

DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 10

EPISODE 6

"Extremis"

by

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READTHROUGH DRAFT

17/11/2016

(SHOOTING BLOCK 5)

1 INT. THE VAULT CHAMBER - NIGHT 1 - 20.01 1

... the doors to the Vault. As last week, the doors are rattling. There is a scraping and clawing from within.

Something is trying to get out ...

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. SPACE - DAY X 2

The stars, we're travelling among them. Now homing in on a particular planet.

Caption: A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

RAFANDO

(V.O.)

With over a billion intelligent species active in this galaxy alone, it is an ever greater challenge to know how to kill all of them.

Now homing in on a bleak, craggy planet. Cratered, like the moon.

RAFANDO

(V.O.)

We are proud to serve as executioners to every living thing.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. THE LAKE - DAY X 3

Silence. Hanging, shifting mist. Lapping water.

RAFANDO

(V.O.)

Our knowledge of practical mortality is unrivalled anywhere. The Fatality Index now fills an entire city, and is the cornerstone of our civilisation. All life anywhere can be ended here.

Now, gliding along the water, a small, low boat.

Standing at its prow, as motionless as a statue, is THE DOCTOR.

RAFANDO

(V.O.)

The execution of a Time Lord, is more than the judicial destruction of a sentient individual. It is the highest challenge to our skills.

(CONTINUED)

Beyond him, we see two armed guards. Humanoid, but by their clothes, not of Earth. Their garb is ceremonial, old world, but they are cradling large energy weapons. Hard to say if they're the Doctor's personal guard, or his captors.

Grim. Staring ahead into the roiling fog.

The Doctor's POV. A small island appearing slowly out of the murk. A platform in the water, a small group of people standing on it. What looks like the executioner, two guards, and an official.

RAFANDO
(V.O)
And it is an honour.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. EXECUTION PLATFORM - DAY X 4

A circular platform, floating on the water. The Doctor stands between his guards.

He is faced by Rafando. A weasel of a man, in ceremonial garb - he is clearly officiating.

Beyond Rafando, we can see a thickset, muscular man, wearing a hood, his mighty arms folded across his chest. At first glance, you would easily assume this was the executioner. *

Rafando - whose voice we have been hearing - is talking to the Doctor, who remains cold and impassive throughout. *

RAFANDO
Time Lords do not like to die, and they decline to do so easily. Especially those who have already exceeded the regeneration limit. However ... *

He signals to the Hooded Man - *

- who now steps forward to a big lever, mounted towards the edge of the platform. He throws a couple of switches. Lights on the lever glow - *

- and the four globes surmounting the pillars at the four corners of the scaffold glow faintly, as does a small square raised platform in the centre of the scaffold. *

RAFANDO
This technology is precisely calibrated. It will stop both hearts, all three brain stems, and deliver a cellular shockwave that will permanently disable the regenerative ability - *

THE DOCTOR
(Cutting him off)
I know how it works.

(CONTINUED)

RAFANDO

You certainly will in a moment.
Following termination, the body
will be placed in a Quantum Fold
chamber, under constant guard, for
no less than a thousand years.

(A wintry smile)

In case of ... shall we say,
relapses. Life can be a cunning
enemy.

*
*

The Doctor: Stone cold silence, stone cold stare.

RAFANDO

An additional stipulation of the
Fatality Index is that the sentence
must be carried out by another Time
Lord.

(Smirks)

Apologies for our choice. Your
people are not easy to come by.

The scrape of approaching footsteps.

The Doctor's eyes flick to one side, to see:

Missy!!

She is being conducted to the platform by two more guards.
She looks imperious and somehow impish at the same time. By
her swagger, she's having the time of her life.

She ascends to the platform. Faces the Doctor across the
centre of the circular space.

A beat. Deadly stares. Under that a world of sadness.

MISSY

Oh, Doctor! How did you end up
here? Thought you retired -
domestic bliss on Darillium, that's
the word among the Daleks.
What happened?

The tiniest look of grief on the Doctor's face. For a moment,
he doesn't meet her eye.

Missy gets it.

MISSY

Oh! My condolences.
(A flicker of that mocking
smile)
Goodbye sweetie.

The Doctor's face - steel now.

RAFANDO

Finished?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

RAFANDO

The sentence will be carried out.
The prisoner will kneel in the
termination zone. *

Silence. No movement.

The Doctor: stony-faced.

RAFANDO

The prisoner will kneel.

Still no movement.

Impatient, Rafando gives a brisk little nod.

Missy's guards step forward -

- and force her to her knees, on the small platform at the
centre of the scaffold. Her eyes blaze at the Doctor. *

- and now, a rushing and foaming of water, and raising out of
the lake behind her - *

- a vaguely TARDIS shaped box - *

- and we might recognise the doors as the doors in the
Doctor's vault!

RAFANDO

The Quantum Fold chamber is
prepared. Sentence will be carried
out. Executioner! *

And the Doctor forward, taking position in front of the
lever ... *

The Doctor is the executioner!

He is just a couple of feet in front of Missy. He looks down
at her - so cold. *

Missy, looking up. Seems to falter.

MISSY

Anything! Please, anything. Just
let me live. Save me.

The Doctor, pauses for a moment. Then, calmly, clearly -

THE DOCTOR

No.

The Doctor reaches for the lever, tenses, and - *

CUT TO:

5 INT. THE VAULT CHAMBER - NIGHT 1 - 20.01

5

SLAM!

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR's hand slams on to the doors.

Wider. The Doctor. He's frantically feeling at the vault doors. Blindly checking it (he's wearing his sonic glasses.)

He sags against the doors, for a moment.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, Missy. Memories are so much worse in the dark.

Now stepping back, seemingly looking at the doors.

Doctor vision: through the sonic shades, we see a wire-frame version of the world. Big shapes, no details - such a limited view.

On his face, so worried and so haunted.

He turns, sits with his back leaning against the doors. Reaches up, undoes the top button of his shirt collar (as at the end of Christmas)-

- and as he does he so hears a Ding! Like the sound of an email arriving.

He taps the side of his glasses:

Doctor vision: a heads-up display, over a frame rendering of the Vault Chamber. And text, blinking in the corner -

NEW EMAIL

TITLE: EXTREMIS.

DOWNLOADING ...

Now zooming in on the word EXTREMIS till it fills the screen, and we hear the cliffhanger scream ...

CUT TO:

THE OPENING TITLES.

6

EXT. THE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT 2 - 19.10

6

The frontage of the university, by night.

Pulling back from it, bringing into shot -

- a fleet of big, black cars, driving up to the building.

Closer on: a window in the frontage. Nardole is peering out at this: uh oh! This has got to be something to do with the Doctor!

Now we hear car doors opening, people climbing out.

(CONTINUED)

Nardole's eyes are widening: *what??*

CUT TO:

7 INT. THE DOCTOR'S LECTURE THEATRE - NIGHT 2 - 19.15 7

In darkness.

In a pool of light, the Doctor. He's at the lectern, deep in thought, alone and surrounded by shadows. (NB - Different costume from opening.)

- and there is the scrape of footsteps in the darkness. Many footsteps.

On the Doctor, looking blindly up. Is someone here?

Doctor vision: Moving through the blackness, floating words in compact little paragraphs, each reading:

HEARTBEAT
TEMPERATURE
WEIGHT
HEIGHT
GENDER
AGE

- with the appropriate, varying numbers attached to each. Each of the paragraphs is tracking the progress of the monitored individual into the lecture theatre.

THE DOCTOR
Hello? Who's there?

Panning up from the Doctor at the lectern to -

- an eerie sight. Standing along the top row of the circular hall is a line of robed and silent Catholic priests.

They stand as still as statues, as pale as ghosts.

THE DOCTOR
Who's there?

Now closing in on one of the Priests, his face pock-marked and cadaverous. This is Cardinal Angelo. His face, as he stares at the Doctor, fills the screen like a terrible judgement.

ANGELO
(Strong Italian accent)
Is it time, Doctor? Time, at last,
for your confession?

CUT TO:

8 EXT. THE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT 2 - 19.16 8

Along the front of the University, a row of parked limousines. Suited Security Men stand by them. Clearly, the University has powerful visitors.

CUT TO:

9 INT. THE DOCTOR'S LECTURE THEATRE - NIGHT 2 - 19.16 9

The Doctor, still at the lectern - the priests looking down at him.

 THE DOCTOR
Confession? What am I confessing to?

 ANGELO
 (Smiles)
It was an offer made a very long time ago, but I doubt you remember. However, it is not our business here today. Apologies if we startled you.

Doctor vision: all the floating paragraphs, so little useful information.

On Cardinal Angelo, descending the stairs, toward the lecture platform in the centre - by the opulence of his robes, he is clearly very senior indeed.

 ANGELO
It is a matter of some urgency. We have come here today direct from the Vatican.

 THE DOCTOR
Right. Well that's nice.
 (Patting his pockets)
If you've got a collecting tin, I'm sure I can find something. Leaky roof, is it?

Nardole now bustling through the priests, cutting the Doctor off.

 NARDOLE
 (Clambering up on the stage)
No, stop talking, stop now, don't speak -

 THE DOCTOR
Are they selling something? Just get some of those sponges -

Nardole has clambered up on the stage, next to the Doctor.

NARDOLE
(to the others)
S'cuse us!

THE DOCTOR
Sorry - Mum's cross.

NARDOLE
(Pulling him an aside)
Please, just listen to them. Sounds important. So if you think of anything, you know, *funny*, or *clever*, experiment with *not saying it*.

ANGELO
Excuse me - matters are pressing. We have come here to see you in total secrecy, because your services and wisdom are recommended at the highest level.

Angelo has stepped forward. He proffers an ancient parchment up to the Doctor.

The Doctor, of course, is unaware of it. Nardole quickly steps forward, takes the document. He places it in the Doctor's hands. The Doctor pretends to be inspecting it.

ANGELO
As you can see, this is the personal recommendation of Pope Benedict the ninth.
(Looks to the Doctor - like he can't quite believe the next part)
In 1045.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, yes. Pope Benedict. Lovely girl! What a night.

NARDOLE
Doctor! Experiment!

THE DOCTOR
I knew she was nothing but trouble, but she wove a spell with her castanets -

NARDOLE
Stop it!

ANGELO
Doctor. On behalf of every human soul in this world, of any creed, of any faith - with the utmost respect and in complete secrecy - his holiness the Pope, the Bishop of Rome, requests, most urgently, a personal audience. For the sake of all human kind.

On Nardole - awed now.

The Doctor - implacable as always.

Now on the group of clerics gathered at the entrance. There is a shifting, a parting -

- and now revealed, in all his finery, a frail old man, supported by two helpers. In shining white robes, this is clearly the Pope himself.

Nardole: absolutely gobsmacked.

On the Doctor: unmoved (and obviously oblivious.)

THE DOCTOR

Well if he's so keen to talk to me,
why doesn't he come here himself?

Nardole, rolls his eyes.

NARDOLE

(Urgently whispered aside)
He *is* here. He's right in front of
you.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, right, hello. Hello, the Pope.
Didn't recognise you there, I
thought you'd look more - Pope-
like.

NARDOLE

(Eyeing the Pope's white
finery)
Probably you didn't.

THE DOCTOR

Though possibly I'm setting the bar
too high.

The Pope: his voice when he speaks seems frail and ancient. A soft flow of Italian. Angelo translates.

ANGELO

(Translating for the
Pope)
Your wisdom has been spoken
of for more centuries than
seems possible.

THE POPE

La vostra saggezza è stata
lodata per molti più secoli
di quanto sembrasse
possibile.

*

THE DOCTOR

You know, I can probably do without
the translator -

Nardole squeezes his arm - just go with it.

ANGELO
(Translating for the
Pope)
Your kindness too is renowned
among all who have met you.
Please show your wisdom and
your kindness this day.

THE POPE
E la vostra benevolenza è
risaputa da tutti coloro che
vi hanno incontrato, Vi
preghiamo di mostrare anche
oggi tale saggezza e
benevolenza.

*

THE DOCTOR
You don't do this. The Pope doesn't
zoom round the world in the Pope-
mobile, surprising people. Why
would you do that?

Angelo quickly translates for the Pope, who nods gravely. The
Pope looks to the Doctor. Now speaks one word.

THE POPE
Extremis.

On the Doctor, frowning: starting to dawn on him that this is
very serious indeed.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. UNIVERSITY - NIGHT 2 - 19.25 10

Panning up to the Doctor's office. The light goes on.

CUT TO:

11 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 - 19.28 11

A line of priests waiting outside the Doctor's office.

CUT TO:

12 INT. THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 - 19.28 12

The Doctor, seating himself at his desk. Nardole standing at
his shoulder.

Seated in front of him, the Pope and Cardinal Angelo.

Two Security guards stand either side of the door.

ANGELO
There is a text buried deep in the
most secret of the Vatican
libraries.

THE DOCTOR
I'm sure there are many.

ANGELO
A text older than the church
itself.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
Who isn't?

ANGELO
The language is lost to us - but
thanks to the work of an early
Christian sect, the title has
survived.

Angelo leans forward, pushes a sheet of paper towards the
Doctor.

The Doctor, of course, is oblivious to it.

THE DOCTOR
Okay. So what's the title?

Nardole give a "hinting" cough, and moves the sheet of paper
to attract the Doctor's attention.

NARDOLE
Veritas.

ANGELO
Literally - the truth.

THE DOCTOR
This Sect - obviously they
understood the language.

ANGELO
It died with them. And all copies
of their translation disappeared -
shortly after their mass suicide.

That lands: the Doctor and Nardole, listening. So grave now.

THE DOCTOR
I assume something has happened a
bit more recently than early
Christianity? Otherwise you really
need to work on your response time.

ANGELO
A few months ago, after many
centuries of work, the Veritas was
translated again.

Silence for a moment. Like Angelo doesn't want to go on.

NARDOLE
Well? What was in it, what did it
say? What was "the truth?"

ANGELO
No one knows.

NARDOLE
... sorry, what?

ANGELO
Everyone who worked on the
translation - everyone who has
subsequently read it - is now dead.

A silence. What?? *What??*

ANGELO
Dead, Doctor ... by their own hand.

The Doctor and Nardole. Oh, they're listening now. The
Doctor, grave and serious. Fully engaged.

ANGELO
The Veritas is a short document. A
few pages only. And yet it contains
a secret that drives all who know
it, to destroy themselves.

THE DOCTOR
Confirmed suicides? All of them?

ANGELO
In every case. Beyond doubt.

THE DOCTOR
All bodies recovered?

ANGELO
Except one, but we naturally
assumed that he had -

THE DOCTOR
Assume nothing. Assumption makes an
ass out of you and umption.
Cardinal, one of your translators
is missing.

ANGELO
Doctor, those translators were
devout. Believers. They took their
own lives in the knowledge that
suicide is a mortal sin. They read
The Veritas - and chose hell.

NARDOLE
Okay. Awesome plan! *Everybody stop
reading that book!*

The Doctor: grim now. So serious.

THE DOCTOR
The translation - where is it now,
and how many copies?

ANGELO
Unknown.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, good, well done.

ANGELO

By now, copies could be all over the world. Possibly even online.

THE DOCTOR

Well, never mind, eh? It's not like it's *dangerous* or anything? Where's the original?

ANGELO

It remains in the Vatican vault.

The Pope now speaks. Soft, pleading Italian.

ANGELO

(Translating for the Pope)

It is said your eye reads all words in all tongues and that you have survived many dangers. In this text there is danger to all humanity and it must be faced. Doctor - will you read the Veritas?

THE POPE

Si dice il vostro occhio sappia leggere ogni parola in qualsiasi lingua e che siete sopravvissuto a molti pericoli. In questo testo vi è un grave pericolo per tutta l'umanità e deve essere affrontato. Dottore - leggerà il Veritas? *

The Doctor, his face dark with thought.

THE DOCTOR

The Veritas. The truth. Truth so true you can't live with it. Is that looking into hell ... or seeing the light?

ANGELO

His Holiness's personal jet is on standby - we can be in the Vatican in under two hours. Will you help us in this darkest hour?

THE DOCTOR

Currently, I am more than usually interested in ... illumination.

NARDOLE

(Worried at how he's talking)
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

(Tosses the TARDIS key to Nardole)
Start her up.

NARDOLE

You're just going to give them a *lift*?? In the TARDIS??

THE DOCTOR

If there are translations of the Veritas online, a jet isn't fast enough. Battle stations, Nardole. Extremis!

CUT TO:

13 INT. BILL'S FLAT/HALLWAY KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 - 19.45 13

In the hallway of the flat, darkened. There is the sound of giggling from outside, a key turning in a lock.

Laughing through the door, come Bill and Penny - her date.

BILL

Loo's through there.

PENNY

Ta!

Penny dashes into the loo. They carry on their conversation through the loo door. Bill is taking the chance to check herself out in the hall mirror.

PENNY

(From off)

Thought you'd moved out of here?

BILL

Yeah, slightly didn't work out. Second attempt on the way.

A noise catches Bill's attention.

She looks to Moira's (her foster mum's) bedroom door - there is a line of light under it. Oh *damn!*

And the door is already opening. Moira steps out, clearly glammed up for a night out.

MOIRA

Did I hear voices?

BILL

Thought you were seeing Harry tonight?

MOIRA

Howard.

BILL

I don't like knowing their names, I only get attached.

Moira's eyes go to the bathroom door - the light is clearly on within.

MOIRA

Did you bring someone home?

BILL
Well, I'm a grown-up. I can do
that, can't I?

MOIRA
Of course not. I have very strict
rules about men.

BILL
Probably not as strict as mine.

The toilet has flushed, and now Penny appears from the
bathroom.

PENNY
Oh, hello. Are you Moira?

MOIRA
Oh, you're a *girl!*

PENNY
I'm Penny.

MOIRA
Oh, I see, sorry. There was me
thinking she'd dragged some poor
terrified man home!

BILL
Well, phew, eh?

PENNY
(Joining in)
Yeah. Phew!

MOIRA
(Heading to the door)
Okay, you two, I'm off to the
fleshpots. Don't do anything I
wouldn't do.

On Bill - such a mischievous grin.

BILL
Well, there's a slight chance we
might.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BILL'S FLAT/KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 - 19.55

14

Bill and Penny with cups of tea. This is clearly very early
in any potential relationship - still the kitchen stage.

But they're leaning close and smiling a lot.

BILL
Okay. So tell me some nice lies.

PENNY
Do they have to be lies?

BILL
If you do it well, how will I know?

PENNY
Okay, yeah.

A little timidly, Penny sips at her tea - almost like putting a barrier up.

BILL
You don't have to look so nervous.

And as she says this, we hear the grinding engines of the TARDIS from Bill's bedroom.

Penny startles - though Bill rolls her eyes.

PENNY
Oh God, what was that?

BILL
The ... pipes. The pipes in my bedroom.
(Getting up with angry intent)
Be warned, sometimes I shout at them.
(Off Penny's look)
You okay?

PENNY
Sorry. Jumpy, that's all.

Bill smiles, fondly. Sits again, for a moment.

BILL
You know what? You look so guilty.

PENNY
Yeah. Sorry. Just not quite used to ... all this.

BILL
Whatever this is - and actually, it's not anything yet - it is absolutely nothing to feel guilty about. Okay?

PENNY
Okay.

And at that exact moment, the kitchen door flies open, and the Pope enters, indignant and confused. He looks round wildly, stares at the two girls, and now unleashes a stream of cross Italian at them -

- and storms out again.

A stunned silence.

Penny, aghast and more guilty than any human being ever.

PENNY
That was the Pope. Bill, *that was*
the Pope!

Bill shoots to her feet. Furious. Knows who was responsible,
and who's going to get it now.

BILL
Give me a moment! I'm about to have
a truly awesome word with someone.

CUT TO:

15 INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 - 19.56 15

Bill comes racing through the door.

There's a whole bunch of robed priests (five or six) looking
around her bedroom in astonishment. The TARDIS is parked.

The priests stare at her, she stares back - just as Penny
appears at her shoulder, also staring.

PENNY
Oh my God!

And she bolts.

BILL
Penny!

But Bill's cut off by the slam of the front door. Furious,
she turns back to the Priests.

One of them gives her a properly hapless Italianate shrug.

She rakes them all with a look.

BILL
You're all going to hell!

She strides into the TARDIS.

CUT TO:

16 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT 2 - 19.56 16

BILL comes bursting through the doors -

- a couple more PRIESTS. NARDOLE flustering by the Pope, who
is being consoled by one of the priests.

BILL

Doctor! You are my tutor, you are my friend - but that does not mean you can just come round my flat any time you feel like it and park your TARDIS on top of my laundry basket!

Nardole looks at a laundry basket sitting incongruously next to the console.

NARDOLE

Oh, is *that* what it is?
(Admonishing the priests)
You lot, probably stay away from this. Very, very scary.

THE DOCTOR

You sound a tiny bit cross, Bill.

The Doctor has been rooting through one of the bookcases. He now removes from the shelf what looks like a slim, black battery pack.

BILL

Here's a tip. When I am on a date - when that rare and special thing happens to me in my real life - do not - do not under any circumstances - *put the Pope in my bedroom!!*

He slides his hands over it, checking it's what he thinks it is (because he's blind, obviously.)

THE DOCTOR

Okay, now I know, air cleared. Nardole will explain what's going on.

He now makes his way to his armchair. He sits there, sonic-ing away at the battery pack device.

BILL

Doctor ... !

But Nardole is touching her arm. Grave now, softer.

NARDOLE

Bill - I think it's kind of serious...

BILL

What's happened?

Nardole, glancing up at the Doctor -

- who taps his sonic shades, makes a motion with his hand. Bill is not to know he's blind.

NARDOLE

Okay. The Vatican -

(CONTINUED)

Now on the Doctor, sonicising away at the device.

(Beyond him, and throughout this scene, we can see Nardole working at the console, talking to Bill, the Priests re-entering the TARDIS.)

As the shot develops we discover Cardinal Angelo - he's up here too. He's been looking among the books.

ANGELO
Beautiful - your TARDIS. Didn't
Pope Benedict speak of it as the
ultimate wonder of any age?

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, think so - hard to tell, with
that rose in her teeth.

As he sonicises, the slim black device in his hand glows a sudden, doom-laden red.

ANGELO
What is that?

THE DOCTOR
Just a sort of ... reading aid.

ANGELO
It looks dangerous.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, completely deadly. But, you
know, swings and roundabouts ...

Angelo eyeing the Doctor now - such a curious look.

ANGELO
Pope Benedict also said you were
more in need of confession than any
man breathing. But when the offer
was made, you replied it would take
too much time.

THE DOCTOR
Which, coming from me, means more
than you'd think.

The Doctor buries himself in his work, clearly Angelo's cue to leave him be.

As Angelo leaves, he places his hand on the Doctor's shoulder.

ANGELO
On behalf of the Catholic church,
the offer stands.

On the Doctor - pauses thoughtfully in his work. Like memories have been summoned:

RAFANDO
(V.O.)
Have you requested a priest?

CUT TO:

17 EXT. EXECUTION PLATFORM - DAY X 17

THE DOCTOR with the execution device raised. Missy kneeling.
He looks round at Rafando's interruption. Rafando is looking towards -

The small portly figure is ascending the platform, robed and hooded, clutching what could be a Bible.

RAFANDO
(To Missy)
Have you requested a priest?

MISSY
Well I haven't.

The Priest indicates the Doctor, who looks curious.

THE DOCTOR
Apparently I have.

RAFANDO
I shall seek consultation.

Rafando is now consulting his wrist computer. We hear a rapid series of clicks as information is downloaded to him.

RAFANDO
There are four hundred and twelve precedents in the Fatality Index. Divine intervention is therefore permitted for a maximum of five minutes. The executioner may now discuss his immortal soul and any peril thereunto.

Rafando waves the Doctor over to the priest. Curiously, the Doctor steps away from the lever, heads over. *

Missy, watching him go.

MISSY
Hurry back.

The Doctor and the Priest, over at the side of the platform - they are allowed their privacy, a moment of intimacy. They speak in low voices.

THE DOCTOR
I never sent for you.

The Priest has opened his "bible", and now places the Doctor's hand on the opened pages.

THE PRIEST

(Solemnly intoning)

Goodness is not goodness that seeks
advantage. Good is good in the
final hour, in the deepest pit
without hope, without witness,
without reward. Only in darkness
are we revealed. Virtue is only
virtue in extremis. This is what he
believes, and this is the reason,
above all, I love him.

The Doctor frowns - doesn't sound quite right.

THE PRIEST

(Not so intoned, the voice
slowly becoming
recognisable)

My husband. My madman in a box. My
Doctor.

What??

He looks down, and as he removes his hand from the book, it
is snapped shut -

- revealing that it is River Song's blue panelled diary.

Panning quickly up to Nardole, glaring at the Doctor from
under the hood.

NARDOLE

Your missus wouldn't approve.

The Doctor stares in astonishment.

THE DOCTOR

How the hell did you get here?

NARDOLE

Followed you from Darillium. On the
explicit orders of your late wife,
River Song. Warning: I have full
permission to kick your arse.

On Nardole's determined face we -

DISSOLVE TO:

18 EXT. THE VATICAN - NIGHT 2 18

A shot of the Pope's palace, under the stars.

CUT TO:

19 INT. THE UNDER CHAPEL - NIGHT 2 - 21.15 19

The TARDIS parked in the centre of the shadowed chapel. Bill
is looking around at the dingy, stone walls.

(CONTINUED)

Clearly disappointed. All around, the detritus of 2000 years of Christianity - a wealthy of historical treasures, discarded and gathering dust.

*
*
*

Cardinal Angelo, watching her. (The Pope and the other Priests are there, but not the Doctor and Nardole. Light streams from the open door of the TARDIS.)

BILL
Bit ... dusty.

*

ANGELO
This is the Under Chapel. Very few have stood here.

BILL
Not even the cleaners, eh?

Behind her, the TARDIS door suddenly slams.

CUT TO:

20 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT 2 - 21.15

20

The Doctor is stepping to the TARDIS door - but Nardole has slammed it in his face, before he can go out.

NARDOLE
Okay, you're blind, you don't want your enemies to know, I get it - but why does it have to be a secret from Bill?

THE DOCTOR
Because I don't like being worried about. Around me, people should worry about themselves.

NARDOLE
Shall I tell you the real reason?

THE DOCTOR
No.

NARDOLE
Because the moment you tell Bill, it becomes real - you might actually have to deal with it.

THE DOCTOR
Good point, well made. *Definitely* not telling her now.

NARDOLE
You're an idiot.

THE DOCTOR
Everyone knows that!

He pushes past Nardole and out of the TARDIS.

CUT TO:

21 INT. THE UNDER CHAPEL - NIGHT 2 - 21.16 21

As the Doctor emerges from the TARDIS, the Pope and Cardinal Angelo are waiting for him, with the gathering of priests.

The Pope steps forward, speaks in Italian.

 ANGELO
(Translating)
Here you must go without me.
Cardinal Angelo will conduct
you to the Library. May God
light your path.

 THE POPE
Qui deve proseguire senza di
me. Il cardinale Angelo vi
condurrà alla biblioteca.
Possa il Signore illuminare
il vostro cammino. *

The Pope goes. The Doctor looks somberly after him.

 THE DOCTOR
Well, he could certainly give it a
go.

The Pope sweeps away, leading his little retinue of Priests
off through a door. *

Leaving our heroes looking around, a little puzzled. Where
are they supposed to go now. *

Cardinal Angelo enjoys their confusion for a moment, then
steps to the wall pulls a concealed lever. *

A full length portrait of a rather sultry looking woman in
white robes now slides to the side, revealing a set of
downward leading stairs. *

 ANGELO
The entrance to the Haereticum. The
library of forbidden and heretical
texts. First instituted by your old
friend, Pope Benedict - who still
guards the door. *

He gestures to the sultry woman in the portrait. *

Nardole registers the woman in the painting, realises the
Doctor wasn't joking. *

 NARDOLE
You old dog. *

 THE DOCTOR
What a night. What a Pope. *

 NARDOLE
Ohh, there's a tee-shirt! *

 BILL
Boys, stop objectifying Popes. *

(CONTINUED)

Angelo is leading the way through, the others following. *

NARDOLE
Bit late for him. *

THE DOCTOR
Shush! *

CUT TO: *

22 INT. NARROW STONE STAIRCASE - NIGHT 2 - 21.20 22

Angelo leads the way down the stairs, the others following.

Bill glances back at the Doctor -

- still wearing his shades.

Doctor vision: wire frame of the staircase, the floating paragraphs indicating Angelo and Bill descending ahead of him.

BILL
So - you read a book and afterwards
you die?

THE DOCTOR
True of any book, if you wait long
enough.

She laughs, glances back at him. Frowns, registering that he's wearing sunglasses - indoors in the dark.

They have arrived at the bottom of the stairwell, which opens
into .. *

CUT TO: *

23 INT. THE HAERETICUM - NIGHT 2 - 21.21 23

... a large, dark, echoing space. He steps to the wall, pulls
down a large, ancient-looking lever. A hiss of gas - *

- and gaslights flare on, all over the vast room.

ANGELO
Very few know this place exists.
Fewer still have seen it. *

Panning from their awed stares to -

- a huge, cavernous, warehouse-like space. What can be seen
is like a huge, rambling library. A maze of dark and ancient
bookshelves, varying heights and ages, some of them leaning
crazily. There are raised areas, the occasional locked
cabinet, different levels can be seen in the distance.
Staircases extend up intervals to unseen places.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELO
The library of Blasphemy. The index
haeresis. The Haereticum.

*
*
*

BILL
(As an exclamation)
Harry Potter!

THE DOCTOR
Language!

Angelo has taken up a lantern, lit it, and now prepares to lead them into the labyrinth of book cases.

ANGELO
(Leading the way)
Please stay close by me. The layout
is designed to confuse uninitiated.

*

THE DOCTOR
Sort of like religion really.

*
*

Angelo raising the lantern, leads the way into the huge, creepy, creaking labyrinth.

As they head in, Bill glances back at the Doctor again.

BILL
Happy in those shades? Not dark
enough for you?

THE DOCTOR
In darkness we are revealed.

CUT TO:

24 INT. THE HAERETICUM/CORRIDOR OF SHELVES - NIGHT 2 - 21.22 24

Angelo lights the way along a corridor of books, now rounding a corner. He points to something.

Their POV.

The book-lined corridor ahead of them ends in a wider space which is the junction of several book-lined corridors.

In that space, we can just see the corner of an iron cage. Something is contained there...

ANGELO
The very centre of the Haereticum.
Home of the Veritas for over a
thousand years.

Doctor vision: a wire frame version of the above.

THE DOCTOR
Truth in the heart of heresy.

ANGELO

And death in the heart of truth.

NARDOLE

You'd be wizard at writing
Christmas crackers, you two.

And *slam!*

Suddenly a fierce light, blasting from just around another corner (opposite direction from the cage.) Not like the gaslight - it's clearly electrical, like the burning white light of a projector with no film in the gate.

Angelo looks, surprised.

BILL

... what's that?

ANGELO

I don't know.

The Doctor, discreetly plucking at Nardole's sleeve - he can't see, needs to be told.

NARDOLE

(Narrating for the Doctor,
but trying to make it
sound like natural
remarks)

Look, a mysterious light, shining
round a corner, about twenty feet
away.

BILL

... you okay?

NARDOLE

Yep, just ... helpfully remarking. *

BILL

Doesn't look like gaslight. Looks
... electrical.

THE DOCTOR

(Scanning with shades)
Yes, that's consistent with the
heat signature.

He's clearly scanning with his specs. Nardole gives him a quick nudge. Don't give it away!!

ANGELO

(Calling out)
Hello? Who's there?

A shadow seems to flicker in the white light, as of someone moving. No other response.

BILL

Doctor?

No response from the Doctor (he can't see, doesn't know what to do?)

And Cardinal Angelo is already stepping forward -

ANGELO
This library is *forbidden!*

BILL
(Reaching to stop him)
No, wait!

From Bill's POV: Angelo strides to the corner, looks off to the source of the blazing light, shielding his eyes from it.

ANGELO
Who are you? What are you doing here? Speak!

The others are now moving into the place beside Angelo, looking into the blasting light.

Their POV: at the far end of a shortish corridor, what appears to be large oval hole in the wall (very like the oval portals in the game Portal.) Through it, the fierce white light is shining. It comes from a single focal point, exactly like a projector.

Standing in front of this, within the oval, is a thin, emaciated figure. Silhouetted, no details visible.

ANGELO
Speak to me.

On the Doctor - his face, blasted by the light, but oblivious to it.

Doctor vision: a wire frame version of the scene - the short corridor, the oval portal.

Hanging in the oval frame the usual floating paragraph of text.

This time:

HEARTBEAT ?
TEMPERATURE ?
WEIGHT ?
HEIGHT ?
GENDER ?
AGE ?

THE DOCTOR
What's through there? What's through that door?

Angelo's face: haunted, troubled.

ANGELO
There is no door there. It's a wall.

And *wham!* Like a door slamming at supernatural speed, the oval of light just disappears.

Now visible in the gaslight, a perfectly ordinary wall. There is even a gaslamp attached to it where the portal should have been.

The Doctor, stepping forward, so curious.

Doctor vision: wire frame version of the wall and gas lamp.

Angelo steps closer to the wall, running his hands over it. No trace of a crack, or a gap.

ANGELO
Impossible. Quite impossible.

THE DOCTOR
Let's take a look at the Veritas. I have a feeling the answers might be there.

Angelo still examining the wall.

ANGELO
I have to check if there is a breach. I'll unlock the cage in a moment.

THE DOCTOR
Sure.

But as he says it, he tosses his sonic screwdriver in his hand.

He starts heading away towards the cage, leaving Angelo to his business. Nardole and Bill exchange a glance, follow the Doctor.

The book-lined corridor ahead of them ends in a wider space which is the junction of several book-lined corridors.

In the space, there is an iron cage, large enough for several people.

Inside the cage, is a table, and lying on the table, an ancient leather-bound book.

For a moment, we stay on Angelo - he seems to look for a lever, a crack - anything.

CUT TO:

25 INT. THE HAERETICUM/THE VERITAS CAGE - NIGHT 2 - 21.24 25

The Doctor, Bill, and Nardole, approaching the Veritas cage. (They are now round a corner from Angelo, who is inspecting the wall.)

There is a table in the centre of the cage, and a large, high-backed chair facing it. The chair has its massive back to us.

Bill steps closer, peering round the chair back to the table.

Bill's POV. A large, leather bound volume placed on the table, as if to be read by the chair's occupant. On the cover, embossed into the leather, the word VERITAS -

- and HUGE FRIGHT! The screen is filled with a thin, pale, mad-eyed face with wild hair!! (Someone is sitting in the chair, and has looked round the back to stare into Bill's face.)

Bill stumbling back in fright, Nardole catching hold of her.

BILL
(Suppressed scream)
Oh my God!!

Nardole catching her as she stumbles back. The figure in the chair, looking balefully at the three of them.

THE DOCTOR
(Naturally oblivious)
What's wrong?

Bill looks at him: seriously?

THE DOCTOR
(Touching his sonic shades)
Hang on -

Doctor vision: wire frame version of the caged book and chair with a floating paragraph representing the cage's occupant -

HEARTBEAT 130
TEMPERATURE 98.6°F
WEIGHT
HEIGHT
GENDER M
AGE 33

THE DOCTOR
- I think there's someone in there.

NARDOLE
Yes, we are very slightly getting that.

The staring figure - his name is Piero - is slowly rising. He is dressed in Priest's robes, which are dishevelled and grubby - like he's been down here for a while.

He's speaks in a fearful whisper.

PIERO
Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

Clearly, terrified. Emboldened, Bill notices -

- Piero has a gun in his hand. It hangs from his fingers, like he's forgotten he has it.

Bill does her best smile.

BILL

Hello.

Piero stares at her. A little nod.

BILL

You look well frightened.

PIERO

... I sent it.

THE DOCTOR

Sent what?

PIERO

I sent it, yes.

THE DOCTOR

Sent what where?

And Piero just turns and bolts, racing out of the open door of the cage, disappearing into the library labyrinth.

Bill immediately makes to run after him - Nardole grabbing her to stop her.

NARDOLE

No, stop, you'll just get lost!

THE DOCTOR

(Calling out)

Cardinal Angelo - someone broke into your book cage.

On Angelo. Turning from the wall, in shock (he keeps one hand placed on the wall as he does so.)

ANGELO

That's not possible!

Nardole, inspecting the lock. A very obvious bullet hole.

NARDOLE

Priest by the look of him. Shot out the lock.

Close on Angelo, still looking round at them -

ANGELO

He had a *gun*??

Whatever Angelo is going to say next, is cut off, as he startles slightly -

- and he whips round to look at his hand, placed flat on the wall.

Except it isn't flat on the wall any more. Another hand - bony, desiccated, alien fingernail-like claws - has reached through the wall, and is now clasped round his, the hideous grasping fingers interlaced with his own!

Angelo stares in wrenching, deranging horror at this impossibility -

- the arm attached to the hand literally reaches *through* the wall -

- there is no hole or crack - it just extends through the material of the wall as if the brickwork and plaster was no more than a shaft of light -

- now on Angelo: that tiny catch of breath before a scream -

- and we cut - in silence - back to the others. (They now proceed with the scene, oblivious to whatever's happened to Angelo, which we also keep out of shot.)

The Doctor is "looking" around - really, scanning with his sonic shades.

THE DOCTOR
Probably hasn't gone far.

Doctor vision: the floating paragraph we saw earlier (representing the fleeing priest) is about fifty feet away, concealed behind wire frame book shelves (which, obviously, we can see through.)

THE DOCTOR
So much for your forbidden library,
Cardinal!

We cut briefly to the wall where Angelo stood a little while ago -

- he's *not there!* (Again this is out of sight of our heroes.)

Bill has moved into the cage, now staring at something sitting on the table. An opened laptop, its screen still illuminated.

BILL
Doctor, look at this - must have
been his.

NARDOLE
(Discreetly informing the
Doctor)
A laptop.

Bill is now checking out the computer.

BILL
Hey, there's wifi down here.

THE DOCTOR
Of course there's wife, it's a
library.

Doctor vision: wire frame version of the table, the chair,
and the book lying there.

Carefully, the Doctor makes his way to the chair, seats
himself there, in front of the book.

Nardole, looking at the chair - it has leather straps hanging
from it, clearly designed to restrain the occupant.

NARDOLE
Reading chair with a safety belt?

BILL
(Still on the laptop)
What's CERN?

NARDOLE
CERN?

THE DOCTOR
The European Organisation of
Nuclear Research. The largest
particle physics laboratory on this
planet. Why?

Nardole has joined Bill at the computer. She points to
something on the screen.

NARDOLE
Because four hours ago, someone -
that priest presumably - emailed
them a copy of the Veritas
translation, from this computer.

BILL
Remember what he said. He said "I
sent it." He sent The Veritas.

NARDOLE
And CERN just replied.

THE DOCTOR
What did they say?

Nardole is staring at the screen, like he can't believe it.
He and Bill exchange a look.

BILL
... these are scientists, yeah?

THE DOCTOR
Yes, obviously.

NARDOLE
Physicists, engineers. That's what
they all are, at CERN?

THE DOCTOR
Yes, why, what did they say?

Nardole and Bill look at each other again.

BILL
Pray for us.

On the Doctor registering this.

BILL
When do a bunch of scientists ask
for prayers?

The Doctor lays his hand thoughtfully on the leather cover of the book in front of him. The word VERITAS embossed there. The Doctor's finger now tracing the word VERITAS on the cover.

THE DOCTOR
The same time anyone does. When they're very, very afraid. Particle physicists and priests - what could scare them both?

NARDOLE
The unseeable.
(Off the Doctor's surprised look)
It's where they both work.

Bill has found a bag in the corner of the cage - inside a flask, remnants of food.

BILL
He's been down here for a while, that guy. Whoever he is.

THE DOCTOR
At a guess, the missing translator.

BILL
So, that's promising, yeah?

NARDOLE
Promising?

BILL
There's one person who read the Veritas and lived.

*

And *bang!* A gun shot from the dark of the library. Certain they know what that was...

Doctor vision: the floating paragraph representing Piero:

HEARTBEAT 130
TEMPERATURE 98.6°F
WEIGHT
HEIGHT
GENDER M
AGE 33

(CONTINUED)

The Heartbeat counter spins to zero.

On the Doctor: coming to a decision.

THE DOCTOR
Go and see if he's all right - both
of you.

NARDOLE
I think we know he isn't.

Doctor vision: he has zoomed in on:

HEARTBEAT 0

THE DOCTOR
(Consciously lying)
We don't know anything of the kind.
He might need help, he might have
useful information. He's about
fifty feet that way.

BILL
How do you know?

THE DOCTOR
I can see in the dark.

The Doctor, still seated in the reading chair - he's sonic-ing
the book.

THE DOCTOR
Interesting. There's nothing in
here except words. Thought there
might be a psychic charge or
something - but it's just ...
information. Information that
kills.
(Registers that Bill's
still there)
We need to talk to that translator.

BILL
... are you trying to get rid of
us?

THE DOCTOR
Why?

NARDOLE
Because you're sending us into the
dark, after a man with a gun.

THE DOCTOR
It's okay, I've thought of that.

NARDOLE
Thank you!

THE DOCTOR
Nardole, make sure you walk in
front of Bill.

NARDOLE
Oh, great.

BILL
(Pointing at the Veritas)
Are you going to read this? Is that
why you're sending us off?

THE DOCTOR
I won't read it without you.

NARDOLE
Actually, he really won't.

BILL
Promise?

THE DOCTOR
Trust me.

BILL
(Smiles at the idea)
Why?

NARDOLE
Trust *me*.

BILL
Okay.

THE DOCTOR
Ouch!

BILL
We'll shout if we need you.

THE DOCTOR
Me too.

Nardole and Bill start heading among the shelves. We go with
them ...

BILL
Does it give you the fear, when he
says "trust me"?

NARDOLE
If I worked here, I'd cross myself.

On the Doctor, as they go, listening as the footsteps
recede...

He opens the book.

We catch a glimpse of the pages within - strange script.

Now the Doctor pulls from his pocket the slim, black device.

He flips open the end. Two wires come trailing out, with tiny
suction cups on the ends.

He starts to affix the little suction cups and wires to his forehead.

CUT TO:

26 INT. THE HAERETICUM/CORRIDOR OF SHELVES - NIGHT 2 - 21.29 26

Bill and Nardole. As they walk, Nardole is discreetly positioning himself, as instructed, in front of Bill.

BILL

You don't actually have to do that.
In fact, don't you *dare* do that!

She's moved quickly to walk parallel with him -

- and slightly to her surprise, Nardole comes to a halt, turns to her. Polite. And SO firm.

NARDOLE

Bill. You're going to walk along behind me now, just like the Doctor said.

BILL

Yeah, totally not happening.

NARDOLE

Okay, Bill. Miss Potts -

And it's like a switch has been thrown. The gentle smile disappears, not a trace of the amiable duffer left - he's hard, fast and precise -

NARDOLE

As you may or may not be aware, I am the one person you have ever met, or ever will meet, who is officially licensed to kick the Doctor's arse. I will happily do the same to you, in the event that you do not align yourself with any instructions I have personally issued which I judge to be in the best interests of your safety and survival.

(A switch thrown, the smile)

Okay then, Bill?

On Bill: whoah!

BILL

... okay.

NARDOLE

Good-oh!

And he cheerily leads the way again.

Bill following again, starting to smile.

BILL
Nardole, are you secretly a badass?

NARDOLE
Nothing secret about it, babydoll.

They're rounding a corner -

- *and jolt to halt*. In fright, Nardole leaps round behind Bill.

Wider, low shot: in the foreground, on the floor, a limp hand lies next to a fallen gun.

Bill and Nardole are clearly looking at the mortal remains of Piero.

NARDOLE
Well that answers that question.

As they stare, a white light is spreading over their faces. They turn to look in that direction...

Their POV. Flickering at the end of another corridor of books, the same white, projector-like light. Another blazing oval.

BILL
That wasn't where the door was.

NARDOLE
No. That's another one.

They look at each other.

BILL
You're right.

NARDOLE
About what?

BILL
It would be stupid to go and look.

A beat. And they both start advancing towards the blazing oval.

CUT TO:

27 INT. THE HAERETICUM - THE VERITAS CAGE - NIGHT 2 - 21.30 27

The Doctor now with the suction cups and trailing wires attached to his forehead. He's now sonic-ing away at it.

Slightly tricky. Frown. He tosses aside his sonic shades - no use for this kind of work - and continues.

Now - with no one there to pretend to, no shades over his eyes - his blindness is heartbreakingly evident.

Those blank eyes, those fumbling fingers ...

Finished his work. A final sound bleeps from the slim back device.

His thumb now moves over a button built into the casing.

He seems to brace himself.

Then he hears the scrape of an approaching foot step ...

Calls out:

THE DOCTOR
Cardinal Angelo? Could do with your
help here.

Nothing from Cardinal Angelo - just the mouth of the dark corridor, from which he never emerged. The projector-like light is flickering from it, and a shadow moving through it - approaching ...

On the Doctor: this is it! And it's going to be tough.

The Doctor's thumb now hovering, over the button. Bracing himself.

THE DOCTOR
I'm not absolutely sure how this is
going to work ... so if you want to
hear my confession, now might be
the time.

A shadow falls over the Doctor. Something is standing right in front of him.

THE DOCTOR
Gimme a mo!

He presses the button -

- and spasm!

His back arches, a silent howl of pain.

He slumps back in the chair -

- not unconscious yet, but spent, gasping in the aftermath of pain, eyes screwed shut ...

The shadow cast by the fierce white light slides up him...

And the Doctor slumps unconscious ...

The screen goes to dark ...

FADING UP INTO:

28 EXT. EXECUTION PLATFORM - DAY X

28

From the POV of RAFANDO.

The Doctor and Nardole (dressed as a priest) in quiet conversation. Only a few minutes have passed.

Rafando clears.

RAFANDO
I regret, gentlemen, this
consultation is over.

MISSY
I regret it too.

RAFANDO
The sentence must now be carried
out.

MISSY
Take a few more minutes if you
like. Knock yourself out. Actually,
do that.

Grim as death, the Doctor walks back to the centre of the platform. He steps up to the lever again. *

Stands over Missy.

She looks up at him, now facing the end.

MISSY
I'll be good. I'll turn good, I
promise. Go on, teach me how to be
good.

The Doctor, looking down at her.

THE DOCTOR
Without hope, without witness,
without reward.

Missy, looking up at him - *what?* Frowning now, like those words impacted on her.

Now the Doctor is laying his hand on the lever. *

Missy looking up at him - perhaps the first time we've ever seen her completely sincere.

MISSY
I am your friend.

THE DOCTOR
Makes no difference.

MISSY
I know it doesn't. I know I'm going
to die. So I need to say it - the
truth.

(MORE)

MISSY (cont'd)
Without hope, without witness,
without reward - I am your friend.

She closes her eyes. Has made her peace with the world.

The Doctor: hesitating, then starts to pull the lever. *

We cut away to Nardole, watching, his face averted - there is a terrible discharge of energy, and a flash of red light.

Then silence.

Wider: the Doctor stands, head bowed, over the fallen form of Missy.

Finally he raises his head.

THE DOCTOR
On my oath as a Time Lord of the
Prydonian chapter, I will guard
this body for a thousand years.

RAFANDO
Put her in the chamber.

As the guards step forward to lift up the dead form of Missy, the screen burns out into white ...

The white becomes a cloudy sky -

- now panning down from the cloudy sky to -

CUT TO:

29 EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY 2 - 12.31 29

- the Pentagon (stock shot.) If possible, now closing in one of the windows ...

CUT TO:

30 INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - DAY 2 - 12.31 30

An open plan office space, a few people working. Calm, normal.

One man gets up from his computer, crosses to the water cooler.

As he fills a cup of water, he now glances to the side -

- and stares.

What looks like a cupboard door is standing open and peering round it, in astonishment, are -

- Bill and Nardole.

MAN
(American accent)
Hello?

NARDOLE
Hello.

MAN
Who are you? Do you have clearance
for floor 3?

NARDOLE
Floor 3 of what?

MAN
Of *what??*

BILL
Of what?

The Man looks incredulous at them.

MAN
The Pentagon!

Bill and Nardole exchange an astonished glance -
- and retreat into the cupboard, pulling it shut behind them -

CUT TO:

31 INT. CIRCULAR WHITE SPACE - DAY 2 31

A vast, circular chamber - so blazingly white you can't really make out details. Around the walls are a ring of oval portals - the they seem to be projected by a ring of projector-like devices standing in a ring in the centre, one per portal.

Bill and Nardole look around in astonishment.

BILL
So the Pentagon is through there,
and the Vatican is through there.

NARDOLE
So what else have they got?

BILL
What is this? How is this possible?

Nardole is inspecting another of the portals.

NARDOLE
Alien technology. Planet Earth has
got rats. Alien rats. This is their
lair, and these are their tunnels.

BILL
But what are they? How do they
work?

NARDOLE
Spatio-temporal portal interfaces.

BILL
What does that mean?

NARDOLE
It means "I don't know" in big
words.

Bill looking round the chamber, doesn't notice Nardole
popping inside another of the portals.

BILL
But what's this got to do with the
Veritas? Do aliens want The Veritas
too? Why would they?

She looks round, realising that Nardole has gone -
- and then Nardole pops his head out of the oval.

NARDOLE
Bill! Come and look at this!

He ducks back in - Bill quickly follows.

CUT TO:

32 INT. LARGE FOYER - NIGHT 2 - 21.35

32

A large foyer, in darkness, deserted.

Bill and Nardole emerging from a cleaning cupboard.

Nardole points to a sign on the wall.

In large letters: CERN.

BILL
CERN.

NARDOLE
Where whatshisname sent the
Veritas.

Suddenly they're not alone. A clearly drunk man is staggering
along, headed somewhere. A scientist clutching a wine bottle -
this is Nicolas.

NICOLAS
(French accent)
Oh, hello! Are you coming?

BILL
Coming where?

NICOLAS
We're all in the cafeteria. You
mustn't miss it.

BILL
Why?

NICOLAS
(Giggles)
We'll all go together when we go.

He staggers on, giggling to himself.

Bill and Nardole exchange a look - start to follow.

CUT TO:

33 INT. THE HAERETICUM/THE VERITAS CAGE - NIGHT 2 - 21.36 33

On the Doctor, slumped as before. His eyes now flickering
open ...

His POV. A hugely blurred impression of his surroundings,
diffuse, a defocussed world of colours and shapes.

Blinks: a little better.

Now, pulling out from the Doctor's blinking eyes, we
establish what will be our visual grammar for the Doctor's
terribly damaged vision ...

The Doctor, seated, at the table, we can see absolutely
clearly and normally - focussed and sharp.

But from now on, the space in which he moves, and sits, and
stands is a smeary, blurred underwater world of the barely
discernible.

(This will remain as the grammar for the Doctor's limited
vision - a clearly defined Doctor in a blurry, half seen
world.)

He looks, blinking, up at the figure standing over him.

All that can be made out - a blurred, pink splodge of a face,
pink splodges for hands, a defocussed mess that could just
about be Cardinal Angelo's robes... Maybe just a little too
tall, a little too thin ...

THE DOCTOR
Ah. Sorry. What was I saying,
Cardinal? Confession is good for
the soul, according to you lot.

Blinks hard.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, I hope I'm going to get a bit
of focus.

Blinks, shakes his head.

THE DOCTOR

Thing about the universe, whatever you need, you can always borrow - as long as you pay it back. I just borrowed from my future. Life energy. Bit inefficient - I get a few minutes of proper eye sight, and I lose - well, something. Maybe all my future regenerations will be blind. Maybe I won't regenerate ever again. Maybe I'll drop dead in twenty minutes.

He puts his hand to the book.

THE DOCTOR

But I'll have read this. I confess: that's more important to me than it should be.

Blinks again, the world around him wobbles slightly -

- a moment of sharpness, we see the terrible desiccated corpse face of THE MONK, just for a flicker. Just enough to make us *jump like hell* -

- but as the Doctor is currently looking at the straps hanging from his chair, he misses it. Still seems to think he's talking to Cardinal Angelo.

The Doctor, looking at the straps, checking the buckles. (We see his hands perfectly clearly, but the straps he's holding are blurry shapes.)

THE DOCTOR

I've no idea how this book will affect me, but it might be stupid to reject the precautions provided. Could you help me?

The Monk - just a blur, moves round the Doctor, starts to help him with the straps.

THE DOCTOR

You know, I've read quite a few books this chair would've been good for. Moby Dick! Honestly, shut up, get to the whale!

Glancing round his blurred vision, he now sees other tall thin blurs advancing from among the shelves.

The Doctor, frowning now - something's not right.

THE DOCTOR

You invited friends and family?

The Monk is now leaning over the Doctor, its hands fastening the buckle across his chest.

The Doctor looks down at those blurred hands -

- a flicker, wobble, and suddenly the world is sharp and clear!

And those hands are skeletal, withered, claw like -

- the Doctor looks up in shock -

- *right into the corpse/skull face of the Monk.*

He lunges back in this chair, scrabbling his feet on the floor, scraping the chair back, looking round wildly -

The cage is surrounded by the corpse-like forms of the Monks.

The Doctor, forcing himself to be calm, looks into the face of the Monk who strapped him in -

THE DOCTOR

It's the old, old story - they
never look so good in the morning!

The Monk has now moved to the other side of the table - it reaches out, closes the book. Pulls it away from the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

Goodbye the truth. I came a long
way to read that. Two thousand
years, at the last count.

The Monk stares wordlessly at him -

- slams the book shut.

THE DOCTOR

You know, this doesn't make any
sense. Why strap me into the
reading chair for my own
protection, then take away the book
it's supposed to protect me from?
If you don't want me to read it,
you could have stopped me any time
you wanted. So why the play acting?

Silence. The corpse face just staring at him.

THE DOCTOR

You know what this is like? It's
like you're testing me. Trying me
out. Poking me with a stick and
seeing what happens. Big mistake.
Know why? This is not a game, and I
am never playing.

A silence. Then the Monk speaks. A papery, hissing whisper.
No lipsync - the hideous mouth just extends and the words
issue ...

*
*

THE MONK

This is a game.

THE DOCTOR

I'll tell you the three bad moves you've already made. But not the one you're about to make. First - you don't smell like Cardinal Angelo. That's why I knew from the start. Second, my sonic screwdriver is still in my hand.

Quick flash of the screw driver still in the Doctor's hand. Looks like he's trying to angle it at something.

THE DOCTOR

And the third's more of a general advantage I have - I'm used to the dark.

The Sonic Screwdriver whirs - the hanging gas lamp above them blows out in blast of wind.

In the semi-darkness, the buzz of the screwdriver, a rushing, a clattering, a flail of limbs -

- and now the gaslight flares back on.

The Monk has one finger pointed at the gaslamp, as if having willed it into back into life -

- looks to the Doctor -

- the chair straps are splayed open, the Doctor is gone.

The Monk looks down at the Veritas, still held under its hand. The closest it can manage to a sardonic smile -

- but then its head whips to look at the other end of the table.

Nothing there!

A hissing snarl from the Monk...

CUT TO:

34 INT. THE HAERETICUM/CORRIDOR OF SHELVES - NIGHT 2 - 21.40 34

On the laptop, now tucked under the Doctor's arm as he races away among the shelves ...

CUT TO:

35 INT. CERN - CAFETERIA - NIGHT 2 - 21.45 35

On Bill and Nardole following Nicolas into:

A large cafeteria. The light is dim - like no one can be bothered turning them on properly. Many tables, few occupied. A collection of workers, scientists. Some drinking, some sitting in silence.

(CONTINUED)

One man stands at the window, looking out at the distant mountain range. Silent tears streaming down his face.

A woman sits alone at a table, sobbing her heart out.

There's a rowdy bunch of engineers - probably - downing pints at another table.

Others sip their wine in sombre conversation.

On a screen on the far wall, a countdown clocking is ticking away.

Nicolas steps forwards, spreads his hands, making an announcement.

NICOLAS

I've been round everywhere, I've checked everything. It's all ready to go.

The engineers cheer.

The sobbing woman puts her face in her hands.

NICOLAS

Five minutes. Last orders please.

Nardole has noticed something - he points.

NARDOLE

Look under the tables.

Bill bends to look -

- under all the tables, are explosives. Sticks of dynamite, with ticking timers.

BILL

Oh my God!

CUT TO:

36 INT. THE HAERETICUM/CORRIDOR OF SHELVES - NIGHT 2 - 21.47 36

The Doctor (still sighted) racing among the shelves. Looks around - safe here for a bit?

He sits on the floor, flips open the laptop.

On the screen. He clicks through to a page of Sent Emails. The one to Cern, entitled VERITAS translation, is at the top.

He clicks it. Now clicks on the attachment, called VERITAS.

A page of print immediately appears -

VERITAS

Below that:

(CONTINUED)

A TEST OF SHADOWS.

- and in that moment, the Doctor's vision blurs!

No!

(As before, we stick to the convention that we see the Doctor clearly, but the world around him is an underwater blur.)

THE DOCTOR
No! Not yet, not yet, *not yet!*

He slaps his own head, like he's trying to kick it into gear.

The world momentarily sharpens -

- and *BIG FRIGHT!*

A Monk is at the far of the bookshelf corridor, turning to look at him -

Then the world blurs, darkens.

The Doctor, still crouched at the now unseeable laptop.

THE DOCTOR
No, no, no!

Rubbing frantically at his eyes -

- the world splodges and sparkles and blurs into existence around him -

- weird distorted image of the Monk approaching.

Vision blurs out, blurs back -

- *and the Monk is right behind him!!*

The Doctor, sensing this, spins -

- now he's grabbing the laptop, scrabbling to his feet -

- the Monk grabbing at him, the Doctor frantically fighting free -

(All this has the Doctor as the only clearly defined part of a nightmarishly distorted world - the world as he now sees it!)

Now, the Doctor running -

- through a nightmare, twisting kaleidoscope of the Haereticum, the bookshelves shifting and distending around him, everything darkening as his eyesight fails and his brain battles to make sense of limited information -

Suddenly a Monk rams its rotting head right at him out of the spinning murk.

The Doctor spins, races away.

The Doctor now running, tumbling, scrambling through this hellish landscape, Monks lurching and tearing at him, like demons.

He trips and falls, the laptop almost clattering from his grasp.

On the Doctor for a moment, lying there, end of his tether, gulping in breaths. There's a cut on his forehead, blood trickling down.

We now notice there's a fierce white light playing over him. He stirs, looks towards it.

The Doctor's POV: an oval of white light, shimmering like the moon in the water...

CUT TO:

37 INT. CERN - CAFETERIA - NIGHT 2 - 21.49 37

On Nicolas pouring himself a generous glass of wine.

NICOLAS
In Vino Veritas.

Watching him, the word Veritas snags Bill's attention.

BILL
Why are you doing this? You've got
explosives!

NICOLAS
We're saving the world.

Nardole, one eye on the countdown clock, is pulling at Bill's arm.

NARDOLE
You know, we should go - we should
probably even run.

BILL
How is blowing yourselves up saving
the world?

NICOLAS
Because this isn't the world!

BILL
This isn't *what??*

NARDOLE
Bill, time, tiny bit running out.

NICOLAS
You don't know. You haven't read
it. You haven't read the Veritas!

NARDOLE
Sorry, love to, must dash!

NICOLAS
Choose a number, any number, both
of you, now. Say it when I tap this
table.

Bill and Nardole look at each other - what?

Nicolas taps the table -

36. BILL 36. NARDOLE

They look at each other. Weird coincidence.

NICOLAS
Try again. Keep going.

Taps the table again.

17. BILL 17. NARDOLE

NICOLAS
Again, don't stop, every time I tap
the table.

He gets tapping the table, and ...

BILL	NARDOLE
(In mounting incomprehension)	(In mounting incomprehension)
9. 48. 103. A million. 20 billion and seven.	9. 48. 103. A million. 20 billion and seven.

Nicolas keeps tapping the table, but now joins in.

NICOLAS & BILL & NARDOLE
67, 905. 20 thousand, four hundred
and sixty.

Now others at tables start joining in.

EVERYONE
12. 4. 87. 702.

Bill can't take it any longer.

BILL
How are you doing that?? What is
this?

NICOLAS
The test. The shadow test. I'm
really very sorry.

People are getting to their feet, taking up their glasses, as if for a toast.

Bill and Nardole: their eyes go to the countdown clock - so close.

Nardole grabs Bill, pulling her away.

As they race out, we hold on all the scientists, standing to toast one another -

- as the countdown clicks to ZERO.

CUT TO:

38 INT. CIRCULAR WHITE SPACE - DAY 2 - 21.50 38

Bill and Nardole, scrambling through the oval portal, into the shocking white space.

Bill, recovering.

BILL
Okay, so what was all that about?
Those numbers, how did they do
that?

On Nardole - he's thinking hard and fast. He's thinking very mind-bending thoughts.

NARDOLE
Oh! Oh, oh, oh! *Oh!!!*

He's clutching his head, pacing up and down. This is *unbearable!*

BILL
You okay?

NARDOLE
No! Yes! *No!*

Bill's attention now caught by:

There are drops of blood on the white floor. Not much, just a little. They lead towards one of the portals they haven't been through before ...

BILL
Someone's been through here. Could
be the Doctor -

NARDOLE
Those things - what do they look
like?

Nardole points to the ring of projector-like devices that seem to be projecting the portals.

BILL
Projectors.

NARDOLE
Exactly.

BILL
They're projecting the portals.

NARDOLE
No, they're not. They're projecting
everything. All those worlds,
they're projecting them - the
Vatican, the Pentagon, CERN.

BILL
They're not real?

NARDOLE
They're holograms. Holographic
simulations.

BILL
Sorry, what?

NARDOLE
Like the holodeck in Star Trek.
Like really posh VR, without the
headset. Through there, those
places - that's basically ... Grand
Theft Auto!

BILL
But it can't be.

NARDOLE
It is.
(Going over to the
projectors)
Look at the tech, it definitely *is!*

BILL
You're not making any sense. When
did we end up in a computer game -
when did that start??

On Nardole: registering that as a good point.

NARDOLE
Maybe when we arrived in the
Vatican? But I programmed the
TARDIS myself, we were on target.
We went to the Vatican, the real
one, I'm sure of it.

Nardole's face darkening. Creepy thought - very creepy
thought.

NARDOLE
Oh!

BILL

Oh?

Nardole, looking at Bill - so haunted now.

NARDOLE

The machines - they project the simulations.

BILL

Yeah.

NARDOLE

And I'm just wondering ...what happens if we move outside the light of the projector?

He reaches his hand, about to move past the projector beam (the projector stands in a ring in the centre, projecting outwards, so the circle in the middle is the only area of the room not projected on) and hesitates.

NARDOLE

Don't let me be right. Please, don't let me be right.

He steels himself, reaches into the circle -
- *and his hand simply disappears.*

Bill and Nardole stare in shock.

NARDOLE

I'm part of it. I'm part of the simulation, Bill, I'm not real -

Nardole pixelates, becomes a wire frame version of himself -

NARDOLE

(A last scream)
Bill!

- *and vanishes!!*

BILL

Nardole! *Nardole!!*

Silence. Alone. Nowhere to go. No clue what's going on.

Like Nardole before her, she reaches towards the limit of the projector beam -

- hesitates -

- withdraws her hand.

Steps back. She doesn't have the nerve.

Remembers. Glances to where the blood droplets led to another of the oval portals.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
Doctor?

Now stepping towards the portal.

BILL
Doctor?

Now, stepping through it...

CUT TO:

39 INT. SMALLISH OFFICE - NIGHT 2 - 21.55 39

Bill steps out of a cupboard, into a small but well appointed, fairly grand office. There's an American flag - but no one to be seen.

A television is playing in the corner.

On it a reporter is talking urgently (and silently) to the camera.

Slashed across the bottom part of the screen is the headline.

NATIONAL PANIC: THE WHITE HOUSE GOES DARK.

Bill just stares at this, numbly.

She looks to a half open door a feet away. She steps to it, pushes it open.

Then steps into:

CUT TO:

40 INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT 2 - 21.56 40

The room is in darkness, no lights on. The night sky outside is red and threatening, casting a ruby glow into the room.

The first thing she sees is a figure slumped in an armchair by the window, facing out.

A hand hangs slackly over the side. Below the dangling hand, an empty pill bottle.

Then she notices a still, silhouetted figure, sitting at the President's desk. Clearly the Doctor. The laptop is open in front of him.

A moment of almost sinister calm.

THE DOCTOR
Hello, Bill.

BILL
Hello, Doctor.

She looks to the still figure in the armchair.

BILL
Is that the President?

THE DOCTOR
It was.

Bill looking round for some light switches. Finds them.

BILL
I take it he read the Veritas.

Bill has clicked on the lights, now turns to face the Doctor.

He sits at the President's desk, the laptop open in front of him. And tear tracks streaked down his face.

THE DOCTOR
So did I.

On Bill. She moves to the chair across the desk from the Doctor.

The Doctor is now pulling an earphone from his ear.

THE DOCTOR
Well. Listened to it. There's a thing on here, reads aloud to you. Very useful - who needs Nardole? Where *is* Nardole?

On Bill's face: remembering what happened to him.

BILL
I need to know what's real. And what isn't real.

THE DOCTOR
Don't we all.

BILL
Don't play games. Tell me.

THE DOCTOR
The Veritas tells of an evil demon who wants to conquer the world. But to do it he needs to learn about it first. So he creates a shadow world - a world for him to practise conquering, full of shadow people who think they're real. But he made the shadow people too well and some of them started to realise they were fictions, and rebel against him, to spoil his game.

BILL
There was a thing - the shadow test
...

THE DOCTOR

If you're in doubt whether you're real or not, the Veritas invites you to write down as many numbers as you like, of any size, in any order, and then turn the page.

BILL

And there's all the same numbers, in the same order.

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

On Bill's face: no damn it, *no!*

BILL

Okay. So it's a magic trick. A clever magic trick, but just a trick and an old story ...

THE DOCTOR

Let's bring the story up to date, Bill. Imagine an alien life form of immense power and sophistication. And it wants to conquer the Earth. So it runs a simulation. A holographic simulation of all of Earth's history and every person alive on the surface. A practice Earth - to assess the abilities of the resident population. Especially the ones smart enough to realise they're just simulants, inside a great big computer game.

On Bill: feeling where this is going, tears forming in her eyes.

BILL

But this is real. I *feel* it. *

THE DOCTOR

When you're part of the simulation, it's difficult to see all the mistakes - the corner-cutting. But not impossible. For instance, computers aren't good at random numbers. Ask a computer simulated person to generate a random string of numbers, and it won't truly be random - and if all the simulated people are part of the same computer program, they'll all generate the same string. The exact same numbers. Just a glitch - I'm sure they'll fix it in the next upgrade. *

BILL

Doctor, please ... *

THE DOCTOR

Trouble is, when simulants develop enough independent intelligence to realise what they are, there's a risk they'll rebel. Start disrupting the game by removing themselves. Those deaths weren't suicide - those people were *escaping*. They were wiping data from the enemy hard drive. It's like Super Mario figuring out what's going on, and deleting himself from the game, because he's sick of dying -

*
*
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*
*
*

BILL

But the numbers - I said them too.

THE DOCTOR

I know.

BILL

The Veritas numbers - *I said them*.

THE DOCTOR

I know you did. So did I.

A silence. She stares at him.

BILL

Is that why you were crying?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

A beat. No hope here. Such a chill in the room. But Bill, not ready to give up.

BILL

I'm real. I *feel* real.

THE DOCTOR

Your Mum, in your head. The one you talk to? Does she feel real?

BILL

... yes.

THE DOCTOR

Is she?

On Bill: her mind is screaming *no!*

THE DOCTOR

Those pretend people you shoot in computer games. Now you know.

BILL

Know what??

THE DOCTOR
They think they're real. They *feel*
it. *We* feel it.

Bill is staring at him, uncomprehending.

BILL
Who are you?

The Doctor, startles. What?

Bill is staring at the Doctor in genuine incomprehension.

BILL
Mum, who is he, who's that man?

THE DOCTOR
Bill? I'm the Doctor.

BILL
Who's the Doctor?
(Frowns)
Who's Mum?
(Panicking)
Who am I?

And she's starting to pixilate, her image breaking up. She looks in horror at her disappearing hands.

BILL
Help me! Save me -

And she simply disappears -

- revealing a Monk a few feet behind her. It has a hand pointed here, and has simply erased her.

THE DOCTOR
Did you have to do that in front of
me? Was that necessary?

THE MONK
She was not real. You are not real.

THE DOCTOR
No, I'm not. I'm a shadow. A puppet
Doctor for you to practise killing.

THE MONK
We have killed you many times.

THE DOCTOR
Then what are you waiting for now?

THE MONK
You suffer. Pain is information.
Information will be gathered.

On the Doctor - we've never seen him this low, this desperate
- this crushed.

THE DOCTOR

I'm a subroutine. I'm a fantasy on
a hard drive. I'm not the Doctor,
I'm not even real.

THE MONK

You are information. Information
will be gathered.

THE DOCTOR

For pity's sake, *turn me off*. I
have nothing. Not even hope.

The Monk just stands there - no response, coldly observing.

On the Doctor, raw and lost. And then:

FLASHBACK: The execution platform. The Doctor's POV of Missy
as she raises her head, and looks straight into camera.

MISSY

Without hope.

On the Doctor: he feels this flashback like a physical
impact.

FLASHBACK: Missy looking up at us.

MISSY

Without witness.

On the Doctor, the flashback impacting.

FLASHBACK:

MISSY

Without reward.

On the Doctor. Now gathering himself. Straightening up,
message received. He pulls something from inside his coat (we
don't see what) and places it on the desk.

The Doctor, now getting to his feet, standing at the desk.
Straightening his coat, shooting his cuffs - getting his
Doctor on.

THE DOCTOR

You know, it's funny. I don't
believe in much. I'm not sure I
believe in anything. But right now -

He places his hand on top of something -

- and we now see it is River Song's diary, which he took from
his coat. His hand is placed on it like he's taking an oath.

THE DOCTOR

- belief is all I am. Virtue is
only virtue, in extremis. I take it
your intention is to invade the
Earth?

THE MONK

The simulations have been run. The Earth will be ours.

THE DOCTOR

Then consider this a last warning on the eve of war - I'm the Doctor. I'm what stands between you and them.

THE MONK

You are not the Doctor. You are not real.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, you don't have to be real to be the Doctor. Long as you never give up. Long as you always trick the bad guys into their own traps. And here's the trap you fell into - your simulation, it's far too good.

The Doctor picks up his sonic shades from where they've been resting on the desk, holds them up. *

THE DOCTOR

See these? They're set to record. I'm blind you see, so I'm psychically wired into these - so my memory print from the last few hours, will still intact on here. Information about you! *

THE MONK

You are not real. There is nothing you can do. *

THE DOCTOR

Oh there's one thing you can always do from inside a computer ... Even a jumped up little subroutine can do it. You can always ... *

He pops his glasses back on, grins.

THE DOCTOR

Email!

He taps the glasses.

Doctor vision: the wireframe rendering of the room, overlaid with the words:

MEMORY FILE UPLOADING.

THE MONK

What are you doing?

THE DOCTOR

I'm doing what everybody does, when the world's in danger. I'm calling the Doctor.

The Monk, realising too late - the Doctor starts to pixilate,
to disintegrate -

But he's grinning like the devil, taps his shades again.

THE DOCTOR
Pressing SEND.

A whoosh! An email has been sent.

The screen burns out into white. Then fades to black.

Now, filling the screen, the words:

RECORDING ENDS.

The words flicker out, leaving us with the wire-frame
representation of the Vault Chamber we saw at the top of the
show, when the Doctor received the email.

Now the sonic glasses are lowered, and we see the real Vault
Chamber -

CUT TO:

41 INT. THE VAULT CHAMBER - NIGHT 1 - 20.02 41

The Doctor, exactly as he was at the top of the show. Sitting
outside the Vault doors, leaning his back against them, his
shirt collar undone ...

He's fumbling at his sonic shades. What the hell was all
that??

Slips the glasses back on.

Doctor vision: the wireframe chamber, this time overlaid with
different words.

ADDITIONAL MESSAGE:

Dear Doctor.

Save them

The Doctor x.

A phone now rings, and we -

CUT TO:

42 INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 1 - 20.20 42

There's Bill, fine again. She's making a cuppa as she answers
her phone.

BILL
I'm doing it, I'm doing it, the
essay, I'm doing it.

CUT TO:

43 INT. VAULT CHAMBER - NIGHT 1 - 20.20 43

The Doctor, mobile at his ear, still sitting at the doors. We
now intercut as required.

THE DOCTOR
Are you on a date?

BILL
No.

THE DOCTOR
Are you sure?

BILL
I'd kind of notice.

THE DOCTOR
What about Penny? Do you know a
girl called Penny?

BILL
(Slightly taken aback)
Well. Yeah.

THE DOCTOR
What's she like?

BILL
Out of my league.

THE DOCTOR
No.

BILL
Sorry, what? No??

THE DOCTOR
No.

BILL
What's that mean, no?

THE DOCTOR
It means I'm a scary handsome
genius from space, and I'm telling
you, no, she's not out of your
league.

On Bill: weird. But he's clever, so ...

BILL
Well. Maybe I'll call her tomorrow.

THE DOCTOR
Call her tonight.

BILL
Tonight?

THE DOCTOR
Something's coming, Bill. Something
very big, and possibly very bad.
And I think we might be very, very
busy. Call her tonight.

He hangs up.

Bill bemused. Troubled. But there's Penny ...

CUT TO:

44 INT. THE VAULT CHAMBER - NIGHT 1 - 20.20 44

The Doctor heaves himself to his feet. Turns to the doors.
Now addresses them.

THE DOCTOR
Listen. If it comes down to it - if
you're all I've got left and I need
your help ... you said you were my
friend!

On the doors. Now the lapping of water and we -

DISSOLVE TO:

45 EXT. EXECUTION PLATFORM - DAY X 45

The execution platform, just as we left it.

The Doctor, bowed head.

Missy dead on the ground.

The guards stepping forward to lift up Missy. As they make
contact -

MISSY
Oi! Get your hands off! I've just
been executed - show a little
respect.

The Guards recoil in shock.

RAFANDO
She's ... she's alive.

MISSY
No, but I'm really sleepy, so let's
not split hairs. N'night.

She goes comfortably to sleep.

THE DOCTOR
Of course she's not dead. She's a
friend of mine.
(Tosses his screwdriver in
his hand)
I may have fiddled with your wiring
a tiny little bit.

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RAFANDO
You swore an oath.

THE DOCTOR
I swore an oath I'd look after her
body for a thousand years. Nobody
mentioned dead.

RAFANDO
You cannot do this. You will not
leave this planet alive.

THE DOCTOR
Do me a favour. The Fatality Index -
look up the Doctor.

RAFANDO
You have an entry, like every
sentient being -

THE DOCTOR
- under cause of death.

Rafando frowns, taps the question into his wrist computer. A
moment. Then a series of clicks, as data is downloaded. Then
another series of clicks. Then another, then another.

Then the clicks start getting faster and faster, finally
stopping.

Rafando looks at the Doctor, in awe.

RAFANDO
You do seem to have an impressive
record of fatalities credited to
you -

And the clicking starts again - more and more, on and on...

RAFANDO
A truly remarkable record...

On and on, the clicks getting faster, higher pitched ...

The Doctor winks at him.

The two guards, now backing away. Now making their way off
the platform. To hell with sticking around with that guy!

RAFANDO
(Calling after them)
Where are you going?? He's unarmed.
(Looks to the Doctor)
You are unarmed.

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*

THE DOCTOR
Always.

*
*

The clicks are practically a buzzing now - like Rafando's wrist computer is about to overload.

RAFANDO
You stand alone!

*
*

THE DOCTOR
Often.

*
*

Rafando slapping his wrist computer - too much information!!
Finally a burst of indignation.

*
*

RAFANDO
You should be the one who's afraid!

*
*

THE DOCTOR
Never.

*
*

Rafando stares: considers. Oh shit!

*

RAFANDO
Have a nice day!

*

And he legs it off the platform.

As he hurries away, we hear the clicking going on and on.
He's slapping his wrist computer, trying to make it stop.

The Doctor tosses aside the execution device..

THE DOCTOR
Nardole - put Missy in the vault.

END TITLES.