

# DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 9

EPISODE 1

**"The Magician's Apprentice"**

BLUE SCRIPT

by

STEVEN MOFFAT

(SHOOTING BLOCK 2)

(c) BBC Wales 2015

1 **EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

1

No Man's land. Mud, craters, barbed wire, drifting hellish fog.

The dull stomp and crump of distant explosions. The rattle of gunfire.

Raising up now. The drone of engines. A flying formation, heading towards us. Now energy beams blasting down at the battlefield below -

- it's a strafing run!

Now, as they zoom overhead, we see these are not X-wing fighters, they're biplanes! Biplanes firing lasers!

Now, below we see a troop of SOLDIERS - muddied uniforms, gas masks - scattering as the energy beams zap down among them.

On one of the SOLDIERS (KANZO) as he does a commando roll, scrambles to his feet again, weapon levelled at the biplanes as they drone away -

- and we see his weapon is a bow and arrow!

He relaxes, doesn't fire, no point.

As he turns to rejoin the others - also scrambling to their feet - he sees something racing through the fog. Another SOLDIER joins him.

SOLDIER  
What's wrong?

KANZO  
Was that a child?

CUT TO:

2 **EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

2

POV of someone running - desperate, panting, terrified. Now skidding, slipping in the mud, and filthy water!

KANZO  
(Calling from off)  
Hey! You there, stop! Stop running!!

On the runner, stumbling to a halt, turning.

A ten year old BOY. Face spattered with mud, eyes terrified. He sees:

Emerging from the fog, KANZO. His hands are raised, placatory, calming. He's about twenty feet away from him.

(CONTINUED)

KANZO (cont'd)

It's okay. Not going to hurt you.  
Just don't run.

The other SOLDIER's voice, calling from the fog.

SOLDIER

Kanzo?

KANZO

I'll catch up!

SOLDIER

There are clam drones two miles  
away -

KANZO

I know, I'll be fine - just go.

Reluctantly, the SOLDIER disappears into the fog. KANZO turns  
back to the BOY.

KANZO (cont'd)

What are you doing out here? Did  
you get lost?

The BOY: fearful, nods -

- and as he does so, the mud beneath them seems to ripple,  
move. Like there's something underneath.

KANZO (cont'd)

Stay still, stay absolutely still!

KANZO has pulled a little gadget from his jacket - like a  
fairly primitive meter.

KANZO (cont'd)

I'm just scanning the ground, I  
think we've got company. Do you  
know what hand mines are?

The BOY nods.

KANZO (cont'd)

Well in that case you know you've  
got to stand absolutely still,  
right?

Nods.

KANZO (cont'd)

Ever seen a hand mine?

Nods.

KANZO (cont'd)

Where?

A beat - and the BOY just points -

(CONTINUED)

- at KANZO's foot.

KANZO looks down. In horror.

Reaching up from the mud, and almost the same colour as it, is what looks like a human hand. The fingers are wrapped around his boot.

He takes a breath. Calms himself. Got to ride this out, play it calm -

KANZO (cont'd)  
Okay. Everything's going to be f-

And *whoosh!* With shocking suddenness, KANZO is just sucked down into the mud, gone in a terrifying fraction of a moment. The mud slaps together over his head, and writhes briefly, like there's a terrible struggle below.

The BOY: staggers back a step in shock, breathing hard, horrified -

- *and that movement is enough!!*

All around, little patches of mud twitch and quiver -

- and then, slowly rising up, fingers ...

A little forest of muddied hands are slowly growing around him, fingers sluggishly flexing.

On one of the hands, as it turns towards us -

- in the centre of the palm, is a single, unblinking eye.

All the hands, revolving now, like radar masts, as if trying to detect something. On each palm, that staring eye ...

The little BOY - so still, so terrified.

One of the hands, seems to fix its gaze on the BOY. The palm tilts back as if looking him up and down.

Another hand stops to survey him, again as if locking on to a target.

Another! Two more!!

The BOY, terrified, calling now.

BOY  
Help me! Please, help me! *Help me!!*

As he looks round in despair, he sees something arcing through the air towards him, glittering and spinning.

It slaps into the mud, right at his feet.

He stares at it.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

The sonic screwdriver.

A moment -

- and now THE DOCTOR's voice. It sounds like he's standing right next to us, but we can't see him anywhere.

THE DOCTOR

(V.O.)

Your chances of survival are about one in a thousand - so here's what you do. Forget about the thousand. Concentrate on the one.

The BOY, looking around. Who's talking?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Pick it up.

The BOY, looking round - who spoke?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I said, pick it up.

Nervously, the BOY picks up the screwdriver.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(V.O.)

I'm straight ahead of you. About fifty feet. Can you see me?

The BOY, squinting now.

Through the fog, he can just make out the dim figure of THE DOCTOR, and the TARDIS a few feet behind him. The sky flares, explosions boom, machine guns chatter - but THE DOCTOR speaks quite calmly.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The device in your hand is creating an acoustic corridor so we can talk. Do you understand?

BOY

... who are you?

THE DOCTOR

Just a passer-by. I was looking for a bookshop. How do you think I'm doing?

BOY

This isn't a bookshop.

THE DOCTOR

No, this is a war. A very old one, going by the mix of technology. Which war is it? I get them all muddled up.

(CONTINUED)

BOY

Just ... the war.

THE DOCTOR

Where am I? What planet is this?

BOY

I don't understand.

THE DOCTOR

Me neither. I try never to understand, it's called an open mind.

BOY

... what are you doing here?

THE DOCTOR

Saving your life.

BOY

Why?

THE DOCTOR

Because I like you.

BOY

You've never met me.

THE DOCTOR

Well how am I ever going to meet you if I don't save your life?

Despite himself, the BOY gives a tiny little laugh.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh, a laugh, that's good. Humour is the decadence of reason, so that means you've stopped panicking, and started thinking. Now you've got to make a choice.

BOY

A choice?

THE DOCTOR

You have to decide you're going to live. Survival is just a choice - choose it now.

The BOY, looking around those dreadful, clutching hands.

BOY

If I move, they'll get me.

THE DOCTOR

I told you, you have one chance in a thousand - and one is all you ever need. What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

The BOY looks round the hands. So scared.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Come on. Faith in the future!  
Introduce yourself! Tell me the  
name of the boy who isn't going to  
die today.

On the BOY - he makes a decision. Controls his breathing.  
Steals himself.

BOY  
Davros. My name is Davros.

We stay on him as there is silence. Nothing from THE DOCTOR.

BOY (cont'd)  
Hello? Are you still there?

Now, tracking fast through the fog, on the distant figure of  
THE DOCTOR.

BOY (cont'd)  
Please, you've got to help me.

Right on to THE DOCTOR's face -

Horried.

That information still impacting.

BOY (cont'd)  
You said I could survive, you said  
you were going to help me!

THE DOCTOR's face, filling the screen. What the hell does he  
do now??

BOY (cont'd)  
*Help me!!*

**OPENING TITLES**

CUT TO:

3 **EXT. SPACE PORT - NIGHT**

3

Superficially (or even actually) this resembles Dorium  
Maldovar's outpost in The Pandorica Opens. Shuttles and  
spaceships are buzzing around.

Over this, the words:

***The Maldovarium.***

An alley - along it moves a robed, hooded figure. A strange  
motion.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

There is no apparent movement from under the robe, the figure just slides along, almost Dalek-like. This is COLONY SARFF.

CUT TO:

4 **INT. DIVE - NIGHT**

4

The lowest, scummiest dive of a dock-side space-pub ever. Shadowed and grimy with a grille round the bar. Creatures (from our back catalogue) lurk and quiver in every corner.

Panning round this to:

The big, bad door.

*SLAM!*

The door flies open, and SARFF comes sliding into the room.

The whole place convulses, tables knocked over, weapons seized -

- then a terrible hissing voice -

SARFF

We are Colony Sarff. We bring harm.

SARFF now raises his head, peering out of the hood. A human appearance, and yet -

The face: a sickly white, like the belly of a reptile, the faintest suggestion of scales, there are four heavily indented lines slicing horizontally across the face, evenly spaced, the flesh bulging out between them, as if his head were wound in twine, like a stringed joint of meat. The effect is a little as if his head were built out of stacked rings of flesh.

SARFF (cont'd)

Where isss the Doctor?

Silence.

SARFF glides a couple of feet forward. The whole place takes a pace back.

SNAKE

Where isss the Doctor?

Again, silence.

SARFF looks glassily round the room -

- and something seems to ripple under his robe, a complexity of movement, as if he's changing shape -

- now cutting to SARFF's POV, as he seems to rear up over the others with a terrible *hissss*.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

SARFF

Where isss the Doctor??

A sideways wipe (Star Wars style) taking us to:

CUT TO:

5 **EXT. SPACE**

5

A space station, sprawling over a system of asteroids (as seen in The Stolen Earth.)

Words overlay on this:

*The Shadow Proclamation*

CUT TO:

6 **INT. SHADOW PROCLAMATION**

6

Gleaming marble corridors, but with starfields in the windows - imposing, like a space-age Old Bailey.

Walking rapidly along, the SHADOW ARCHITECT (an albino woman, alien) and a helmeted JUDOON. They are discussing the business of the day.

SHADOW ARCHITECT

Deploy the under-regiment, across both sectors. That number of suicide moons cannot be ignored -

She has come to halt, staring.

Ahead of her, among the pillars and the gathering shadows, a robed and hooded figure. COLONY SARFF!!

SHADOW ARCHITECT (cont'd)

(To the Judoon)

Apparently we have a security breach. Stay close.

She approaches SARFF. They face each other, in the shadows.

SHADOW ARCHITECT (cont'd)

I won't ask how you got in here. But I will demand to know your business, Colony Sarff.

SARFF

Where isss the Doctor?

SHADOW ARCHITECT

I have no idea. He's not our concern, and he's certainly not your employer's.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

SARFF

The Doctor is required.

SHADOW ARCHITECT

Why? For what?

Silence. The SHADOW ARCHITECT steps forward, grave and troubled.

SHADOW ARCHITECT (cont'd)

Colony Sarff, you need to tell me -  
what does Davros want with the  
Doctor??

Another sideways wipe.

CUT TO:

7 **OMITTED**

7

8 **EXT. SPACE**

8

A red and stormy planet, hanging in the void. Over this:

*Karn.*

CUT TO:

9 **EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE - NIGHT**

9

A rocky landscape, illuminated by flashes of lightning.

Closer on: among the rocks and boulders, COLONY SARFF makes his eerie way.

Suddenly, fiery light is flaring up around him. The SISTERHOOD OF KARN - red-robed women, carrying flaming torches - are stepping from among the rocks. They block his path. A voice rings out, but none of the sisters appears to be talking...

OHILA

(From off)

Welcome, Colony Sarff. We are the  
Sisterhood of Karn. If you do not  
leave our world immediately, we  
will take your skin.

SARFF

Where is the Doctor?

SARFF is looking round now, trying to tell which of the SISTERHOOD is talking.

OHILA

(From off)

Where he always is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OHILA (cont'd)  
Right behind you, and one step  
ahead. Tread carefully when you  
seek the Doctor, Colony Sarff ...

And she steps from the shadows, suddenly right in front of  
SARFF. OHILA, from Night Of The Doctor.

OHILA (cont'd)  
- or he will be the last thing you  
find.

SARFF  
Davros ... creator of the Daleks,  
dark Lord of Skaro ...

OHILA  
What of him?

SARFF  
Davros is dying.

OHILA  
Davros is ancient. He should have  
been dust centuries ago.

SARFF  
He has a message for the Doctor.

OHILA  
Then you will give it to me.

SARFF looks at her, impassive. Although his mouth doesn't  
move, there is a terrible hissing. Something seems to shift  
beneath his robes, as if his body was changing shape.

OHILA, dismisses this with a wave of her hand

OHILA (cont'd)  
Your powers mean nothing here. Give  
me the message and leave.

SARFF: a moment. Then the hissing stops.

SARFF  
Tell the Doctor - Davros knows.  
Davros remembers.

And now SARFF simply backs away, sliding backwards into the  
night, letting the darkness swallow him.

SARFF (cont'd)  
Tell him, he must face Davros one  
last time.

SARFF is gone.

OHILA stares into the gloom, so grave. Frowns.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

OHILA  
What does Davros remember?  
(Turns to look off)  
Doctor?

Pulling back:

- standing in the shadow of a rock, his back to us, the familiar outline of THE DOCTOR.

OHILA (cont'd)  
What have you done?

On THE DOCTOR's shadowed face. His head is bowed as if penitent.

DISSOLVE TO:

9A **EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE - NIGHT**

9A

A few minutes later. OHILA and THE DOCTOR, talking - the rest of the Sisterhood are gone.

THE DOCTOR is pacing, agitated. OHILA, patient, observing him.

OHILA  
Will you go?

Now, clearer on the other figure - THE DOCTOR. Troubled and grave.

THE DOCTOR  
No.

OHILA  
Why do you always lie?

THE DOCTOR  
Why do you always *assume* I'm lying?

OHILA  
It saves time. The truth - will you go?

THE DOCTOR  
*No!*

OHILA  
When?

THE DOCTOR  
Soon.

OHILA  
Why? Did something happen?

THE DOCTOR  
No.

(CONTINUED)

OHILA

Was it recent?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

OHILA

Whatever it was, you owe Davros nothing.

THE DOCTOR

Davros and I have known each other a long time.

OHILA

You've been enemies for all of it.

THE DOCTOR

An enemy is just a friend you don't really know yet. Sorry, was that cynical?

OHILA

Aren't we friends, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

That's different, I don't like you.

OHILA

Which means you can trust me.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly.

He tosses her something - a gold disk. OHILA looks at it in her hand (the Confession Dial, in its fully closed version.) It clearly means something to her.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You know who to give that to. I won't go straight away. I'll hang out for a bit. Probably meditate on a rock somewhere, get myself ready.

OHILA

You are embarking on an enterprise which will end in your destruction.

THE DOCTOR

You could say that of being born.

OHILA

Wherever you go, there are people who care enough to find you.

THE DOCTOR

Look after the universe for me. I've put a lot of work into it.

(CONTINUED)

9A CONTINUED:

9A

With that, he heads away. OHILA, staring after him. Calls out.

9A CONTINUED:

9A

OHILA  
Anyone can hide from an enemy,  
Doctor - no one from a friend.

And then, in a whisper, the familiar voice of ...

DAVROS  
(V.O.)  
Doctor ...

DISSOLVE TO:

10 **EXT. SPACE**

10

An ancient space ship. Rusting, dark, clustered with spires  
and towers - like Mordor hanging in space.

Closing in on this ...

DAVROS  
(V.O.)  
Doctor ...

DISSOLVE TO:

11 **INT. DAVROS HOSPITAL SHIP**

11

A rusting, ancient iron corridor - bottle green gloom, like a  
long abandoned battle ship.

We creep along it.

DAVROS  
(V.O.)  
Doctor ...

DISSOLVE TO:

12 **INT. THE SICK ROOM**

12

Close on what is clearly medical equipment - scanners etc. A  
heartbeat is being monitored - as it flashes we hear that  
strange pulsing Dalek beat (see any Dalek story.)

Tracking now. A huge circular chamber, darkened.

A hanging forest of drip feeds, all lead, in a baroque tangle  
to a central point in the chamber, obscuring the patient at  
the very centre.

All we can see is a hunched figure, and single, glowing blue  
flickering in the darkness. This is, of course:

DAVROS  
Doctor ...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

A figure passes through the foreground - the now familiar figure of COLONY SARFF.

SARFF  
You are dreaming, Lord Davros.

He kneels.

DAVROS remains a flickering blue eye, among the mass of cables keeping him alive.

DAVROS  
No. I am anticipating.

Cutting closer - in DAVROS's metal hand is gripped -  
- the sonic screwdriver.

SARFF  
He cannot be found.

DAVROS  
Of course he can. He has a  
weakness. If you seek the Doctor,  
first seek his friends...

On DAVROS's blue eye, we fade to black. In the blackness we hear:

CLARA  
(V.O.)  
Take the gum out of your mouth and  
put it in the bin.

CUT TO:

13 **INT. CLARA'S CLASSROOM - DAY**

13

RYAN, a sulky thirteen-year-old, is on his feet at his desk.

CLARA is holding a wastepaper bin sternly in front of him.

RYAN dutifully spits his gum into the waste bin. It splats among several others.

RYAN  
Will I get it back at the end of  
school?

CLARA  
How will you know which one's  
yours?

He just shrugs.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Fine then.  
(Turns, heading back to  
her desk)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

CLARA (cont'd)  
Now where was I? Jane Austen.  
Amazing writer, brilliant comic  
observer, and strictly among  
ourselves a phenomenal kisser ...

CLARA has come to halt, now staring out of the window. We  
hold on her face - neutral, but concentrating.

ALISON  
Miss?

On ALISON. She hears a strange *hiss* for a moment, looks  
round.

ALISON (cont'd)  
Miss, I think I saw a snake ... !

CLARA  
That's nice, don't frighten it,  
everybody hush.

CLARA's POV: the window. We can see the rooftops of London,  
the sky, distantly a plane - nothing remarkable.

On CLARA - the tiniest frown. She's noticed something.

RYAN  
Miss?

CLARA doesn't reply -

- just steps to her desk, picks up a marker pen. She now  
draws a quick circle on the window.

Steps back, seemingly to inspect it. Her frown deepens.

The KIDS, now exchanging glances. *What??*

CLARA  
Everybody turn on their phones.

CLARA is opening the window, pushing it up. She cranes out,  
looking up at the sky.

CLARA's POV: a clear sky, a couple of jet trails far above.

She ducks back into the classroom - the KIDS all have their  
phones out!

CLARA (cont'd)  
News websites and twitter.

RYAN  
Twitter?

CLARA starts pulling down the window again.

CLARA  
Hashtag -

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

The window slams into the place -

- bringing the circle CLARA drew into place over the  
distantly seen plane.

CLARA (cont'd)  
- the planes have stopped.

And now we see what she has seen. The plane, seen through the  
circle, is entirely stationary. Just hanging there,  
impossibly motionless, in the sky.

Now, a blizzard of cuts, fast, choppy. News reports - various  
NEWSREADERS with pictures and footage of weirdly halted  
planes behind them.

BBC NEWSREADER  
Reports are coming in of planes  
hanging apparently motionless in  
the sky -

Iphone footage: a beach somewhere. Everyone stands and stares  
at a plane frozen right above them, as it comes in to land  
(Maho beach, St. Maarten - the real footage is terrifying.)

AMERICAN NEWSREADER  
- footage of passenger jets, which  
have seemingly come to a complete  
stand-still in midair -

Iphone footage: Hong Kong, a plane suspended just above the  
buildings (again the real footage is terrifying.)

Iphone footage: now cutting round various startling images of  
planes frozen mid-flight.

CHINESE NEWSREADER  
- people should remain calm and  
make no attempt to -

Iphone footage: more planes - New York, Paris, Rome.

CUT TO:

14 **INT. CLARA'S CLASSROOM - DAY**

14

CLARA moving calmly from phone to phone, watching the news  
footage - the KIDS all chattering, alarmed -

A phone is buzzing - from CLARA's jacket hanging over her  
chair.

ALISON  
Miss, I think your phone's ringing.  
And you're getting lots of texts.

At the door, Mr. DUNLOP (the Deputy Head) comes tumbling  
through. He's clearly been running. He's flustered, a bit  
freaked.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MR. DUNLOP  
Miss Oswald - there's a call at the  
office -

CLARA  
Yeah, that would probably be UNIT.

MR. DUNLOP  
They're telling me you're needed.  
They were going to put me through  
to the Prime Minister.

CLARA  
(Grabbing her jacket)  
Sorry, Mr. Dunlop, I have to take  
the rest of the day off owing to a  
personal crisis.

And she races off, pulling on her jacket.

Mr. DUNLOP looks in bewilderment at the class -  
- who look in bewilderment at him.

CUT TO:

15 **EXT. COAL HILL SCHOOL - DAY**

15

CLARA comes racing out the doors, heading to the car park,  
phone at her ear.

CLARA  
Yes, yes, I'm coming!

Now racing along the line of cars -

CLARA (cont'd)  
No, *don't* send a helicopter - think  
it through!

- till she comes to -

- her motorbike (as seen in The Bells Of Saint John and The  
Day Of The Doctor.) She leaps on, revs up the bike.

CUT TO:

16 **INT. CLARA'S CLASSROOM - DAY / EXT. COAL HILL SCHOOL - DAY** 16

Mr. DUNLOP, in front of the KIDS, slightly flustered.

MR. DUNLOP  
Well. As you can see, there is  
something of a very minor crisis  
going on, but I'm sure the  
authorities have got their very  
best people -

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

Beeping from outside.

Mr. DUNLOP steps to the window, shoves it open.

CLARA, on her motorbike, down below.

CLARA  
Homework - page 27 to 30. Due in  
tomorrow.

She roars off.

Mr. DUNLOP turns to the class.

MR. DUNLOP  
Um. Miss Oswald -

A beat. Thinks. A helpless little laugh.

MR. DUNLOP (cont'd)  
Is awesome.

The roar of the motorbike. Now we can see CLARA belting along  
past the school fence.

MR. DUNLOP (cont'd)  
Miss Oswald is awesome.

CUT TO:

17 **EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY**

17

Now on CLARA from above, racing along.

We cut higher as she races along - we can see the shadow of a  
frozen plane spread motionless across the streets.

CLARA screeches to halt at the very edge of the shadow, looks  
up at the halted plane, hanging eerily above.

Two school KIDS, on the pavement, also staring up - a GIRL  
and a BOY, clearly bunking off.

CLARA  
Exciting, isn't it?

GIRL  
I'm frightened.

CLARA  
Same thing. Different word.  
(Shoots them a look)  
Shouldn't you two be at school?

And off she roars.

CUT TO:



19 CONTINUED:

19

JAC, sitting at one of the consoles. Mid-fifties, slightly grumpy. Functionally, she's Osgood's replacement. There's a huge glass display in front of her.

JAC  
Counting everything, 4,145 aircraft currently airborne.

KATE  
That's a lot of passengers.

CLARA  
It's a lot of *fuel*.

KATE  
... oh dear God, yes it is.

CLARA  
So what could you do with four thousand flying bombs?

JAC is already typing. On the glass display, various locations start flashing.

JAC  
439 nuclear power stations currently active -

KATE  
What else?

CLARA  
I dunno, fault lines. Could they trigger an earthquake, a tsunami?

JAC  
Running simulations now ...

KATE  
So this is an attack?

CLARA  
What kind of an attack *advertises*??  
Why show us what they can do, why not just do it?  
(To Jac)  
What's actually happened to the planes - what are the pilots saying?

KATE  
We can't contact them.

JAC  
The planes haven't just stopped - they're actually frozen. Like they're frozen in time, pardon my sci-fi. This is beyond any human technology.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Okay, so we need the Doctor.

CLARA

We can't phone the Doctor and just  
*bleat* - he'll go Scottish. Come on,  
what have we got, what do we know?  
It's not an attack, it's not an  
invasion - because those don't come  
with fair warning. Somebody wants  
our attention. Somebody who needs  
to put a gun to our heads to make  
us listen -

(New thought!!)

- oh!

KATE

Oh?

One of the staff - MIKE - turning from a console.

MIKE

We've got a message. The Doctor  
channel.

CLARA and KATE, now hurrying over.

CLARA

The *what??*

KATE

He never uses it - I doubt he  
remembers it exists -

CLARA

Then who's this?

MIKE

Decrypting - we're getting text  
through, I think.

CLARA

Texting - definitely not the  
Doctor.

On the screen, now three words:

YOU SO FINE.

They all blink, stare.

KATE

Is there more?

MIKE

Coming.

The words clear, replaced by:

YOU BLOW MY MIND.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Their faces: *what??*

Now text streaming across the screen.

HEY MISSY YOU SO FINE YOU SO FINE YOU BLOW MY MIND HEY

All the text disappears to be replaced by

**MISSY!!!**

KATE and CLARA, horrified.

CLARA, for the first time thrown. Knocked back a step.

A familiar voice, as the screen clears to reveal, smiling angelically:

MISSY  
Today, I shall be talking to you  
out of -

Shock moment: MISSY's face explodes out the monitor, as if the screen itself has extruded into a ballooning monster, now rearing up over the terrified KATE!

MISSY (cont'd)  
- *the square window!*

There is barely a second for the room to convulse -

- and the monster MISSY disappears, snapping back to just an image on a screen.

MISSY splutters, pats her chest.

MISSY (cont'd)  
Oh, excuse me! Those refried beans  
... !

KATE  
What the hell was that?? How did  
she do that??

JAC is frantic at her console.

JAC  
It was, I dunno - a psychic  
projection, or - ... something.

KATE  
Great, thanks.

On screen, MISSY is sipping an espresso. She's clearly outside somewhere.

MISSY  
Okay, cutting to the chase - not  
dead, back, big surprise, never  
mind.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

MISSY (cont'd)

I'm in a lovely little square in, I don't know, one of your hot countries. There's a light breeze from the east, this coffee is a buzz-monster in my brain, and I'm going to need eight snipers.

A silence. Exchange of glances.

KATE

Eight *what*?

MISSY

Three for each heart, and two for my brain stem - you'll have to switch me off fast, before I can regenerate. How fast can you get here? Oh I better arrange you a flight corridor.

She picks up her little gadget (similar to the one she had in Dark Water, scrolls on the screen.)

KATE

Why do you need snipers?

MISSY

It's the only way she'll feel safe enough to talk to me.

KATE

Who?

MISSY

Shall we say four o'clock?

CUT TO:

20 **EXT. THE SQUARE - DAY**

20

A vaguely Italianate square - sun-dappled, faintly dilapidated.

A clock tower is chiming four o'clock.

Wider. MISSY sits at a little cafe in the centre of the Square. Still sipping her espresso, at peace with the world.

As the clock chimes, she glances at it.

She looks idly round the square.

There's a sniper moving into position on a rooftop.

Another at a high window.

Now glances down. Approvingly, she sees -

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

- three laser sights, settling into the correct position over each heart.

She smiles.

MISSY

Saucy!

She pulls a little make-up mirror out, checks behind her. Two more laser sights flare in the reflection.

Splendid!

She hears vehicles drawing up, glances over.

A couple of limos, drawing up on the far side of the square.

SECURITY MEN, in suits and shades already scrambling out, all with guns trained on MISSY -

- who just smiles.

One of the SECURITY MEN opens the rear door of one of limos.

Now climbing out:

CLARA.

She looks coldly across the square at:

MISSY. Who just toasts her with her espresso -

- and gestures her to the chair opposite.

A SECURITY MAN whispers in CLARA's ear, a last minute briefing. She nods -

- and starts towards MISSY.

On MISSY, smirking as CLARA approaches.

On CLARA, walking on, grim.

CLARA now stands a few feet from where MISSY is sitting - it's a Spaghetti Western confrontation!

MISSY gestures to the other chair, across the little table from her.

As cold as ice, CLARA sits.

MISSY (cont'd)

How's your boyfriend? Still tremendously dead, I expect.

CLARA

Still dead, yes. So how come you're alive?

(CONTINUED)

MISSY

Death is for other people. Would you prefer to sit in the shade? I know how you humans burn.

She picks up her little device - similar to the one from Dark Water/Death In Heaven, and scrolls down the screen with her finger.

The distant whine of an aircraft briefly from above -  
- a shadow of a plane wing slides over them, and stops there.

MISSY (cont'd)

Better?

CLARA's face: resolutely unimpressed, giving her nothing.

MISSY (cont'd)

I expect you've tried to contact him by now. You should know, I can't find him either. No one can.

CLARA

That happens now and then.

MISSY

Not like this.

She reaches inside her jacket, tosses something on to the table.

An huge, brass coin clatters there, spins, topples. CLARA just looks at it. Isn't going to ask.

MISSY (cont'd)

It's a Confession Dial.

Close on the dial - it appears to be opening, very slowly. One thin triangle of the interior workings is exposed.

CLARA

A what?

MISSY

In your terms, a will. The last Will and Testament of the Time Lord known as the Doctor, to be delivered, according to ancient tradition, to his closest friend on the eve of his final day.

On CLARA, stares at the coin. Now looks coldly at MISSY.

CLARA

Why would the Doctor make a will?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MISSY

Why would anyone? Wherever he is,  
whatever he's doing, the Doctor  
clearly believe he's about to die.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

CLARA looks at the coin. Takes a breath. Okay, let's do this.  
She reaches for the coin -  
- and it sparks at her hand. She snatches her hand away.

MISSY (cont'd)  
What are you *doing*??

CLARA  
You said - I thought -

MISSY  
No, no, no! It was delivered to *me*.

CLARA  
You??

MISSY  
Of course, *me*. What have *you* got to do with it? *I'm* his friend - *you're* just -

CLARA  
I'm just *what*??

MISSY  
You see that couple over there?

She points to an elderly couple pottering round the edge of the square, walking a bouncy little puppy.

MISSY (cont'd)  
You're the puppy.

A cold look from CLARA: so not rising to it.

CLARA  
So. The Doctor gave you this?

MISSY  
Of course not. He isn't vulgar. The sisterhood of Karn were his chosen messengers. If he's relying on that demented knitting circle, he's in a lot of trouble.

CLARA  
Since when do you care about the Doctor?

MISSY  
Since always. Since the Academy, since the Cloister Wars! Since the night he stole the moon and the President's wife. Since he was a little girl.  
(Smirks)  
One of those was a lie - can you guess which?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

CLARA

You're not his friend - you keep trying to kill him.

MISSY

He keeps trying to kill me - it's sort of our texting. We've been at it for ages.

CLARA

Oh, it must be love.

MISSY

Don't be disgusting - we're Time Lords, not animals! Try, nano-brain, to rise above the reproductive frenzy of your noisy little food chain, and contemplate *friendship*. A friendship older than your civilisation and infinitely more complex.

CLARA

Okay. So the Doctor's your bessie mate and I'm supposed to believe you've turned good?

MISSY

Good? Language!

Casually, MISSY raises her little gadget and shoots the nearest SECURITY MAN dead, blasting him into nothingness.

CLARA, stumbling to her feet.

CLARA

No, don't, why did you - !!

CUT TO:

21 **OMITTED**

21

22 **OMITTED**

22

23 **INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY**

23

KATE and the others, watching this on the big screens. KATE has lunged forward to the console.

KATE

Don't shoot her. Do not shoot her!!

CUT TO:



26 CONTINUED:

26

CLARA

Start with me. Then what? You came here for my help.

MISSY

Because the Doctor is in danger.

CLARA

Make me believe you.

MISSY

How?

CLARA

Release the planes.

MISSY

The planes are keeping me alive. There are eight snipers ready to kill me.

CLARA

Yeah. On my command.  
(Raises her hand, as if to give a signal)  
Your best friend is in danger - show me how you care. Make me believe.

On MISSY. Regards CLARA, coolly. She lowers the weapon -  
- then with a quick movement, she scrolls on the screen. A whine of aircraft engines from above and the plane shadow slips away!

CUT TO:

27 **INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY**

27

JAC spins from her console -

JAC

The planes - they're all moving again.

CUT TO:

28 **EXT. THE SQUARE - DAY**

28

MISSY yawning, stretching.

MISSY

It was only a basic Time Stop - parlour trick, I couldn't really have done anything with them. Might want to step out of the splash zone, unless you've got a change of frock.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

She's leaning back, spreading her arms, as if providing a better target.

MISSY, head thrown back, eyes waiting for the end. Point made.

CLARA  
... What does it say?

MISSY  
What does what say?

CLARA  
His confession.

MISSY  
It will only open when he's dead.

A click from the dial. The opened wedge has just widened a fraction.

They both look to the dial, then to each other.

CLARA  
Then it won't open. Will it?

MISSY leans forward, levels her gaze at CLARA. All business now. A look held between the two of them. A decision now made.

MISSY  
Question: if the Doctor had one last night to live - if he knew for certain he was facing the end of his life ... where, in all of space and time, would he go?

CLARA  
Here.

And on that, a sudden roar of many voices, like at a football match, and a great almighty *clap!*

CUT TO:

29 **EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT**

29

A castle rearing above us, lit by flaming torchlight. And another loud *clap!*

CUT TO:

30 **EXT. SQUARE - DAY**

30

MISSY and CLARA, still in confrontation over the table, but now the SECURITY MEN are setting up a laptop for them.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

MISSY  
Well, yes, Earth, *obviously!* But  
where, *when?*

CUT TO:

31 **EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT**

31

On a row of hands on one synchronised *clap!!*

Wider: the courtyard is being used like an arena. The audience looks 12th Century, and they're swaying like they're at a rock concert.

*Clap!!*

CUT TO:

32 **EXT. SQUARE - DAY**

32

CLARA, now tapping away at the computer.

CLARA  
How long do we have?

MISSY  
No idea.

CUT TO:

33 **EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT**

33

*Clap!*

In the centre, playing to the crowd, flailing with an enormous axe, is BORS. Huge, bit thick, ready for battle.

*Clap!*

BORS, turning on the spot wielding his axe.

BORS  
Magician! *Magician!!*

*Clap!*

Now on a big pair of wooden doors, facing him. Two MEN have run to start hauling open the doors - someone's about to make a *big entrance!*

CUT TO:

34 **OMITTED**

34



38 CONTINUED:

38

JAC  
The algorithm generates  
probabilities, based on crisis  
points, anomalies, anachronisms,  
keywords - blue box, Doctor ...

CUT TO:

39 **EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY**

39

It's a *clap* and a *stamp* now!

*Clap! Stamp!*

BORS swinging his axe.

BORS  
Face me, Magician. *Face me!!*

*Clap! Stamp!*

The doors, standing open.

CUT TO:

40 **INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY / EXT. THE SQUARE - DAY** 40

KATE, still studying the display on the screen. More and more dots appearing.

JAC  
San Martino, Troy, multiples for  
New York, three possible versions  
of Atlantis -

CUT TO:

40A **EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT**

40A

*Clap! Stamp!*

Dry ice is now pouring through.

CUT TO:

40B **INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY / EXT. THE SQUARE - DAY** 40B

JAC  
It's easier than you'd think. He  
makes a lot of noise. And he loves  
to make an entrance.

CUT TO:

40C EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT 40C

*Clap! Stamp!*

Now acrobats come tumbling through the smoke!

CUT TO:

41 OMITTED 41

42 INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY / EXT. THE SQUARE - DAY. 42

KATE  
But which of these is the one?  
Where is he *now*?

CLARA  
(Looks to Missy)  
How is a Time Lord supposed to die?

CUT TO:

43 EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT 43

*Clap! Stamp!*

- the acrobats have now lined up either side of the entrance-way -

CUT TO:

44 INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY / EXT. THE SQUARE - DAY 44

MISSY  
Meditation!

CUT TO:

45 EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT 45

*Clap! Stamp!*

Closing on the entrance!

CUT TO:

46 INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT 46

MISSY  
Repentance and acceptance.  
Contemplation of the absolute -

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

Great, thanks.

(to Jac)

Change the algorithm. Eliminate crisis points. Where's the Doctor making the most noise, but there isn't any crisis?

(Shoots a look at Missy)

We're looking for a party!

JAC, rattling away at the keyboard.

On the screen, all THE DOCTOR moments are disappearing, winking out in rapid succession - leaving one flashing alone.

CLARA (cont'd)

There he is. Look at him. "Do not go gentle into that good night."

MISSY

You go, girl!

Apparently, congratulating her she put her hand over CLARA's -  
- but in fact she's slapped a leather wrist band on to her. A vortex manipulator.

CLARA

What - what is that?

MISSY

Say *whee!*

She operates the vortex manipulator on her own wrist and -  
- *they vanish!!*

CUT TO:

47 **OMITTED**

47

48 **EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT**

48

*Clap! Stamp!*

We're behind the top row of the audience, as MISSY and CLARA crash down through the frame, landing with a *whump!* Just out of frame.

MISSY shoots up instantly, reeling, clutching her head.

MISSY

Wowzah!! Mummy, do it again!

CLARA now stumbling to her feet, coughing like she's going to be sick.

(CONTINUED)

MISSY (cont'd)  
Vortex manipulators - yours is  
slaved to mine. Cheap and nasty  
time travel.

CLARA  
I know what they are.

MISSY  
You probably want to throw up -  
pick a local. According to you,  
this is where the Doctor is.

Looking around: a stone wall one side, a row of backs the  
other. The cheering and stamping and clapping.

MISSY and CLARA now framed so we can see the opened doors  
down in the arena behind them.

CLARA  
How do we find him? What are we  
looking for?

MISSY  
Anachronisms. The tiniest,  
slightest ...

And now, shockingly, there is loud blast of -  
- *electric guitar!*

The crowd roars with approval.

MISSY (cont'd)  
... anachronism.

BORS tenses, readies his axe!

CLARA and MISSY turn slowly, looking down into the arena -  
- and now - as the guitar riffs on and on and ever wilder -  
something rumbling into the arena, through a storm of dry  
ice, is --

-- a Centurian tank!!

And standing astride the tank, in cool shades, and playing  
the hell out of an electric guitar is:

THE DOCTOR!!

He finishes his riff with a giant flourish. Waves to the  
crowd, a happy Time Lord.

BORS just stares, plaintive, fed up with this.

BORS  
Dude!

On CLARA and MISSY, staring.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

BORS, standing, slack-jawed. He points a little feebly at the guitar.

BORS (cont'd)  
What is *that*?

THE DOCTOR  
You said you wanted an axe fight.

He looks round expectantly. Blank looks.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Yeah, in a few hundred years that will be really funny. It's a slow-burner.

BORS  
A musical instrument is not an axe.

THE DOCTOR  
And a daffodil is not a broadsword, but I still won the last round. What do you think of my tank? Don't worry, it isn't loaded.

BORS  
I don't like it.

THE DOCTOR  
Neither do I, I bought it for my fish.

BORS  
Your fish??

THE DOCTOR  
I may have ordered online.  
(Looks around)  
Fish, tank, honestly, this stuff will be hilarious in a very few hundred years, stick around.

On CLARA and MISSY.

CLARA  
What's the matter with him - he's never like this.

MISSY  
Oh, you really are new, aren't you?

On THE DOCTOR - he stiffens - almost as if he heard that.

CLARA  
He didn't hear that, did he? He doesn't know we're here.

THE DOCTOR - very deliberately, he starts picking out Pretty Woman.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

CLARA rolls her eyes - oh for God's sake.

- and THE DOCTOR is looking directly at her, over his shades.

Half pleased, half humiliated, CLARA starts making her way down through the crowd.

THE DOCTOR  
(Still playing)  
Now, you lot. I've been here all day, and it's been a great day -  
...

BORS  
You've been here three weeks!

THE DOCTOR  
Three weeks?? It must be nearly bed time. We've partied. I've helped you dig a well, with a first class, child-friendly visitor's centre. I've given you some top notch maths tuition in a fun, but relevant way. I've introduced the word Dude several centuries early. Let me hear you!

They all roar *Dude!*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
But tonight, I'm sorry, I have to leave. Before I do, though, I'd like you to meet a couple of friends of mine.

On MISSY! Oh! Her too. She starts making her way down.

CLARA is now walking across the arena to THE DOCTOR.

CLARA  
How did you know I was here? Did you see me?

THE DOCTOR  
When do I *not* see you?

CLARA  
One face in all that crowd?

THE DOCTOR  
Was there a crowd, too?

CLARA  
Oh, we're doing charm now, are we? Which one of us dying?

And THE DOCTOR's smile drops a notch. CLARA: the same. Remembers.

(CONTINUED)

And - unexpected - he throws his arms around her. What a hug. Catcalls and wolf-whistles from the crowd.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Oh, and now you're doing hugging -  
I can't keep up.

THE DOCTOR  
Well, you know what they say.  
Hugging is a great way to hide your  
face!

CLARA  
I guessed a party - but not like  
this. This isn't you.

THE DOCTOR  
I spent yesterday in a bow tie. Day  
before in a long scarf. It's my  
party and all of me's invited.

Now looking over CLARA's shoulder to see -

- MISSY, approaching.

He grabs his guitar, plays a few bars - *Hey MISSY, you're so fine, you're so fine you blow my mind* -

MISSY  
*What the hell are you up to??*

THE DOCTOR  
(To the crowd)  
It's the wicked stepmother.  
Everybody hiss.

He plays some corny dramatic chords on his guitar.

MISSY is holding up the Confession Dial!

MISSY  
Apparently you think you're going  
to die tomorrow.

THE DOCTOR  
Well I've got some good news about  
that.

CLARA  
What?

THE DOCTOR  
It's still today!

On the guitar he makes the *wah-wah* punchline noise -

- and on that, a sudden throttling cry.

They spin.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

BORS is clutching at his throat, now falling to his knees, his face turning red.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Bors!

THE DOCTOR races to his side, starts trying to help him.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Is it a marble again? Did you swallow one of the marbles I gave you?? Don't swallow the marbles!

- but now he yanks something from around BORS's neck, and throws it to the ground.

A snake!!

It spasms on the ground for a moment, then shoots away, disappearing under the robe of -

COLONY SARFF.

He stands there, staring at THE DOCTOR.

SARFF

Doctor. You are found. You will come.

THE DOCTOR, facing him, defiant.

THE DOCTOR

Says you and whose army?

On SARFF's face. Now something horrific happens. The twined sections of his face start to move independently, his eyes rotating away, his mouth the same, all with a dreadful slithering sound -

- until we realise we are looking at the stacked coils of a giant snake!

The head of the snake - SARFF's real face - now rears up with a terrible hiss! The fangs!!

Now the robe falls from him and we see the terrible, disgusting truth - SARFF's body is a mass of interlocked, intertwined snakes, all sliding around one another.

A hundred, fanged snakeheads all snap and hiss at once.

The crowd screams - people start running. BORS backs away. THE DOCTOR, now stepping forward.

Furious. Blazing away.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Nobody dies here. Not one person, not one of my friends, do you understand??

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

The snake lowers its swaying, gliding head to THE DOCTOR's eye-level.

SARFF  
Davros, creator of the Daleks, dark  
lord of Skaro ... is dying.

THE DOCTOR  
So I hear.

SARFF  
He would speak with you again, on  
the last night of his life.

THE DOCTOR  
Then you will harm nobody in this  
place. Not one person. Are we very,  
very clear?

A beat, a moment of stand-off.

Then, SARFF starts reassembling into humanoid shape.

SARFF  
Are you so dangerous, little man?

THE DOCTOR  
You want to know how dangerous I  
am? Davros sent you. You want to  
know how stupid you are? You came!

A huge hissing and rattling from beneath SARFF's robes.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Oh, look, he's trying to frighten  
me! Snake nest in a dress!

The hissing, fading.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Now! Explain! Politely. Davros is  
my arch-enemy - why would I want to  
talk to him?

MISSY  
(Instantly offended)  
Sorry, what? Davros is your arch-  
enemy??

THE DOCTOR  
Hush!

MISSY  
I'll scratch his eye out.

SARFF  
Davros knows. Davros remembers.

SARFF reaches inside his robe, draws something out. Drops it  
at THE DOCTOR's feet ...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

A silence: then -

... the sonic screwdriver. The one THE DOCTOR threw to the Boy in the first scene. It looks ancient, battered and corroded by the years.

CLARA  
That's yours.

THE DOCTOR  
It was.

CLARA  
Was?

THE DOCTOR  
I don't have a screwdriver any more.

And he kicks the screwdriver, pointedly, back to SARFF. But his eyes remained fixed on it, lying there in the dirt.

MISSY, watching him, fascinated.

MISSY  
Oh! Never seen *that* before. Doctor, the look on your face - what is that?

CLARA too has moved round so she can see THE DOCTOR's face.

CLARA  
Shame. You're ashamed.

On THE DOCTOR: not meeting her eye. Still staring at the screwdriver, like it's everything bad in the world.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Doctor? What have you done?

THE DOCTOR: still staring at the screwdriver ...

Then, a voice. The Boy's voice from the beginning ...

BOY  
(V.O.)  
Please, you've got to help me.

DISSOLVE TO:

49 **EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

49

As at the beginning.

On the little BOY clutching the screwdriver, looking around, desperate.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

BOY

You said I could survive, you said  
you were going to help me!

The Hand Mines - twitching, grasping, a few more pop up!

BOY (cont'd)

*Help me!!*

And then, distantly, a terrible sound.

A slammed door! The grind of ancient engines!

The BOY, peering through the mist -

- to see the police box shape of the TARDIS slowly fading  
away.

The BOY - tears standing in his eyes, all hope dying.

CUT TO:

50 **EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT**

50

On THE DOCTOR's face: lost in his memories, so troubled -

He looks to SARFF. Decision made.

THE DOCTOR

Is your ship in orbit?

MISSY

It's a trap.

SARFF

Prepare yourself for teleport.

MISSY

Doctor, listen to me - I know  
traps, traps are my flirting - this  
is a *trap*.

THE DOCTOR

I'm prepared.

MISSY

You sent me your confession dial,  
you threw yourself a three week  
party, *you know what this is!*

THE DOCTOR just looks at her.

THE DOCTOR

Yes. Good bye.

(Turns to Clara)

Good bye, Clara.

Close on his hands as he crosses them behind him. With a hiss  
a SARFF snake binds itself around them.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

CLARA steps forward.

CLARA  
We're coming with him. Both of us,  
her and me.

THE DOCTOR  
No. No, under no circumstances!

Another great hissing from beneath SARFF's robe.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
What are you doing now??

SARFF  
Voting. We are a democracy.

Suddenly, the dust around MISSY's and CLARA's feet kicks up for a moment, as if something has thrashed through, the dirt and then, with a hiss, their hands snap behind them (they've been cuffed by snakes, without CGI.)

SARFF (cont'd)  
(The hissing dies down)  
It is agreed.

THE DOCTOR  
No! I forbid this, *no!!* Both of  
you, *no*.

Too late - all four of them glow and sparkle - and with THE DOCTOR still protesting, they all fade away.

From the shadows, someone is watching - BORS.

He steps into the light. For a moment he has a comically confused frown -

- then somehow, the comedy drops, his face turns cold. He turns and starts marching away, into the castle ...

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(V.O.)  
Davros is the child of war.

CUT TO:

51 **OMITTED**

51

52 **INT. SARFF'S SPACE SHIP**

52

Narrow, contained, grungy, there is something scaly about it all - and yet it barely seems larger than a camper van.

THE DOCTOR, MISSY and CLARA sit in the back, their hands still are now tied, too. From the way they are sitting - relaxed, resigned - it might seem they've been here a while.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

Beyond them we can see SARFF at the controls of the ship, flying it.

THE DOCTOR

A war that wouldn't end - a thousand years of fighting, till no one could remember why. So Davros created a new kind of warrior - one who would never bother with that question. A mutant in a tank that would never, ever stop. And they never, ever did.

CLARA

The Daleks.

THE DOCTOR

(Nods)

How scared do you have to be? To seal every one of your own kind inside a tank?

THE DOCTOR, frown, blinks - like a memory is impacting on him. Hurting him.

**FLASHBACK: we see the little BOY in the battlefield:**

BOY

**You said I could survive, you said you were going to help me!**

THE DOCTOR

Davros made the Daleks. But who made him?

A rushing sound. The ship shakes, the whine of the engines lowers...

MISSY

We're coming out of hyperspace.

They look to the screens in front of SARFF:

The picture is clearing - an image of the space station we saw DAVROS in before.

THE DOCTOR

So. That's where he ended up.

On the screen, the station growing closer and closer, filling the screen ...

CUT TO:



THE DOCTOR

Who knows. Always the way, with hospitals.

MISSY

Tied up and locked in a cupboard. It's like your wedding all over again.

CLARA

Wedding?

THE DOCTOR

That wasn't my wedding. That was my stag night.

MISSY

No, hang on, wasn't it the faculty dance?

THE DOCTOR

No, that was the laser slugs.

MISSY

Of course, yes, the slugs.

THE DOCTOR

We were friends then. What happened?

MISSY

Nothing.

A hiss as the door opens, revealing SARFF.

SARFF

You will come.

THE DOCTOR moves towards the door, the others start scrambling to their feet.

SARFF (cont'd)

(To Clara and Missy)

You will stay.

CLARA and MISSY subside. THE DOCTOR looks to them.

THE DOCTOR

Obviously this could be goodbye. Can't stand those.

CLARA

Doctor ... you sent Missy your confession dial.

THE DOCTOR

We've known each other a long time, she's one of my own people -

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

My point is, we both saw her die.  
On earth, ages ago. But obviously  
you knew it wasn't real. Or worse,  
you hoped it wasn't. I think, one  
way or another, you've been lying.

THE DOCTOR

... I'm sorry.

CLARA

Don't apologise - make it up to me.  
(Smiles)  
There - now you have to come back.

THE DOCTOR. A beat. A smile, a nod. Then he's following SARFF  
out. As the door hisses shut, he looks directly at MISSY.

THE DOCTOR

Gravity.

MISSY

I know.

The door clunks shut.

CLARA

Gravity?

MISSY bangs her heels on the floor

MISSY

You know what's wrong with the  
gravity in here?

CLARA

No.

MISSY

Nothing. It's perfect.

She's struggled to her feet, now jumping on the spot.

MISSY (cont'd)

But this is a space station, the  
gravity should be artificial - all  
coppery smelling round the edges, a  
tiny bit sexy. This feels *real*.  
Like a *planet*.

CLARA

How can you and the Doctor be  
friends?

MISSY

Why shouldn't we be?

CLARA

You spend all your time fighting.

(CONTINUED)

MISSY

Exactly.

CLARA

You kill people.

MISSY

So does he.

MISSY has strolled over to the airlock, is now sniffing at it, fascinated.

CLARA

It's different.

MISSY

No, I just enjoy it more. He's a farmer, I'm a hunter. You know, this airlock doesn't make sense.

CLARA

You're a maniac. You're a psychopath!

MISSY, now straining at her snake bonds.

MISSY

No, no - I'm your worst nightmare.

A sound like a wet slap, and a dying squeal - as MISSY pulls her hands apart.

MISSY (cont'd)

I'm a perfectly sane recreational killer.

(She looks at her hands, speckled with green blood - licks it up)

Hmm! Not bad! I'll probably kill you one day. I hope so, I'm looking forward to it.

(She's moved back to the airlock, examining it again)

And when you're used up and dead and blown away, the Doctor and I will still be friends. And probably playing with a new toy. You know what this airlock is? I'll tell you.

(Turns dramatically to Clara)

It's *pants*.

CLARA

... what do you mean?

MISSY

I mean today might be the day.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

CLARA  
What day?

MISSY  
The day I kill you.

She starts working at the controls on the airlock - there are hisses and clunks.

CLARA  
What are you doing?? Are you opening it?

MISSY  
Of course I'm opening it.

CLARA  
We'll get sucked out.

MISSY  
You and me together, off we go!  
(Yanking round the wheel)  
*Let's make jam!*

Hiss, clank, and the door starts to open --

CUT TO:

56 **INT. DAVROS HOSPITAL STATION. CORRIDOR**

56

SARFF and THE DOCTOR walking round the curved corridor. Now coming to the door to the sick room.

SARFF passes his hand over a panel -

- and the door hisses open. SARFF leads the way in. THE DOCTOR follows.

CUT TO:

57 **INT. SICK ROOM**

57

The room as we saw it before -

- the hanging gardens of drip feed cables obscuring the room's one occupant, sitting on the central dais.

SARFF and THE DOCTOR stand before him.

A moment. Then, that voice ...

DAVROS  
... Doctor?

A whine of hydraulics -

- and all the cables rise into the ceiling, still attached but now unveiling ...

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

DAVROS!!

Still in his chair, much as we last saw him. But now even more cadaverous and ancient. It's as if even raising his head is a pain and an effort.

DAVROS (cont'd)  
Doctor!

THE DOCTOR  
Davros!

DAVROS cocks his head, inspecting this new man.

DAVROS  
I approve of your new face - so much more like mine.

DAVROS affects to notice that THE DOCTOR's hands are still tied.

DAVROS (cont'd)  
Colony Sarff - untie our guest's hands.

SARFF steps behind THE DOCTOR - a hiss and his hands are released.

THE DOCTOR rubs his wrists.

DAVROS (cont'd)  
I trust you are undamaged.

THE DOCTOR  
(Checking his hands)  
One hand, two hands, yep. Look at that - four fingers and a thumb, but oh no, let's stick on a sucker instead. Be honest, was it really late on a Friday?

DAVROS  
Sarff, you may leave us.

SARFF nods, glides out.

DAVROS (cont'd)  
You came then?

THE DOCTOR  
Clearly.

DAVROS  
Did you suspect a trap?

THE DOCTOR  
I still do.

(CONTINUED)

DAVROS

Then why are you here? Did you miss  
our conversations?

He flicks a switch. And we hear some of the old shows, the  
old Doctors arguing with DAVROS, all chattering together.

**THE FOURTH DOCTOR**

(V.O.)

**Davros if you created in your  
laboratory ...**

**THE FIFTH DOCTOR**

(V.O.)

**I'm not here as your prisoner,  
Davros - but your executioner!**

**THE SEVENTH DOCTOR**

(V.O.)

**Unlimited rice pudding!**

The other Doctors mixing in now, a cacophony!

THE DOCTOR

Yes, okay, you've made your point.

DAVROS

Have I?

DAVROS snaps another switch -

- now just one Doctor voice, from many years ago. The Fourth  
Doctor (Tom Baker) from Genesis Of The Daleks.

**THE FOURTH DOCTOR**

**If someone pointed out a child to  
you, and told you that child would  
grow up totally evil - to be a  
ruthless dictator who would destroy  
millions of lives, could you then  
kill that child -**

THE DOCTOR has stepped forward, snapped the switch back.

THE DOCTOR

Yes! I get it!

DAVROS

Do you know why you came, Doctor?  
You have a sense of duty. Of guilt,  
perhaps. And certainly of shame.

THE DOCTOR

You flatter me.

DAVROS

A pity. I intended to accuse.

CUT TO:

58            **INT. DAVROS HOSPITAL SHIP / EXT. STARFIELD**

58

The airlock door is open - on to space. CLARA and MISSY, peering out.

                 CLARA  
                 It doesn't make any sense.

                 MISSY  
                 (Sticks her hand out)  
                 Warm, isn't it? For deep space  
                 anyway.

Very tentatively, she starts to step out.

                 CLARA  
                 What are you doing?

                 MISSY  
                 Treading softly!

Impossibly, MISSY is now standing in space, as if on an invisible floor.

                 CLARA  
                 There's a floor?

MISSY, moving around. Now touching the invisible floor.

                 MISSY  
                 No. There's ground. This is the  
                 *ground, it's sandy!*

She's picked up a handful of invisible sand, now runs it through her fingers.

CLARA, now tentatively stepping out into space. It works! She's standing there, in space!!

CUT TO:

59            **INT. SICK ROOM**

59

DAVROS and THE DOCTOR, as we left them.

                 DAVROS  
                 I believe, for the ultimate good of  
                 the universe, I was right to create  
                 the Daleks.

                 THE DOCTOR  
                 You were very wrong.

                 DAVROS  
                 This is the argument we've had  
                 since we met.

                 THE DOCTOR  
                 It ended in the Time War.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

DAVROS

It survived the Time War, but it will end tonight. This is why you are here.

THE DOCTOR

If you're dying, it will end whether I'm here or not.

DAVROS

True. But I would appreciate your company.

THE DOCTOR

Why?

DAVROS

We do not choose the people who understand us, Doctor. We have been generals on the opposite sides of a war - we understand each other as no two others can.

A beeping. DAVROS swivels, snapping switches.

DAVROS (cont'd)

It seems your friends have gone exploring.

A screen, flickering into life on the wall ...

CUT TO:

60 **EXT. STARFIELD**

60

MISSY and CLARA, seemingly space-walking. CLARA's hands are free now and she's rubbing her wrists.

CLARA

This doesn't make any sense.

MISSY

Oh, but it does! The gravity - I said it was like a planet! We're on a planet! That's not a space station, it's a building - the rest of the planet, the whole thing, is *invisible*.

CLARA

That's ridiculous.

MISSY

Well of course it is. How would you ever find your glasses? Or the little girl's room. What if you kissed an ugly??

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

MISSY breaks off, looking at her hand. There's a smear of sand now visible there.

60 CONTINUED:

60

MISSY (cont'd)  
Unless, when you're part of the  
atmosphere, you start syncing with  
the spectrum ...

She looks around - mistily, shapes are forming.

CLARA  
But why would anyone hide a whole  
planet?

On MISSY - for the first time ever, we start to see her  
looking afraid.

MISSY  
That would rather depend on the  
planet ...

Shapes forming, solidifying. Glittering cities, huge  
mountains ...

And now MISSY and CLARA are standing on ...

CUT TO:

61 **EXT. DESERT PLANET - DAY**

61

A sweep of desert. Behind them, the Hospital Space station is  
revealed as one part of a mighty city!

A DALEK City, rising out of the desert, towering over them.  
Glittering, huge and impossible (as seen in The Dead Planet,  
and more detailed in the TV21 comic strips.)

MISSY  
No!!

CUT TO:

62 **INT. SICK ROOM - DAY**

62

THE DOCTOR, staring at the screen, his face the same mask of  
horror.

THE DOCTOR  
No!!

CUT TO:

63 **EXT. DESERT PLANET - DAY**

63

MISSY turning on the spot, taking it in, the horror, the  
*horror!*

MISSY  
They brought it back. They built it  
again! No!!

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

CLARA  
What is it? Where are we?

MISSY  
This is -

CUT TO:

64 **INT. SICK ROOM - DAY**

64

THE DOCTOR, staring in horror, completes the sentence.

THE DOCTOR  
- Skaro!!  
(Rounds on Davros)  
You're brought me to Skaro!

DAVROS  
Where does an old man go to die,  
but with his children?

CUT TO:

65 **EXT. DESERT PLANET - DAY**

65

MISSY and CLARA.

CLARA  
What's Skaro?

MISSY  
The beginning. Where it all  
started. *This is the planet of the  
Daleks!!*

DALEK  
(From off)  
Correct!

MISSY and CLARA spin round.

A row of DALEKS, their weapons levelled at them.

CUT TO:

66 **INT. SICK ROOM - DAY**

66

THE DOCTOR, watching, powerless.

THE DOCTOR  
*Clara!!*

DAVROS  
You cannot help her now!

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

THE DOCTOR has raced to the door - won't open. Batters at it, nothing.

CUT TO:

67 **INT. DALEK CITY. DALEK CONTROL - DAY** 67

A split-level riot of sixties TV21 glory. This is the central control room of the DALEK city, and it is glacial and gold and magnificent. Everywhere DALEKS glide and hum. Screens glow, consoles flicker.

The SUPREME DALEK stands on a raised platform, facing -

The TARDIS! The big blue box has just been moved into position. Two Daleks glide back from it.

Now, stumbling through the door, prodding by a DALEK -  
- MISSY and CLARA.

CLARA  
The TARDIS! How did that get here?

SUPREME DALEK  
It has been procured.

A massive, powerful looking probe now lowers from the ceiling, just above the TARDIS. It starts to glow.

CLARA  
If you're trying to get inside, you can't. Nothing can enter the TARDIS.

SUPREME DALEK  
The TARDIS will not be entered. The TARDIS will be destroyed.

CLARA  
Yeah, well good luck, cos it's indestructible.

MISSY  
Did the Doctor tell you that? Because you should never believe a man about a vehicle.

CUT TO:

68 **INT. SICK ROOM - DAY** 68

THE DOCTOR has given up his assault on the door, now staring at the screen, watching this play out.

THE DOCTOR  
What are they going to do? Tell me, what?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

DAVROS  
Who can say? You know what children  
are like.

MISSY  
(On screen)  
Daleks, pay attention!

THE DOCTOR tenses at this.

THE DOCTOR  
Don't. Just don't.

CUT TO:

69 INT. DALEK CITY. DALEK CONTROL - DAY

69

MISSY striding to the centre of the room, lording it.

MISSY  
You know what this is? This thing  
you're about to destroy? I'll tell  
you! It's the dog's unmentionables.  
(Taps a Dalek on its  
bumps)  
And you know all about *those*,  
right? This is a TARDIS. With this  
you can go anywhere, do anything,  
and kill anyone. With this, the  
Daleks can be more powerful than  
ever before. You only need one  
thing.

CUT TO:

70 INT. SICK ROOM - DAY

70

THE DOCTOR, watching.

THE DOCTOR  
No. Missy, *no!*

CUT TO:

71 INT. DALEK CITY. DALEK CONTROL - DAY

71

MISSY twirling, chatting, top of her game.

MISSY  
Me! You need me! A Time Lady to  
show you how it works. With this  
and with me, everything can be  
yours, and you can burn it all,  
forever and ever and ever.  
(She pauses for effect -  
smiles)  
Or would you rather just kill me?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 71

A throbbing moment.

DALEK SUPREME  
Maximum extermination.

All the Daleks fire at once. And fire and fire.

MISSY twists and burns and screams, her skeleton burning through her flesh. She disintegrates.

Silence.

CUT TO:

72 **INT. SICK ROOM - DAY** 72

THE DOCTOR, horrified, lost. He turns to DAVROS.

THE DOCTOR  
Please. Save Clara. I'm begging  
you.

DAVROS looks at him, cocks his head. A grotesque parody of sympathy.

DAVROS  
I gave the Daleks life. But I do  
not control them.

CUT TO:

73 **INT. DALEK CITY. DALEK CONTROL - DAY** 73

The terrible silence continues.

CLARA, just standing there -

- as every DALEK eyestalk swivels to look at her.

On the silence goes. On and on. Unbearable.

CUT TO:

74 **INT. SICK ROOM - DAY / INT. DALEK CITY. DALEK CONTROL - DAY** 74

THE DOCTOR, tears in his eye, staring. (We now intercut with above.)

THE DOCTOR  
Clara. Oh, my Clara.

DAVROS  
See how they play with her. See how  
they toy!

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

CLARA, rooted to the spot, terrified. Every DALEK eye-stalking is swivelling to look at her. Guns clicking and twitching.

DAVROS (cont'd)  
They want her to run. They *need* her to run. Can you feel their need, Doctor?

The DALEK heart-beat, throbbing louder and *louder*. All those eyestalks fixed intently on CLARA ...

DAVROS (cont'd)  
Their blood is screaming. Kill! Kill! Kill! Hunter and prey, held in the ecstasy of crisis. *Is this not life at its purest??*

CLARA, waiting, waiting.

The DALEK heart beat, louder, louder.

- and she breaks!!

She starts to run, racing for the door -

- and every DALEK gunstalk swivels and fires.

CLARA, caught in the beam, her skeleton blazing -

- disintegrates.

CUT TO:

75 **OMITTED**

75

76 **INT. SICK ROOM - DAY**

76

THE DOCTOR. Staring and staring. Tears streaking his face. He rounds on DAVROS.

THE DOCTOR  
Why have I ever let you live??

DAVROS  
Compassion, Doctor. It has always been your greatest indulgence. Let this be my final victory. Let me hear you say it, just once. Compassion ... is ... *wrong*.

CUT TO:

77 **INT. DALEK CITY. DALEK CONTROL - DAY**

77

The SUPREME DALEK looks back to the TARDIS - the work in hand.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

DALEK SUPREME  
Destroy the TARDIS!

A beam shoots down from the ceiling probe -  
- the TARDIS glows a fierce and terrible brightness.

CUT TO:

78 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

78

The central column starts to glow with the same dreadful  
light. Brighter, brighter.

CUT TO:

79 **INT. DALEK CITY. DALEK CONTROL - DAY**

79

The police box glowing brighter and brighter, staring to  
disintegrate.

DALEKS  
Destroy! Destroy!! *Destroy!!*

The TARDIS explodes, in operatic slow motion.

Close on a detail - the door panel, the FREE FOR USE OF  
PUBLIC SIGN - as it is torn in two by the force of the blast.

DALEK  
Destroy! Destroy!! Destroy!!

A slow fade to black...

In the blackness -

BOY  
(V.O.)  
Please, you can't leave me, you  
promised, you did!

FADING IN ON:

80 **EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

80

The BOY, as we last saw him, pleading with the departed  
Doctor.

BOY  
*You said I had a chance!!*

A movement from behind him - the scrape of a foot. He  
startles, spins, What??

And now he's staring up at someone ...

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

BOY (cont'd)  
Who are you?

The BOY's POV.

THE DOCTOR!

He is bruised and battered, his clothing torn. He's been through a hell we haven't seen.

He looks at the BOY.

BOY (cont'd)  
I don't understand. How did you get there?

THE DOCTOR  
From the future.

The BOY - just not understanding.

BOY  
... are you going to save me?

THE DOCTOR. So grim.

THE DOCTOR  
I'm going to save my friend. The only way I can.

And THE DOCTOR draws something beneath his coat, a bulky apparatus. We now see that it is a Dalek gunstalk, clearly extracted from a Dalek unit.

He levels it (seemingly) at the BOY.

On THE DOCTOR's face! Grim, unreadable.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Exterminate!

**END TITLES**