

DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 10

EPISODE 5

"Oxygen"

by

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BLUE SCRIPT

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 4)

FADE IN:

1

EXT. SPACE - DAY X

1

The void of space, sprinkled with stars.

THE DOCTOR
(V.O.)
Space - the final frontier.

Now, rotating into frame, the back of a woman's head - as it turns, slow and eerie, we see a dead face - staring eyes, frosted skin.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(V.O.)
Final because it wants to kill us.

Wider: tumbling slowly through the frame two spacesuit wearing CORPSES without helmets. One male, one female.

Their spacesuits are the exo-suit like Smartsuits® and will later be shown to be autonomous. They're also bearing a monolithic 'Ganymede Systems' logo.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(v.o.)
Sometimes we forget that. Start taking it all for granted; the suits, the ships, the little bubbles of safety. As they protect us from the void... But the void is always waiting.

The CORPSES drift past us and we reveal that they are slowly tumbling over 'Chasm Forge', a space station in the middle of an asteroid field. It fills our vision, two concentric rings of corridors.

Protruding from one of the rings, a huge radio dish on a laticed girder. And just visible hanging onto the girder, two space suited FIGURES.

A new voice, radio tinny, crackles in. Quiet at first.

ELLIE
(out of breath on radio)
- this isn't the... best timing. I know that. Typical me.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. CHASM FORGE - DAY X

2

Close on a gauge marked 'OXYGEN'. It has bars like a phone and a last bar flashing red - nearly run out.

It's on the wrist of one of the smartsuited figures, ELLIE, twenty something.

She's currently hanging onto the thin latices of the girder like monkey bars above her head. She's moving slowly forward toward the station, carefully, hand over hand, her weightless body hanging free. From her perspective, the station is a wall ahead of her, below her, the void of space.

It looks precarious. One slip means drifting off. And indeed we see one of ELLIE's hands slip before she corrects her grip. Her breathing quickens for a beat.

ELLIE

(out of breath)

Maybe it's because things are so...
messed up. You start thinking
about... what's really important.
All the trivial stuff just... falls
away. You realise life... can be so
brief. So I just want to tell
you... if we do get through this...
I want to have a baby. With you.

We reveal the other figure, twenty feet ahead of ELLIE, also making his way identically 'down' the strut, hand over hand: IVAN. From the back, all we can see is that he is also wearing a smartsuit and that he's totally ignoring her.

ELLIE sags and we have a close up of her heads-up display inside her helmet 'SIGNAL ERROR,' with a speaker crossed through icon.

ELLIE (cont'd)

(to herself)

And as soon as my... radio's fixed
I'm going to tell you just that.

Close on IVAN, revealed as a weary blonde twenty something. He too is breathing heavily in his suit. He shifts his posture so that his feet are pointing toward the hull of the station as he reaches it.

Close on the boots, we see MAG stencilled on their sides as a clue. They light up and attach to the 'floor' with a clunk.

ELLIE follows suit and they are both now standing on the side of the station, the radio antenna now beside them like a flagpole.

IVAN points.

Reveal an AIRLOCK hatch set in the 'floor' beneath them about twenty feet ahead.

IVAN

(out of breath)

Nearly... there.

We see ELLIE's lips move but hear nothing.

IVAN (cont'd)
(out of breath)
Still can't hear... you love.
You're wasting... your breath.

IVAN looks down at his wrist. His oxygen gauge also has one last bar flashing red - nearly run out.

IVAN (cont'd)
(to himself)
The one thing... we can't waste.

IVAN begins to walk toward the airlock. ELLIE begins to follow. She looks desperate.

ELLIE
(to herself)
We'll find some more. We have to.

A shadow falls across ELLIE. She frowns and looks up, shading her eyes with her hand.

Reveal the two CORPSES - they've drifted to a point where they are almost upon her.

ELLIE looks shocked, suddenly hyperventilating.

ELLIE (cont'd)
Oh no. No no no no.

Shockingly, in unison, the CORPSES reach out with both arms, but their heads remain dead, inert. These are our monsters, from hereon known as CORPSE SUITS.

ELLIE screams.

The scream cuts out as we cut to IVAN, who of course, hears nothing. He's reached the airlock and crouches, flipping open an access hatch. He pulls a handle. Nothing. He tuts and produces a small box of tech trailing cables.

IVAN
Have to bypass.

We move closer to IVAN as he works on the hatch. ELLIE no longer visible. He attaches wires, punches in a few codes and finally is rewarded as the airlock hatch shudders open. He fist pumps.

Then, spinning slowly past him, comes ELLIE's helmet.

IVAN looks at it dumbly, then slowly turns with dread.

Twenty feet away the two CORPSE SUITS stand facing him, faces still blank, heads lolling in their helmets. Standing up in front of them comes ELLIE, sans helmet, eyes open and dead, vapour steaming from her eyes and mouth.

She holds out her arms and begins walking forward.

2 CONTINUED:

2

IVAN screams in horror and grief.

IVAN (cont'd)

Noo!

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES.

3 INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY 1 - 09.10

3

Darkness.

THE DOCTOR

(v.o.)

So how does space kill you? I'm glad you asked.

A piece of chalk wielded by THE DOCTOR comes into frame and begins to draw on what is revealed as a blackboard rather than darkness.

We pull back to reveal a crude diagram of a rocket which THE DOCTOR has presumably drawn. He draws an arrow leading from a hatch in the side of the rocket, then spins to face the packed auditorium and begins to pace.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The main problem is pressure. There isn't any. So don't hold your breath or your lungs will explode.

As he paces, spouting facts, THE DOCTOR will occasionally draw a line on the blackboard with a flourish, without even looking, in a cocky display of spacial awareness, (foreshadowing ahoy). Each fact accompanies a new line of the drawing, 'hangman' style. But what is he drawing?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Blood vessels rupture. Exposed areas swell.

(Draws line)

Fun fact: the boiling temperature of water is much lower in a vacuum.

(Draws line)

Which means your sweat and saliva will boil... as will the fluid around your eyes.

We reveal BILL sitting in the packed auditorium. She looks bewildered. Why is he telling them this?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

But you won't feel any of this because fifteen seconds in you passed out ...

(draws line)

... as oxygen bubbles formed in your blood.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(draws line)
And ninety seconds in, you're dead.

The image finally comes together, a stylised skull and crossbones with crosses for eyes.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Any questions?

A lone hand is up. THE DOCTOR points at it - Go! A confused STUDENT lowers his hand.

STUDENT
What's this got to do with crop rotation?

THE DOCTOR
I dunno. Space is great though, isn't it?

On NARDOLE. He's sitting at the back. Arms tightly folding, disapproving.

CUT TO:

3A

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY 1 - 15.30

3A

THE DOCTOR and NARDOLE, striding along.

NARDOLE
You're missing it, aren't you?

THE DOCTOR
Crop rotation?

NARDOLE
Space.

CUT TO:

3B

INT. THE VAULT CHAMBER - DAY 1 - 15.45

3B

THE DOCTOR, working at the vault door. NARDOLE, taking notes.

THE DOCTOR
Cresting in the Soft Band, rising in the Zebras, stop frowning.

NARDOLE
I'm worried you're thinking about taking another trip, sir.

THE DOCTOR
I'm here, I'm guarding the vault, what do you want from me?

NARDOLE
The truth.

3B CONTINUED:

3B

THE DOCTOR
Don't be unreasonable.

CUT TO:

3C **EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT 1 - 21.05**

3C

A dazzle of stars.

Now on the Doctor, standing at his window, staring up. Such longing.

Then slowly, a grin. It's a grin that says, why not?

THE DOCTOR
(V.O.)
Space!!

CUT TO:

4 **INT. TARDIS - DAY 2 - 09.20**

4

THE DOCTOR is whirling round the console, BILL following him.

THE DOCTOR
Going to space is exactly like
camping.

BILL
Is it?

THE DOCTOR
No.

BILL
Okay.

THE DOCTOR
But yes, in a way.

BILL
Great!

THE DOCTOR
Too much between you and the
outside and you might as well stay
home. To really *feel* it you need
the space equivalent of a... wafer
thin sleeping bag and a leaky two
man tent.

THE DOCTOR tilts the monitor to face BILL. It's covered in winking points of light - a map of locations.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
So pick a campsite.

BILL considers.

BILL

Got any reviews?

THE DOCTOR

What?

BILL

Like for restaurants? 'Waiter was a bit handsy, lasagne gave me the trots. Two stars.'

THE DOCTOR

Strangely no.

BILL

Oh I don't know. That one.

BILL randomly taps one of the points. It chimes. THE DOCTOR checks her choice and winces.

THE DOCTOR

Oh sure, we *could* go there. Pitch our tent next to the toilet block. How about a bit of *excitement*?

THE DOCTOR presses a flashing icon on the screen. This sets off an ominous off key pulsing alarm. But distant, crackly. A recording.

BILL

What's that?

THE DOCTOR

That... is my theme tune. Otherwise known as a distress call.

BILL

You like distress calls?

THE DOCTOR

You only really see the true face of the universe when it's asking you for help.

The Doctor, reaches for the controls, and -

NARDOLE

Haven't seen my true face in years -

They both startle, look up.

There's NARDOLE, leaning just inside the opened TARDIS doors. He's wearing his best *Gotcha!* face.

NARDOLE (cont'd)

Swapped it for this one on the run. Very expensive.

BILL
(I doubt that)
Really?

NARDOLE
Rude...

THE DOCTOR
Oh, look, Bill, it's Nardole, what a lovely surprise. Thought I sent you to Birmingham for a packet of crisps.

NARDOLE
I saw through your cunning ruse.

THE DOCTOR
Well if you will go thinking for yourself. What do you want?

NARDOLE
I was given *strict* instructions to keep you at the university.

THE DOCTOR
By who?

NARDOLE
You.

THE DOCTOR
Well you're not doing a very good job, are you? I'll overlook it this once.

NARDOLE
Do you know what this is?

He's holding up a little piece of technology - looks like a Time Lord version of a data stick.

THE DOCTOR
If it's not crisps, you're sacked.

NARDOLE
Fluid Link, K57. Removed it from the TARDIS the other night, after your lecture.

THE DOCTOR
That's very untrusting.

NARDOLE
You took an oath, sir! The vault cannot be unguarded.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, listen to Mr. Boring!

NARDOLE

I'm acting on *your* orders.

THE DOCTOR

This is a time machine! I can get us back before we left.

NARDOLE

You told me you'd say that.

THE DOCTOR

And I was right. See how reliable I am!

BILL

What's a fluid link?

NARDOLE

No idea. But the TARDIS can't take off without it.

THE DOCTOR

Who told you that?

NARDOLE

You did!

The Doctor: his scariest grin. Slams the controls. The disks revolve, the engines roar -

THE DOCTOR

Exactly!

The doors slam, the TARDIS lurches, they're taking off. The Doctor, Bill and Nardole, all clinging to the console.

Nardole, staring shocked at the Doctor, who is grinning, unrepentant.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Teach you to trust me. I'm docking your pay for this.

CUT TO:

The TARDIS materialising. But where?

We can't see much - the only light comes from the TARDIS. The walls occasionally creak and groan like a submarine.

THE DOCTOR sonics the darkness, NARDOLE and BILL just behind him. All instinctively whisper.

NARDOLE

(sotto)

I'm a bit cross with you, sir.

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)

Noted. Scored out. Forgotten.

BILL moves to step past THE DOCTOR. He stops her.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(sotto)

Wait. There's no oxygen.

BILL

(sotto)

What? So how come we're breathing?

THE DOCTOR

(sotto)

Air shell around the TARDIS. Hang on.

Without looking, THE DOCTOR casually sonics over his shoulder back into the TARDIS. Both doors open, BILL and THE DOCTOR's hair is ruffled and we hear the sound of wind rushing out - debris in the corridor skittering, then a happy chime from the console.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(sotto)

Now there's a really *big* air shell around the TARDIS.

BILL

(sotto)

How big?

THE DOCTOR sonics the ceiling and lights flicker on, revealing that the TARDIS has materialised into an airlock. It's a squeeze. Grimy and utilitarian. Doesn't feel that far from current space station tech. Behind the TARDIS there is an airlock door, in front of it an open doorway missing a door, just bare hinges.

On one wall, a poster with the slogan SAVE YOUR BREATH, a stylised oxygen canister and a cross over someone's mouth. Feels like 1940's propaganda.

THE DOCTOR walks off through the open doorway, into a narrow, curving corridor.

THE DOCTOR

Big enough for a stroll.

NARDOLE

(sotto)

Cocky.

BILL and NARDOLE follow THE DOCTOR.

Our point of view shifts to show the airlock door next to the TARDIS - a panel on it illuminates. We read the words.

UNLICENSED OXYGEN DETECTED.

Below that a number appears. 100. It starts counting down ...

BILL
Why aren't we floating?

THE DOCTOR
Artificial gravity.

BILL tests it, jumping up and down a bit.

BILL
Doesn't feel like space.

BILL walks to a nearby window.

Ah. BILL (cont'd)

CUT TO:

EXT. CHASM FORGE - DAY 2 - 09.26

Crash zoom out (or in) from BILL's face looking out of the window to a wide on the 'Chasm Forge' space station.

This is our hero shot of the previously seen station. It's main body is concentric rings of pre-fab sections slotted together like lego with odd larger modules. It doesn't feel that advanced, echoes of the International Space Station. A few struts lead to a nearby asteroid that it's been mining.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 2 - 09.26

Back to BILL.

BILL
Now it feels like space.

The corridor ends in a submarine style pressure door. It has an electronic lock and big visible hinges. It also has a circular viewing porthole.

THE DOCTOR is sonicking it with glee.

THE DOCTOR
Look at this. Classic design.
Pressure seal, hinges. None of your
(mimes Star Trek doors
opening and closing)
'Shuck! Shuck!' nonsense.

NARDOLE
Space doors *should* go 'Shuck!
Shuck!' not
(MORE)

NARDOLE (cont'd)
(mimes long painful
groaning opening)

THE DOCTOR sonics the door and it begins to slowly hinge open. NARDOLE and THE DOCTOR are busy arguing and don't look through the door.

THE DOCTOR
Are you going to be like this all
day?

NARDOLE
Yep. Till you're back where you
should be.

BILL has spotted something through the door...

BILL
Er guys...

CUT TO:

INT. REPAIR STATION - DAY 2 - 09.27

Beyond the door is a circular room with a few other corridors leading off and a glass paneled outer airlock door. It feels like a futuristic garage for spacesuits. Dimly lit. Hanging in bays are three smartsuits.

There is also a wide window currently looking out at a curved section of the station that's hundreds of feet long, but which is all currently in shadow.

Standing in the centre of the room, back to us, is a FIGURE wearing a helmetless smartsuit.

Our HEROES stop and share a look and step through.

THE DOCTOR
Hello?

No reaction. Our HEROES approach the FIGURE cautiously. Finally they round him and can see his face, lolling in the collar of his suit. He looks dead, deathly pale. Echoes of the figures from the pre-credits.

THE DOCTOR sonics the CORPSE's face and checks the readings.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
He's dead.

BILL
How can he be dead? He's standing
up.

THE DOCTOR is examining the suit.

THE DOCTOR

No. His *suit's* standing up. He's just along for the ride.

BILL

Oh God. It's standing *for* him?

THE DOCTOR

Gyro stabiliser, magnetic boots, onboard computer. It could run, jump, and update his Facebook. Death where is thy sting?

NARDOLE

Sooo... Back to the TARDIS?

THE DOCTOR looks annoyed at NARDOLE. BILL is looking freaked out.

BILL

Can you turn it off?

NARDOLE

Turn what off?

BILL

The suit. Just, please, turn it off.

THE DOCTOR

Why?

BILL

He's just ... standing there. It's sick. It's ... disrespectful.

THE DOCTOR

You know what's disrespectful? What ever killed him.

THE DOCTOR, on the case now - he sonics a old school vided control panel which lights up. He studies the monitor - eager now, searching for clues.

BILL

There was no oxygen right - before we got here. Didn't he just ... well, suffocate.

NARDOLE is examining the suit.

NARDOLE

His tank's full. And -

NARDOLE experimentally moves his hand close to the CORPSE's face. His hand passes *through* a shimmering forcefield around his nose and mouth which is momentarily revealed.

NARDOLE (cont'd)

- his field's up.

BILL

His what?

THE DOCTOR

Forcefield. Keeps his air in.

BILL is still staring at the CORPSE, so freaked, so moved..

BILL

Look, can't we just ... lie him down, or something. This isn't right.

THE DOCTOR

No, it isn't.

(off monitor)

Mining station 'Chasm Forge'. Crew of forty. I've got thirty six records of 'livesigns terminated'. Last log entry: station declared 'non profitable'.

NARDOLE

Yeah. Your workers all dying'll do that.

They all turn at the sound from a gloomy corridor. An echoing rhythmic clunk. They share a look.

NARDOLE (cont'd)

Okay. Back to the TARDIS. Seriously now, we go.

Clunk! Clunk!

BILL

He's right.

The Doctor staring, fascinated into the darkness.

BILL (cont'd)

He's right, Doctor. Are you listening??

Finally, the Doctor turns to look at her.

THE DOCTOR

Forty minus thirty-six.

BILL

Sorry, what?

THE DOCTOR

Equals what?

BILL

I'm just saying Nardole -

THE DOCTOR

Four. Four survivors, Bill - and one distress call. The universe shows its true face when it asks for help. We show ours, by how we respond. Any questions? Good!

THE DOCTOR walks off down the corridor. Bill and Nardole look at each other - oh God! - and start to follow.

CUT TO:

9 **INT. HUB - DAY 2 - 09.29**

9

The corridor opens into another similarly sized room. A few other doors lead off.

A fully smartsuited FIGURE with a dark smoked glass helmet is picking up and stacking boxes with a mindless robotic rhythm.

THE DOCTOR

Hello?

No response. THE DOCTOR sonics the FIGURE and checks the readings.

BILL

Has he got his tunes on?

THE DOCTOR

Not exactly.

As the figure bends over to pick up another box THE DOCTOR activates the sonic. The suit beeps and its helmet percussively pops off, bouncing on the floor. The figure has no head. BILL and NARDOLE yelp.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Calm down. It's empty.

NARDOLE

And you couldn't just *tell* us?

BILL

Are you *trying* to scare us?

THE DOCTOR is grinning mischievously. The suit's stopped stacking and stood upright, inert. Spooky. THE DOCTOR carries on sonicing it.

THE DOCTOR

I'm maxing out your adrenalin. Fear keeps you fast - fast is good.

BILL

Do people ever hit you?

THE DOCTOR

Only when I'm talking.

NARDOLE peers down inside the suit's neck hole, wincing.

BILL

So it's basically a robot?

THE DOCTOR

Sort of. Fairly dumb. Capable of simple tasks.

(To Nardole)

Watch your step, you could be out of a job. And - ah! Speech.

THE DOCTOR presses a couple of buttons on the suit's wrist.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

'Hello suit.'

The suit's voice is female and falsely upbeat. Flight attendant. Lights flicker in time with the voice.

SUIT COMPUTER

Good morning. How may I assist?

NARDOLE

Oh, recognise that voice. Nice girl, actress, bit orange, dumped me for an AI in a call centre.

THE DOCTOR

What killed the crew of this station?

SUIT COMPUTER

I am unaware of any recent deaths.

NARDOLE

Fun while it lasted, though.

THE DOCTOR

O-kay. What happened to all the oxygen, where's it gone?

SUIT COMPUTER

There has never been any oxygen in this station.

NARDOLE

Yep, still saucy after all these years.

THE DOCTOR

Explain.

SUIT COMPUTER

Oxygen is available for personal use only, at competitive prices.

THE DOCTOR

(realising)

It's only in the suits.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Personal use, they only have oxygen
in the suits themselves.

SUIT COMPUTER
Any unlicensed oxygen will be
automatically expelled to protect
market value.

NARDOLE
Ooh, charging for the air you
breathe - she hasn't changed. What
was her name?

BILL
Hang on. Didn't we just fill this
place with air?

On the Doctor - new thought, dawning.

THE DOCTOR
Yes, I suppose we did!

BILL
Cos it said *expelled*.

And suddenly alarms are blaring. On the screens around them,

NARDOLE
What's that?

The Doctor is already turning, racing back the way they came.

THE DOCTOR
It's decompressing!

CUT TO:

10 **INT. AIRLOCK 1 - DAY 2 - 09.32**

10

Back with the airlock door near the TARDIS. The airlock, now
bleeping.

On the panel the countdown (under UNLICENSED OXYGEN DETECTED)
has reached zero, and is replaced by:

OPENING!

CUT TO:

11 **SCENE OMITTED**

11

11A **INT. REPAIR STATION - DAY 2 - 09.32**

11A

The Doctor racing through, Bill and Nardole, behind him -
- and *wham!*

11A CONTINUED:

11A

A sudden shrieking wind blasts through the room.

The three of them, snatched off their feet, now cling to struts and supports, hanging horizontal, clinging on for dear life!

On the CORPSE. The boots flash their Mag lights, locking on to the floor. The CORPSE leans weirdly in the rushing wind.

On the DOCTOR - hanging horizontal, he's trying to fumble his sonic from his coat -

CUT TO:

11B **INT. AIRLOCK 1 - DAY 2 - 09.32**

11B

- equipment flying out the opened airlock door. Now the TARDIS lurches towards - any second now, gone forever!!

11C **EXT. AIRLOCK - DAY 2 - 09.32**

11C

Equipment cartwheels out of the airlock and into space.

CUT TO:

12 **INT. REPAIR STATION - DAY 2 - 09.33**

12

- THE DOCTOR, aiming his screwdriver at the connecting door the corridor leading to the airlock, sonics -

- the door slams shut!

The wind cuts, they all slump to the deck -

- The Doctor, already scrambling to the door. Firmly sealed.

NARDOLE

So! The TARDIS is on the other side of that.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, I was hoping someone would state the obvious.

NARDOLE

Vacuum behind it, can't open it.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, he's on a roll.

NARDOLE

And if we did, we'd be sucked out into space.

The room, now full of a low hissing noise.

BILL
What's that?

THE DOCTOR
Nothing to worry about.

BILL
Really?

THE DOCTOR
Well, not for several minutes.
Don't stress early, it's a waste of
energy.

BILL
Stress about *what*?

A nearby panel crackles, a gruff male voice emerging.

TASKER
(on radio - a burst of
static)
- of repair station, please
identify. Occupants of repair
station, please identify.

THE DOCTOR moves to the panel and activates a mic.

THE DOCTOR
Hello there! You first.

TASKER
(on radio)
I'm sorry?

THE DOCTOR
Most of your crewmates are dead. So
you're either very lucky or you
killed them all. Which is it?

TASKER
(on radio)
This is second drill chief Tasker.
And I haven't killed anyone. Yet.
Now who *is* this?

As they talk, unnoticed and out of focus behind them, the
CORPSE begins to move, slowly rotating to face them.

THE DOCTOR
Doctor, plus two. You sent out a
distress call, you should be
expecting company. Tell me what
happened to the crew of this
station.

The CORPSE raises its arms and advances. Its head is still
lolling, dead, eyes closed. Still unnoticed.

TASKER

(on radio)

Hang on, you're in the repair bay,
right?

THE DOCTOR

So?

TASKER

(on radio)

Get out of there!

THE DOCTOR

Why?

TASKER

(On radio)

There are *suits* in there. For God's
sake, stay away from the *suits*.

Our HEROES turn at the last second.

THE DOCTOR raises the sonic but it is whipped out of his hand as though by a magnet. It flies through the air and lands in the CORPSE's fist and is instantly crushed.

This causes a massive plasma discharge. The CORPSE is immediately frozen and shuddering as blue energy surges from the broken sonic across the suit's surface in a wave. The suit finally totters over backwards and lands with a crash, steaming.

The sonic, broken and sparking, clatters out of its hand.

A beat of silence.

THE DOCTOR thumbs the microphone.

THE DOCTOR

Hello, are you there? Hello?
Hello?

Just a crackle of static. Not there!!

THE DOCTOR crouches and picks up the broken sonic. It looks beyond repair. He sags and pockets it, now crouches next to the suit, starts to reach out to it.

BILL

Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

It's fried, should be safe.

NARDOLE

You thought it was safe before.

THE DOCTOR

Well I'm bound to be right
eventually.

The Doctor, gingerly, touches the suit. Nothing happens. He starts flipping open panels, now carefully removes a small circuit board from the suit.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(Hands the circuit to
Nardole)
Get me some history.

NARDOLE takes the circuit, inserts it into a nearby control panel with a screen. He begins working on the keyboard.

From hereon, our HEROES begin getting out of breath. Bill puts a hand to her head, seems to breathe a little hard.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
You okay?

BILL
Yeah ... just a little ... freaked,
I think.

The Doctor's eyes flick briefly to a grill in the wall. That hissing sound.

THE DOCTOR
Try not to breathe so fast.

Bill looks at him: *what?*

NARDOLE
(Reading off screen)
A single line of instruction was
sent to all the suits: 'Deactivate
your organic component.'

BILL
Organic component... as in *people*?

THE DOCTOR nods grimly. He steps towards the wall, flicks a switch and the three bays containing the smartsuits light up and whirl.

THE DOCTOR
Interesting. They were killed by
their own suits.

The suits, as they hang there, seem almost to twitch - mechanisms clicking and flicking, like they're eager for new occupants ...

Instinctively, they all take a step back.

BILL
... can you fry those ones too?

THE DOCTOR
Possibly - but we have another
problem.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Because opening the airlock was
only the station's plan A.

His eyes go back to the grill. Bill follows his look -
getting it now. That hissing sound.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Plan B: filter out all the oxygen.

NARDOLE
So they can sell it back to us?

THE DOCTOR
Capitalism in space. If we want to
keep breathing we have exactly one
option.
(He steps towards the
suits)
Buy the merchandise.

Now we hear the voices of the three suits, simultaneously.

SUIT COMPUTERS
Oxygen levels are seriously
depleted. Please step on board your
Ganymede Systems series twelve
smartsuit. Engage pressure pad to
activate customised robing.

BILL
But, you just said ... those things
will *kill* us.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, but on the bright side, we're
dying already.

BILL
How does this help??

THE DOCTOR
We know they killed their occupants
on specific orders. But I think
these ones are off network, for
repair. They can't receive any
commands.

BILL
What if you're wrong?

THE DOCTOR
We'll be horribly murdered, so
let's say I'm right.

Behind them, Nardole has gone to the window, is peering out.

NARDOLE
(Working at the console
again)
(MORE)

12

CONTINUED:

12

NARDOLE (cont'd)
Doctor, if the suits killed thirty
six people - that means there's
thirty-six corpses walking about
this station.

THE DOCTOR
Doesn't matter right now.

NARDOLE
Correction - yeah, it does. Cos I
think there's something moving out
there.

NARDOLE reaches for a switch next to the window, presses it.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. CHASM FORGE - DAY 2 - 09.37

13

Floodlights switch on outside, illuminating the curved
underside of the station that has up until now been in
shadow. It's revealed to be covered in CORPSE SUITS, frost
covered corpses walking slowly steadily toward us. UPSIDE
DOWN! A terrifying sight.

CUT TO:

14

INT. REPAIR STATION - DAY 2 - 09.37

14

BILL looks from the window and over to the open suits.
Waiting.

THE DOCTOR
Suits, now!

Cut to our HEROES stepping into the alcoves. Wide shot as a
rigid exoskeleton shucks into place around each of them. CU
on joints clamping shut. CU on Bill's face as a solid collar
forms around her neck, pan down to see the full smartsuit is
now in place. All three are now wearing helmetless
Smartsuits.

We see a shimmer of the forcefield appear around their noses
and mouths.

BILL and NARDOLE take in a couple of big inhales. BILL's suit
speaks in the previously heard upbeat female voice.

SUIT COMPUTER (BILL'S)
(V.O.)
Welcome to the Ganymede Systems
series twelve smartsuit. Your life
is in our hands!

Close on the breastplate of BILL's suit. In the centre of all
smartsuits is a circular lens, their 'eye'. Its ring iris
contracts as it focuses.

SUIT COMPUTER (BILL'S) (cont'd)

(V.O.)

At current levels of exertion, you
have two and a half thousand
breaths available.

BILL checks her wrist mounted wrist gauge.

BILL

'Breaths?' You couldn't just give
it me in minutes?

NARDOLE

Doesn't work like that. When you
panic, you breathe quicker.

THE DOCTOR moves to a table from which he snatches up the
psychic paper, TARDIS key and broken sonic. He places them in
a pouch on the suit's arm.

THE DOCTOR

You *die* quicker.

NARDOLE

Scareder you are, faster you
suffocate - relax or die.

(Off her look)

Sorry, possibly not a helpful
thought.

BILL visibly tries to slow her breathing. NARDOLE tries to
coach her.

NARDOLE (cont'd)

Breathe in ... breathe out.

THE DOCTOR is pressing wrist mounted controls on his suit.

THE DOCTOR

Drill chief Tasker. Do you read me?

BILL

Breathe in ... Breathe out.

TASKER

(on radio)

Read you Doctor. You need to take
corridor twelve to processing.
Quickly.

There is an audible hiss. Visible through a glass panel in
the airlock door, CORPSE SUITS are entering from the vacuum
of space.

Our HEROES hurry from the room.

CUT TO:

BILL
(sotto)
Breathe in ... Breathe out ...
Breathe in ... Breathe out ...

NARDOLE and THE DOCTOR are banging on the door.

NARDOLE
Hello? Anyone?

THE DOCTOR
(into radio)
Tasker! TASKER!

In unison, the CORPSE SUITS all raise their arms, now reaching towards them. A nightmarish image. Closer. Closer.

BILL's mantra is failing, getting faster, turning into a scream of panic. Faster. Faster.

BILL
Breathe in. Breathe out. Breathe
in. Breathe in. Breathe out.
BREATHE IN! BREATHE OUT!

At the last moment the door hinges open behind them and they stumble through.

CUT TO:

18 **INT. PROCESSING - DAY 2 - 09.39**

18

A confusing flurry of four smartsuit wearing MINERS push the door closed and lock it.

Three of them are pointing grimy hand held mining drills and rivet guns. Makeshift weapons.

We are in a dingy space bisected by a narrow rail track bearing futuristic minercarts filled with rocks.

We finally see TASKER, a no-nonsense grizzled man in his forties. The only one unarmed.

THE DOCTOR
Cutting it a little fine weren't
we?

TASKER
There was some debate over whether
to open it at all.

DAHH-REN turns to face BILL for the first time. He's got a bright blue face with cat-like pupils.

BILL
Gah! Sorry. Wasn't expecting -
Hello.

DAHH-REN
(to himself)
Great. We rescued a racist.

BILL
Excuse me?

ABBY, grouchy and sarcastic. She points her bolt gun with meaning.

ABBY
Who are you?

THE DOCTOR
We got your distress call.

THE DOCTOR pulls out the psychic paper from a pouch on his suit and hands it to TASKER. In the pause while this is handed over and read:

BILL
(sotto to DAHH-REN)
Sorry. I've not seen many - well,
any of your people.

DAHH-REN
Yeah. It shows.

TASKER looks in awe at the psychic paper.

TASKER
They're from the union.

ABBY
The union's a myth.

TASKER
Take a look.

The psychic paper is passed around the MINERS like a holy relic. Our HEROES exchange looks. What the hell?

IVAN, previously seen pre-credits. Strung out.

IVAN
Darren?

IVAN passes the paper to DAHH-REN, the last to see it. THE MINERS are relaxing and lowering weapons.

NARDOLE
Yes. We're from the... mythical
union. And we're here to help.

BILL
Is your name really 'Darren'?

DAHH-REN
(hard h, almost a k)
Dahh-ren.

BILL

Ah. Makes more sense...

BILL's suit suddenly holds out both arms in front of her like a corpse suit. The MINERS flinch, instinctively raise their weapons.

BILL (cont'd)

Er, that's not me.

TASKER raises a scanner cautiously.

SUIT COMPUTER (BILL'S)

Would you like to give feedback on your experience so far?

TASKER

It's just glitching. Ivan? Can you take a look?

IVAN flips open a panel and examines circuitry.

BILL

(sotto to DAHH-REN)

For the record, I'm not prejudiced. I'm usually on the *receiving* end.

DAHH-REN

Why?

BILL looks suspicious then marvels.

BILL

(to herself)

You really don't know.

BILL grins with wonder. A colour-blind future!

IVAN beckons BILL over to a mechanics bay away from the others. BILL follows him, awkward, arms still in front of her.

SUIT COMPUTER (BILL'S)

Would you class your experience as a - good, b - great or c - incredible.

DAHH-REN

Where's your ship?

THE DOCTOR

We parked just off the repair station.

ABBY

Then it might as well be on the moon. They're swarming round there now.

NARDOLE

That's a little 'glass half empty'
isn't it?

TASKER taps his wrist mounted oxygen gauge. Currently down to one green bar.

TASKER

It's all just maths now: oxygen
divided by bodies. And none of us
have more than three thousand
breaths left -

THE DOCTOR

Then stop wasting them. I need a
map of the base and a full rundown
on what's happened here.

TASKER

Who the hell put you in charge?

THE DOCTOR

I'm here to save your lives. Anyone
doesn't want me to, raise your
hand.

A beat - then:

TASKER

Abby, get the man a map.

CUT TO:

We close in on IVAN and BILL as he works on her suit. He has a panel open in the side and has connected it to the bay. Her arms are still held out in front of her.

BILL

Why's Velma the only one that
talks?

IVAN

Velma?

BILL

My suit.

IVAN

The others do sometimes. Mostly to
say 'Here's the bill.'

BILL

Is there a mute button?

IVAN

Yours isn't working. Suit's a mess,
needs a complete overhaul.

BILL's arms finally lower with a hiss of hydraulics.

BILL
Oh thanks mate.

IVAN
Don't mention it.

CUT TO:

20 **INT. PROCESSING - DAY 2 - 09.51**

20

We move back to THE DOCTOR and the rest of the MINERS. An old school plan of the base has been spread over a table.

THE DOCTOR
'Deactivate your organic component.'

TASKER nods.

TASKER
All the suits got the same command.
Best guess, someone hacked the network.

THE DOCTOR
And you survived how?

ABBY taps a section of the map.

ABBY
We were off network.
(taps map)
You have to be to repair the conveyors.

DAHH-REN
Dumb luck.

THE DOCTOR
These measurements on the map. They in metres?

TASKER
Average breaths. The only unit worth a damn out here.

THE DOCTOR
Of course they are.

ABBY
Forty breaths to the dorms. One twenty to the core. *If* the base wasn't crawling with suits.

BILL and IVAN rejoin the main group.

THE DOCTOR
Are there more suits inside the
base or out?

ABBY
Outside is suicide.

ABBY looks awkward, noting IVAN's return. Remembering ELLIE.

TASKER
Inside we can move faster than
them. Outside they have the edge.
Which means we're dead.

NARDOLE
What are you mining? Is it worth
stealing?

ABBY
You think this is a *robbery*?

THE DOCTOR
Killing you'd be a good start if it
was.

NARDOLE
It's how I'd do it...
(revealed too much)
If I was so inclined.

DAHH-REN
Well they picked a fine day for it.
This is the least productive we've
been for months.

THE DOCTOR
Because?

ABBY
The conveyors are broken. I'm sure
we mentioned.

TASKER
Look, we're mining copper ore.
You'd need to steal a mountain to
make it worth your while.

THE DOCTOR
And your... employers? Can we
expect any help from them?

TASKER
They're too far away.

IVAN
Not that it matters because whoever
hacked the suits also cut the
radio.

THE DOCTOR
So your distress call - ?

IVAN
Was a botch. I boosted a suit radio
through the dish.

THE DOCTOR
Good job.

CUT TO:

21 **INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 2 - 09.53**

21

Back outside with the CORPSE SUITS, standing motionless in
the corridor outside the door with the broken panel.

We focus on the one closest to the door. Close on his chest
mounted iris contracting.

We see his point of view, infra-red and overlaid with data
like The Terminator. We see the broken door controls overlaid
with a working schematic. Comparing the difference. Thinking.
Thinking.

THE DOCTOR
(v.o.)
What about the brains of these
suits? The AI?

CUT TO:

22 **INT. PROCESSING - DAY 2 - 09.53**

22

Back with THE DOCTOR and THE MINERS.

TASKER
They're dumb as rocks.

THE DOCTOR
But can they learn? Grow? Evolve?
Maybe get tired of carrying pesky
humans around? Know the feeling.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 2 - 09.53**

23

Outside, all the CORPSE SUITS stand aside in unison to let a
new CORPSE SUIT pass by.

Close on its hand - it's carrying a futuristic soldering gun.

TASKER
(v.o.)
They've got limited problem solving
and that's it.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. PROCESSING - DAY 2 - 09.53**

24

Back with our HEROES. THE DOCTOR is pacing, thinking.

THE DOCTOR
(to himself)
What am I missing? What am I
missing?

ABBY
Oxygen. That's what we're missing.
Maybe find some of that and leave
the big picture till later, eh?

CUT TO:

25 **INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 2 - 09.54**

25

The CORPSE SUIT with a soldering gun is soldering two wires
together in the broken panel.

CUT TO:

26 **INT. PROCESSING - DAY 2 - 09.54**

26

An alert chime sounds. The MINERS react. TASKER checks a
console and looks shocked.

TASKER
They're... fixing the lock.

ABBY
Then it's time to go.

THE MINERS begin gathering possessions.

NARDOLE
(sotto to THE DOCTOR)
Yeah. 'Limited problem solving.'

IVAN checks a console.

IVAN
West corridor's clear. Forty
breaths to the stores.

A new pressure door hinges open.

CUT TO:

27 **INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 2 - 09.54**

27

Our HEROES hurry across a crossroads of gloomy corridors toward a sealed pressure door. TASKER is leading. He presses a button to open the door and it begins to hinge open toward them.

DAHH-REN is the rear guard.

DAHH-REN
They're through!

This shout distracts TASKER so he's not facing the pressure door as it opens. He turns back and too late notices a mass of CORPSE SUITS beyond. One is already stepping through.

It grabs his arm and a spark passes between them. TASKER immediately freezes.

ABBY
Get back!

The CORPSE SUIT walks past TASKER, its mission accomplished.

SUIT COMPUTER (TASKER'S)
Instruction received. Organic
component will be deactivated.

TASKER
No, please, no, no!!

SUIT COMPUTER (TASKER'S)
Please remain calm while your
central nervous system is disabled.
Your life is in our hands.

TASKER
Help me, help -

Electricity arcs across TASKER's skin and his head convulses as he is electrocuted. His head slumps, smoking. He's dead.

The rest of our HEROES are already backing up to the crossroads and taking another corridor, but THE DOCTOR is watching the death with intensity. Soaking up information.

IVAN
Airlock!

We move back to TASKER's corpse. It slowly turns and moves into step with the other CORPSE SUITS. He's one of them now.

CUT TO:

28 **INT. CORRIDOR/AIRLOCK - DAY 2 - 09.55**

28

An airlock door is hinging open.

The MINERS are pulling spring-loaded 'flatpack' helmets from hip pockets, popping them into shape in a second before twisting them over their heads as they step into the airlock.

BILL

Er, where are we going?

THE DOCTOR pops his own helmet into shape and puts it on.
NARDOLE ditto.

THE DOCTOR

Outside.

BILL

Didn't they say that was a bad idea?

THE DOCTOR pulls BILL's helmet from her pouch and helps her pop it into shape.

THE DOCTOR

It is. But I know a worse one.

BILL

Why do we need these? What about the air... forcefield thing?

THE DOCTOR

Not strong enough for vacuum, trust me.

THE DOCTOR puts the helmet over her head. It slots and locks.

BILL

Okay. So I'm going into space. Just a normal space walk...

(to NARDOLE)

What happens if I throw up in my helmet?

NARDOLE

Colour and smells.

BILL

(to herself)

Don't throw up in helmet. Check.

CUT TO:

Our HEROES move into the airlock. The door behind them closes with a clunk.

Close on all their Mag boots activating in unison, lighting up and bleeping.

CORPSE SUITS are now visible moving into the corridor they just left.

IVAN activates a panel. The word PURGE flashes on a sign and we hear a hiss of air leaving.

BILL's suit makes an error noise and flashes red, then BILL smoothly reaches up and begins to twist off her helmet.

SUIT COMPUTER (BILL'S)
Warning. Helmet malfunction. Please
advise local technician.

BILL
Doctor! That's not me doing that.

Her helmet is now off. She holds it by her side.

THE DOCTOR
Put it back on.

BILL
I'm trying! I can't move my arm!

BILL's arms aren't moving. THE DOCTOR attempts to prise the helmet from her hand. It's like a vice. No joy.

DAHH-REN and NARDOLE join him, flipping open panels in her suit.

THE DOCTOR
Stop the cycle!
(to BILL)
I think we know now why your suit
was being repaired.

IVAN
We can't stop it. It's automated.

THE DOCTOR freezes. Thinking frantically.

THE DOCTOR
You're about to be exposed to the
vacuum of space.

BILL
Oh God.

NARDOLE
So don't hold your breath.

BILL
Because my lungs'll explode.

THE DOCTOR smiles sadly.

THE DOCTOR
You were listening. Well done.

BILL clenches shut her eyes. The outer door slides open, a cloud of dust and debris sucked out. Beyond lies space. Suddenly we are in silence.

Close on ice forming on surfaces.

We see BILL's 'air forcefield' shimmer then collapse.

BILL's skin steams in slow motion, veins popping up at her temples.

THE DOCTOR is frantically working on BILL's wrist mounted controls. She is staggering, swaying. She opens her eyes in panic. Vapour billows from them as they boil.

We see the world from BILL's point of view, dimming, dream-like, silent.

Finally BILL passes out, head lolling, her suit still upright.

Darkness.

FADE TO:

EXT. CHASM FORGE - DAY 2 - 10.02

BILL's eyes flicker open, then closed, her head now sealed in a helmet. Her suit is walking her along automatically.

We fade in and out of silent bursts of imagery from BILL's point of view as she lapses in and out of consciousness. The only sound is her breathing;

A bobbing view of the station exterior, CORPSE SUITS advancing.

A CORPSE SUIT spinning off into space, trailing pieces of suit.

A silent image of IVAN firing a rivet gun at the advancing CORPSE SUITS, but IVAN is standing ON a wall...

And then oh no - slow motion hero shocking image of THE DOCTOR striding towards us with grim determination. But bizarrely, impossibly, he has no helmet, his face blue and eyes milky. Is he dead?

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE 1 - DAY 2 - 11.30

Close on an oxygen gauge on a smartsuit wrist. As we watch, it flicks from two bars green to one bar red...

It's on BILL's wrist. She shudders awake then looks around.

She's standing in her suit, helmetless, alone at the crossroads of several dark, partly finished corridors. Wiring hangs from ceilings, doorways have no doors, panels and piping are stacked awaiting use.

BILL tries to move, straining her neck in the suit, but to no avail. She looks around a bit more.

In front of her, another propaganda poster. LOOK AFTER YOUR SMARTSUIT AND IT WILL LOOK AFTER YOU. The image, an overall wearing worker shaking hands with an empty smartsuit.

BILL reads it, snorts a hollow laugh, then starts in shock.

About twenty feet away to one side, just visible down a gloomy corridor, stand massed ranks of CORPSE SUITS. Facing her.

Lights on the suits indicate that they're on. They're also moving slightly with odd twitches of arms and hands.

Close on the iris of the lead CORPSE SUIT. Contracting and dilating.

The lead CORPSE SUIT then turns and walks away down the corridor. The second suit in the queue takes one step forward, and the whole process begins again. A queue to hell.

BILL
(hissed)
Suit? *Suuuit?* (nothing) Velma?

SUIT COMPUTER (BILL'S)
Good morning. How may I assist?

BILL
(sotto)
Shhh! I can't move.

SUIT COMPUTER (BILL'S)
This suit is currently offline for diagnostic purposes. Here is some music while you wait.

Cheesy lounge music begins to play from the suit.

BILL
(sotto)
Shhhh. Shhh.

Two clanking FIGURES are advancing from the shadows in the opposite direction. CORPSE SUITS? The tension rises and then -
Stepping into the light we have IVAN and NARDOLE.

BILL sags with relief.

BILL (cont'd)
(sotto)
Nardole! Ivan! Thank God!

NARDOLE
She's awake. Told you.

IVAN

You okay?

BILL

(sotto)

Shh. No. What happened? I can't move.

IVAN manipulates the controls on BILL's wrist. BILL staggers as the suit releases her. The music cuts out.

IVAN

Suit's set to auto.

NARDOLE

And you've got oxygen deprivation. Which is why you feel like... you feel.

As soon as BILL can move, she backs away from the CORPSE SUIT corridor.

BILL

(sotto)

Have you looked down there?

NARDOLE

Oh, they're fine.

BILL

(sotto)

What? Are we *safe*? What's stopping them?

IVAN moves to look the massed CORPSE SUITS just down the corridor. Mournful.

IVAN

This whole area's new. Not in their mapping system.

BILL looks confused.

NARDOLE

Like when your satnav doesn't know a new road?

BILL

O-kay. So they can't come here?

We cut to the spooky Terminator point of view of the nearest CORPSE SUIT. Everything is overlaid with a green grid showing the limit of their map, with our HEROES inside a red flashing grid beyond.

IVAN

(distorted)

They can't even see here.

As IVAN speaks, we see a jagged sound sample appear on screen. Speech recognition kicks in. We see the words THEY CAN'T EVEN SEE HERE appear on the screen.

Back to normal view. BILL not totally convinced, but she'll take it.

BILL

Good. Great. What happened to the Doctor? I thought I saw him... die?

NARDOLE

He saved you. He gave you his helmet.

BILL

He *died*?

IVAN

He should have done. I don't know how he survived.

BILL sags with relief, sharing looks of meaning with NARDOLE.

BILL

Yeah. He's not exactly... *normal*.

NARDOLE

We tried to get back to the TARDIS but there were too many of them.

But BILL is distracted, watching IVAN, who has taken a step closer to the waiting CORPSE SUITS. Then another. Almost close enough to touch.

BILL

Are you alright Ivan?

IVAN comes back to earth and takes a step back.

IVAN

Sorry. It's just... my wife's body's out there. Somewhere.

BILL

Oh god. I'm sorry.

IVAN looks ashamed. Still looking out at the CORPSE SUITS.

IVAN

Haven't seen her since she died. But there's a bit of me that really wants to. Is that weird?

BILL

No. But I doubt it's a good idea.

IVAN

I know it'd be painful and horrible
and wrong. But at least I'd see her
again...

A beat of respectful silence, then:

NARDOLE

(to himself)

I miss *all* my wives. Even the ones
that want to kill me.

BILL gestures sshh. Not now.

IVAN

Sorry. We should get back.

IVAN walks back the way they'd come. BILL moves to leave, but
NARDOLE stops her.

NARDOLE

(sotto)

Listen, about the Doctor. He
walked in a vacuum, for... far too
long. He's mostly okay, but he paid
a price.

BILL

What do you mean?

NARDOLE gestures into the darkness. Go see.

NARDOLE

He's in section twelve.

BILL gingerly walks into the darkness.

We cut back to the viewpoint of a CORPSE SUIT. The words HE'S
IN SECTION TWELVE appear on the screen. Then SECTION TWELVE
is highlighted, followed by 'MAP NOT FOUND - SEARCHING...'

CUT TO:

BILL gingerly walks forward. She hears THE DOCTOR before she
sees him, in conference with DAHH-REN.

THE DOCTOR

(o.s.)

So one touch from a dead suit puts
you back on the network. And the
kill command is passed on.

DAHH-REN

(o.s.)

Yes. To your suit battery. And your
own suit kills you.

BILL rounds a corner and discovers THE DOCTOR sitting with DAHH-REN. It's another uncompleted area, piles of construction materials.

ABBY is off to one side working on a wall mounted radio, which has wiring exposed. She has a bolt gun in a holster. There is a vibe of desperation.

ABBY

Look, this is pointless. Yes, the dead suits have oxygen, but we can't even get close.

A promising beeping from the radio distracts ABBY. She picks up a handheld microphone attached to it.

ABBY (cont'd)

(into radio)

Mining station Chasm Forge calling Ganymede Core. Come in.

ABBY releases a button and is rewarded with static. She continues to repeat the message in the background.

As BILL draws closer to THE DOCTOR, she notices that his eyes have changed, the pupils cloudy, the whites veined red. He's also staring off into the middle distance and doesn't react to her approach.

BILL

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR puts on a brave face. He stands.

THE DOCTOR

Bill! You're up!

BILL waves her hands in front of THE DOCTOR's face. No reaction.

BILL

You're... *blind*?

THE DOCTOR

I *am*? Well that explains the bruised shins.

BILL looks moved. Heartbroken. She awkwardly hugs him.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Hey, don't get all gooey on me. It's temporary.

BILL

Really?

NARDOLE has returned. He meets BILL's eye and shakes his head slowly. It's not.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah. Once we get back to the
TARDIS -

BILL

The TARDIS?

THE DOCTOR

I've got stuff in there that'll
cure anything. Failing that I think
I've got some spare eyes somewhere.
I mean they're from a lizard but
I'm sure they'll fit.

The DOCTOR doing his best to put on a brave face.

BILL

So until then...

THE DOCTOR

Until then what? You really think
this'll slow me down? I do most of
my best work ordering other people
around.

DAHH-REN snorts a laugh.

DAHH-REN

You do know we're still here?

THE DOCTOR

Didn't I send you out to get me a
latte?

BILL

So what's the plan?

DAHH-REN

Well we're trying to get a radio
working and the Doctor's been...
thinking.

ABBY pauses at the radio and checks her oxygen wrist gauge.
Even less of a fan of THE DOCTOR.

ABBY

Don't mean to hurry you, but in
seven hundred breaths I'll be dead.

THE DOCTOR looks frustrated. He moves away a little, feeling
his way along the wall. Suddenly vulnerable.

THE DOCTOR

I need to think.

THE DOCTOR stumbles and almost falls but recovers. BILL moves
to help, but NARDOLE stops her.

NARDOLE
(sotto)
He *really* doesn't like help.

THE DOCTOR feels his way along the wall, back towards the area where BILL woke up. BILL follows him but we stay with NARDOLE and the MINERS.

A beat later the radio begins to pulse a faint tone.

DAHH-REN
What is that?

ABBY adjusts the radio, increasing the volume. She looks shocked, hopeful.

ABBY
Transponder... From a ship.

CUT TO:

33

INT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE 1 - DAY 2 - 11.36

33

Close on the CORPSE SUITS, waiting in the half light.

THE DOCTOR stands about twenty feet away, sightless, 'looking' out at them.

BILL
Doctor? Are you okay?

THE DOCTOR
Bill, I have no Tardis, no sonic, about ten minutes of oxygen left and I'm blind... Can you imagine how *unbearable* I'll be when I pull this off?

BILL
You *always* do this. Don't do this.

THE DOCTOR
Do what?

BILL
Make jokes to distract me from whatever's about to kill us.

THE DOCTOR tries to front it out.

THE DOCTOR
What else are jokes for?

ABBY
(o.s.)
Liar!

ABBY revealed, just within earshot in the corridor. Glaring at him. Just behind her, IVAN, DAHH-REN and NARDOLE. They pass ABBY, oblivious to the tension. They're excited.

NARDOLE

There's a rescue ship on the way.

DAHH-REN

Picked up a company transponder.

We stay on the tension between THE DOCTOR, BILL and ABBY.

ABBY

If there's a rescue ship on the way
- then how can the rescue ship
already be here??

THE DOCTOR

Too many rescue ships. There's a
first world problem.

ABBY

Who are you?

THE DOCTOR

I'm the Doctor.

ABBY

And who's the Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

On a bad day, the last face you'll
ever see.

ABBY

On a good day?

THE DOCTOR

The only story you'll ever tell.

ABBY

That doesn't even mean anything.

THE DOCTOR

It means I will do everything in my
power to save all your lives. And
when I do, you will spend the rest
of them wondering who I was and why
I helped you. If anyone's offering
a better deal, be my guest.

We cut to the watching CORPSE SUITS point of view of the scene.

Suddenly stencilled across it: MAP FOUND - UPDATING.

ABBY

(distorted)

Didn't save Tasker did you?

(MORE)

ABBY (cont'd)
He believed you. Trusted you. And
now he's dead.

Back to normal view. ABBY draws her bolt gun.

ABBY (cont'd)
Can you give me one good reason why
you shouldn't join him?

IVAN gets between them, trying to talk ABBY down.

IVAN
Whoa whoa! Look, we're all a little
punchy.

We move back to the CORPSE SUITS point of view. The red grid showing the limit of their map is suddenly replaced with green.

In unison, they begin to lumber forward.

IVAN (cont'd)
It's the oxygen. Thinning. Making
it harder to think.

ABBY
Get out of my way!

A confusion of adlibbed shouts and motion.

ABBY bashes IVAN aside, gasps, raises the gun and fires - at the CORPSE SUITS who are almost upon them. The leading one grips DAHH-REN by the shoulder. A spark jumps and his suit immediately locks up.

SUIT COMPUTER (DAHH-REN'S)
Message received. Complying.

DAHH-REN
No please -

SUIT COMPUTER (DAHH-REN'S)
Please remain calm while your
central nervous system is disabled.
Your life is in our hands.

The rest of our HEROES are already moving as DAHH-REN shudders and screams as he is electrocuted.

ABBY fires her bolt gun repeatedly at the nearest CORPSE SUIT. It sparks, shudders and sags, disabled. But there are more behind.

THE DOCTOR
What's happening?

NARDOLE
Guess.

NARDOLE and BILL grab one of THE DOCTOR's elbow's each and lead him away, just ahead of the advancing CORPSE SUITS.

DAH-H-REN's corpse is now marching with them.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 2 - 11.38

Our HEROES striding down a new corridor at speed, THE DOCTOR between BILL and NARDOLE.

IVAN

They knew we were there. Somehow.

ABBY

Voice rec. Had to be.

BILL's suit suddenly flashes red and slows, then stops.

BILL

Doctor? My suit. I can't move.

NARDOLE and IVAN immediately flip open panels and begin examining the suit.

IVAN

The sequencer's jammed. Needs a reboot.

THE DOCTOR

How long will that take?

A clunk and a hiss. CORPSE SUITS, heading their way.

NARDOLE

Too long.

THE DOCTOR

Okay. Okay. We can pick her up. Come on.

THE DOCTOR braces himself under one of her elbows. Error noises sound from his suit.

SUIT COMPUTER (THE DOCTOR'S)

Warning. This is an illegal manoeuvre.

ABBY

Suits won't let us. Health and safety.

NARDOLE

Health and safety?

BILL

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Okay. Get her out of her suit. She can have mine.

IVAN

The sequencer controls the release clamps. We can't get her out.

NARDOLE

(Working at Bill's suit)
We can't leave her there - they'll kill her.

SUIT COMPUTER (BILL'S)

Please do not interfere with the operation of this suit - fines may be incurred.

BILL

Oh, great! I'll get fined for dying.

This thought impacts on Doctor. Revelation.

THE DOCTOR

Fined for dying. *Oh!*

BILL

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

What if there never was a hack?
What if this is just business?
Business as usual.

BILL

What do you mean?

The CORPSE SUITS are drawing closer. Visible now at the end of the corridor.

THE DOCTOR, thinking hard and fast. Possibly a plan is forming. Suddenly very still. Draws closer to BILL.

THE DOCTOR

Bill. Do you trust me?

BILL

Why you saying that?

THE DOCTOR

We're going to have to leave you.

BILL

What? I'll *die*.

THE DOCTOR

You won't die, but I won't lie to you, this is not going to be good.

ABBY

We have to go. *Now*.

THE DOCTOR

You'll go through hell. But you *will* come through it. And I'll be waiting on the other side.

BILL

Doctor. If I *was* going to die -

THE DOCTOR

You're not.

BILL

- would you just say exactly the same?

THE DOCTOR smiles, in pain. He looks caught out.

THE DOCTOR

I'll see you soon.

A rising hiss and clank behind her. THE CORPSE SUITS drawing closer.

THE DOCTOR squeezes her hand, then reaches for IVAN and NARDOLE. Allows them to lead him away.

BILL
Doctor. Tell me a joke before you
go.

But THE DOCTOR just bows his head. He can't.

BILL (cont'd)
Just tell me a joke.

But THE DOCTOR is gone. A door is hinging slowly closed
behind our HEROES. They watch her, looking tortured. But THE
DOCTOR has his back to her, waiting.

BILL (cont'd)
(Seemingly to herself)
He didn't tell me a joke. Is that a
good thing or a bad thing?

Behind her, unseen by BILL, the CORPSE SUITS are drawing
closer.

BILL (cont'd)
Mum! Answer me!

She's looking with fear over her shoulder. She finally closes
her eyes. The nearest CORPSE SUIT touches the back of her
suit. There is a flicker of electricity and the CORPSE SUIT
keeps walking.

SUIT COMPUTER (BILL'S)
Instruction received. Complying.

BILL
Mum!!

SUIT COMPUTER (BILL'S)
Please remain calm while your
central nervous system is disabled.
Your life is in our hands.

BILL's face convulses as electricity arcs across her body.

- and then, the tiniest flicker of a shot, Bill's Mum. The
photograph she pinned to the wall in Ep 4. For a moment, it
seems animated - the eyes seem to move, the face frown in
concern -

Then Bill screams and slumps, dead.

This is the last thing the other HEROES see before the door
closes with a clunk.

A beat, then BILL's suit begins to walk forward, now part of
the group, her dead head lolling.

FADE TO:

35 **EXT. POWER CORE - DAY 2 - 11.40**

35

Close on a sign: POWER CORE - Non Authorised Personnel FORBIDDEN.

The sign is stencilled on a bank vault like door with four beefy visible locks.

Pull back to reveal a crowd of CORPSE SUITS waiting outside the door. The leading CORPSE SUIT has a laser cutter held to one of the four locks, molten metal dripping. One lock is already visibly cut through.

We pan up from the laser cutter to see the face of the corpse suit - and oh my God!

It's BILL. BILL is the enemy now!

ABBY

(v.o.)

Security's tougher, but on the downside, there's only one way out.

CUT TO:

36 **INT. POWER CORE - DAY 2 - 11.41**

36

Close on an oxygen gauge. It's down to one bar and red, but as we watch it begins to flash urgently. The last gasp.

We reveal this is on the wrist of ABBY. Standing beside her is IVAN, who is viewing something on a monitor.

They are in a large industrial room. Thick pipework leads to a bulky nuclear generator covered in nuclear warning signs. Hum and a gurgle of pipes.

An alert sounds. ABBY checks it.

ABBY

They're through the second lock.
Two down. Two to do.

IVAN

Rescue ship's too far out. We don't find oxy-

ABBY

We'll be dead before they get here.

We move to THE DOCTOR in another part of the room. He's ripping out pipework and wiring like a man possessed. But this isn't mindless destruction. He's trying to build something, clumsily trying to attach pipes and components, all hampered by his blindness as he feels his way around.

NARDOLE appears at his elbow, worried for him.

NARDOLE

Doctor? This isn't going to work.

THE DOCTOR

Isn't it? Why, what do think I'm doing?

NARDOLE

Electrolysis. Splitting water into hydrogen and oxygen.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, that's clever! Wish I could see me doing it.

NARDOLE

(sotto)

Doctor, that water is cooling the nuclear core. We'd enjoy about five minutes of oxygen before it overheated and blew.

THE DOCTOR defiantly carries on putting components together.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, five whole minutes - we could boil the hell out of an egg. Don't be such a quitter.

NARDOLE rests his hand on THE DOCTOR's arm. He stops.

NARDOLE

It wasn't your fault. You couldn't have saved her.

THE DOCTOR

You know what's wrong with this universe, and believe me I've looked into it. *Everyone* thinks it's not their fault. Well, yes it is. *All* of it. It's all your fault. *So what are you going to do about it?*

NARDOLE

There's nothing we *can* do. She's dead.

THE DOCTOR

She's no more dead than you are. Than I am. Than everyone on this station is. Get me to a keyboard.

NARDOLE

Why?

THE DOCTOR

Because I'm not trying to make oxygen. Keyboard, now.

IVAN

You think you've got a plan.

THE DOCTOR

We've got exactly one plan left.

IVAN

What plan?

THE DOCTOR

The big one. The one you've been waiting for all your life.

IVAN and ABBY share looks as NARDOLE leads THE DOCTOR to a keyboard. His fingers fly across it.

ABBY

What's he doing?

NARDOLE

(reading monitor)

'Coolant system' again?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, I rejigged it a tiny little bit. Either that, or I've really screwed up the plumbing - it's tough when you're blind.

ABBY

Need to know about this plan.

THE DOCTOR

The nice thing about life - however bad it gets, there's always one last option available. Dying well.

THE DOCTOR decisively presses enter and the console pings. He steps back. The others peer closer.

ABBY

Oh no.

IVAN

What is it?

ABBY

Our lifesigns. He's wired them to the coolant system. We die, it all vents.

NARDOLE checks the monitor closely and looks shocked.

THE DOCTOR

When the suits kill - and they are going to kill us - the core will blow. The whole station will be destroyed. Really very big boom.

They look at THE DOCTOR incredulously. NARDOLE can't believe this.

IVAN and ABBY begin frantically working on another console.

NARDOLE

Is that really the best you've got?
Revenge?

THE DOCTOR

Not just revenge. Revenge as bright
as the sun. Revenge you can see
across galaxies. Not bad for a
blind man.

Ivan is at the cupboard.

IVAN

We can't reverse it. He's locked us
out of the subroutine.

THE DOCTOR

Did I? Sorry, thought I was
Tweeting.

A console chimes. ABBY checks it.

ABBY

They're through the third lock.

THE DOCTOR

Open the doors. Let them in.

IVAN

Are you of your mind??

THE DOCTOR

Oh, completely, but it's not a
recent thing. Listen, all we've got
left is a good death - this is the
moment you've been waiting for
since the day you were born. Don't
screw it up now.

ABBY

There's a rescue ship on the way!

THE DOCTOR

*No there isn't! There was never a
rescue ship.*

IVAN

What are you talking about?

THE DOCTOR

There was no hacking. No
malfunction. The suits are doing
exactly what they were designed to
do. What your employers are *telling*
them to do.

IVAN

And what would that be?

THE DOCTOR

Save the oxygen that you were wasting. You've become inefficient. You even *told* me; your conveyors were down, this was your worst week ever.

ABBY

So everyone had to *die*?

THE DOCTOR

You're just organic components. You're no longer efficient so you were thrown away. Don't believe me? Check on that rescue ship. Access the log.

IVAN moves to a console, frantically swiping on a touchscreen. Reading. Reading.

ABBY

This isn't true. None of it. You're just some lunatic - ...

IVAN sags at the monitor.

IVAN

It's true, Abby.

She looks to him. What??

IVAN (cont'd)

The ship - it set off *before* the distress call.

THE DOCTOR

Those aren't your rescuers - they're your replacements. *New* organic components. While the old ones are thrown away.

ABBY staring, face falling. Dear Lord, it's all true.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The end point of capitalism. A bottom line where human life has no value. We're fighting an algorithm. A spreadsheet. Like every worker, everywhere - we're fighting the suits.

A console blares an alert chime. IVAN checks it.

IVAN

They're nearly through.

THE DOCTOR

Just open up. Let's send them a message. Let's teach them a lesson they'll never forget. They take our lives, we take their station and every damn penny they will ever make from it. Dying well - it's the finish line. It's *winning*.

Ivan and Abby, exchanging a glance.

ABBY

Open the damn doors.

Ivan slams a lever.

The door hisses as it hinges open. CORPSE SUITS come shambling through, advancing on our HEROES. Fifty feet and closing.

Our heroes, in a line, brave, defiant. The last stand.

Nardole is staring at the advancing Bill in horror. The Doctor, of course, is oblivious.

NARDOLE

Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR

What?

NARDOLE

It's Bill.

THE DOCTOR

Of course it's Bill. Fate and me, we have a thing.

Bill, the lead corpse suit, now blindly advancing on the Doctor, raising her hands to deliver the death touch.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Hello, suits. You ought to know something. Our deaths will be brave and brilliant and unafraid. But above all, suits, our deaths will be ...

The Suits, so close. Bill reaching to touch the Doctor ...

On the Doctor! A change! The grin! The moment you know he's been in charge all along.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Expensive!!

And all the suits freeze exactly where they are. Not a movement.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Check your readings. We die, your precious station dies! The whole thing blows. The company will make the biggest loss in its history.

NARDOLE
... what's happening? What are they doing?

THE DOCTOR
Sums. They're doing sums.

And now the suits relax, lower their arms.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
A moment ago, we were too expensive to live. Now we're more expensive dead. Welcome to the rest of your lives.

ABBY
But ... but you said ...

NARDOLE
You said we were going to *die*.

THE DOCTOR
Technically, I said you were as dead as Bill. Probably should've mentioned. Bill's not dead.

He fumbles inside Bill's collar. There's a bleep and Bill startles awake, coughing, spluttering.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Noticed her suit battery was low when she put it on. Not enough for a lethal dose.
(Draws her into a hug as she coughs and heaves)
I know what it takes to kill someone.

The Corpse Suits, now advancing again.

ABBY
What are they doing?

THE DOCTOR
Relax. They're giving us their oxygen. It's good for business.

IVAN gasps.

IVAN
Ellie.

By complete chance, the CORPSE SUIT facing him, is his wife, ELLIE.

IVAN is already crying. ELLIE's eyes are still open, staring straight through him.

Close on Ellie's suit back. It smoothly hinges open, revealing a large oxygen tank.

Exactly the same process is occurring with our remaining HEROES in the core.

The CORPSE SUITS reach behind their own hips and take the tanks, which have uncoupled, and swing them smoothly around the hips of the HEROES.

It's like they're embracing, the CORPSE SUITS' faces inches from our HEROES. Some of them are wincing.

The back of our HEROES' suits open and the oxygen tanks uncouple and are swapped.

We have a shot of the same thing happening with BILL.

The CORPSE SUITS take their tanks, reversing the motion and slotting them into their own backs.

Then they step back and sag. Close on their lights fading 'off' to the sound of electrics powering down.

Our HEROES all take deep breaths of air. It worked.

NARDOLE

It worked! They saved us!

Then a blaring alarm chime from the console. What now?

ABBY reaches across and pulls a tiny square of paper from a printer.

ABBY

It's the receipt.

Our HEROES sag with weak laughter. All but IVAN, who looks at the face of his dead wife.

IVAN

(sotto)

Thank you.

Bill, now slowly coming to consciousness.

BILL

Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR

Yep?

BILL

I think I'm alive.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah. You do seem to be under that
impression.

He smiles, and keeps on hugging her.

FADE TO:

37-42 SCENES 37 - 42 OMITTED

37-42

43 INT. TARDIS - DAY 2 - 13.00

43

Close on THE DOCTOR's eyes as NARDOLE beams at them with what looks like a futuristic bar code scanner. The eyes already looking back to normal. As he keeps working.

ABBY
You could've told us your actual
plan in the first place.

THE DOCTOR
I could've told Bill her battery
was too weak to kill her - but the
Suits would've heard. I try never
to tell the enemy my secret plan.

BILL
Or maybe you just like maxing out
everyone's adrenaline.

THE DOCTOR
Maybe. How does it feel?

BILL
Pretty okay.

THE DOCTOR
Don't get hooked.

BILL
Too late.

THE DOCTOR
Good.

NARDOLE lowers the scanner.

NARDOLE
Better?

THE DOCTOR blinks and looks around himself. Reveal that we're in the console room and everyone is out of the Smartsuits.

THE DOCTOR
We're in the Tardis. When did that
happen?

BILL and NARDOLE share a look. THE DOCTOR steps to the console and begins flipping switches and moving dials, apparently back to normal.

We reveal IVAN and ABBY standing awkwardly off to one side, now in grimy overalls.

ABBY

Thank you Doctor. For all you've done. And I'm sorry I didn't have more faith in your -(methods)

THE DOCTOR

(interrupting)

Don't mention it. Now I can set you down at a hub world outside corporate control. Or anywhere really. The universe is your oyster.

ABBY and IVAN have obviously been conferring. IVAN nudges ABBY. You tell him. Feels like a big request coming.

ABBY

Head office. My head office. We have a complaint to make.

BILL, NARDOLE, and THE DOCTOR share a look.

THE DOCTOR

I think that can be arranged. Promise you'll be loud?

ABBY

Promise!

THE DOCTOR grins and yanks a lever and we're off.

FADE TO:

The DOCTOR sits with his feet on the desk. He's wearing sonic shades and playing with his yo-yo. In the corner, the TARDIS.

BILL appears in the doorway, bag over her shoulder, dressed for lunch lady duty. Feels like she's on her way to work.

BILL

Does it work?

THE DOCTOR

Does what work?

BILL comes in to sprawl on the chair opposite.

BILL

Making a complaint to head office.

THE DOCTOR

No idea. Never had a head office.
But as far as I remember, there's a
successful rebellion six months
later. Corporate dominance in space
is history, and that about wraps it
for capitalism. Then the human race
finds a whole new kind of mistake -
but that's another story.

BILL

Can't wait.

THE DOCTOR

But you will.

BILL

Later.

THE DOCTOR

Later.

BILL leaves. And as she goes, the Doctor seems to sag - as if
under some terrible new burden.

Now we reveal NARDOLE standing in the open doorway of the
TARDIS. Grave, serious - even angry.

NARDOLE

Never again.

THE DOCTOR

Stop talking now.

NARDOLE

I'm serious. We were so close to
not making it back. Then what
happens to the vault? You *know*
what's at stake here.

THE DOCTOR

Really, stop talking.

NARDOLE

What if you got killed out there?
What happens to your precious Earth
then?? You need to be here, you
need to be ready if that door ever
opens. Look at me.

THE DOCTOR

I can't!

NARDOLE

(ADR adjusted so we'll
need to recut)

What if you came back injured, or
sick? You really think our friend
down there won't know that, won't
sense it? *Look at me.*

THE DOCTOR
Nardole. I can't. I really can't.

THE DOCTOR removes his shades. He's staring into the middle distance, obviously still blind.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
I can't look at anything, ever
again.

NARDOLE realises - a moment of wrenching horror...

END CREDITS