

DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 9

EPISODE 12

"Hell Bent"

by

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GREEN AMENDMENTS

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 8)

He's taken his shades off, now tosses them on a table. Close on them, as they land - the slightest beep.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
You're English.

CLARA
You're not.

THE DOCTOR
How did you get out here?

CLARA
Magic. Or maybe I went to an airport and caught a plane. You?

THE DOCTOR
Magic.

He plays a few chords. The sound comes out of every speaker in the diner - the radio, the television, everywhere.

She looks round at this, amused.

CLARA
I believe you.

A tiny smile from the Doctor too. Pleased to impress. He pulls off his coat, tosses it over the back of a chair - so dusty. Clara notes this.

CLARA (cont'd)
You've been travelling.

THE DOCTOR
From time to time.

He sits now, starting to play.

We might recognise it as Clara's theme, from the show. A sad, slow version.

Clara: listening, moved.

CLARA
Is it a sad song?

THE DOCTOR
Nothing's sad till it's over. Then everything is.

CLARA
What's it called?

THE DOCTOR
I think it's called Clara.

Clara watches him play for a bit - this mysterious, dusty man who's walked out of the desert.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
Tell me about her.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

3 **EXT. GALLIFREYAN DESERT/CITY - DAY**

3

The horizon, almost lost in the heat shimmer.

Defocussed, a figure approaching, like a gunfighter coming in from the desert.

Resolving into focus. It's the Doctor. His coat slung over his shoulder, sweating slightly in the heat. (This shot should resemble the arrival of the John Hurt Doctor in The Day Of The Doctor.)

The Doctor's POV: shimmering in the heat, there it is. The barn (again, the one we saw in the 50th and Listen.)

The Doctor heads towards it. As he moves out of shot, he reveals, far behind him -

- distantly the city of Gallifrey, glittering under its mighty glass dome. The Doctor is heading away from it.

We let him go, now closing on the distant city. We hear the tolling of what sounds a little like the cloister bell.

Now, closer on the city - the gleaming towers beneath the glass.

And now, more tolling, more bells - like many different cloister bells, all slightly different tones and registers. Like every bell in the city is tolling in the direst emergency.

Now closing in on one of the towers -

Homing in on a window, and we can just discern a robed figure staring out ...

CUT TO:

4 **INT. HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY**

4

A vast and fabulous room, one that commands all Gallifrey. At the centre a conference table. The Time Lords in their robes and headdresses.

There is a vacated chair at the end of the table.

The recent occupant is staring out of the window, his back to us.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

The Time Lords glancing at one another, uneasy. Closer on one of them: the General (as played by Ken Bones in The Day Of The Doctor.)

THE GENERAL
Sir? Lord President?

The President turns. As when last seen, there is a metal gauntlet on his left hand.

THE PRESIDENT
Are all the bells ringing? The whole cloister?

The General raises his wrist communicator, speaks into it.

THE GENERAL
What's going on down there?

CUT TO:

4A **INT. CLOISTERS - DAY**

4A

The dark underbelly of the Time Lord capitol - the cloisters. Shadows and pillars, and thin layer of cold mist. A forest of marble columns and ancient metal struts. Rivets and gargoyles. It's like a huge crypt imagined by Terry Gilliam - and the very last place you would ever want to set foot.

(We now intercut between this and the High Council chamber, as required.)

Closer on:

Gastron, a youngish, uniformed Gallifreyan soldier. He is standing just inside a lift, set incongruously in one of the stone walls. He peers cautiously out of the lift doors - clearly this place frightens him -

GASTRON
The Sliders are everywhere, sir.
Loads of the things.

THE GENERAL
(A slight twinge of impatience.)
Language, please, I'm with the President.

GASTRON
Sorry, sir. The Cloister Wraiths are active.

Gastron's POV. Distantly among the pillars and struts, there are ...

What are those?

At first glance, they seem like Time Lords, in their robes and headdresses.

(CONTINUED)

But even in silhouette, they are weirdly tall, elongated. And they glide along the floor, like Daleks, or Colony Sarff. Not soundless - the air filled with what sounds like angry whispering. (At this stage we barely glimpse the Sliders - they just flicker among the pillars.)

Gastron's eyes move to where there are some tall, vacant alcoves carved into the walls - clearly where the Sliders emerged from.

THE GENERAL

Do not approach them. Don't even enter the cloisters. Just tell me - are all the bells ringing?

GASTRON

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

4B

INT. HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

4B

The General turns to the President.

THE PRESIDENT

So. We're facing great danger then.

THE GENERAL

The Cloister Wraiths seem to think so.

THE PRESIDENT

Then where is he? Where has the Doctor gone?

From off:

OHILA

Back to the beginning, I should think.

The President turns to look - as do they all.

Ohila stands in the doorway, flanked by two of the Karn sisterhood.

Tension in the room - these visitors were not expected.

THE PRESIDENT

The Sisterhood of Karn have no business in this chamber, or on this planet.

OHILA

I heard the Doctor had come home. One so loves fireworks!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

The same barn as we saw in Listen and The Day Of The Doctor. The door is swinging open.

The Doctor stepping through the doorway. Looking around.

The barn: a little dilapidated, probably unused. Probably untouched since the last time he stood here.

At the other end of the barn: the ladder to the upper floor section (as in Listen, but not in Day), the bed and the window visible just beyond.

The Doctor now climbing the ladder.

His shadow now falling over the child's bed. It's been made, tidied up. Like a shrine.

The Doctor bends, looks under the bed. Nothing there -

- and now the creak of an opening door. Now a woman's voice. She's prattling away, even as she enters.

THE WOMAN

(From off)

- why are they ringing all the bells, never heard so many? What's gone wrong this time, all the fuss they're always making.

The Doctor straightens up at the sound of this voice. Still with his back to her.

THE WOMAN (cont'd)

You! You up there, you're not supposed to be there!

The Doctor turns, looks down at her.

The Woman - plump, elderly. Dressed in simple clothes, like she's from the Gallifreyan version of The Waltons.

THE WOMAN (cont'd)

Only just put all that back. It's for the boys, if any of them ever want to come and -

She breaks off, staring at him. Like she's starting to realise who this is.

Her eyes widen. An incredulous look. Her head cocks, like she's starting to ask *is it you?* but can't even form the words.

The Doctor: expressionless. He just inclines his head, the slightest nod. Yes.

She can't speak for a moment. Then:

(CONTINUED)

THE WOMAN (cont'd)
They'll kill you!

He just stares at her.

CUT TO:

6 OMITTED

6

7 EXT. BARN - DAY

7

A plate of soup being placed, reverently, on a table.

The Doctor sitting at a table, set up just outside the barn. He looks at the soup, then to the Woman who just placed it in front of him.

She is standing back from the table, seemingly intent on just watching him eat.

The Doctor: momentarily disconcerted by this. Then what the hell.

Lifts his spoon and starts to eat.

Pulling back now:

Past a man of about the same age as the Woman, could well be her husband, also just watching.

Still pulling back: more and more people - adults and children, all simply dressed - just standing there, solemnly staring at him, like he's the most amazing sight ever.

Back and back, more and more.

Closer on the Doctor again: looking around them all. He toasts them all with a spoonful of soup, knocks it back.

As his spoon descends to the soup again -

- a rumble.

The surface of the soup ripples and quivers.

Wider: a massive shadow slides over the barn and the group standing outside it.

They all turn to look:

It hangs about twenty feet in the air, facing the Doctor over the heads of the assembled villagers. Massive and lumbering, like a giant mechanical mosquito. It's the size a troop-carrying helicopter, but bristles with sci-fi weaponry.

So many guns clicking and revolving into place. All centering on the Doctor. This is a Sky Tank.

(CONTINUED)

GASTRON
(V.O.)
Attention! Would all non-military
personnel step away from the
Doctor.

CUT TO:

7A **INT. SKY TANK - DAY**

7A

A tight shot, on Gastron's face, piloting the craft (all we need to see of the interior.)

GASTRON
(V.O.)
I repeat, all non-military
personnel, please step away from
the Doctor.

CUT TO:

7B **EXT. BARN - DAY**

7B

So many blankly defiant faces. Nobody moves. The Doctor keeps eating his soup. Nobody budes an inch. Soup is eaten, a little noisily. (We now intercut with Gastron as required.)

GASTRON
At least move the children away!

On the kids. Nope! Not one of them makes any move to leave.

And *clatter!*

The Doctor has banged down his spoon in his bowl. Everyone spins to look at him.

He pushes back his chair, stands.

Every movement is stared at. Heads turn as he walks round the table. The crowd parts as he walks calmly, towards the Sky Tank, as it hangs impossibly up there.

GASTRON (cont'd)
Doctor, you will lay down any
weapons on your person and
accompany us to the capitol.

But the Doctor says nothing, just keeps approaching. In danger of passing under the Sky Tank -

- and so forcing the tank to move back slightly, just to keep him in view.

GASTRON (cont'd)
Doctor, you will accompany us to
the capitol.

(CONTINUED)

The Doctor still advancing, the Sky Tank still reversing.

And the Doctor comes to an abrupt halt, just standing there. The Sky Tank halts too. The Doctor has moved it about twenty feet from the barn.

GASTRON (cont'd)

Doctor?

Very deliberately, the Doctor places one foot in front of the other, and with the toe of his leading boot, draws a short line in the sand. This just a couple of feet in front of the hovering tank.

The Doctor points to the line. Points to the tank. Wags his finger. Nobody is to cross that line.

He turns and starts walking back to his table. The others all applauding now.

GASTRON (cont'd)

(V.O.)

Come back. You will come back immediately, that is an order and this is a military vehicle.

CUT TO:

8 **INT. HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY** 8

The President and the others are watching this play out on a big screen, which shows the Sky Tank's POV.

THE PRESIDENT

What's he up to? What's his plan?

OHILA

I think he's finishing his soup.

THE GENERAL

Suggestion, sir. We could *talk* to him.

THE PRESIDENT

Words are his weapons.

THE GENERAL

When did they stop being ours?

CUT TO:

9 **INT. THE BARN - DAY** 9

The upper platform. The Doctor's velvet coat hangs over a chair, discarded. The Doctor himself - is reclined on the bed. Feet up, relaxed as hell.

The door opens, the Woman bustling in. She looks a little awestruck ...

(CONTINUED)

The Doctor glances over.

The Woman points to the door ... something's out there.

CUT TO:

10 **EXT. BARN - DAY**

10

The Doctor steps out of the barn.

All the people have gone, but standing in front of him, some little distance away, is a row of Gallifreyan soldiers. They stand respectfully behind the line in the sand.

At their head, is The General, Gastron standing at his shoulder.

THE GENERAL

Welcome home, sir. As the commander of the armed forces of Gallifrey, I bring the greetings of the High Council -

The door slams. The Doctor is back inside.

CUT TO:

11 **OMITTED**

11

12 **OMITTED**

12

13 **OMITTED**

13

14 **EXT. BARN - DAY**

14

Close on the General's wrist strap communicator. We can see a "Facetime" image of the President on it.

THE PRESIDENT

(On screen)

Who the hell does he think he is??

THE GENERAL

The man who won the Time War, sir. I think this is going to take more than soldiers.

CUT TO:

15 **INT. THE BARN - DAY**

15

The Doctor is checking himself out in the mirror. He's changed - now wearing the same farmhand garb as everyone else (as close to Shane as we dare.)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Glances round. The Woman at the door - seriously awestruck this time. She points a trembling arm at the door.

CUT TO:

16 **EXT. THE BARN - DAY**

16

The whole High Council, in their robes and headdresses, are now lined up outside the barn, just beyond the Doctor's line in the sand. Only the President is missing.

The Doctor, now stepping out the door.

They all bow.

The Doctor glances round them, turns, goes back in. The door bangs.

CUT TO:

17 **INT. HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY**

17

Almost empty now - just the President and Ohila, with her flanking sisters.

The President pacing, Ohila seated and amused.

THE PRESIDENT

What's he *doing*?? What does he want? Revenge?

OHILA

The Doctor does not blame Gallifrey for the horrors of the Time War.

THE PRESIDENT

I should hope not.

OHILA

He just blames you.

CUT TO:

18 **INT. THE BARN - DAY**

18

The Doctor is lying on his little bed, brooding over something.

Closer: in his hand, glittering ...

... the confession dial.

The Doctor's face. Grim, tight-jawed. No forgiveness there, anywhere. He spins the dial in his hands. The reflected light flickers across his face - for a moment he's almost demonic.

A sound from below, he looks round.

(CONTINUED)

The Woman has entered again, and is staring up at him. This time she's really gobsmacked. She points, almost trembling to the door.

CUT TO:

19 **EXT. BARN - DAY**

19

A solitary figure standing there - the President, fully robed, alone. We can see the others at a watchful distance.

The Doctor, emerging from the barn.

A moment between them -

- and this time the Doctor steps out of the barn. Walks slowly to the President. They stand face to face.

THE PRESIDENT

Welcome. Welcome home.

Nothing from the Doctor. No answering smile, nothing.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)

(Looking around)

You used to come here, didn't you? When you were little. But you were never one for the big city, not back then.

Nothing. Silence. The President is uncomfortably aware that small talk isn't cutting it.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)

The Time War is history now. The darkest of days. Things were done, that should never have been contemplated. But when the fighting stops, surely the first duty of peace ... is forgiveness.

He holds out his hand to the Doctor.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)

Shall we forgive each other, Doctor? What do you say?

A silence. Then the Doctor speaks for the first time since he arrived on Gallifrey.

THE DOCTOR

Get off my planet.

The Doctor has pulled something from his coat, thrown it at the President's feet.

The President looks down. The confession dial at his feet, glittering in the sun.

(CONTINUED)

THE PRESIDENT

We needed to know. You have information about the Hybrid. It is a threat to us all. If you'd just told us what you know, you could've walked straight out of there ...

THE DOCTOR

(Raising his voice so all can hear)

If the Hybrid is what you want then I will give you the Hybrid. But I have conditions.

THE PRESIDENT

Name them.

THE DOCTOR

Get off my planet.

A beat. The President - he's colder now too.

THE PRESIDENT

You have nothing, Doctor. Nothing. Do you know what I have? Out here, in the drylands, where there's nobody who matters.

(Leans in to the Doctor - low and threatening)

No witnesses.

The Doctor leans in too.

THE DOCTOR

Me too!

The President's eyes flash - the Doctor's gone too far. The President strides away from him, yelling to his troops.

THE PRESIDENT

Take aim. Take aim at the Doctor, fire on my command.

The General, thrown by this.

THE GENERAL

Sir?

THE PRESIDENT

Step forward and take aim, now! What's the matter with you??

The soldiers - a little uncertain, shooting glances at the General - start moving forward, forming themselves into an approximation of a firing squad. The reluctance is palpable.

The Doctor, just standing. Unmoving, unmoved.

The General, stepping closer to the President.

(CONTINUED)

THE GENERAL

Lord President - he's a war hero.
Some of these men served with him -

THE PRESIDENT

These men serve *me!!*
(Rounds on them, boiling
with rage)
All of you, on my command - *fire!*

On the row of guns, leveled at the Doctor as they fire! A tremendous noise, then silence.

THE DOCTOR

(V.O.)
Could I have a lemonade?

CUT TO:

20

INT. DINER - DAY

20

The Doctor, still twanging away at his guitar. Clara sitting riveted. Clearly he's been telling her a story (and has just asked for lemonade.)

CLARA

Oh, you like a cliffhanger, don't you?

THE DOCTOR

(Smiles, another private
joke)
Have we met?

CLARA

(Heading to the counter)
I don't think so - have we?

THE DOCTOR

No, probably not.

She gets up to fetch the lemonade.

CLARA

So you went back to your home town
...

THE DOCTOR

Something like that.

CLARA

Glasgow?

THE DOCTOR

Sort of Glasgow, yes. Space
Glasgow.

CLARA

And there was this gang boss, and
he wanted to kill you.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
Wanted to, yes.

CUT TO:

21 **EXT. BARN - DAY**

21

The President - staring.

The General - barely able to look.

The firing squad - standing with their lowered weapons.

Closer on the wall of the barn. A pattern of scorch marks,
like bullet holes.

Panning over the "bullet holes" - there is an empty patch in
the middle, about the size of a man.

Pulling back:

The Doctor stands exactly where he was. Every blast missed
him!

He just stands. Unmoved, unmoving.

THE PRESIDENT
You missed?? All of you, every
single one of you?? How is that
possible?
(Rounds on the General)
How??

The General: no answer. Pained - he's on the Doctor's side
but he can't say that!

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)
(At the firing squad)
Is the firing squad afraid of the
unarmed man??

He steps closer to Gastron, shoves his face at him.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)
You - explain.

Gastron staring mutinously ahead for a moment - then turns to
the President.

GASTRON
There was a saying, sir ... in the
Time War ... The first thing you
will notice about the Doctor of War
is that he's unarmed. For many, it
is also the last.

He unslings his gun, and throws it to the sand - it's
strangely like a salute.

(CONTINUED)

And he strides over to the Doctor - crossing the fabled line - and stands next to him.

The Doctor looks at him.

GASTRON (cont'd)
I was at Skull Moon, sir.

The Doctor gives him the tiniest nod - but the look on his face. These men are bonded by memory.

And *thump!*

Another weapon hits the sand. Another of the soldiers is walking to join the Doctor.

On the President - speechless in horror.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. DINER - DAY**

22

The Doctor and Clara, now with their lemonades.

CLARA
Is this a story or did it really happen?

THE DOCTOR
Every story ever told really happened.
(He looks at her - on his face, such sadness)
Stories are where memories go when they're forgotten.

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. BARN - DUSK**

23

The sun is starting to set -

- and another weapon hits the sand.

Wider: another of the soldiers is striding across to join the Doctor. That makes five now. Equally balanced.

The President, raises his gauntleted hand, aims it at the soldiers.

THE PRESIDENT
Not one other of you moves. That is an order. That is the direct order of your *President!!*

But another weapon slams into the sand. Another soldier marches across.

(CONTINUED)

The General: saturnine, watching. It's unbearable: the President in meltdown, the Doctor winning.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)
You leave me no choice, Doctor.

And he aims the gauntlet at the Doctor.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)
How many regenerations did we grant you? Because I've got all night.

On the Doctor: that saturnine face, immobile - except for the tiniest flick on his eyes. Just the tiniest glance at the horizon behind the President.

The President: what's behind him? He turns to look.

The President's POV: in the darkening sky over the domed city, many lights are ascending. We hear the distant drone of more Sky Tanks, approaching.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)
(To The General)
Excellent - you sent for reinforcements.

THE DOCTOR
No, he didn't.

The President whirls on the Doctor -

- who is slipping on his sonic glasses (we hear them beeping very slightly)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I did.

The President, staring at the Doctor - *what??* The drone of the Skytanks, building, building.

He raises his gauntlet again, pointing it right at the Doctor's face -

THE PRESIDENT
I am Rassilon the redeemer.
Rassilon the resurrected. Gallifrey is *mine!*

- but then suddenly the General is standing in front of him, interposing himself. He puts out his hand, gently but firmly lowers the President's gauntleted arm. The President, incredulous, barely seems to resist.

The General removes his own sidearm, throws it aside.

THE GENERAL
Lord President ... respectfully, sir ... get off his planet.

(CONTINUED)

And he goes to stand by the others, on the other side of the line.

The Doctor, never taking his deadly gaze from the President.

On the President's face: he's a lost and bewildered man.

Now we crane up from him, helicoptering up and up, looking down at the lone President, facing a line of soldiers outside a barn. Surrounding a sea of discarded weapons ...

As Sky Tanks drone past below us, more and more weapons are thrown down ...

CUT TO:

24

INT. GALLIFREYAN TOWER - NIGHT

24

A view of the night sky (no stars.) In the distance, from among the spires, a point of light goes shooting upwards - like a departing shuttle.

Wider:

The Doctor is watching from the top of a high tower (could be a redress of the tower top in 11.) The General and Gastron stand a respectful distance behind him.

THE GENERAL

Gallifrey is currently positioned at the extreme end of the time continuum, for its own protection - we're at the end of the universe, give or take a star system ...

THE DOCTOR

I know. I came the long way round.

THE GENERAL

The President may not find anywhere to go.

THE DOCTOR

He's not the President any more.

The Doctor starts heading away, towards the lift.

THE GENERAL

He was a good man once. Isn't this going a little far?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, I've barely started.

CUT TO:

24A

INT. CLOISTERS - NIGHT

24A

As before, but silent now.

(CONTINUED)

On one of the alcoves. We can just see, in the misty dimness, that it is occupied now. A tall, elongated figure, in Time Lord Headdress, almost lost in the shadow.

Now, stepping out of the lift, the Doctor. He takes only a couple of paces from the lift, peers into the dimness of the cloisters. Cautious, curious.

A voice from off:

OHILA
(From off)
Old times?

Ohila emerging from the shadows near the lift (not the cloister area itself.)

THE DOCTOR
You're a long way from Karn.

OHILA
At the end of everything, you must expect the company of immortals.

THE DOCTOR
Do you know what they did to me?

The Doctor pulls the confession dial from his coat, holds it up.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
A Confession Dial is a ritual act of purification. It allows a dying Time Lord to face his demons, and make his peace, before his mind is uploaded to the matrix.
(Now, roaring out of him)
It was never intended as a torture chamber for the living.

His voice echoes round cloisters - the sound of his rage. The echoes die.

OHILA
Rassilon grew ...concerned.

THE DOCTOR
Afraid!

OHILA
He believed the Hybrid was the last remaining threat to the security of Gallifrey -

THE DOCTOR
To *him*.

OHILA
- and that it was a secret known only to you. You were entrapped and imprisoned at his command.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
And look at him now.

OHILA
Why did you banish him? Was it
punishment - or for your own
protection? Are you just being
cruel ... or just being cowardly?

That seems to sting the Doctor. Recovers, looks at her.

THE DOCTOR
I'm just being selfish.
(Smiles, as if at a
private joke)
It's about time.

CUT TO:

25

INT. HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

25

The High Council, gone. The chairs round the table, mostly empty. The Doctor sits in the President's chair.

Facing him, at the other end of the table, is the General. Some of his soldiers stand behind - he looks like he's just been summoned.

THE GENERAL
Where is the High Council?

THE DOCTOR
Redeployed. Even Gallifrey needs a
sanitation department.

Now, Ohila entering, with a couple of her sisterhood.

OHILA
Interesting. Only a true aristocrat
considers honest work a punishment.
So far your Presidency is
distressingly typical.

She sits herself at the opposite end of the table. The Doctor - stony-face. Ohila - smiling sweetly.

THE DOCTOR
If you wanted to know about the
Hybrid why didn't you just ask??

The General takes his seat too.

THE GENERAL
If the Hybrid is a threat to the
people of this world, why don't you
just tell us?

On the Doctor. Considers. Then:

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

What do you know already?

THE GENERAL

The Hybrid is a legendary creature -

THE DOCTOR

No.

THE GENERAL

... The Hybrid is a *creature*,
thought to be crossbred from two
warrior races -

THE DOCTOR

Which races?

THE GENERAL

The Daleks and the Time Lords, it
is supposed.

THE DOCTOR

Oh! Must be well hard then.

THE GENERAL

Unstoppable. According to the
stories.

THE DOCTOR

If they're just stories, why are
you worried?

THE GENERAL

Some matrix prophecies suggest -

THE DOCTOR

No.

THE GENERAL

Many prophecies suggest -

THE DOCTOR

No.

THE GENERAL

All matrix prophecies concur that
this creature will one day stand
alone in the ruins of Gallifrey. It
will unravel the web of time and
destroy a billion billion hearts to
heal its own.

THE DOCTOR

... what colour is it?

THE GENERAL

... I don't know.

THE DOCTOR

Prophecies - they never tell you
anything useful, do they?

OHILA

This is no time to play the fool!

THE DOCTOR

It's the end of the universe - it's the only time I've got. So you want me to keep you all safe then?

THE GENERAL

Can you?

THE DOCTOR

I'll need help, obviously.

THE GENERAL

You have Gallifrey at your command.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, I don't want you lot, you'd cramp my style. Look at your hats. No, I need some information. I need to talk to an old friend.

THE GENERAL

Which friend?

THE DOCTOR

You're General, I'm President - between us we can authorize an extraction.

(A tiny glance at Ohila - this is what he was talking about earlier)

A *time* extraction.

The General considers, frowns.

THE GENERAL

Who did you have in mind?

CUT TO:

26

EXT. TRAP STREET - DAY

26

Flashback: the final moments of Clara from the episode 10. The door to the infirmary opens, and out steps Clara, ready to face the Raven...

Exactly as before:

The raven croaks, lifting off its perch. It's time.

CLARA walking towards the raven.

On her face. So terrified. Tears streaming.

CLARA

(Muttering, under her breath)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (cont'd)

Let me be brave, let me brave, let
me brave ...

THE DOCTOR rushes into the doorway. He can't see CLARA's face. Only her back.

But we see her face. Her terror as she faces death head on.

The raven streaks towards her -

- and freezes.

On the Doctor, watching from the doorway, also frozen.

Close on Clara: not frozen, frowning in confusion. What?
What??

Everything around, utterly still, utterly frozen.

Now a line of light splits the wall next to her.

Widens into a narrow opening.

Through it, a blazing white room.

Standing in the room, the Doctor! As he speaks, we can barely hear him -

THE DOCTOR

(Mouthing)

Clara ...

CLARA

Doctor!

The Doctor puts out his hand.

THE DOCTOR

(Mouthing)

Come with me. I can save you!

Clara, bewildered, looks round to see -

- her own Doctor, watching from the doorway. Frozen, clearly oblivious to all this. *What the hell is going on??*

Looks back to the Doctor in the white room -

Slowly, as in a dream, Clara turns and walks towards the Doctor, into the blinding light -

CUT TO:

- as Clara enters the light, suddenly there is the sound of mighty technology blasting away.

The light is blinding her, she can hardly see.

(CONTINUED)

Behind her a door-sized rectangle still gives on to Trap Street, frozen in the moment. The rectangle seems to be hanging in the air.

Clara, dazed, disorientated, looking around. Time Lord technicians working at various consoles.

The stern figure of the General, observing from the background.

Clara, staring at the Doctor, who's standing right in front of her.

What? *What??*

CLARA

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah.

CLARA

Where am I?

THE DOCTOR

It's a long story, but basically ... my place.

CLARA

I was ... I was going to die, I should be dead -

THE DOCTOR

Forget about that. Doesn't matter.

CLARA

... your place?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah.

CLARA

... what do you mean, *your* place?

THE DOCTOR

My place.

CLARA

... you don't mean ...

THE DOCTOR

Yeah.

CLARA

... Gallifrey??

THE DOCTOR

Gallifrey.

CLARA

... did I miss something?

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

Well we're several billion years in the future, and the universe is pretty much over, so yeah, quite a lot.

She's wide-eyed, staring at him, trying to take it in.

THE GENERAL

(Stepping forward)

Young lady ... Miss Oswald ... I'm afraid we only have a very few minutes with you.

CLARA

... who's he?

THE GENERAL

According to the Doctor, you can tell us something about the creature known as the Hybrid.

Clara, confused, has put her hands to her ears.

CLARA

Hey, what's wrong with my ears?

THE DOCTOR

Nothing.

CLARA

But ... that's weird, everything sounds wrong ...

THE DOCTOR

It's a side-effect -

CLARA

I can hear you fine, but it's like there's something ... I don't know, missing. What *is* that?

THE DOCTOR

It's nothing.

THE GENERAL

Doctor, you have to tell her. We always tell them.

CLARA

Tell me what. What's he talking about? Doctor?

The Doctor, so tender now, puts his hands on her shoulders.

THE DOCTOR

Clara ... there's a sound you've been living with every day of your life - but you've learned not to hear it ...

CLARA

What sound?

The Doctor almost can't speak.

CLARA (cont'd)

What's wrong? Just tell me.

And the Doctor folds her into a hug.

CLARA (cont'd)

Doctor, *what sound?*

THE DOCTOR

Your heartbeat.

Close on Clara - getting her head round that. Her heart?? Her *heartbeat??* Now pulling away from the Doctor.

She places a hand on her chest, now checks for her pulse. Nothing. Panic building in her face.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Your physical processes have been time-looped. Frozen between one heartbeat and the next. Even your breathing is just a habit, you don't need it.

CLARA

If I'm frozen, how can I be walking about??

THE DOCTOR

Because Time Lords are very clever, it doesn't matter -

CLARA

It matters to me!!

The General has stepped forward, now standing just behind the Doctor.

THE GENERAL

Doctor, we have to explain. It is our moral duty.

Clara's terrified eyes move to the Doctor - what the hell is he going on, what's he talking about?

CLARA

Doctor?

The Doctor averts his eyes - can't face this. The General steps forward - formal, but kind.

THE GENERAL

Although you are currently conscious and aware, in fact you died billions of years ago, and the universe you knew is long gone.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

Doctor?

He's still not looking at her.

THE GENERAL

We have extracted you at the very end of your time stream to request your help. Whatever you decide, once we're finished here, you will be returned to your final moments. Your death is an established historical event and cannot be altered. I'm sorry.

CLARA

Doctor, talk to me!

The Doctor: devastated. Finally he turns to her. He puts a hand to her face, strokes it.

THE DOCTOR

I'll try not to break your jaw.

CLARA

... my jaw?

THE DOCTOR

I wasn't talking to you.

And he turns and punches the General so hard in the face. The General spins, flailing.

In the same motion - so expert - the Doctor snatches the gun from the falling General. Now levels it at him. (This action should be swift and scarily efficient - a tiny, disconcerting glimpse of the War Doctor, and what he was once like.)

The room, freezing.

The General, staring up in horror at the Doctor.

THE GENERAL

... Doctor ... you can't do this.
You *know* you can't.

THE DOCTOR

General, I really don't know that at all.
(to the technicians)
You lot, behave! Nobody talk, nobody move - on pain of death, nobody take a selfie.

THE GENERAL

These people are technicians, they're unarmed ...

The Doctor levels the gun at the General.

THE DOCTOR

So are you.

(CONTINUED)

The General looks coldly at the weapon in the Doctor's hand -
- then, very deliberately, moves to stand in front of the door.

THE GENERAL

Sidearm of the President's personal security - there isn't a stun setting. If you fire, it's fatal.

CLARA

He won't. He would never do that.

THE GENERAL

You think you know him. But I've seen him fight. Haven't I, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

I will not let Clara die.

THE GENERAL

She's been dead for half the lifetime of the universe. If you attempt to change that, you could fracture time itself. Doctor ... Lord President ... are you really going to take that risk?

Clara, now taking the Doctor's free hand.

CLARA

Doctor ... stop this. I don't want this, put that thing down.

A silence. When the Doctor finally speaks, it's to the General.

THE DOCTOR

Regeneration?

THE GENERAL

Tenth.

And the Doctor raises up the gun, aims it right at the General.

THE DOCTOR

Good luck.

THE GENERAL

And to you, sir.

Horrifying moment: *the Doctor fires!*

The General, caught in a moment of flame, spasms, drops to the floor, dead.

Clara, staring in utter shock -

The Doctor has turned to the technicians, calls out.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
I want a Neuro-Block - human
compatible, now!

The technician tosses something to the Doctor - about the size of an iPod. He jams it in his pocket, and is already grabbing Clara's hand, racing for the door.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Come on, now, *run!*

- and they're racing together out of the room.

CUT TO:

28 **INT. DINER - DAY**

28

The Doctor, strumming. Clara listening, fascinated.

CLARA
This Clara person - you must really
like her.

THE DOCTOR
Why do you say that?

CLARA
You killed a man. You don't seem
the type.

CUT TO:

29 **INT. GALLIFREY CORRIDOR - DAY**

29

The Doctor and Clara, racing along - alarms sounding behind them. The Doctor slams a panel on the wall, lift doors whoosh open

- but as he tries to pull her inside, she's fighting back, so horrified.

CLARA
You killed that man - you shot him,
he's dead.

THE DOCTOR
It was him or you.

CLARA
I don't care.

THE DOCTOR
The difference is, when you die you
stay dead.

CLARA
So does he.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
We're on *Gallifrey!*

CUT TO:

30 **OMITTED** 30

31 **INT. EXTRACTION CHAMBER - DAY** 31

All the technicians, shielding their eyes from a terrible golden glow in the centre of the room - a fountain of regeneration energy! Dashing through the door, Gastron - sees this.

GASTRON
(Into communicator)
Med team to sector 52, Extraction Chamber Seven. Regeneration in progress.

The golden glow snaps off, a figure on the floor now struggling to sit up.

GASTRON (cont'd)
Are you all right, sir.
(Blinks at what he sees)
Sorry, *ma'am*.

The General, sitting up, is now a rather younger woman. She's a little groggy.

THE FEMALE GENERAL
Oh - back to normal, am I? Only time I've been a man, that last body. Dear Lord, how do you cope with all the ego?

GASTRON
Ma'am - where's the Doctor?

OHILA
(From the doorway)
The cloisters.

They turn. Ohila in the doorway, flanked by her two sisters.

OHILA (cont'd)
Where else would he run?

CUT TO:

32 **INT. THE CLOISTERS - DAY** 32

Dark and creepy and deserted. Pillars and struts and alcoves, thin creeping mist.

The lift doors opening, the Doctor poking his head out.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
Missed both his hearts and his
brain stem - he'll be up and about
in no time.

CLARA
Is that what you're telling
yourself?

THE DOCTOR
It's what's true. Death is Time
Lord for man-flu.

CLARA
It's not funny!

THE DOCTOR
It's a little bit funny -

CLARA
You are better than this!

THE DOCTOR
That was a long time ago.

CLARA
Was it? How long?

On the Doctor: doesn't want to get into that. He tosses his
gun into the shadows.

THE DOCTOR
Happy?

CLARA
No. Tell me what a Neural Block is.

THE DOCTOR
Never mind, this way.

CLARA
What did you mean, human
compatible?

The Doctor isn't listening - dragging Clara by the hand,
deeper and deeper into the cloisters.

CUT TO:

33

INT. DINER - DAY

33

Clara's refilling the Doctor's lemonade.

CLARA
So what was it - the thing you
took.

THE DOCTOR
... there was only one way to keep
Clara safe. I'd have to wipe some
of her memory.

CLARA
Of what?

THE DOCTOR
... of me.

CUT TO:

34

INT. CLOISTERS - DAY

34

The Doctor and Clara, proceeding carefully and confidently
through the cloisters.

CLARA
I thought you froze Gallifrey, in
another dimension?

THE DOCTOR
Well they must have unfrozen and
come back.

CLARA
How?

THE DOCTOR
I didn't ask, it would make them
feel clever.

He's looking back the way they came - tall figures flicker
among the pillars and shadows.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
The Cloister Wraiths - Sliders, we
used to call them. Don't worry,
they'll leave us alone, we're safe
in here.

CLARA
Why?

THE DOCTOR
They only attack if you make any
attempt to leave.

CLARA
How long are we planning to stay?

THE DOCTOR
Or, actually, if you try to stay.

We let them go, off into the shadows.

- and then, gliding from the alcoves, come the Sliders.
Impossibly tall, robed -

(CONTINUED)

- but under the skullcap part of the headdress there is nothing.

Just empty space ...

Closing on one of those empty spaces, as the Slider glides past us. There is an electric crackle, and the space "fritzes" like a television screen, and for a flickering moment there is the grainy, liney image of a screaming baleful face, all howling mouth and staring eyes...

CUT TO:

35 **INT. EXTRACTION CHAMBER - DAY**

35

The Female General, Gastron, and Ohila gathered round a monitor. On it, a schematic of the cloisters, two glowing dots moving through.

THE FEMALE GENERAL

We need to block every exit from the Cloisters. Every available man, I need that place surrounded.

GASTRON

No one's ever made it back out of the cloisters.

OHILA

Not quite nobody...

CUT TO:

36 **INT. CLOISTERS - DAY**

36

A narrow corridor among the pillars and struts and alcoves. The Doctor leading Clara along. Dark and creepy here.

THE DOCTOR

This way, I'm fairly sure. According to the stories, there's a secret way out ... if you find it, the Sliders let you go.

They're round a corner -

- and *big shock!!*

A Dalek, looming through the shadows, it's headlights flashing as it speaks -

DALEK

Ex ... term ... in ... ate ...

The Doctor and Clara, recoiling.

THE DOCTOR

It's okay, look at it, *look at it!*

(CONTINUED)

On the Dalek. It is bound round and around by a eerie twisting of dark and clammy vines, clamping it against the wall. The Dalek itself is so decaying and ancient, it seems to be rusting into the brickwork. The gun stick is drooping, clearly damaged beyond repair.

DALEK

... me. Exterminate me

CLARA

Is it trapped?

THE DOCTOR

Those aren't vines. In your terms, they're fibre-optic cables, except they're alive and growing. We're inside the biggest database in history - sometimes people are stupid enough to break in.

CLARA

And?

THE DOCTOR

It's a database - they get filed.

The Dalek's eyestalk focussing on them, almost visibly pleading.

DALEK

Exterminate ... me. Exterminate ... me.

THE DOCTOR

Probably a left-over from the cloister wars - we can't help it. Come on.

He takes her hand, leading her deeper into the shadows ...

DALEK

Exterminate ... me. Exterminate ... me.

On Clara, wide-eyed as she makes her way among the horrors -

Distantly, she can see some stone figures, bound in vines, grouped round a pillar -

- as Clara walks on, another pillar momentarily blocks them from view -

- *and in that tiny moment, they've all moved!!* Now revealed as Weeping Angels, trapped and bound in the vines. Their clawed hands reaching out, beseechingly, at Clara -

- she hurries on, now passing man-shape, wrapped completely in vines, in alcove. It seems to turn its head as they pass.

Closer - from among the vines, we can see the teardrop eyes of a Cyberman peering mournfully out.

(CONTINUED)

Clara, comes to a halt noticing -

- and with savage suddenness, a steel hand erupts from the foliage, grasping horribly at Clara!

The Doctor grabs her away.

THE DOCTOR
Keep away from them. *All* of them!

He pulls her round a corner -

- now emerging into a wider space: Among the pillars and struts, a fairly large section of floor, inlaid with intricate Gallifreyan symbols.

The Doctor dashes towards this, kneels down, examines it, running his hands round the circles and indents.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Okay, this has got to be it.

Clara is peering through the dimness - faintly, the gleam of a pair of lift doors, in the perimeter wall of the cloisters...

CLARA
There's a lift over there...

She takes a step towards it -

- and there is angry whispering from the shadows.

She looks around. Along pillars and shadows, the gliding shapes, crackle of their flickering faces...

THE DOCTOR
I wouldn't. Any attempt to leave, you end up filed.

Clara eyes the shifting, elongated shadows.

CLARA
What do you mean, database? How can this be a database?

As the Doctor speaks, he's darting round the floor mural - sonic-ing it with his glasses, touching and prodding various parts.

THE DOCTOR
When Time Lords die, their minds are uploaded to a thing called the matrix. This place, basically. Like a living computer - it can predict the future, generate prophecies out of algorithms, ring the cloister bells in the event of impending catastrophe. The Sliders are just like the guard dogs, or the firewall.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Projections from inside the matrix
itself - the dead, manning the
battlements.

CLARA
... was I supposed to understand
any of that?

THE DOCTOR
The Time Lords have a big computer
made of ghosts, in a crypt, guarded
by more ghosts.

CLARA
Didn't hurt, did it?

THE DOCTOR
Tiny bit.

CLARA
Why does a computer need to protect
itself from the people who made it?

THE DOCTOR
All computers do that in the end -
you wait till the internet starts.
Oh, that was a war!

Something clicks beneath his hands - ah! He's getting
somewhere.

CUT TO:

37 **INT. EXTRACTION CHAMBER - DAY**

37

The Female General, Gastron, Ohila, still gather round the
screen, with the schematic.

GASTRON
They don't seem to be moving.

THE FEMALE GENERAL
And they're by lift shaft seven.

The Female General starts striding for the door, gesturing
two soldiers to follow.

THE FEMALE GENERAL (cont'd)
Keep monitoring.

She heads out. A beat - and Ohila follows.

CUT TO:

38 **INT. CLOISTERS - DAY**

38

The Doctor, working at the mural. Clara kneeling by him,
watching - the two of them close, intimate.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

Long time ago, there was a student
at the Academy - only person to
survive the cloisters.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

He got in here, disappeared for four days and then showed up in a completely different part of the city. Said the Sliders talked to him, showed him the secret passage out.

CLARA

What, and this kid told you the secret?

THE DOCTOR

He didn't tell anyone anything. Went completely mad, never right in the head again. So they say.

CLARA

Okay, so that's encouraging.

THE DOCTOR

Last I heard, he stole the moon and the President's wife.

He carries on working but those words land in Clara, hard. She stares at him. It was him. It was *him*. She suppresses a smile.

CLARA

Was she nice - the President's wife?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, well that was a lie put about by the Shabogans - it was the President's *daughter*. And I didn't steal the moon, I *lost* it -

Breaks off. Realises. Stares at her.

CLARA

I'd know you anywhere.

He holds her eyes for a moment, she starts to frown -

- but he buries himself in his work again.

THE DOCTOR

I was a completely different person back then - eccentric, bit mad, rude to people -

CLARA

Look at me again.

THE DOCTOR

Sorry, what?

CLARA

In the eye, look at me - just do it.

He raises his eyes again. She looks into them, and what she sees chills her to the bone.

THE DOCTOR
What? What is it, what?

CLARA
... how long has it been - for you -
since you last saw me?

THE DOCTOR
... I'm not sure.

CLARA
How long?

THE DOCTOR
I was stuck. In a place. They were -
...

CLARA
They were what? Who are we talking
about?

THE DOCTOR
... they wanted something from me.
Information - it doesn't matter.

Busies himself, working at the mural. Clara, studying him.

CLARA
What happened to your coat? Your
velvety coat - I like that one, it
was very Doctory.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, changed it.

CLARA
Why?

THE DOCTOR
Can't always be the Doctor. I think
I'm nearly through, I think I've
got it ...

He glances up at her as he says this - and she is studying
him so intently.

CLARA
Tell me what they did to you...
What happened to the Doctor?

The Doctor, looking back at her again, at his most haunted...

DISSOLVE TO:

39 **INT. EXTRACTION CHAMBER - DAY**

39

The two stationary lights, on the schematic.

Wider: Gastron, monitoring. He now speaks into his communicator.

GASTRON

Still not moving. What are they doing? Are you there yet?

CUT TO:

40 INT. LIFT/CLOISTERS - DAY

40

The Female General in the lift, two soldiers, Ohila. (We intercut as required.)

THE FEMALE GENERAL

We're here. Haven't opened the doors, didn't want to alert the Wraiths.

GASTRON

It's pretty quiet - you might want to have a look.

The Female General turns to the soldiers.

THE FEMALE GENERAL

Open up, we're going in. We'll stick to the perimeter, no more than three paces from the lift. Do not enter the cloisters.

One of the soldiers operates the door control ...

The lift, slowing to a halt. As it stops, the doors roll open on -

Some distance away we can see the Doctor still sitting on the floor. His head is now bowed, like he's finished his story.

Clara, kneeling opposite, has her back to us.

The Female General gestures the soldiers forward, they proceed carefully out of the lift ...

Sensing the movement behind her, Clara turns.

Closer on her, as she does so. Her face is tear-streaked, she looks shocked beyond words - and so grim.

CLARA

Stay back - all of you.

THE FEMALE GENERAL

I'm sorry, but we have to find a way to extract you from -

CLARA

I said, *stay back!*

(CONTINUED)

Closer on the Doctor and Clara as she turns to face him again. Now, quietly, a whisper ...

CLARA (cont'd)

Okay. The Hybrid - what is it?
What's so important, you would
fight so long?

He shakes his head - she's not getting it.

THE DOCTOR

It doesn't matter what the Hybrid
is. It only mattered that I
convinced them that I knew.
Otherwise, they'd have kicked me
out and I'd have nothing left to
bargain with.

CLARA

... what were you bargaining for?

The Doctor blinks. Surprise. Doesn't she know?

THE DOCTOR

What do you think? You. I had to
find a way of saving you.

She stares at him. Awe-struck. This was all about *her*?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I knew it had to be the Time Lords.
They cost you your life on Trap
Street, Clara - and I was going to
make them bring you back. All I had
to do was hang in there for a bit.

CLARA

How long?

THE DOCTOR

Oh it was fine.

Clearly he's not going to tell her. She looks round to the
little group of Time Lords.

CLARA

One question. And you will answer.
How long was the Doctor trapped
inside the confession dial?

OHILA

We think ... four and a half
billion years.

Clara just holds her look for a long moment. Just staring.

THE FEMALE GENERAL

He could've left any time he
wanted. He just had to say what he
knew, the dial would have released
him.

(CONTINUED)

Clara gives her such a stare - turns back to the Doctor.

CLARA
(Turning to the Doctor)
Four and a half billion years...

THE DOCTOR
If she says so.

CLARA
Why would you even do that? I was
dead already! I was dead and gone,
Doctor, and you were in hell. *Why*
would you do that to yourself??

On the Doctor. He just looks faintly perplexed - a frown of almost childish puzzlement. Like he doesn't understand why anyone would ask that question.

THE DOCTOR
I had a duty of care.

On Clara's face: that's the moment that slays. Almost exhausts her. Just stares at him -

- as he goes back to work on the mural.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Right, I'm nearly through - I'm
pretty sure there's a service duct
under here, we can get to the old
workshops. They'll have TARDISES
there -

CLARA
Listen to me. I've got something to
say -

THE DOCTOR
We don't have *time!*

CLARA
My time is up, Doctor. Between one
heartbeat and the last, is all the
time I have. People like you and
me, there are things we should say
to each other. And I'm going to say
them now.

As she starts to talk (we don't hear) we start craning up from them, up and up, leaving them far below - two people, her talking, him listening. Up and up.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 **EXT. GALLIFREY - EVENING**

41

The shining, spectacular city beneath the dome. The sun is setting, the sky is copper, it's beautiful and breathtaking.

We spin round and round the extraordinary buildings. And somewhere far below, Clara Oswald is talking to the Doctor...

DISSOLVE TO:

42 **INT. CLOISTERS - NIGHT**

42

On Ohila's face, watching the conversation. Panning to the Female General, also watching.

Their POV: Clara, her back to us, talking. The Doctor, his head bowed, listening.

Now: Clara is rising, to her feet. She turns, starts walking towards the Time Lords. Now she come to a halt at what seems to be the perimeter of the Cloisters. (We don't make a fuss, but she is now blocking their view of the Doctor.)

She looks at the Female General, for a moment. Such disdain.

CLARA

You are monsters.

Silence. No response.

CLARA (cont'd)

Here you are - hiding away at the end of time. Do you even know why? Because you are hated. You are *hated*. By everybody. And by nobody more than me.

OHILA

What did you say to him?

CLARA

Nothing I'm sharing with you, or anyone else. Ever. Except, maybe this part. I said "Don't worry - they'll all be looking at me!"

It takes a moment for this to impact on the Female General, and the others -

- they look! The Doctor has gone! The central part of the mural has opened like a trapdoor.

THE FEMALE GENERAL

Where is he? You need to tell us, what is the Doctor going to do now?

CLARA

Oh, you really are thick, aren't you? He's back on Gallifrey - took him four and half billion years to get here - what do you *think* he's gonna do now?

(CONTINUED)

A wind is whipping up around her. The grinding engines of a TARDIS. Now a silver cylinder (the basic form of a TARDIS) is materialising round her.

CLARA (cont'd)
He's stealing a TARDIS and running away.

She gives them all a cheery little wave, the Cylinder TARDIS forms solidly round her.

CUT TO:

43 **INT. CLASSIC TARDIS - DAY**

43

- Clara, fading into view in the *classic form of the TARDIS!*
The Doctor is at the controls.

CLARA
You were quick.

THE DOCTOR
Time machine - I backed up a bit.

A voice, now yelling from outside.

OHILA
(From off)
Doctor! Doctor, face me! Do you hear me? Get out of that TARDIS and face me, boy!

On Clara: boy??

CUT TO:

44 **INT. CLOISTERS - NIGHT**

44

The door of the Cylinder TARDIS cracks open, the Doctor looks out.

Ohila: so stern.

OHILA
You have gone too far. You have broken every code you ever lived by.

THE DOCTOR
After all this time, Ohila, after everything I've done - don't you think the universe owes me this?

OHILA
Owes you *what*? All you're doing is giving her hope.

THE DOCTOR
Since when is hope a bad thing?

(CONTINUED)

OHILA
Hope is a terrible thing - on the
scaffold.

The Doctor glares at her - and slams the TARDIS door.

On Ohila's face as the winds whip up, and we hear the TARDIS dematerialising.

THE FEMALE GENERAL
Where can he run?

OHILA
Where he always runs. Away. Just
away.

CUT TO:

45

INT. CLASSIC TARDIS - DAY

45

The Doctor is flying around the classic console, like a distinguished Scottish actor who's slightly too excited for his own good.

CLARA
(Looking round, bit
unimpressed)
Basic!

THE DOCTOR
Classic! Look at the colour scheme.

CLARA
It's all white.

THE DOCTOR
Genius!

The TARDIS lurches, they both cling to the console.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Check your heartbeat - I think
you'll find you have one now.

CLARA
Yeah?

Excitedly, Clara now checking her pulse.

THE DOCTOR
It would've restarted when we broke
free of Gallifrey's time zone -
you're alive again. Now we just
have to shake off the Time Lords.
Only one place we can do that.
Then, what do you think, lunch?
Followed by breakfast, because
we're time travellers, that's how
we roll.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Then cocktails with Moses, and I'm going to invent a flying submarine. Why? Because no one ever has and it's annoying.

On Clara - laughing along, but clearly having difficulty finding her pulse.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Then we'd better use this TARDIS to find my proper one - I need a clean shirt.

He looks up, sees what she's doing - falters into silence.

She looks at him - a flicker of fear in her eyes.

CLARA

Doctor ... I still don't have a pulse.

THE DOCTOR

Of course you do, you just haven't found it, try again.

CLARA

I know how to take my pulse.

THE DOCTOR

Come here, let me show you -

CLARA

I know how to take my -

Impatiently, he takes her wrist. Frowns.

CLARA (cont'd)

No pulse - right?

He's moved behind, Clara - lifts up her hair. The countdown tattoo, still set at zero. He pops on his sonic glasses, to analyse.

CLARA (cont'd)

Is it still there? Don't lie to me.

He strides back to the console, airily - but unconvincingly - confident. (In this moment - plot point - he tosses his sonic glasses on the console.)

THE DOCTOR

Let's fly a bit further, maybe we just need a bit more welly!

Clara, now troubled. Watching the Doctor at the console - he's just a bit too manic for comfort.

CLARA

They said - your lot - that if you saved me, time would fracture. What does that mean?

THE DOCTOR

They're exaggerating. History will change a bit, time will heal - it always does.

CLARA

Always?

THE DOCTOR

It'll sort itself out, and then you'll have a heartbeat. *Don't you trust me any more?*

CLARA

No. Not when you're shouting.

That halts him in tracks, stops him dead.

CLARA (cont'd)

Where are we going?

THE DOCTOR

Nowhere in space, forward in time. We're going to the last few hours of the universe. Long past where the Time Lords were hiding - literally, the end. They won't be able to track us there. We just wait a minute, shake them off, and run like hell. You'll be safe, I promise.

He pulls something from his coat. The iPod-like device he took from the Extraction Chamber.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I just need to - ...
(Breaks off - Christ, how does he put this?)
I need to make some adjustments.

CLARA

To what?

THE DOCTOR

It's nothing, really.

Clara's eyes go to the little device.

CLARA

A neural block. Human compatible. That's what you said.

The Doctor, avoiding her eye. And *thump!* The crunch of landing. The time rotor sighs to a halt.

The Doctor, off round the console, checking his instruments.

THE DOCTOR

We won't have to stay long. Check your pulse again - your time line must have re-started by now.

(CONTINUED)

Clara, checking her pulse.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
You see - pulse.

Clara looks. Shakes her head.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
You're doing it wrong, let me see.

CLARA
I'm not doing it wrong -

But the Doctor has already grabbed her wrist, taken her pulse again. Nothing - we see it in his face.

THE DOCTOR
Okay, it *will* work, it has to -

CLARA
What if one more heartbeat is all I've got? What if time isn't healing, what if the universe needs me to die?

THE DOCTOR
The universe is over. It doesn't have a say any more. We're standing on the last ember, the last tiny fragment of everything that ever was. As of this moment, I am answerable to *no one*.

A terrible silence. Clara just staring at him - did he listen to what he just said??

The Doctor: his face falling slightly. Yeah, he *did* listen to that.

And then, very lightly, there is a knock at the TARDIS door. Not loud and boom like in Listen - just a light tapping, like a neighbour popping round for sugar. Four taps.

They both stare at the doors. What? *What??*

CLARA
... How can there be anyone out there?

Again, four light taps.

THE DOCTOR
Four knocks. It's always four.

He operates the door control, and the TARDIS doors swing open. (This being the classic TARDIS, the doors are larger and don't resemble police box doors.) Outside is all shadows.

The Doctor: haunted, almost defeated - but so curious. He sets the Neural Block down on the console, starts towards the door.

(CONTINUED)

Instinctively, Clara makes to follow.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
No, please. This one I do alone.

CLARA
What's out there?

THE DOCTOR
Me.

Clara's face: what??

The Doctor is stepping out the doors. Clara, watching him go, reluctant -

- and her eyes go to the Neural Block sitting on the console. What *is* that?

CUT TO:

46 **INT. CLOISTERS (ANCIENT) - NIGHT**

46

The Doctor steps from the Cylinder TARDIS. A huge, darkened chamber - vast, echoing. Just recognisable as the Cloisters, now ruined and impossibly ancient.

Silent.

One new addition. A little way from him, there is a wing armchair, set in the middle of the chamber, opposite a little coffee table and another identical armchair.

One armchair has its back to us.

On the Doctor's face: grim, resigned. What he expected. He now walks towards the chairs, talking as he goes.

THE DOCTOR
I told you once, so long ago, that
you'd find the universe a very
small place when I'm angry with
you.

He now turns, facing the chair's occupant. Cold.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Small enough for you yet?

In the chair, Ashildr, looking at him. Outwardly she's the same girl we always knew. But you can tell, at a glance, that she is now so different. Serene, wise, a soul so very, very old.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Hello Me.

And they smile at each other. The anger long forgotten.

(CONTINUED)

ASHILDR

You don't seem surprised to see me.

She gestures the Doctor to the other chair. He sits in it.

THE DOCTOR

At the end of everything, one must expect the company of immortals - so I'm told.

ASHILDR

Even the other immortals are gone. It's just me.

THE DOCTOR

The one and only Me. Finally, you earn the title - sitting in a reality bubble at the end of time itself. How are you sustaining it, by the way?

ASHILDR

Brilliantly. I've been watching the stars die. It was beautiful.

THE DOCTOR

No. It was *sad*.

ASHILDR

No. It was *both*. But that's not something you would understand, is it? You don't like endings.

Ashildr's glance round - in the ruins of the cloisters, we can see the Sliders flickering about.

ASHILDR (cont'd)

We're on the last fragment of Gallifrey. The Time Lord matrix is guttering, but the ghosts still walk. They tell me stories sometimes ...

(Looks to the Doctor)

... of the little boy who didn't know how to give up.

The Doctor, just looking stonily at her.

ASHILDR (cont'd)

She died, Doctor. Clara died, billions of years ago.

THE DOCTOR

You killed her.

ASHILDR

No.

THE DOCTOR

You let it happen.

ASHILDR

No, I didn't, and neither did you. She did. She died for who she was, and who she loved. She fell where she stood. It was sad, and it was beautiful, and it is over. We have no right to change who she was.

THE DOCTOR

Ashildr -

ASHILDR

Me.

THE DOCTOR

Me. Go to hell.

(Stands)

By my calculations, you have about five minutes.

He starts striding for the Cylinder TARDIS.

ASHILDR

Do you know why we run, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Because it's fun!

ASHILDR

Because we know summer can't last forever.

THE DOCTOR

(Rounds on her)

Yeah, it can. Of course it can. You just have to steal a time machine.

His hand on the door, about to enter the TARDIS.

ASHILDR

The Hybrid.

This freezes him. Looks back at Ashildr.

ASHILDR (cont'd)

Five minutes to hell. It's time to tell the truth.

CUT TO:

47

INT. CLASSIC TARDIS - DAY

47

Clara, at the console. She's examining the buttons and switches. Tries a couple, glancing towards the monitor - clearly she's trying to turn it on.

New thought! There's the Doctor's Sonic glasses. She pops them on, activates them.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

Screen on.

The monitor flickers into life -

- fading up on an image of the Doctor and Ashildr talking.

ASHILDR

(On monitor)

You were barely more than a child.

CUT TO:

48

INT. CLOISTERS (ANCIENT) - NIGHT

48

ASHILDR

You broke in here, and the Wraiths spoke to you. They told you about the Hybrid. Why did that story make you so scared?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know. I don't remember it.

ASHILDR

You do sometimes. Always the way with the things we'd rather forget. You remember *now*, don't you?

On the Doctor's face. Saying nothing. Stony.

ASHILDR (cont'd)

Who is the Hybrid, Doctor? Who threatens all of time and space?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, that's easy. That's very, very easy. It's you. The Hybrid is you.

CUT TO:

49

INT. CLASSIC TARDIS - DAY

49

Clara, watching on the monitor. What? *What??*

CUT TO:

50

INT. CLOISTERS (ANCIENT) - NIGHT

50

Ashildr, still amused by the Doctor's statement.

ASHILDR

I'm human, with a little bit of Mire inside me. The Hybrid is supposed to be half Time Lord, half Dalek.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

No it isn't. The actual prophecy specifies only two warrior races. The Daleks and the Time Lords made assumptions, of course - but then, they would. Humans and the Mire, both warrior races, fits perfectly.

ASHILDR

It's an interesting theory.

THE DOCTOR

Do you have a better one?

ASHILDR

By your own reasoning, why couldn't the Hybrid be half Time Lord ... half human?

On the Doctor. Stiffens in his chair. A nerve, struck.

ASHILDR (cont'd)

Tell me, Doctor, I've always wanted to know - you're a Time Lord, you're a high born Gallifreyan. Why do you spend so much time on Earth?

On the Doctor: a pause. A long pause. Then he simply laughs.

THE DOCTOR

That's your best theory? *I'm* the Hybrid. I ran from Gallifrey because I was frightened of *myself*? That doesn't make any sense.

ASHILDR

It makes perfect sense, and you know it. Am I right? Is it true?

THE DOCTOR

Does it matter?

ASHILDR

No. Because I have a better theory.

THE DOCTOR

Really?

ASHILDR

What if the Hybrid isn't one person, but two.

THE DOCTOR

... two?

CUT TO:

51 INT. CLASSIC TARDIS/INT. CLOISTERS (ANCIENT) - DAY/NIGHT 51

Clara watching, increasingly involved. (Intercut with the TARDIS and the Ancient Cloisters, as required.)

ASHILDR

A dangerous combination. A powerful and passionate Time Lord, and a young woman, so very like him. Companions to push each other to dangerous extremes.

THE DOCTOR

She's my friend. That's all, my *friend*.

ASHILDR

How did you meet?

THE DOCTOR

We met, we just met, does it matter?

ASHILDR

I heard she phoned the TARDIS. Who gave her the number?

THE DOCTOR

The woman in the shop.

ASHILDR

The woman in the shop?

Now the same thought impacts on both the Doctor and Clara at the same time.

Missy!

THE DOCTOR

Missy!

CLARA

*
*

ASHILDR

Missy. The lover of chaos. Who wants you to love it too. She's quite a matchmaker.

THE DOCTOR

Clara is my *friend*...

ASHILDR

I know. And you're about to risk all of time and space, because you miss her. One wonders what the pair of you will get up to next? What chaos?

THE DOCTOR

Nothing. Nothing ever again.

(CONTINUED)

On Ashildr - oh! That was a surprise!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I know I went too far. I get it.
That's why I'm doing what I'm
doing.

ASHILDR
And what would that be?

Clara, listening in mounting alarm.

THE DOCTOR
I'm going to put her back on Earth.
Somewhere safe, out of the way. I'm
going to wipe every last detail of
me from her memory. It will be like
our friendship never happened.

Clara eyes wide in shock. No. No!!

ASHILDR
That may not be what she wants.

THE DOCTOR
It's the safest way - I've done
this before, it works. Usually, I'd
do it telepathically, but I've got
something better this time.

Clara's eyes go to the Neural Block on the console, snatches
it up.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
It will be quite painless.

ASHILDR
Will you tell her what you're going
to do?

THE DOCTOR
Of course!

ASHILDR
When?

THE DOCTOR
Now!

He rises -

CUT TO:

52 **OMITTED**

52

53 **INT. CLASSIC TARDIS - DAY**

53

Watching him stand, Clara gives an almost guilty startle.

CLARA
Screen off!

The screen goes blank.

She looks at the Neural Block in her hand. What is she going to do?? Hide it? Destroy it? How?

New thought. She pops the sonic glasses back on, presses the button, while staring at the Neural Block. The sonic buzzes.

- just as the doors start to open. Quickly she puts the block and the glasses back on the console.

In comes the Doctor. He frowns at her - she's clearly flustered.

THE DOCTOR
You okay?

CLARA
Yes. Yes, of course. Just, you know, my pulse ...

THE DOCTOR
We'll fix that. Somehow. I promise.
You remember Ashildr, of course.

CLARA
Yeah, sure.

THE DOCTOR
Thought you'd be more surprised to see her.

CLARA
I was watching. On the monitor.

THE DOCTOR
You were watching?

CLARA
I couldn't hear anything.

ASHILDR
Doctor. You have to tell her.

The Doctor: silent.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

Tell me what?

THE DOCTOR

I'll tell her, of course.

ASHILDR

Doctor...

He's reached for the Neural Block -

CLARA

Doctor, no, don't - whatever you're going to do, don't do it!

THE DOCTOR

It won't hurt, it'll be nothing. You'll just pass out for a moment.

CLARA

And then?

THE DOCTOR

You'll wake up, you'll be fine.

CLARA

But?

THE DOCTOR

Clara, please, just let me -

CLARA

Say it! Tell me!

THE DOCTOR

When you wake up, you'll have forgotten me. You'll have forgotten we ever even met.

CLARA

And why would I want that?

THE DOCTOR

It's the only way. That stuff in your head, the image of me, they could use it to find you -

Clara has picked up the sonic glasses from the console, holds them up to the Doctor.

CLARA

I used these.

THE DOCTOR

On what?

CLARA

On that.

THE DOCTOR

What did you do?

CLARA

Ashildr's right. We're too alike.

THE DOCTOR

Tell me what you did!

CLARA

What else? I reversed the polarity. Push that button, it will go off in your own face.

THE DOCTOR

You were trying to *trick* me?

CLARA

What were you doing to me?

THE DOCTOR

Trying to keep you safe.

CLARA

Why? I never asked for that, nobody's ever safe. Tomorrow is promised to no-one - but I insist upon my past! I am *entitled* to that!

On the Doctor, that impacts, that gets to him. He sighs.

THE DOCTOR

Clara. Oh Clara Oswald, what am I doing? You are right. You are always, always right.

CLARA

So. What now? What are you going to do with that thing?

On the Doctor. A breath. A sad smile. Almost himself again. He looks at the neural block in his hand, shakes it at his ear.

THE DOCTOR

You know, I'm not sure if you managed to reverse the polarity. I'm not even sure if you can. But it'll do something to one of us.

He holds the block out to Clara, inviting her to put her hand on it too.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
And it's better than flipping a
coin.

CLARA
... Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
You and me together. Look how far I
went, for fear of losing you. This
has to stop. One of us has to go.

CLARA
(Eyes go to the block)
You really don't know ... which of
us ...

THE DOCTOR
Let's find out. Let's do it like
we've done everything else.
Together.

A terrible moment -

- then she puts her hand to the block too. Both thumbs on the
buttons.

She meets his eyes. Smiles.

CLARA
How about we just don't? Why don't
we just fly away somewhere?

THE DOCTOR
Wouldn't that be great?

CLARA
God, yeah.

THE DOCTOR
Good luck, Clara.

CLARA
Good luck, Doctor.

And together they press. A bleeping - and nothing. They just
stand there, staring at each other.

CLARA (cont'd)
What happens now?

THE DOCTOR
We wait a bit, I suppose.

CLARA
So one of us ... one of us is about
to -

THE DOCTOR
Yes.

CLARA

(Eyes starting to fill)

I don't think I could ever forget
you.

On the Doctor. A slight flicker, like he's registering
something, a change - then the saddest smile ever.

THE DOCTOR

Clara. I don't think you're ever
going to have to.

His legs seem to buckle. He staggers against the console,
like he's passing out. The Neural Block slips from his
nerveless fingers, clatters to the floor.

CLARA

Doctor! Oh God, please, I'm sorry,
Doctor!

He looks at her - sudden, piercing!

THE DOCTOR

Run like hell!

CLARA

... what?

THE DOCTOR

Run like hell, because you always
need to. Laugh at everything,
because it's always funny.

CLARA

No. You're saying goodbye, please
stop it.

But he just keeps talking. Like nothing's happened.

THE DOCTOR

Never be cruel and never be
cowardly, and if you ever are,
always make amends -

CLARA

Stop it!

THE DOCTOR

Never eat pears. They're too
squishy, and they always make your
chin wet. That one's quite
important, write it down.

He's practically on the floor now, she's helping him down.

CLARA

I didn't mean to do this. I just
didn't want you to do it to me.

THE DOCTOR

It's okay. I went too far. Broke
all my rules - became the Hybrid.
This is right. I accept this.

CLARA

There must be something I can do.

THE DOCTOR

Smile for me. Go on, Clara Oswald -
give me that smile, one last time.

Clara, tear-streaked, horrified.

CLARA

I can't. How could I smile??

THE DOCTOR

It's okay. Don't worry. I can
remember it -

And he slumps back on the floor, passing out. His eyes
fluttering shut.

The Doctor's POV of Clara - the screen burns out as she is erased from his memory ...

DISSOLVE TO:

54 **EXT. DUSTY ROAD/AMERICAN DESERT - DAY**

54

A blurry impression of a face, resolving into focus. A plump amiable American, looking down at us.

PLUMP MAN
Sir? Are you all right?

On the Doctor, lying by the road side, slowly coming to.

THE DOCTOR
Where am I? How did I get here?

Now springs up, fully awake.

PLUMP MAN
Clara said to look after you. She said you might be a bit upset.

THE DOCTOR
Clara?

PLUMP MAN
Yeah. She was right here, don't know where she went.

THE DOCTOR
Clara? Clara who?

On the Doctor's bemused face we -

DISSOLVE TO:

55 **INT. DINER - EVENING**

55

The Doctor is coming to the end of his tale, still strumming away.

THE DOCTOR
When something goes missing, you can always recreate it by the hole it left. I know her name was Clara, I know we traveled together. I know there was an Ice Warrior on a submarine, and a mummy on the Orient Express. I know we sat together in the Cloisters and she told me something very important - but I have no idea what she said. Or what she looked like.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Or how she talked, or laughed.
There's nothing there. Just
nothing.

Clara listening to this, so moved.

CLARA
Are you looking for her?

THE DOCTOR
I'm trying.

CLARA
But she could be anyone right? You
don't know who you're looking for.
She could be me, for all you know.

The Doctor smiles, shakes his head.

THE DOCTOR
There's one thing I know about her.
Just one thing. If I met her again,
I would absolutely know.

On Clara's face - a look of such pain. No, he doesn't know.
Not at all.

The Doctor has sprung up, looking round the Diner.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I think we were here together once.
Yes, I'm sure of it, we were here,
I remember.

Clara has got up from her seat, is heading to the back area.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
No, wait, it was Amy and Rory.
Stupid, stupid Doctor, that was Amy
and Rory!

CLARA
What about your TARDIS, have you
found that?

THE DOCTOR
No, somebody moved it from London,
still looking.
(Looking round Diner)
But this Diner was somewhere else,
wasn't it? What's it doing here?

CLARA
Well maybe somebody will find your
TARDIS for you.

What he doesn't see is Clara pushing open the door to the
back area -

- and we see that it leads directly into the classic TARDIS.
We even see a glimpse of Ashildr, waiting for her.

(CONTINUED)

But as she is about to go, Clara's theme strikes up on the guitar again. She looks back at the Doctor, playing - listens a moment. So sad.

CLARA (cont'd)
What Clara told you in the
Cloisters ...

THE DOCTOR
I don't remember a thing about it.

CLARA
You said memories become stories
when we forget them. Maybe some of
them become songs.

The Doctor smiles, lost in his playing and the sadness of the tune.

THE DOCTOR
That would be nice.

CLARA
Yeah. It would be, wouldn't it?

As the tune swells, she takes her last look, and goes out the door. It shuts behind her.

- and then we hear the grinding engines of a TARDIS.

The Doctor spins. What, *what?*

And the whole Diner fades from around him, leaving him in -

CUT TO:

- the desert!

And standing facing him - left behind by the parting TARDIS/Diner is the police box shape of his own TARDIS.

He stares. And stares and stares. Not just at the box, but at the mural still painted on it. He kneels by it, puts his hand to -

- the painted face of Clara.

Oh! It was *her!*

On Clara's face we -

DISSOLVE TO:

57

INT. CLASSIC TARDIS - DAY

57

On Clara's face. She's grinning, flying the TARDIS.

Ashildr is half-watching her, half-reading a book mounted on the console - comparing it with the controls. She's learning to fly a TARDIS.

ASHILDR

(Looking at the controls)
I don't think I've got the Chameleon circuit working. The outer shell might be stuck as an American Diner.

CLARA

Awesome.

As she says this, she's taking her pulse. A faint frown of disappointment.

ASHILDR

Still no pulse?

CLARA

Time isn't healing. I'm still frozen.

ASHILDR

... you know what that means ...

CLARA

My death is a fixed event. The universe depends on it happening.

ASHILDR

I'm sorry.

CLARA

Why? Why does everybody think I'm so scared? We all face the raven some day, that's the deal. If I go back to Gallifrey, they can put me right back where I was, yeah?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (cont'd)

On Trap Street, the moment they took me out?

ASHILDR

Of course.

CLARA

Mind you, since I'm not actually ageing there's a tiny bit of wiggle room, isn't there.

ASHILDR

Wiggle room?

CLARA

Yeah, wiggle room. We could, you know, stop off on the way.

Clara now striding round the console, slamming controls, like she was born to it.

ASHILDR

Where are we going?

CLARA

Gallifrey. Like I said, Gallifrey.

Then the wickedest grin. She slams the controls, the room lurches and spins.

CLARA (cont'd)

The long way round.

On Clara's face: grinning at the time rotor, as it rises and falls...

DISSOLVING TO:

58 **EXT. TARDIS - DAY**

58

Back to Clara's face, painted on the TARDIS door -
- as the Doctor pushes the door open, into:

CUT TO:

59 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

59

The TARDIS control room, in darkness - he hasn't stood here in a very long time.

Magically, the lights start coming on. Roundel after roundel flaring into action. The Time Rotor illuminates with a chime, like it's welcoming him home. The console now glittering and burbling with life.

More roundels flaring on, illuminating details:

(CONTINUED)

At the top of the staircases, a coat stand - and hanging on it, what appears to be his velvet coat (or a close match.)

Panning to the blackboard next to it. Chalked on it, the familiar words:

RUN YOU CLEVER BOY.

Panning down to:

AND BE A DOCTOR.

The Doctor ascends the stairs to the blackboard. Looks at those words. Now he shucks off his dusty coat, tosses it. Pulls on the velvet coat.

Adjusts it, pats it into place. Yep, that's him.

Now a pneumatic hiss from the console. A bleeping. And something fires out of the console, and somersaults through the air to the Doctor.

He catches it in his hand. A brand new, restyled, *sonic screwdriver!*

He looks at it in his hand smiles. Now he clicks his fingers.

The TARDIS doors slam shut.

The Doctor slips his new sonic into his pocket, heads down the stairs to his console. Slams the lever.

The room lurches, the engines roar -

CUT TO:

60

EXT. DESERT - DAY

60

The TARDIS starts to dematerialise. As it does, the painted murals all seem to melt, to run - as if being discarded as the police box disappears.

On Clara's face, melting away.

The paint all flutters to the ground, as the TARDIS roars away on its next adventure!

END TITLES.

*