

Costume Piece

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Rating: K+

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This is a DC Universe / Dr. Who crossover; it's a sequel to an earlier non-Dr. Who story, a DC universe / NCIS / West Wing / Bones crossover, although only one character from the earlier story appears here. Minor spoilers for The Return; major spoilers for the finale of the last series of Doctor Who.

"There's something I've been meaning to ask you," said Amy Pond.

"What's that?" said the Doctor.

"I was wondering if you could save Krypton?"

"Krypton?"

"You know," said Amy. "Big planet, blew up a few thousand years ago."

"Never heard of the place."

"Everyone's heard of Krypton," said Rory. "It's where Superman comes from."

"Sorry, doesn't mean a thing to me. Is this something you remember from your original timeline, or the reboot?"

"Um... It'd be the reboot," said Amy. "I remember seeing stars the one time I met a Kryptonian."

"Okay... Do you mind if I take a look?"

"Take a look?"

"At your memory," said the Doctor.

"I suppose," said Amy.

The Doctor touched his hands to her head...

Amy Pond kicked the flat tyre, shivered, and wished that she'd remembered to charge her cell phone and put a coat on over the evening's costume. She'd thought that the cloak would be warm enough, but the thin satin wasn't really much protection, the leotard could only be comfortable in mid-summer, and the short skirt and high-heeled vinyl boots were about as much use as a chocolate teapot. Her legs were covered in goose bumps, and even the blonde wig was uncomfortable. At least she'd broken down on the way back from the party, not before; she'd got her fee and tip, and a few miles away there was a very drunk bridegroom-to-be whose friends would hopefully remind him to clean the lipstick off his face before the wedding.

A car... no, a Land-Rover... was approaching, and she waved her torch to warn the driver of her presence. It slowed, and as it passed her she saw leering faces at the windows. There were whistles and cat-calls. Great...

The Land-Rover stopped about fifty yards ahead and began to reverse back towards her, stopping on the verge on the other side of the road. "Need a hand, darling?" He had an Irish

accent.

"No, I'm fine," she lied, "the AA will be here soon; they'll fix it!"

A tough-looking man in his twenties got out of the front, and two more from the back. All had short-cut hair, and smelled of beer. "No trouble at all, love. Pop the boot open, we'll soon get it changed."

"You're serious?"

"You don't want to be stuck on the road at this time of night, dressed like that. No telling what trouble you might run into. Open up the boot, we'll soon get it sorted."

"Okay..."

Amy reached into her car and got her keys, and grabbed a small and highly illegal can of pepper spray. There wasn't really anywhere to hide it in the stupid costume, but she tucked it into the waistband of the skirt and hoped that they wouldn't notice.

As she walked to the boot one of the men said "Fancy dress party?"

"That's right."

"Nice costume, but you really need a few pockets."

"Tell me about it." She opened the boot, and the interior light revealed the spare tyre and a distinct lack of tools.

"That's a bit careless," said another of the men, with a strong Cockney accent. "Harry! We'll need the tool kit."

"Our tool kit?" shouted the driver, who was still behind the wheel of the Land-Rover.

"Of course our f***** tool kit, what other f***** tool kit would I be asking for?"

"Well I don't f***** know, do I?"

"You two, knock it off, there's a f***** lady present," said the Irishman.

"Don't worry," said Amy, "it's nothing I haven't heard before."

"We're being inspected by the bloody Queen next week, they start swearing like that and it'll be a month in the bloody glasshouse."

"Glasshouse? You're soldiers?"

"That's right," said the Irishman. "Sergeant Reilly at your service, these buggers are Corporals Davis and Patterson, that's Corporal Travis at the wheel."

While he was taking the driver climbed out, went to the back of the Land-Rover, and came back with a big metal tool kit and a jack, ridiculously large for the size of Amy's car. "I don't think this goes low enough to get it under the car."

"And that's why I'm a sergeant," said Reilly, "and you're still a bloody corporal. You three lift the front of the car; I'll slide the jack underneath."

"No need," said a woman's voice. Everyone looked around, then up, and Amy was suddenly horribly conscious of her costume. The red boots, skirt, and cape, the blonde hair, the blue leotard and the yellow "S" insignia were much the same, but the woman floating down from the starry sky seemed comfortable in them. The four soldiers suddenly looked very sober.

"I'll lift the car," said Supergirl, "but you'll have to change the wheel, I can't do both." She reached down and carefully lifted the front of the car two feet into the air. Reilly pushed the jack underneath but it wasn't needed, Supergirl patiently supported the weight while the startled soldiers fumbled with tools and eventually got the job done.

Once they were finished and the car was back on the ground Amy had a sudden inspiration, and said "Thanks! You've all been incredibly helpful. Supergirl, can I ask one more favour?"

"What did you have in mind?"

"Well, they've been really nice, and I've got a Polaroid in the car. I'm sure they'd like a picture with you, would you mind?"

Supergirl smiled and said, "All right."

In the end Amy took four pictures, one for each of the soldiers. Corporal Travis said "Would you like me to take one of you two together?"

"Oh... would you mind?" asked Amy. "Might as well finish the film pack."

"That's all right," said Supergirl, "it's a quiet night." She linked arms with Amy, and Travis took the last picture.

"We'd better get going," said Reilly, "or we'll be late back to the barracks."

"Thanks," said Amy, "you've been incredibly kind."

"That's all right," said Reilly, "and if you're ever working the clubs in Hereford let us know, the lads always like a good strip act." He grinned and Amy blushed, and waved as the Land-Rover drove off.

Still blushing, Amy tried to give the last picture to Supergirl.

"That's all right, keep it. I've got more photos than I know what to do with."

"Thank you. Um... I'm not a stripper."

"Fancy dress costume?"

"Actually I'm a kissogram."

"Kissogram?" asked Supergirl.

"Sorry, I forgot, it's more of a British thing. I go along to parties in costume, and then I do a little acting, maybe read out a message, and then I snog the birthday boy or whatever it is."

"Snog?"

"Like this." Amy reached out and gently pulled her into her arms, and gave her a long passionate kiss.

Eventually Supergirl pulled back, blushing slightly, and said "I thought it might be something like that."

Amy mumbled something indistinct.

"I'm sorry, what was that?"

"Um... I said, do you mind me dressing like this?"

"I've got used to impersonators," said Supergirl, "one more doesn't bother me. But are you comfortable in it? You look a little cold."

"Maybe a bit."

Supergirl's eyes glowed, and suddenly the chill wasn't there.

"I saw on TV," said Amy, "that it's your family crest. I never really thought about it before. I won't dress up like this again."

"You don't have to change on my account," said Supergirl.

"To be honest, the naughty nun and the sexy schoolgirl are a lot more popular anyway."

Supergirl laughed and rose into the sky, shouted "drive carefully," and flew off south in the rough direction of London.

"Now that's just weird," said the Doctor. "You both remember this?"

"Well, I wasn't there," said Rory, "but Superman's been around for years, on and off. Supergirl only turned up a couple of years ago, her bit of Krypton got stuck in another dimension, she came to Earth to help her cousin."

"Another dimension - do you mean an alternate universe?"

"I don't think so," said Amy. "The way they explained it on *Horizon*, it's a bit like the

TARDIS, sort of a pocket universe that opens into ours. There's another one that's full of criminals from Krypton, they used it as a prison."

"Three of them escaped about nine years ago," said Rory, "they smashed up half of Metropolis."

"Err... Metropolis?"

"You know... big city in the USA, near Gotham."

The Doctor rubbed his temples. "I've never heard of either of them."

"Then maybe the universe came back a bit wrong," said Amy. "A different city here, another planet there?"

"You mean to say that everything I remember about your world and its history, maybe every world and bit of history I've ever heard of, might be wrong?"

"Could be," said Rory, "how would we know?"

The Doctor grinned. "That's absolutely brilliant! Let's go and find out!"

End.