young Doctor spun around gesturing at the void.

A short, sharp laugh caught everyone’s attention. They turned to see the new Doctor grabbing her mouth to silence herself. She moved her hand slowly away to reveal an apologetic smile.

“Sorry, just figured out how I first discovered this place.”

The Doctor thought back. Of course this was how he had discovered this place, but experiencing this was like discovering it again. For his future self, it must be like discovering it for a third time. He had that to look forward to. For now, time to be the grown up.

“You can figure that out later with your TARDIS readouts. We need to talk.”

“Oh, we do, do we? You pull me here to “talk”? I ask you, if I turn out half as rude as you are, let me regenerate now and get it over with.”

The Doctor bit his tongue. He didn’t realise just how obnoxious he was when he was younger. So brash and serious. And if his future self’s sniggering was any indication, he would grow up to be a child. It was like he was travelling the wrong way down maturity.

“We can argue about who needs manners all day, or we can work on solving our predicament.” The Doctor snapped.

“Fine. What kind of trouble have you got your companions in this time?” He motioned towards the rest of them, including the future Doctor.

The new Doctor stopped sniggering instantly, her mouth opening and closing in outrage. The Doctor let a small smile spread across him. Being referred to as a companion had to hurt. Then again, this was something else he had to “look forward to”, so he didn’t smile too much.

“Companion?” The new Doctor finally spluttered.

“Fam?” Yaz said with a smile, nudging the new Doctor.

“Fam?” The young Doctor turned his nose up. “Please tell me she’s joking.”

The Doctor turned his nose up as well, turning to the new Doctor. “Yes, please tell us she’s joking.”

“I was just testing it out.” The new Doctor said, exasperatedly. “It didn’t work, I get it.”

The Doctor rolled his eyes at her and turned his attention back to his younger self. He, on the other hand, was studying the new Doctor’s face. He stared at her, puzzled, looked over to the Doctor, then back to the new Doctor. Then he turned back to his TARDIS, then to the new Doctor’s TARDIS, then to the one they were standing in. Finally, it clicked.

“You’re not…” He said, pointing to the new Doctor.

“I’m afraid so.” The Doctor said.

“Afraid so?” The new Doctor snapped.

“Wait, is she the reason we’re here?” The young Doctor asked.

“I’m the reason YOU’RE here.” She admitted.

“I was here anyway.” The Doctor said, thinking back to how simple things were 30 minutes ago.

The young Doctor sighed and rubbed his head, trying to process everything. The Doctor felt for him. Quite literally, since he was him, and as the same series of events began to unfold it all came back to him. It was like he was remembering as his past self experienced.

“OK, explain in 8 words or less.” The young Doctor said.

The new Doctor held up her friends and began counting on her fingers. “Very stuck. Need escape. Anchor required.” She waggled her last to fingers and pondered. With a smile, she flicked them up in time and motioned to the young Doctor. “Anchors aweigh.”

The young Doctor turned to the Doctor. He simply gave him a reassuring nod. The young Doctor sighed and shrugged.

“Well, whatever’s going on, I guess I’ll find out in time.” He strolled over to his TARDIS confidently, looked behind him and motioned to them. “You guys coming or what?”

Graham and Yaz brushed past the Doctor and made their way back to their own TARDIS. The new Doctor turned to the Doctor and beamed a smile at him.

“Well, this has been…” She struggled to find the words. “…yeah. Thanks again.”

As she turned to leave, the Doctor cleared his throat. The new Doctor turned back, confused. He raised his eyebrows at her. She threw her hands up, baffled. He nodded his head at her. She sighed.

“Listen, you want to know you’re future, I get it. I know you think that because you won’t remember this, what’s the harm? I guess in a way, you’re right. I suppose, I can tell you how I knew you were so old. How I could tell what stage you were in your life. Looking at you and Mr Shoes over there, it’s like day and night. With him, sure he’s brash. But, he’s also go this life to
him. He’s full of hope. You. You seem…broken?” The new Doctor scrunched her face up at the word. “I wish there was a nicer word, but none are coming to me. So there you have it. A glimpse of what is to come. Are you happy?”

The Doctor had spent many hours in the void, yet never had it seemed so quiet. The Doctor looked behind him, then back to the new Doctor.

“I was just going to say, I think you’ve forgotten one of you fam.”

The new Doctor frowned for a second, then the realisation hit her. She slapped herself on the forehead and dashed up to the TARDIS doors, leaning in.

“RYAN!” She shouted. “GET A SHIFT ON!”

Ryan emerged, groggily from the TARDIS. He staggered past the two Doctors, paused at the sight of the two TARDIS and turned back.

“Right.” The Doctors said together.

Ryan turned back and stumbled into the TARDIS.

The new Doctor turned sheepishly to the Doctor. She gave a little salute. “Well, ta muchly.”

She darted off to her own TARDIS. As she got to the doors, the Doctor called out to her.

“Doctor?”

“Hmm?”

The Doctor paused. “Do you really think I’m broken?”

The new Doctor smiled sadly at him. “Aren’t we all? Doesn’t mean we don’t still have our uses.”

The doors slammed shut, the TARDIS wheezed and groaned louder than usual as they both disappeared from view. Once again, the Doctor had the void to himself. He walked into his TARDIS and closed the doors behind him. The room was filled with flashes once again. The Doctor stroked over to his chair, thoughtfully. He felt something clatter against his foot. Bending down, he scooped it up in his hand. His teacup. He turned it over in his hand. It had a chip in it. Must have happened when he dropped it. The Doctor smirked to himself as he walked up to the console.

“It’ll do.”

With a flourish, the Doctor whipped the TARDIS into life, and he answered the universe once again.

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End Notes

I know I’ve uploaded quite a few stories lately, but my family arrive tomorrow for the Christmas break, so I won’t for a little while, and so wanted to put some stuff out there before I disappeared. Merry Christmas if you celebrate it
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!