

DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 10

EPISODE 8

"X"

by

Toby Whithouse

STONE DRAFT

(DRAFT TWO)

22/11/16

(SHOOTING BLOCK 6)

Space. The sun rising over the peaceful blue Earth.

VOICE OVER

The Monks have been with us from
the beginning.

Primordial soup: a fish heaves itself from the swamp, its little fins work like pistons to drag itself up the bank, across the sandy earth. The most important and monumental struggle in the planet's history. It bumps into the foot of a Monk, waiting for it.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

They shepherded humanity through
its formative years, gently guiding
and encouraging.

Cave paintings: primitive man. Before them, what can only be a Monk. It holds a spear, presenting it to the tribe of men.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

Like a parent clapping their hands
at a baby's first steps.

Another cave painting: a herd of buffalo, pursued by the men, spears and arrows protruding from their hides. Above and to the right, watching, two Monks. Benign sentinels.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

They have been instrumental in all
the advances of technology and
culture.

Photograph: Edison, holding a lightbulb. The arm and shoulder of a Monk next to him, creeping into the frame.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

They watched proudly as man
invented the lightbulb, the
telephone, the internet...

Photograph: the iconic shot of Einstein halfway through writing the equation for the theory of relativity on a blackboard. But the camera pulls back. We're looking over the shoulder of a Monk, watching Einstein, a notebook on its lap, with 'E = Mc²' already scribbled on it.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

... they were even there to welcome
the first men on the moon.

Photograph: the iconic picture of Neil Armstrong on the moon surface. Reflected in the visor of his helmet, two Monks. One is reaching forward as if to shake hands.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

They have defended us too. Who can forget the time the Monks defeated the Daleks, the Cybermen, the Sontarans?

Photograph: the Doctor, surrounded by Daleks (from 'Doomsday'). A Monk by his side. (NB - we haven't seen a proper shot of a Monk's face yet, it's always turned away / obscured / out of frame / an artists' representation)

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

And they have left their imprint in the arts as well.

Photograph: '*A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*', by Georges Seurat. Among the bathers, looking out across the lake, a Monk.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

The Monks have found their way into Dickens and the Jason Bourne films.

Photograph: an illustration. Oliver Twist, tiny and boney, before the fat and incredulous Mr Bumble. The camera focuses on a barred window in the wall behind them. A Monk peers through, looking mournful.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

Two species, sharing a history as happily as they share a planet.

Footage: a town square. In the centre, an immense golden statue of a Monk. Around it, people sit and talk and laugh and roller-skate etc.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

Humanity and the Monks are a blissful and perfect partnership.

Final shot: A child sitting on the shoulders of a Monk. They stand on a cliff top, looking out to sea.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

But don't just take my word for it.

CUT TO:

2

THE DOCTOR'S CELL.

2

The Doctor, writing at a desk in a white-walled room. He looks up, looks directly into the camera and smiles.

THE DOCTOR

How lucky Earth is to have an ally as powerful and tender as The Monks;

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
that asks nothing in return for
their benevolence but obedience. So
relax. Do as you're told. Your
future is taken care of.

CUT TO:

TITLES.

3

CASUALTY.

3

Yes, Casualty. Connie and Noel at the nurse's station. Lots of activity. Doctors and nurses run hither and thither.

CONNIE
Have we got an i.d. on the driver yet? She's still unconscious.

NOEL
She had nothing on her. It's lucky that Monk was passing. He literally tore the door off and pulled her out before the car exploded.

CONNIE
Praise be to the benevolence of the Monks. Anyway, the Police should be able to trace the number plate.

CUT TO:

4

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

4

A family, gathered around the TV. A mum, dad and little girl. Crashes from the hall make them all sit up.

The front door is kicked in. And thundering down the hall towards them come half a dozen men in black riot gear!

They pound into the living room. Heavy boots trampling on the carpet, crushing toys, kicking chairs over. The little girl is screaming, the mother and father are yelling. Flashlights in their faces, blinding them.

MEMORY POLICE
GET DOWN! GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR!

The family throw themselves onto the floor, face down, hands over their heads.

Around them, drawers are being emptied, books tipped from shelves, pictures yanked from the wall and smashed as the men ransack the flat. They're looking for something.

And now, striding down the hall, stepping over the carnage is the Group Commander. Clipboard in hand, he surveys the scene.

In the kitchen doorway, a little boy. Calm and neat.

GROUP COMMANDER
Where are the articles?

The little boy produces a shoebox. In it, some CDs, postcards, a dog-eared paperback, just junk really.

GROUP COMMANDER (CONT'D)
And these belong to your mother?
What about your father and the
little girl?

BOY
I couldn't find any evidence of
Memory Crime for either of them. I
looked though! I looked everywhere!

The Group Commander signals to his men. They yank the mother to her feet.

MOTHER
It's - it's nothing, it's junk.

GROUP COMMANDER
Junk, is it?
(the postcard)
London. Hmm, something missing from
the picture, don't you think?
(the CD)
Westlife. Interesting, there's a
couple of tracks not listed.
(the book)
Northanger Abbey.
(flicks through the pages)
Not a single mention of the Monks.

He drops them back in the box like they were radioactive.

GROUP COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Jane Bishop, you are charged with
the manufacture and possession of
propaganda intended to undermine
the True History. This is in
contravention of the Memory Crimes
Act of 1975.

Her fear forgotten now, the woman laughs, this is *insane*.

MOTHER
The Memory Crimes Act of 1975? The
Monks have only *been* here a few
months!

GROUP COMMANDER
Sub-clause 4B allows the
arresting office (in this
instance, myself) to
determine a punishment.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
You seriously think I *made*
these things? They're *mine*, I
had them before the Monks
arrived!

GROUP COMMANDER
It is not my belief that these
items were intended for
distribution, therefore I sentence
you to 10 years in a labour camp.
(to the men)
Take her away.

The woman is dragged out. She locks eyes with her son as she goes. Speechless, in shock.

The Group Commander turns to the little boy. Gives him a medal. And a lollipop.

He turns on his heel and marches out.

CUT TO:

5 **EXT. STREET 1. EVENING.**

5

A crowd has gathered outside. Among them Bill. She watches the Memory Police drag the woman out and bundle her into a van. She struggles, imploring the onlookers.

MOTHER
The Monks have only been here a few
months! Fight back! It's all lies!
You *know* it's all lies!

The doors are slammed shut. The Group Commander marches to the van, climbs into the passenger seat. The van zooms away.

Nothing more to see, the crowd disperses.

Bill glances back at the house. The little boy is standing in the doorway. He locks eyes with Bill. The children are dangerous now. She looks down, hurries away.

CUT TO:

6 **EXT. STREET 2. EVENING.**

6

Despite what it said in the broadcast earlier, the world looks grubbier, poorer. Even rich cities are impoverished and filthy now. And in this world, individuality is frowned upon. So everyone even has to dress the same - in blue overalls.

Here and there, looming over the trudging defeated people, stands a Monk. Silent sentinels. Always watching. That cadaverous face, the sunken eyes and ancient rotting skin.

A little crowd has gathered in front of an electrical shop. Bill cranes her neck to see what they're looking at.

A dozen TV screens show five men and women, blindfolded, against a wall.

ANNOUNCER

--found guilty of manufacturing and distributing photographs alleging the Monks were *not* present at the fall of the Berlin Wall.

The people watching with Bill sneer and curse.

On screen, a Monk raises its arm. What appears from its fingertips is like frozen lightning. Jagged, irregular, halting, it seems to lurch towards the blindfolded men and women. They shudder as it plunges into their chests. They writhe and scream as the life is sucked out of them.

The onlookers wince and gulp, but keep their rictus smiles in place. They cheer and applaud.

On screen, the Doctor again.

THE DOCTOR

If you suspect a colleague, neighbour or family member of being a Memory Criminal, you should alert the authorities immediately.

Bill watches him. Her expression unreadable. She moves on.

CUT TO:

7 **EXT. BILL'S FLAT. ENTRANCE.** 7

A grubby tower block. Cracked windows and blinking lights. Bill hurries up the steps and through the doors.

CUT TO:

8 **INT. BILL'S FLAT. KITCHEN.** 8

Like the rest of this world, Bill's flat is grey and grim.

In her kitchen, Bill sits at the table. Sirens in the distance. Cries and shouts from other apartments. But she settles. Her features relax. There's even the beginning of a smile. Like she's falling into a trance. There is a sound we hadn't noticed before, but that's been there in the background - a hum, a buzz. Slowly it builds until we can pick it out from the background city soundscape. It gets louder and louder. And Bill smiles.

No.

She shakes her head and the sound drops back to its previous level.

She clears her throat. Closes her eyes. She takes a breath and opens her eyes.

And now sat in the chair opposite is her mum. Just sitting there, as if they were sharing a cup of tea and a catch up.

BILL
Hello, Mum.

Bill smiles. But she has to concentrate. As if struggling to repeat a complicated equation or line of Latin.

BILL (CONT'D)
The Monks have only been here 6 months. Everything they've told us, all we believe now, is a lie. I travelled with a man called the Doctor and I did this to save him.
(reaches across the table)
And I know how it looks, Mum, with all the stuff he's saying on the telly. But it's all right, because *I know* he has a plan. And one day soon he's going to come back and save us all. One day he--

A noise makes her freeze. The light under her kitchen door has been broken. There's someone in the hall outside.

Bill looks back to the chair opposite her. It's empty now.

Bill looks round for something to defend herself with.

A chair. She picks it up, holds it over her head.

The door opens.

Bill lunges forward, yelling, and finds herself face to face with Nardole. He screams. She screams.

NARDOLE
What are you doing?! It's me!

Bill still has the chair held over her head.

BILL
Wait. Shut up. Tell me something: that first time, with the Heather creature chasing us, where did we run away to?

NARDOLE
Australia.

BILL

What noise should spaceship doors
make?

NARDOLE

Shuck! Shuck! (Obviously)

Bill eyes him for another moment, then drops the chair and yanks him into a hug. She holds him at arm's length, stares at him, shaking her head. She still can't believe it.

BILL

Oh God. It happened. I knew it. It
all really happened.

She hits him.

NARDOLE

Ow!

BILL

Where have you been?! I *needed* you!

NARDOLE

I got contaminated by that bacteria
in the lab! I was laid up for six
weeks! If I was human I would have
died! And right now you'd be
talking to... actually, who were
you talking to?

Bill is checking the window, glancing out into the hall to make sure they're alone.

BILL

My mum.

NARDOLE

But I thought your mum -
(whispers)

- died.

(normal voice)

Y'know. When you were a -

(whispers)

- kid.

(normal voice)

I don't know why I whispered that
bit.

BILL

She did. So I made up a version of
her. I talk to her all the time.

NARDOLE

Hey. Nothing weird about that. I
had an imaginary friend. Until he
left me for someone else.

Bill sits back at the table.

BILL

They're doing something to us. The Monks. I can't think straight. They're saying they've been here forever, and I know they haven't, but part of me is starting to think it's real. Every day I have to remind myself that all the stuff you, me and the Doctor did really *happened*, it *wasn't* just a dream.

(beat)

Why do it? That's what I don't get. They invade somewhere and take control, why go to all this trouble of changing the past?

NARDOLE

(shrugs)

However bad a situation is, if people think this is how it's always been, they'll put up with it. That's 90% of your job done.

BILL

Even so. I know the Monks shut down the internet, but all anyone would have to do is go to a *library*, read a *book*, to see none of it's true.

NARDOLE

You have actually *met* a human being haven't you? Plus they timed it perfectly. We're Post-Truth now.

BILL

Wait, you said you were ill for six weeks. What've you been doing since then?

NARDOLE

Looking for the Doctor.

BILL

Have you found him?!

Nardole arches an enigmatic eyebrow.

NARDOLE

Well, let's just say...

He can't think of an enigmatic answer.

NARDOLE (CONT'D)

Yes. I have.

Bill squeals and jumps up. Nardole takes a map of Northern Europe from his bag and spreads it out on the table.

NARDOLE (CONT'D)

So: all anyone's seen of him for 6 months is those broadcasts he does.

BILL

He's faking it, I'm positive. He hasn't joined the Monks, he's being held prisoner. He's just biding his time, waiting.

NARDOLE

Thing is, the Monks have got some kind of scrambler, so no one can trace the broadcasts.

Nardole takes out a little tin box with a tiny viewfinder screen and a couple of antennae.

NARDOLE (CONT'D)

So it's lucky I've got this! It traces the source of the signal and gives a map coordinate.

BILL

Cool, where'd you get it?

NARDOLE

Let's just say A Massive Otter. Anyway. This is them.

He points to a string of red 'X's on the map, in a line looping around the UK and Scandinavia.

BILL

He's at sea?

NARDOLE

The Monks have put him on an old Prison Ship. They used to be called Hulks. It makes sense, when you think about it. Hundreds of miles of freezing sea all around you is better than a fence or wall.

BILL

So how do we get to him?

NARDOLE

Every six weeks, all their food and fuel and stuff gets taken to them by a supply boat. Their next delivery is in two days time, when they're off the coast of Scotland.

Bill punches him on the arm again.

BILL
That's it, that's our chance!

NARDOLE
Ok, this, this has to stop.

CUT TO:

9 **EXT. JETTY. NIGHT.**

9

The boat, a patchwork of rust and repairs, bumps against the jetty. Nardole and the Captain confer in hushed whispers. The Captain shoots glances at Bill. She fidgets, looks away.

We hear Bill's voice, but she's excited now. Full of hope.

BILL (V.O.)
It's happening, Mum. I knew it would! So: Nardole has made contact with the Captain of the supply boat that runs to and from the Prison Ship where the Doctor's being held.

The crew heft crates up the gangplank. They glare at Bill too.

BILL (V.O.)
His son is serving 10 years in a labour camp for possession of a box of comics, so he's no fan of the Monks.

Their negotiation over, Nardole and the Captain are walking towards her. Nardole is putting on a seaman's waterproof cape. The Captain throws one at Bill. Then points at a crate. You can start by shifting that.

CUT TO:

10 **EXT. SEA. NIGHT.**

10

The supply boat chugs off towards the Prison Ship. It squats on the horizon like a pile of immense, rusty children's building blocks. Black and mean.

BILL (V.O.)
He'll get us on board.

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. SUPPLY BOAT. NIGHT.**

11

Bill on deck, hugging herself against the cold. So that's where the Doctor is...

BILL (V.O.)
Security is really tight obviously,
but Nardole says there's not been
much in the way of resistance since
the Monks took over...

The supply boat is approaching a hole in the ship's stern. An internal dock. The boat is devoured by the bigger ship, like a fish swimming into the maw of a whale. Bill looks up as the boat slips inside, and they are swallowed by shadows.

CUT TO:

12

INT. PRISON SHIP. LOADING BAY.

12

Inside, the supply boat has docked at a little landing jetty.

BILL (V.O.)
... so they're more worried about
the Doctor getting *out* than anyone
getting *in*.

Bill, Nardole and the crew move up and down the gangplank, unloading. A Prison Guard - we'll call him Alan - clipboard in hand, inspects the boxes, ticks them off.

BILL (V.O.)
But what we *don't* want is for them
to do a spot check on our identity
papers.

And of course as she says that, we pick out another Prison Guard - Richard. Leaning back on a chair, he watches the crew lugging the boxes and crates back and forth. Bored. In the mood for mischief, he gets to his feet.

RICHARD
Papers. Spot check.

The crew groan and put down their boxes, rummage through their clothes for their papers.

The Captain, Bill and Nardole look at each other. Oh no.

BILL (V.O.)
Nardole doesn't have any, and I'm
down as university kitchen staff.

Richard strolls along the line of crew, inspecting the papers. Taking his time, enjoying the power, swinging his truncheon. Alan rolls his eyes.

Richard is nearing Bill now... Getting nearer... Now she's next...!

Then something happens. The sound of engines. Some kind of craft is hovering outside, its searchlights flooding the loading bay with a blinding white light.

Richard (his hand outstretched to Bill, waiting for her papers) gulps. Springs to attention.

Something has emerged from the craft. A slither of black, moving forward, out of the light, gradually becoming more distinct.

It's one of the Monks.

Everyone freezes. Their eyes drop to the floor.

On it comes.

It walks with jerky, lurching steps. Its ragged robes drag along the floor as the Monk stalks through the frozen guards and crew. No one moves, no one breathes.

And it stops by Bill.

And turns to face her. The brown, rotting skin stretched over its skull. The jagged, broken teeth.

Bill wants to shout, wants to flee.

It bends close to her, examining her. Curious. Its dead eyes sweeping over her.

It can't be more than 5 seconds, but it feels like an eternity.

Then it straightens up and lurches back to the mouth of the loading bay.

The searchlights swallow the figure up, and after a moment the engines grind and the craft swoops back up into the sky and disappears.

Everyone exhales. Even the two Guards look shaken.

RICHARD

All right, what are you waiting for? We need to get this stuff on board. Chop chop.

Bill and Nardole look at each other. They nod. They slip through a door.

CUT TO:

13

INT. PRISON SHIP. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

13

Through a porthole, Bill watches the little boat chug away.

BILL (V.O.)
After that, we're on our own.

NARDOLE
Why did that Monk look at you like
that?

Bill turns to Nardole, grins.

BILL
Hey. Still got it. Come on.

CUT TO:

14 **INT. PRISON SHIP. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.** 14

They creep through the corridors. The immense ship creaks and groans. They try different doors. Locked.

A familiar voice up ahead. Drifting down the corridor.

THE DOCTOR (O.C.)
Over the years I have encountered
innumerable civilisations, but
never one as benevolent as the
Monks. Their grace and humility...
no... their grace and *philanthropy*
is matched only by their...

Bill bolts forward, but Nardole grabs her arm.

NARDOLE
Careful.

CUT TO:

15 **INT. PRISON SHIP. THE DOCTOR'S CELL. NIGHT.** 15

They reach a door and peep through. Sure enough, it's the Doctor, sat a desk, scribbling furiously, his back to the door. This is the room he does the broadcasts from. A world away from the rust and damp and gloom of the rest of the ship. It's like the room Bowman finds himself in at the end of 2001. Whitewashed neoclassical.

Bill shakes off Nardole's hand and pushes the door open. The Doctor still hasn't seen her. She ventures forward on tiptoe, glancing around to check they're all alone.

BILL
Doctor? Doctor, it's me.

The Doctor slowly turns to face her. He regards her for a moment. Then he yells.

THE DOCTOR

GUARDS!

Bill blinks, shocked. And now the room is filling with Guards. Black riot gear, rifles pointed directly at Bill. They line all four walls, twenty of them at least.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

BILL

What does it look like? We've come to save you.

THE DOCTOR

(to Nardole)

This is your doing, isn't it?

(shakes his head - dammit)

You shouldn't be here. I'll have to talk to the Monks now.

BILL

(steps forward)

Doctor--

THE DOCTOR

Stop. Don't. They'll kill you.
Just... just stay where you are.

He picks up the phone from his desk. Dials.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Epsilon. Fire. Jupiter. Lily.

(puts the phone down)

The Monks are on their way. When they get here, let me do the talking.

BILL

Wait, what was that? Did you really just call them, you nutter?

THE DOCTOR

You deserve an explanation.

The Doctor sets about tidying his desk. Closes his book, puts the lid back on his fountain pen, straightens his papers.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Human society is stagnating. You've stopped moving forward. In fact you've started regressing.

BILL

This isn't exactly much better.

THE DOCTOR

It's safer.

BILL

Not so much for the people the
Monks are killing.

THE DOCTOR

The Romans killed people. And saved
billions more from disease, war,
famine and barbarism. The first
month the Monks were here they
regulated food production and
distribution. Famine: gone.
Literally overnight. Second month,
they decommissioned all weaponry
except what they needed. Every gun,
bomb and bullet: gone. So humanity
can't blow itself up anymore. Or
anyone else.

BILL

No - wait. What about free will?
You *believe* in free will, your
whole thing is - you made me write
a 3000 word *essay* on Free Will.

THE DOCTOR

You *had* free will, and look at what
you did with it! Worse than that,
you had *history*. History was saying
"Hello? I've got some examples here
of fascism you might want to look
at... No? Fundamentalism? No? Okay,
you carry on." I had to stop you.
Or at least not stand in the way of
someone else stopping you. Because
the guns were getting bigger, the
stakes were getting higher, and any
minute now it was going to be
Goodnight, Vienna.

(beat)

And while we're on the subject you
never delivered that *essay* anyway.

BILL

BECAUSE THE WORLD WAS INVADED BY
ZOMBIE MONKS.

THE DOCTOR

*AND WHOSE FAULT IS THAT?! I didn't
ask for my sight back. No, you took
it upon yourself to ignore me, to
do what you thought was best. All I
can say is we're lucky it was a
benevolent race like the Monks and
not the Daleks.*

The Doctor grabs Bill's arms, looks into her eyes, imploring.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

For a thousand years I've watched civilisations rise and fall, empires that spanned a thousand galaxies crumble to dust. Enough. It's time to participate. The Monks are ruthless, I get that, and they play with history, and, yeah, I'm not exactly thrilled about that, but they bring peace and order.

BILL

And you're... you're helping them?

THE DOCTOR

I can steer them in a genuinely progressive direction. I love this planet. I love every ludicrous celebrity obsessed human on it. I'm doing this to save you, Bill.

BILL

(beat)

Okay. I get it now. It's like that time we discovered the huge fish creature under the Seine in Paris.

The Doctor sighs, turns to the guards.

THE DOCTOR

That was a coded message. The big fish creature was under the Thames. If I'd played along with it she'd have known I was tricking you.

He plods back to his chair and sits. Defeated.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Bill. I really wanted to make you see.

Bill blinks, bewildered. The truth finally breaking through.

BILL

This... my God, this is *real*, isn't it? You're actually doing this.

(her expression hardens)

Do you have any idea how hard the last few months have been? How hard it's been to hold on to the truth? It would have been so easy to just give in and believe their lies. But I didn't, I fought against it. For you. For when you came back. And now you're saying you've *joined* them? You're *helping* them?

Bill lunges towards one of the guards, grabs the sidearm from his holster and points it at the Doctor. The other guards spring into action, guns raised, pointed at Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)
Last chance. If this is some plan,
tell me now.

The Doctor is up on his feet, his hands outstretched, palms down, placating her.

THE DOCTOR
Bill. Bill. Put the gun down.

BILL
I'm serious, Doctor. We'll think of something else. But you have to tell me now. Because if you help the Monks, then nothing will stop them. They'll be here forever.

THE DOCTOR
Bill. Kill me and they'll kill you.

BILL
Well, I've tried six months of life under the Monks and I'm not sure it's for me anyway.

The Doctor takes a breath. He looks her in the eye.

THE DOCTOR
It's not a plan, it's not a trick. I've joined the Monks. Whatever it takes, I'm going to save you from yourselves.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM. Bill shoots the Doctor!

He staggers backwards, bent double, and then he shudders, jerks upwards, his head tips back...

... and regeneration energy pours from his hands and head!

Then it stops. The energy streams vanish.

The Doctor looks at Bill, straightens his coat. And smiles.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Good girl.

The guards all lower their guns and applaud. Some step forward, slap Bill on the back, grab her hand and shake it.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(to Nardole)
Throwing in that bit of
regeneration energy. Too much?

NARDOLE

No, I thought it was a nice touch.
(to Richard)
'Too much' was Richard there asking
for our identity papers!

RICHARD

I couldn't resist it. Your face.

Bill stands in the middle of all this, completely mystified.

BILL

Er, *hello?* Could someone tell me
what the hell is going on?

The Doctor sweeps her up into a crushing hug.

THE DOCTOR

You did it! YOU DID IT!

He sets her down, a little embarrassed now. He straightens
the creases in her jacket.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

The Monks are using some kind of...
something, to control the
population. They must be, there's
not enough of them to hold on to
power for this long. Plus they
don't trust me yet, not completely,
so I had to check you weren't under
the influence and testing me.

BILL

So you... you haven't turned,
you're not working for them...?

THE DOCTOR

Of course not! I've spent the last
6 months planning. Oh and
recruiting these chaps.
Deprogramming them one by one,
talking some sense into them. Tell
you what, I could do with a
Strepsil. There's loads of them!

BILL

But I shot you.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, that was the plan. Everyone
swapped their ammo for blanks.

One of the guards - the one standing next to the Guard whose
gun Bill snatched - gulps, his hand to his mouth. He'd
clearly forgotten. The Doctor throws his hands in the air.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Did you forget?! Oh nice one, Dave.
That would have derailed the plan a
bit, don't you think?

BILL

But you called the Monks.

THE DOCTOR

I called the kitchen. Actually
could someone pop down and explain?
They'll be really confused.

BILL

(to Nardole)

And you were in on this too?

THE DOCTOR

It was partly his idea.

Advancing on him to hit him again.

BILL

Oh my God. Oh my God. I swear, I'm
going to beat the sh-

THE DOCTOR

(steering her away)

Never mind that. We've got the band
back together!

BILL

Wait a minute. You could have
escaped ages back. Why wait for me?

THE DOCTOR

(pinches Bill's cheeks)

Look at this face. 'Why wait for
me?' Couldn't you just eat her
alive?

(claps his hands)

Now then. Lovely as it is to have
you on board, literally and
metaphorically, we are going to
need a little help.

(low)

Love these guys, but half of them
were conscripted when the Monks
took over. We've got two chartered
surveyors, a lollipop man, a tennis
instructor and someone from The
Apprentice.

NARDOLE

So who are we going to get?

THE DOCTOR

The only person I know almost as
smart as me.

Bill and Nardole look mystified. Then, for Nardole at least,
the penny drops.

NARDOLE

Oh. Right. Blimey. Has it really
come to that?

The Doctor nods sombrely. Bill, of course, still doesn't have
a clue what they're talking about.

BILL'S VOICE

Mum, it's me. We're coming back.

CUT TO:

16

INT. HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

16

A large hut, with a bank of windows looking out onto the
harbour. There are radios and a radar screen. Just two staff
on duty, it's a routine night. On the wall, a large picture
of a Monk. There more to intimidate than reassure.

An alarm sounds. On the radar screen, a blip. Moving fast.
Coming straight for the harbour.

BILL'S VOICE

The Doctor made some adjustments to
the ship's engines. He wanted to
get back as quickly as possible.

They frown. Look out of the window. But there's nothing to
see, it's pitch black with a thick blanket of fog.

CUT TO:

17

EXT. DOCK. NIGHT.

17

The two harbour staff step out onto the dock and peer into
the darkness. A light is just discernible through the heavy
mist. It's getting bigger. And bigger...

BILL'S VOICE

Plus he wanted to make an entrance.

Then the prow of the Prison Ship bursts through the fog. Its
like a tower block suddenly descending on them.

The harbour staff scatter.

CUT TO:

But the tension is too acute, too tight, and Richard (it had to be Richard) has to clamp his hand over his mouth to stop himself from crying out.

That's all it takes. The Monk stops. Turns. Looks around.

Looks down.

It crouches. Peers through the metal plate into the darkness. It can't see anything. It reaches down, fingers through the mesh, as if it was about to lift the plate away.

But instead the Monk closes its eyes as the frozen, jagged lightning appears from its fingertips.

The Doctor and the others watch, eyes wide with terror, as slowly the lightning haltingly descends and spreads around them, groping and searching for prey.

No one can scramble away for fear of making a sound. They have to shift and dodge out of the way. While some just freeze, their breath caught in their throats as they watch the lightning creep past and around them, centimetres from their faces.

One tendril lands on Nardole's glasses.

Nardole is paralysed. Everyone stares at him, watches the lightning creep like frost over the lenses.

The it loses interest. There's nothing here.

Above them the Monk opens its eyes. The frozen lightning creeps quickly back through the mesh to his fingertips.

The Monk stands, turns and stalks away.

The Doctor and the others all exhale as they hear the Monk's footsteps retreat into the distance. Nardole whips off his glasses, now clear, and wipes them on his sleeve.

CUT TO:

21

EXT. UNIVERSITY QUAD. DAY.

21

The quad has gained a massive golden statue of a Monk. The Doctor and Bill peer around a corner. Two Monks guard the door while uniformed human ancillaries carry away boxes of papers and items we recognise from the Doctor's quarters.

BILL'S VOICE

By the time we got back to the university, the Monks were waiting for us, of course.

The Doctor nods to Bill. This way. They retreat.

BILL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
We weren't headed to his rooms
though.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. VAULT CORRIDOR.**

22

The Doctor and Bill move quickly along a corridor. They're underground somewhere. Naked bulbs strung along the route. They reach a door, covered by a wildly intricate lock. Bars and cogs and levers and weights.

BILL'S VOICE
Even so, the Doctor was nervous,
Mum. I could tell.

The Doctor stops. Looks at Bill. Thinking. He sighs, he doesn't have a choice.

BILL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
But we had to do this, he said. He
had to talk to 'her'.

He presses a hidden button. Speaks into a little mic.

THE DOCTOR
Move into the containment field,
please.

He turns a handle. But that doesn't open the door. We hear levers start to shift. Next he turns a dial, like the combination lock on a safe. Gears and barrels grind. A little hatch slides up revealing a small screen. The Doctor lays his hand on it. A light scans his palm. And the door shudders as the final bars move aside. The Doctor heaves the door open. And now the moment has come when Bill will finally see the horror that lurks in the vault, her courage almost fails her. She gulps. And tentatively follows the Doctor inside...

CUT TO:

23 **INT. THE VAULT.**

23

The Doctor and Bill step into an immense hall. It looks like a huge living room. There are bits of furniture, books and some attempt at decoration.

But in the middle is a circular, buzzing force-field, forming a smaller room in the centre. And in that, sat at a piano is Missy. One hand holding her chin up, the other mournfully plays Gnosienne No 1.

The Doctor looks around. Bill is peeping out from behind him.

THE DOCTOR

Little passive-aggressive, isn't it?

Missy stops, looks up, shrugs. Sue me.

BILL

What?! But it's... it's just a woman! The way you and Nardole have been carrying on, I thought you had a monster in here or something!

THE DOCTOR

I do. Missy, Bill. Bill, Missy. The *other* Last of the Time Lords.

BILL

... I literally let out a bit of wee... Wait a sec. *Why* have you got a woman locked in a vault? Because even I think that's *weird*. And I've been attacked by a puddle.

THE DOCTOR

She's going Cold Turkey from being bad.

(nods at her TV)

You've seen what's happened?

MISSY

Casualty's got weird. Weirder.

Missy closes the lid of the piano, turns to her guests.

MISSY (CONT'D)

I love how you've lulled the Monks into a false sense of security by letting them take over the entire planet. That was ever so canny.

The Doctor simmers a little. Let her have her fun.

THE DOCTOR

I want to ask if you've had any dealings with the Monks before.

MISSY

Of course! I've had adventures too, y'know. My whole life doesn't revolve around you. Just the once mind. Ages back. Goatee beard phase. Riga-Priam had these reserves of quartz I needed (I forget why, I was building a bomb or something). Anyway, I get there and there are all these Monks stormtroopering about.

BILL
Did you defeat them?

MISSY
I did.

BILL
How?

For a moment Missy doesn't answer. Then she smiles brightly.

MISSY
I've got some requests. I want new books. Some toys. Like a Particle Accelerator. A 3D Printer. And a pony.

THE DOCTOR
I don't think you've grasped what's going on here. Nice people don't tend to haggle over the fate of a planet.

MISSY
Sweetheart. I once made a gun out of *leaves*. You think I couldn't get through a *door* if I wanted? I'm here, all right? I'm engaging with the process.

BILL
Okay, we can do that, we can get you those things.

Missy sits, feet up.

MISSY
So what have you got so far?

THE DOCTOR
They hold onto power by targeting the part of the brain specifically to do with memory and perception, correct, right?

MISSY
Getting warm. Fingers tingling.

THE DOCTOR
But target it with *what*? How do they sustain it? How do their lies infiltrate billions of minds? Is it some kind of airborne psychoactive?

MISSY
Oh no, cold, cold.

THE DOCTOR

But it's not done just once, it's something that's constantly being fed to the populace, constantly consolidating its hold. Is it in the water?

MISSY

Freezing. Brrrr.

The Doctor throws his hands in the air in frustration.

MISSY (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Oh come on, I'm *bored*! You haven't been to see me in *six months*! No one has! Not even that bloke who looks like an egg!

BILL

You've left her alone in here for six months?!

THE DOCTOR

I WAS IN PRISON!

MISSY

Go back to the beginning. How do they get a foothold on a planet?

THE DOCTOR

Some idiot asks for their help.

MISSY

Not just any idiot. They need a properly consenting human mind. A pure request, without agenda or ulterior motive.

THE DOCTOR

(to himself)

Which is why nothing happened when the Generals asked for help.

(to Missy)

And that's their trigger. From that moment, they're in control.

MISSY

Getting warmer.

The Doctor is staring at Missy. And then it hits him.

THE DOCTOR

It's them. That person creates a psychic link, which forms an anchor that keeps the Monks in power. They're the lynchpin!

MISSY

Scalding! Ow!

THE DOCTOR

But the brainwaves of one person
wouldn't be powerful enough to
cover an entire planet...

(suddenly)

The statues! As soon as they got
here the Monks put up a statue in
every town square, every park and
playground!

MISSY

You're on fire, you're literally on
fire you're so hot.

THE DOCTOR

The statues are transmitters! They
boost the signal and beam it all
around the world!

MISSY

BOOM! You've exploded.

The Doctor gets his breath back, straightens his coat.

MISSY (CONT'D)

So all you have to do is find
whoever opened the door for the
Monks in the first place.

THE DOCTOR

Say I already have.

MISSY

Oh. Then you're sorted. Just kill
them and that weakens the Monks'
grip on the world.

Silence.

THE DOCTOR

No, that... that doesn't make
sense, there are planets where the
Monks have ruled for thousands of
years.

MISSY

It's passed on through the
bloodline. Usually the lynchpin
goes on to lead a normal life, have
their own family, and the link goes
down through the generations. But
sometimes, whether it's from
natural causes or because a piano
falls on them, that person dies.

(MORE)

MISSY (CONT'D)

And if they haven't had children,
if the link hasn't been passed on,
then it's lost. And the Monks' hold
on a society starts to weaken.

THE DOCTOR

But the Monks must have worked that
out by now, they've been doing this
for millennia.

MISSY

Why? If the link is passed on, the
Monks stay in charge through (they
think) their efficiency and
ruthlessness. If the lynchpin dies
and *hasn't* passed the link on and
the Monks get booted off the
planet, they just chalk it up to
experience.

Missy turns back to the piano. Starts playing The
Entertainer.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Species evolve without realising.
The Monks need someone powerful to
ask for help. Why? Instinctively
they're protecting the bloodline,
increasing their chances of
success. Someone powerful will have
bodyguards, decent food, heating,
longer life expectancy, blah blah.

Bill steps forward. The Doctor's hand shoots up.

BILL

It's all right. I want to speak to
her.

(to Missy)

So when you defeated them, that's
how you did it?

MISSY

By this point all that was left of
the bloodline was a wee girl. I
pushed her into a volcano.

BILL

It's me. The lynchpin is me.

Missy deliberately hits an off-key note. Turns to Bill.

MISSY

Awkward.

BILL

So you're saying I have to die.

MISSY

Well, more accurately, your *brain* has to die. It has to be wiped clean. That's the one thing I'd do differently.

(to the Doctor)

Not now, obviously. Now I'm all ribbons and kittens and stuff.

(to Bill)

If you just died, everyone's false memories would have to fade. And that could take ages. It actually helps if you're still breathing. Then your brain carries on transmitting... well, nothing. That would blot out the residue false memories. So no, the best thing to do is erase your brain. Send a new message: nothing.

BILL

What would be left of me?

MISSY

You'd be a husk. Completely and irrevocably brain dead. You couldn't even get on Celebrity Love Island.

The Doctor yanks Bill away. He stands in front of Missy, shuddering with rage.

THE DOCTOR

Even if it was true, the fact that you would suggest it shows me there's no change, no hope. No point. We don't sacrifice people. It's wrong. Because it's easy.

Missy leans in close, close enough to kiss him.

MISSY

Back in the day I'd burn a city to the ground just to see the pretty shapes the smoke made. I'm sorry your 'plus one' doesn't get a happy ending, but like it or not, I just saved this world. *Because* I want to change. Your version of good is not absolute. It's vain, sentimental, arrogant and naive. So if you're waiting for me to become *that*, I'm gonna be here a long time yet.

CUT TO:

24 **EXT. TRAIN GRAVEYARD.**

24

Where broken and hopelessly graffiti-ed trains and carriages are left to moulder. The Doctor and Bill pick their way through. The Doctor stomping on ahead, Bill struggling to keep up.

CUT TO:

25 **INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE.**

25

The little band of resistance fighters have set up base in one of the carriages. They've ripped out tables and seats and put in areas for cooking and sleeping. But it's not exactly the Orient Express. They stop what they're doing as the Doctor and Bill arrive. Furious, the Doctor strides down the length of the carriage. Bill waits by the door. Nardole puts down his knitting.

NARDOLE

What did she say?

THE DOCTOR

Nothing.

BILL

There's a way to defeat them.

THE DOCTOR

There isn't. There is, but not that.

BILL

You knew she'd say something like this, didn't you? That's why you needed me back. You could have escaped from that ship, you could have started something to defeat the Monks without me.

THE DOCTOR

I wanted you back by my side because it is the safest place in the world.

Nardole's head is turning back and forth like he's watching a game of tennis.

NARDOLE

Can someone - *what did she say?*

BILL

She said it's me. I asked the Monks for help and started all this, so I have to be the one to finish it.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

The only downside is, if that's what we do... well, it's not worth me starting any long books.

THE DOCTOR

I'm telling you, she's lying. Know how I know? Her lips were moving.

NARDOLE

I don't understand, how is it you?

BILL

They're sending out some kind of transmission. It makes us believe what the Monks say. My brainwaves are powering it. But if my brain gets wiped they'll transmit nothing, a blank, and that'll allow people to get their real memories back.

Silence as that sinks in.

NARDOLE

Okay, let's put a pin in that for now, as they say, and see if we can come up with something else.

ALAN

(to Bill)

Look, I'm sorry, I don't really know you. But we helped the Doctor escape. We can't go back to our families now. For all we know they've been arrested, put in camps already. How long are we going to have to sit around waiting for you to come up with another solution?

BILL

I'm not the one who needs convincing.

All eyes turn to the Doctor. Bill walks down the aisle of the carriage, stands before him.

BILL (CONT'D)

You said the safest place for me is by your side. The Monks understand that. It's why their plan works.

The Doctor holds her gaze. But something's happening. An idea forming in that ancient, terrible mind.

THE DOCTOR

Do the Monks operate from somewhere? Have they got some kind of headquarters?

RICHARD

Well, there's the Cathedral, I
suppose.

THE DOCTOR

The Cathedral?

The Guards root around. Someone has a tatty OS map.

RICHARD

That's just what everyone calls it.
I don't think it has a name.

There in the middle of London, is a large square with an X
through it, to signify a pyramid shape. It covers four or
five city blocks. It must be half a mile long on each side.

THE DOCTOR

Oh yes. Yes, that's *perfect*. Let me
guess, it's always been there.

ALAN

It's mentioned in *The Merry Wives
of Windsor*.

THE DOCTOR

Well I saw the first ever
production on Press Night and there
wasn't any mention of that. Anyway.
We have to break in there.

BILL

Why?

THE DOCTOR

Somewhere the Monks will have some
kind of machine that creates and
broadcasts the myths of their
history, that are powered, carried,
fed, whatever, by your brainwaves.

The Doctor takes the map, sticks it onto a window.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

But you don't know the entire
history of everything, even with me
as a teacher, so they'll need to be
receiving stuff too. Drawing in the
general collective consciousness of
the world. Which they then process,
popping themselves into the
narrative, and beam it out again.

(the Cathedral)

And I reckon all that takes place
in here.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So we get in, I plug myself into
it, replace the signals they
receive with my brainwaves and beam
out the true history of the world.
Oo, I might even throw in some
other stuff. The things I could
stop just by thinking it. Racism.
People talking in cinemas.

NARDOLE

Are you sure? This would be an
incredibly sophisticated
transmitter, powerful enough to
beam highly detailed propaganda to
the entire world, twenty four hours
a day, and you're going to plug
your *brain* into it?

THE DOCTOR

I know. It doesn't stand a chance.

CUT TO:

26 **EXT. STREET. DAY.**

26

The imposing entrance of The Cathedral. It stretches as far
as the eye can see in every direction. Ancient, yellow
sandstone, each block two meters high. A Monk stands on
either side of the immense door.

Opposite, an abandoned, empty shop. The windows have been
painted white, covered with bill stickers.

CUT TO:

27 **INT. SHOP. DAY.**

27

Inside, the Doctor, Bill, Nardole and the troops.

Nardole is peering through a gap in the painted window.

NARDOLE

That's odd, they only have two
Monks guarding the entrance. You'd
think there'd be more.

THE DOCTOR

Come away from the window.

Nardole steps away.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

How many Monks were there?

NARDOLE

About twelve.

The Doctor nods to the window. Look again. Nardole looks.

NARDOLE (CONT'D)

Well you've got to admit, that's
ever so clever.

THE DOCTOR

Another way they hang on to power
is to create a myth that they have
a greater weight of numbers than
they really do. I doubt there's
more than a couple of million of
them worldwide. Verses *seven
billion* of you. They should have
been run out of town in a couple of
days.

BILL

The beam is stronger here, isn't
it. I can almost hear it. It's so
hard to hang on to any thought
about life before them.

THE DOCTOR

And it'll get even stronger as we
move closer to the transmitter. The
lies will become more convincing,
you'll want to turn around, you
won't understand what you're doing
here or why you're working against
the Monks. Have you all got your
personal... stereo... things?

They all pull out personal stereos. Ipods, iphones, even old
Walkmans.

BILL

You never told us what we need
these for.

THE DOCTOR

That's where you come in. You've
got a nice voice, you see. And I
need someone with a nice voice.

BILL

Oh, right. Thank you.

THE DOCTOR

I'm serious. If a cow could speak
it would sound like you. But first
we need to get past those two Monks
on the door. So who here is good
with a rifle?

Richard puts his hand up. The Doctor sighs, mutters.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Please don't let this be another story about the Apprentice...

RICHARD

There was this one time, on the Apprentice, we'd just won the task (we had to design and market an aftershave. I came up with the name: *Mustang*), and the prize was a day on a rifle range, and I absolutely beat everyone.

THE DOCTOR

A simple 'I am' would have done the trick. Okay, I've got a special job for you.

CUT TO:

28 **EXT. ROOFTOP.**

28

Richard, crouched behind a chimney, loading his rifle. He's wearing a pair of headphones.

The roof overlooks the entrance to the Cathedral. The two Monks still standing sentry.

RICHARD

There's two of them... that's all... just two of them...

Richard turns, gets into position. One of the Monks in his sights. He glances at his watch. Thirty seconds away from 6.30.

CUT TO:

29 **INT. SHOP. DAY.**

29

In the shop below, the Doctor, Bill, Nardole and the Merry Men all wait. Breath held, hearts pounding. The Doctor counting down the seconds.

THE DOCTOR

Now listen: they repelled us when they arrived, because they expected resistance and were prepared. They're not now, they think they're secure. Meaning we have the element of surprise. But not for long. So we move quickly, and we don't stop.
(looks at his watch)
All right. Headphones on.

They all put on their headphones.

We focus on Alan. All other sound is blotted out as we hear Bill's voice, reciting the catechism.

BILL'S VOICE

*The Monks are not our friends. They
have invaded earth and made its
people slaves--*

CUT TO:

30 **EXT. ROOFTOP.** 30

The last seconds tick away. Richard flexes his finger on the trigger. The second hand reaches 12.

RICHARD

No, Sir Alan, you're fired.

He pulls the trigger.

CUT TO:

31 **EXT. THE CATHEDRAL. ENTRANCE.** 31

One of the Monks staggers and slumps to the ground. The other Monk looks up, eyes scanning the rooftops. Another gunshot. The second Monk drops to the ground.

CUT TO:

32 **INT. SHOP. DAY.** 32

The Doctor signals to his troops. They pour out of the shop...

CUT TO:

33 **EXT. THE CATHEDRAL. ENTRANCE.** 33

... and across the road towards the Cathedral.

Alan's POV: all we hear is the catechism, and Alan's heavy breathing as he pounds towards the entrance.

BILL'S VOICE

*--They cling onto power by means of
a powerful transmitter.*

They step over the bodies of the Monks and dart inside.

CUT TO:

34 **INT. THE CATHEDRAL. HALL.**

34

The door grinds shut behind them.

It's dark, quiet, cool. The walls are blue-black marble, the vaulted ceiling is high above them, all but lost in the shadows. Little wonder this place is called the Cathedral, it feels sacred in here. Like an ancient temple.

Alan's POV: again, all he can hear is his ragged breathing, the pounding of his heart, and of course the catechism.

BILL'S VOICE
*--broadcasting myths and lies that
suggest they have always been here.*

The Doctor signals - this way. They set off.

CUT TO:

35 **INT. THE CATHEDRAL. CORRIDOR.**

35

An alarm must have been triggered. They turn a corner and are confronted with two Monks, marching towards them.

The Monks stop, raise their arms. The frozen lightning flows from their fingertips.

The Doctor, Bill and the others dive for cover.

But two of the Resistance aren't quick enough. The lightning finds them, and plunge into their chests. The two Resistance fighters shudder and jerk and scream.

The other members of the Resistance are crouched behind pillars, rifles firing.

Alan's POV: he's ducked behind a pillar. Silence aside from his frantic breathing and the catechism.

BILL'S VOICE
*--In fact they have only been here
a few months and have falsified and
manipulated our history.*

He peeps around. The Monks have their other hands raised, projecting tiny shields, deflecting the bullets.

The Resistance fighters have to duck and dart back into the shadows as the bullets ricochet off and pepper the walls.

Alan watches this, all in eerie silence.

BILL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
*Our mission is to interrupt their
broadcast and replace it--*

He can't stay here. There's a more protected alcove on the other side of the corridor. The Doctor and Bill are there already, frantically signalling to him. He just has to clear the three metres of exposed ground between it and him.

BILL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
--with the true history of Earth--

He looks back at the fire-fight, the rest of his troops holding their ground, firing at the two Monks. They don't budge, mini-shields raised, resolute and immovable at the other end of the corridor.

Alan's breathing becomes even more rapid as he gears himself up to make the dash.

BILL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
--which will weaken and undermine the Monks' power.

He runs. A strafe of deflected bullets arc down the wall and across Alan, grazing his side. He cries out. But his momentum has been enough to carry him into the alcove.

But the sound has suddenly snapped back up! The shouts of the troops and the crackle of their rifles.

Alan has crashed to the ground, Bill is bent over him. She mouths, exaggerating the shape of the words, thinking Alan can't hear her.

BILL
Are. You. Okay.

ALAN
Yeah, I think so, but my--

The gunfire has stopped. Bill moves away. She and the Doctor peep around the corner.

The rest of the troops are emerging from their hiding places.

At the end of the corridor, the two Monks, slumped on the ground. And the two fallen members of the Resistance.

The Doctor signals - onwards.

Alan can hear the footsteps and groans of the troops, gathering themselves and moving forwards.

He looks down at his Walkman. It's been destroyed. It must have been hit by a ricocheting bullet.

ALAN (CONT'D)
... Doctor...

But the Doctor is marching off down the corridor, Bill, Nardole and the rest of the troops following close behind.

Alan gulps. Scurries after them.

CUT TO:

36

INT. THE CATHEDRAL. CORRIDOR.

36

They are approaching another wide and heavy door.

The low thrum that Bill heard in her kitchen has returned, distinct and unmistakable now.

The Doctor signals to the troops to keep watch. They take up position, rifles raised, trained into the shadows, ready to fire if something appears.

The Doctor puts his ear against the cool marble of the door.

THE DOCTOR

It's in here.

He turns and freezes. Alan is pointing a rifle directly into the Doctor's face. The Doctor doesn't flinch.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Everything all right, Alan?

ALAN

You tricked us. You tried to make us believe the Monks were invaders. How could you say that? They've *always* been here, you *know* that.

The Doctor looks at Alan's shattered Walkman.

THE DOCTOR

I see.

ALAN

The Monks are our friends. I won't let you hurt them. I'll die first. I'll kill *you* first.

Then Alan staggers and crumples to the ground unconscious... revealing Nardole standing behind him, thumb and forefinger held aloft. He quickly pops off his headphones.

NARDOLE

Tarovian Neck Pinch. I studied their Martial Arts for a while. Reached the level of Brown Tabard.

He quickly pops the headphones back on.

The Doctor turns, pushes the huge door open.

CUT TO:

37 **INT. THE CATHEDRAL. THE DOME.**

37

The Doctor, Bill, Nardole and the remaining troops - rifles raised, scanning the corners and shadows - step into an immense domed chamber. Like the interior of a cooling tower.

At the centre is a huge plinth, on top of which sits a giant Monk. Bigger than any we've seen before. Its robes are different. Red and black. It must be 15 feet tall. It's sat like Rodin's Thinker, its head resting on its knuckles, lost in thought.

It's transmitting the myths of the Monks. They are being projected onto the walls of the dome. The images and sequences we saw at the beginning in the 'public information film'. And others.

A Monk in the Zapruder film of JFK's assassination.

A Monk walking through the rubble after a WW2 air raid.

A Monk defeating an alien invasion.

Each projection 20 feet square, they slot together like bricks, covering the entirety of inside of the Dome.

Bill has tentatively taken off her headphones.

BILL

I can think. They're not in my head, why is that?

THE DOCTOR

We're in the eye of the storm.
(to the troops)
Guard the door. We can't be interrupted.

The troops slip back out.

The Doctor, Bill and Nardole approach the plinth.

Above them the Monk, still lost in thought.

The Doctor clambers up onto the plinth.

BILL

Are you sure this will work?

THE DOCTOR

I'm absolutely certain it will probably work.

The Doctor takes a breath, and places his hands on either side of the Monks' head. He gasps as the circuit is completed. His head tips back, his eyes bleach white.

A shudder runs through the Monk. The ground trembles.

Bill and Nardole look around... and one by one the projected images on the interior of the dome has started to flicker and change, as the false history of the Monks is gradually erased by the true history of the world.

The Monk in the Zapruder footage starts to vanish.

And the Monk walking through the rubble of the Blitz.

BILL
It's working!

Block by block in the brickwork of flickering images, the Monks are being erased and history is righting itself.

But something's wrong. The Doctor gasps. His head tips forward, his eyes have returned to normal.

THE DOCTOR
Hello, what's this? I didn't agree to this.

BILL
Doctor, what's happening?

THE DOCTOR
He's fighting back. He's blocking me, countering every move.

Nardole nudges Bill - look! Sure enough the Monks are starting to reappear in the bits of footage. One by one, they sweep across the wall, polluting and corrupting history again.

The Doctor groans with one last supreme effort. His eyes bleach white again and electricity crackles where his hands join the Monk's head.

The projections flicker and stutter.

The low thrum of the Monks' signal builds and builds as the Monk digs deep and mounts a final defence. It's breaking the connection, mentally pushing the Doctor away.

The Doctor tries to hold on, gripping the sides of the Monks' head for dear life, trying to keep the circuit intact...

But the Monk is stronger. The electricity crackles and sparks around the connection. There is a flash of white, and the Doctor cries out like he's had a thousand volt shock.

BILL & NARDOLE
Doctor!

He is thrown from the plinth, tossed like a rag doll through the air. He slams against the wall and crashes to the ground, unconscious.

CUT TO:

38 **INT. THE CATHEDRAL. THE DOME.**

38

The Doctor is laying flat on his back. His eyelids heave themselves open. He groans. He tries to move. But his hands are tied behind his back, his ankles tied together.

And there's Bill. Sat on her haunches, watching him.

BILL

I wanted to do it before you woke up, I really didn't want you to see it. But I had to say goodbye.

The Doctor wriggles himself into a sitting position.

THE DOCTOR

Bill. What you're planning, there's no need. Let me try again. He caught me unawares. Cup of tea and I'll get my second wind.

BILL

Even your brain couldn't survive another roasting like that.

THE DOCTOR

So we find another way. Let me talk to Missy again.

BILL

We *have* the answer. Doctor, please. I don't want our last conversation to be this.

THE DOCTOR

Well I don't want this to be our last conversation.

BILL

Goodbye, Doctor.

She bends forward and kisses the Doctor on the cheek.

BILL (CONT'D)

Thank you. God, it was worth it.

She stands. She smiles.

THE DOCTOR

Bill. Stop this. It'll kill you, it's too powerful!

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(desperate)
Bill! I - I order you! I'm ordering
you not to do this!

But Bill is walking away from him.

Nardole and the troops are in there too now. Bill and Nardole
face each other. They hug.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Nardole! Nardole, untie me!

Nardole looks helplessly back at the Doctor. Bill has to grab
his jaw, turn his head back to her.

BILL
Hey. Listen to me. Don't untie him
until... until I've finished. This
is all we've got.

Nardole helps her onto the plinth.

THE DOCTOR
Bill, don't do this! Bill!

On the plinth, Bill stands before the Monk. She takes a
breath and puts her hands on its head.

BILL
Okay, I don't usually let someone
erase my brain on a first date, but
seeing as it's you...

And for the first time the Monk moves. As Bill's fingers
touch its temples and the circuit is made, the Monk actually
looks up at her.

BILL (CONT'D)
Be warned. It gets pretty filthy in
there.

Energy crackles around Bill and the Monk. It shudders. Her
head tips back, her pupils and irises vanish as her eyes
become a ghostly white.

Immediately the patchwork of historic projections around the
dome start to flicker and change into footage of Bill.

Her with the Doctor.

Her in classes.

Her at school as a teenager.

In her garden, as a child. A home movie of her splashing
about in an inflatable pool.

Just little vines of footage, glimpses of memories, repeating over and over.

The Doctor has finally wriggled free. He stumbles towards the plinth, spinning around, looking at the flickering images.

NARDOLE
Is... is it working?

THE DOCTOR
(devastated)
Yes. She's going.

In each of the squares, the footage is shrinking. A white border is expanding around them, crushing the little frame of film, squeezing it. They're vanishing into the distance, to be replaced by a blank white nothingness.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Her life, her soul, is being
erased. She's blotting out the
Monks lies.

NARDOLE
Doctor, look!

Nardole points to one of the squares of footage. Her in her garden as a child. It's expanding again, getting brighter.

But now a Monk has appeared in the background.

THE DOCTOR
Oh no. On no no no.

Another square of footage shows a Monk with her in the haunted house of episode 4!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
They're highjacking *her* memories
too. Infecting them like a virus.

There! A monk with her and the Doctor on the frozen Thames!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
She's just reinforcing their lies.
She's dying for nothing.

But there in the corner, one beam of light, one flickering image still untouched by the Monks. It's stronger than all the others, the image covers barely a postcard size patch of the wall, but with a blazing, pure white light.

The Doctor scurries over to it. It's a picture of a middle aged woman. Smiling. Kind eyes.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Oh you clever girl. You clever,
brilliant, ridiculous girl.

He rushes back, climbs onto the plinth. Bill is still locked into the circuit with the Monk.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Bill. If there's any of you left in there, listen to me: there's part of your mind the Monks can't access. Your mother.

He looks back at the postcard image, still burning bright.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You have to think about your Mum.
The memory you created, her smile, her voice, the Monks can't get near it. Fill your mind with it. Push it into every corner.

Somewhere in Bill's mind she can hear him. Because the flickering projection of her mum is growing. And now it's moving. The woman is smiling. Her hair moves in the breeze, her eyes shine, her face is alive.

The Monk groans and flails, trying to prize Bill's hands away from its head. But it can't. The image of Bill's mum is huge now, covering half of the dome.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

She's doing it! She's flooding its mind with one pure, uncorrupted, irresistible image! And it's broadcasting it to the world, it can't help it!

He turns to the huge flickering image, eyes wild.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Bill's mum, YOU JUST WENT VIRAL!

CUT TO:

39

EXT. STREET. EVENING.

39

The endless trudge of blue overall-ed commuters. A Monk watching over them. Then something happens. There is a ripple through the people. Some stumble, some gasp. They stop, blinking and bewildered. Their first pure untainted thought for 6 months. They murmur, hands to their heads. Some laugh, some cry. They look at their partners, their friends, their colleagues and children as if seeing them for the first time. And then, as one, they look at the Monk.

CUT TO:

40 **EXT. STREET 2. EVENING.**

40

The Memory Police are making another arrest. The Group Commander from sc 4 smugly waits by the front door as another struggling, protesting Memory Criminal is dragged from their house. He holds an Only Fools and Horses DVD disdainfully between thumb and forefinger like it was a bag of dog poo.

But then the ripple reaches them. Like they've suddenly snapped out of a trance, they blink and look around them, confused and groggy.

Then they too look at the Monk standing nearby with hostile suspicious eyes.

The Monks can sense it too. A change in the air. A tidal shift. Their power base eroding.

CUT TO:

40A **INT. THE CATHEDRAL. THE DOME.**

40A

The Doctor, Nardole and the troops watch as Bill's hands snap away from the Monk's head. She blinks, her eyes return to normal, she staggers back a few steps, looks around her as if waking from a deep sleep.

The Monk gets to its feet. It towers over Bill. She looks up at it. Gulps.

The Monk glows... and disappears...

CUT TO:

41 **EXT. THE CATHEDRAL. ENTRANCE.**

41

The Doctor bursts through the Cathedral doors, back into the street, Nardole, Bill and the troops right behind him.

To their right, a Monk stumbles around a corner.

To their left, a group of people, blue overalls mixed with Memory Police, young and old, pounding towards the Monk.

THE DOCTOR

She did it. She broke the signal.
All their real memories just came
flooding back. And oh my word, now
they're cross.

The Monk raises its arm but it's too late. The mob crash into it like a wave.

NARDOLE

What are the Monks going to do?

THE DOCTOR

What every oppressor does when they
realise who *really* holds the power:

The Monk has freed itself from the people crawling over it.
It staggers away, pursued by the crowd, baying for blood.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

They run.

CUT TO:

43 **SPACE.**

43

The planet Earth. Little flashes mark the destruction of the
Monks' various headquarters. The Monks' pyramids scream away
into space, fleeing with their tails between their legs.

FADE TO:

44 **EXT. UNIVERSITY QUAD. DAY.**

44

Lunch time. Students stroll around the quad. The statue of
the Monk has been uprooted and is now laying on its side.
It's become a kind of art installation type bench. The Doctor
and Bill are sat on it. The Doctor sips tea from a thermos.

BILL

But this is really exciting, isn't
it? It's sort of a turning point.
Humans have learned they can
overthrow dictators and stuff, they
just need to band together.

THE DOCTOR

It's not quite as simple as that.

He turns to a student, slouching past, looking at his phone.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You. Appalling Hair. This thing
we're sitting on, what is it?

STUDENT

Uh, we thought they were like
filming something here or
something?

THE DOCTOR

Thank you. Very helpful. Now go
away. Or something.

The student slouches away.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You see? Humanity is doomed never
to learn from its mistakes. You'll
swallow a thousand comforting lies
and choke on one ugly truth.

BILL

I guess that's part of our charm.

THE DOCTOR

No, it's genuinely really annoying.

He screws the top back on his thermos and stands.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Anyway, I mustn't keep you. 3000
words. The Mechanics of Free Will.
(looks at his watch)
Now six months overdue.

Bill rolls her eyes. Yeah yeah. The Doctor turns to go.

BILL

Why you put up with us then?

THE DOCTOR

(beat)
That image inside the dome.

BILL

It wasn't my actual mum.

THE DOCTOR

It wasn't your actual mum. It's
important you know that. It was an
idealised fiction you'd invented to
act as a confidant. A sort of
subroutine that was segregated from
the rest of your parietal and
occipital lobe.

BILL

So not worth sending a card to.

THE DOCTOR

I'm saying it was you. You did
this. In amongst seven billion is
someone like you. And that's why I
put up with the rest of them.

He strolls away. Bill smiles to herself. And looks around at
the oblivious world she just helped save.

FADE TO:

45

INT. THE VAULT.

45

It could only be a Sunday morning. Newspapers, coffee, toast. The Doctor sits opposite Missy, reading a supplement. A thought occurs.

THE DOCTOR

We had a sword fight once. I enjoyed that.

He looks at Missy... and the most shocking thing he's seen in two thousand years. Missy is staring into nothing. A tear running down her cheek.

MISSY

I'm remembering all the people I killed.

The Doctor doesn't move, doesn't breathe. Transfixed.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Every day I think of more. Being bad... being bad drowned that out. I didn't even know I knew their names.

She looks at the Doctor with something like rage.

MISSY (CONT'D)

You didn't tell me about this bit.

The Doctor reaches across, lays his hand on her arm.

THE DOCTOR

This is good. I'm sorry. But this is good.

Missy nods. She knows. She takes a breath, gearing herself up for the next six months, and all the horrors that will bring. And that's where we leave them, as we fade into...

End Titles.