

# **DOCTOR WHO 2**

## **Episode 2**

**By**

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**SHOOTING SCRIPT  
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1 EXT. SCOTTISH MOORLANDS - DAY 4 1600

1

Immense open space. Snow-topped mountains, deep valleys, the moan of the wind. In the distance, a tolling bell...

CUT TO a brotherhood of 8 MONKS, walking along a rough path. Robed, hooded, simple clothes; not a wealthy order. One monk constantly tolls a hand bell. All walk with long, straight sticks, their leader, FATHER ANGELO, at the front.

Behind them, one MONK riding a horse & cart. On the back, a box-shape, roughly 6ft x 6ft, covered with tarpaulins.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, COURTYARD - DAY 4 1630

2

The courtyard of an old, sprawling, run-down country house. STABLEHANDS b/g, as the STEWARD, 50, comes out of the building, hauling an empty barrel, seeing -

The MONKS, and horse & cart, entering the courtyard. FATHER ANGELO approaches, removing his hood. He's bald, strong, impassive; says the most terrible things with such sadness.

STEWARD

Come now, Father, you should know better. You're not welcome here, and especially not today. I've got no time to start old arguments, you'll have to seek charity in the village, not here.

FATHER ANGELO

We want only one thing.

STEWARD

And what would that be?

FATHER ANGELO

This house.

STEWARD

You want the house?

FATHER ANGELO

We will take the house.

STEWARD

Would you like my wife while you're at it?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

FATHER ANGELO

Women will not be necessary. Only the house. If you won't stand aside, then we'll take it by force.

STEWARD

By what power? The hand of God?

FATHER ANGELO

No, the fist of man.

And suddenly, Father Angelo wields his stick -

*Whap! Whap! Whap!* Cut, cut, cut, fast, a blur -

And the Steward's out cold.

The stablehands see this, start forward - 'Oy!' - shovels and pitchforks in hand.

The monks turn, fast - whip off their robes, revealing simple, dark red tunics underneath (more like Japanese warrior monks, all young, athletic).

Three monks run forward -

Use their sticks as pole vaults - up -

SLO-MO FLIGHT, bullet-time, pure Crouching Dragon, monks sailing over the heads of the stablehands!

They land - so the monks now form a circle, the stablehands trapped in the middle -

And then cut, cut, cut, sticks, jaws, punch, *whap* - ! Monks spinning! Men sent flying!

CUT TO:

3

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 4 1633

3

The door slams open - MONKS pile in - all fast, kinetic action, maybe hand-held, but also tighter, sharper than that, more Tarantino, with that cranked-up, juddery feel -

CUT TO:

4

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDORS - DAY 4 1634

CAMERA moving fast, fluid, running with the MONKS - they glide, barefoot, like panthers - the silence unnerving -

Through one door -

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

- and another -

- a young MAID goes to scream, a MONK clamps his hand over her mouth -

CUT TO:

5 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE STAIRS - DAY 4 1636

5

A good zig-zag of stairs, dark wood. MONKS stream up, silent, like bolts of red lightning in their tunics -

CUT TO:

6 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY 4 1636

6

CAMERA bursts through door, ZOOMS IN on SIR ROBERT - a tall, strong man in his 30s - turning in outrage -

His POV - a MONK bolting towards him, in silence -

- stick, blur, *whack* - Sir Robert falls -

CUT TO:

7 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - DAY 4 1645

7

CU the STEWARD, waking, in pain, dazed...

He realises he's tied up. Alongside the STAFF - COOK, MAIDS, FOOTMEN, about 10 staff and LADY ISOBEL (30s, English) huddled on the floor, along one wall, all breathing hard, shocked, scared. A deep, plain room, crumbling plaster, straw on the floor, skylights up at ground level.

STEWARD

What in the name of Heaven..? My Lady, did they hurt you..?

LADY ISOBEL

They're madmen, Jacob. Every single one of them. Utterly insane.

Stark daylight pours in from one end; the cellar doors to the courtyard are open, like coal-house doors, with a ramp below, MONKS & the FATHER stand at the bottom, waiting for -

The 6x6 tarpaulined box. Manhandled by MONKS above, it comes sliding down, *WHUMPH!* It's heavy; as it settles, dust and straw rise, fill the air.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

STEWARD

What's in there? What is it, what's underneath that canvas? Father! Answer me! What's in there?

FATHER ANGELO

May God forgive me.

Father & monks rip off the tarpaulin -

- glimpse for a second, the fact that it's a CAGE -

On the Steward, shocked - the staff, horror - and Lady Isobel opens her mouth and gives one almighty SCREAM into -

OPENING TITLES

CUT TO:

8 INT. TARDIS - DAY 4

8

A wild flight, the room lurching, THE DOCTOR slamming levers, ROSE holding on to the console. Yelling across -

THE DOCTOR

- ohh, and it was the best time for music! You should've been there, hold on, try a bit of this -

Pulls lever, music, loud: Lene Lovich, 'Say When'

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Lene Lovich! Number One in 1978.

ROSE

You're a punk, that's what you are, a big old punk. With a bit of rockabilly thrown in.

THE DOCTOR

Want to go and see her?

ROSE

How d'you mean, in concert?

THE DOCTOR

What else is a Tardis for? I can take you to the Battle of Trafalgar. The First Antigravity Olympics. Caesar crossing the Rubicon. Or Lene Lovich at the Top Rank, Sheffield, England, Earth, 21st of November 1979, what d'you think?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

ROSE

Going to a concert. Like a regular couple. Sheffield it is!

THE DOCTOR

Hold on tight - !

He pulls a big, hefty lever -

UT TO:

9 EXT. FX SHOT, TIME VORTEX

9

The TARDIS spins through the blue vortex, the song spiralling all around -

CUT TO:

10 INT. TARDIS - DAY 4

10

THE DOCTOR & ROSE clinging on, music still playing, the Doctor with a big wooden mallet, bashing the console -

THE DOCTOR

Brace yourself - Landiiiiing - !

Thump, lurch, the Tardis jolts to a stop, they're thrown forward. Music stops. A second to recover, on the Doctor - brrr!, shudder, like arriving in a new time is a cold shower (and let's always do that!). Then he's back to normal, heading down the ramp, Rose following -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

1979, hell of a year, China invades Vietnam, the Muppet Movie, love that film, Margaret Thatcher, Skylab falls to Earth, with a little bit of help from me, nearly took off my thumb, and I like my thumb -

CUT TO:

11 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 4 1700

11

THE DOCTOR walks out of the TARDIS, ROSE right behind him -

THE DOCTOR

- I need my thumb, I'm very attached to... my thumb...

CUT TO CAPTAIN REYNOLDS on HORSEBACK, holding up a PISTOL -

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

On ground level, a SOLDIER, points his rifle, and ANOTHER, and ANOTHER, and ANOTHER -

The TARDIS is in the middle of an open road. Empty, stony countryside all around. Facing the Tardis: a small troop of SOLDIERS, all aiming at the Doctor, led by the smart, 30 y/o CAPTAIN. Further back: a CARRIAGE. Behind that, a sizeable open CART, from which the soldiers have dismounted.

The Doctor & Rose put hands up, as he realises -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

1879. Same difference.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

You will explain your presence, and the nakedness of this girl.

The Doctor smiles. Sudden Scottish accent:

THE DOCTOR

Are we in Scotland?

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

How can you be ignorant of that?

THE DOCTOR

I'm dazed and confused, I've been chasing this wee naked child over hill and over dale, isn't that right, ye timorous beastie?

ROSE

(bad accent)

Och aye. I've been oot and aboot.

THE DOCTOR

(muttering, English)

No, don't do that.

ROSE

Hoots mon?

THE DOCTOR

No really, don't. Really.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Will you identify yourself, sir?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

THE DOCTOR

(Scots again)

I'm Doctor James McCrimmon. From the township of... Balamory, I have my credentials, if I may...?

...lower my hands? The Captain nods, the Doctor & Rose do so, and he gets out his blank psychic paper, shows it.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

As you can see. A doctorate from the University of Edinburgh, I trained under Dr Bell himself. And he taught me the skills of observation, I can't help but notice, you're very armed to the teeth, for such a quiet stretch of road, now why would that be? Who would the Scots Guard be protecting?

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

That's none of your business -

WOMAN'S VOICE

Let them approach.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

I don't think that's wise, ma'am -

WOMAN'S VOICE

Let them approach.

The Captain's annoyed, but submits.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

You will approach the carriage. And show all due deference.

The Doctor & Rose walk forward, towards the carriage - Rose puzzled, but loving it, the Doctor already guessing...

A FOOTMAN opens the carriage door. Inside -

QUEEN VICTORIA. Gazing down upon them. Sixty years old, in black, though nowhere near as dour as tradition would say; a glint in her eye, a keen intelligence.

THE DOCTOR

Rose, might I introduce... her Majesty Queen Victoria, Empress of India, and Defender of the Faith.

He bows, Rose half-curtseys, gobsmacked.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

ROSE

Rose Tyler, ma'am. And my apologies.  
For being so naked.

QUEEN VICTORIA

I've had five daughters, it's nothing to  
me. But you, Doctor. A student of my  
Dr Bell, it's claimed? Show me these  
credentials.

He holds up the psychic paper, she looks at it.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

But why didn't you say so immediately?  
It clearly states that you've been  
appointed by the Lord Provost, as my  
protector.

THE DOCTOR

Does it? Yes it does! Good! Then let  
me ask, why's your Majesty travelling by  
road, when there's a train all the way  
to Aberdeen?

QUEEN VICTORIA

The train was halted. A tree across the  
line.

THE DOCTOR

By accident?

QUEEN VICTORIA

I am the Queen of the United Kingdom of  
Great Britain and Ireland. Everything  
around me tends to be planned.

THE DOCTOR

Then someone wanted to stop you.

QUEEN VICTORIA

It's a possibility.

THE DOCTOR

An assassination attempt?

ROSE

What, seriously? There's people out to  
kill you?

QUEEN VICTORIA

The Chartists, the Anarchists, the  
Fenians, I'm quite used to staring down  
the barrel of a gun.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

Captain Reynolds brings his horse round.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Sir Robert MacLeish lives but ten miles hence, we've sent word ahead. He'll give us shelter for tonight, then we can reach Balmoral tomorrow.

QUEEN VICTORIA

This Doctor and his timorous beastie will come with us.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Yes ma'am. We'd better get moving, it's nightfall soon.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Indeed. And there are stories of wolves in these parts.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

(laughs)

I don't think so, ma'am.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Fanciful tales, intended to scare the children. But good for the blood, I think. Drive on.

She abruptly turns to profile - audience over - and the footman closes the door on her.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. SCOTTISH MOORLANDS - DAY 4 1730

12

WIDE SHOT, the entourage makes its way through the valley, mountains sheering up either side; CAPTAIN REYNOLDS on horseback, then the carriage, then the open cart.

CUT TO CLOSER, THE DOCTOR & ROSE sitting up front on the open cart, with the DRIVER, SOLDIERS behind them. Sotto:

ROSE

...it's funny though, cos you say assassination, you think of Kennedy and stuff. John Lennon. Not her!

THE DOCTOR

1879, she's had, ooh, six attempts on her life? And I'll tell you something else...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 (leans in, a secret)  
 We just met Queen Victoria.

ROSE

I know!

Both giggling in secret, like kids.

THE DOCTOR  
 What a laugh!

ROSE

She was just sitting there!

THE DOCTOR  
 Like a stamp.

ROSE

I want her to say 'we are not amused.'  
 Bet you five quid I can make her say it.

THE DOCTOR  
 If I gambled on that, it would be an  
 abuse of my privilege as a traveller in  
 time.

ROSE

Ten quid.

THE DOCTOR  
 Done.

CUT TO:

13 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM/EXT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE 13 DAY  
4 1800

CU SIR ROBERT, staring out through leaded windows. He's scared, sweating. FATHER ANGELO steps into frame behind him, now dressed in the steward's uniform. Both look out.

Their POV, EXT: the royal entourage approaching.

SIR ROBERT  
 I can't do this. It's treason.

FATHER ANGELO  
 Then your wife will suffer the  
 consequences. And believe me, Sir  
 Robert. She will be devoured.

CUT TO:

14

EXT. FRONT OF SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE - DAY 4 1815

14

The entourage has arrived, the FOOTMAN helping QUEEN VICTORIA to descend.

CUT TO, carved into the stone lintel above the front door, the name of the house: *TORCHWOOD HOUSE*. Pan down, as the front doors open, SIR ROBERT comes out, flanked by two footman - actually the MONKS, now MONK/FOOTMEN, in household disguises - and FATHER ANGELO, as the steward.

Sir Robert bows before the Queen. He's polite, but much of this played off his fear, his awareness of the MONKS.

SIR ROBERT  
Your Majesty.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Sir Robert. My apologies for this emergency, and how is Lady Isobel?

SIR ROBERT  
She's... indisposed, I'm afraid. She's gone to Edinburgh for the season. And she's taken the cook, I'm afraid the kitchens are barely stocked, I wouldn't blame your Majesty if you wanted to ride on.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Not at all, I've had quite enough carriage exercise, and this is...  
(of the house)  
Charming. If rustic. It's my first time in this house, but my late husband spoke of it often. The Torchwood Estate. Now let's get inside, and do excuse the naked girl.

CUT TO THE DOCTOR & ROSE, hopping down from the cart.

ROSE  
Sorry!

THE DOCTOR  
She's a feral child. I bought her for sixpence in Old London Town, she was in a cage next to the Elephant Man.

ROSE  
Thinks he's funny, but I'm so not amused, what do you think, ma'am?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

QUEEN VICTORIA  
 It hardly matters.  
 (to Sir Robert)  
 Shall we proceed?

ROSE  
 (muttering)  
 So close!

As Queen Victoria and Sir Robert head inside -

CUT TO CAPTAIN REYNOLDS on still horseback -

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS  
 Mackeson and Ramsay, you will escort the  
 property, hurry up.

Two SOLDIERS - MACKESON & RAMSAY - are already by Queen Victoria's carriage. Mackeson is lifting out a SMALL JEWELLERY CASE, shaped like a treasure chest. He carries it reverentially, Ramsay as his escort.

The Doctor & Rose watching, fascinated.

THE DOCTOR  
 What's in there, then?

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS  
 Property of the Crown, you will dismiss  
 any further thoughts, sir.  
 (to the cart)  
 The rest of you, go to the rear of the  
 house. Assume the designated positions.

The open cart carries the SOLDIERS off -

CUT TO:

15 EXT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, COURTYARD - DAY 4 1820

15

SOLDIERS leap off the open cart, scatter, on duty,  
 commands being called out.

LOW ANGLE, soldiers' feet running through frame, track in  
 to a floor-level cellar window...

CUT TO:

16 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - DAY 4 1820

16

Daylight shining through the high-up windows, the noise  
 of the courtyard, the soldiers, outside.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

The STAFF and LADY ISOBEL are still huddled against one wall. Terrified, silent.

CU Lady Isobel looking up, to the light. Then across. To the cage. And she's literally shaking with fear.

TRACK IN TO THE CAGE. THE HOST sits centre. A man in rags, legs crossed like Buddha, his eyes closed.

But it's as though he can still sense them. Keeping his eyes shut, he lifts a bony finger to his lips, miming an exaggerated ssssh.

CUT TO:

17 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STUDY - DAY 4 1825

17

A plain room (the interior of Sir Robert's house is not lavish, but stark & cold; rough plaster, all browns, blacks, whites; the wind howls through, all day, all night).

CU the JEWELLERY CASE being placed on a shelf, inside a display cabinet. The glass cabinet door is closed, locked.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS takes the key, MACKESON & RAMSAY standing armed, with rifles, on duty, either side of the cabinet.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS  
Guard it with your life.

CUT TO:

18 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, OBSERVATORY - DAY 4 1830

18

On QUEEN VICTORIA, looking up.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
And this, I take it, is the famous endeavour.

The Queen, THE DOCTOR, ROSE, SIR ROBERT and FATHER ANGELO, with two MONK/FOOTMEN on duty, are in the observatory, situated at the top of a tower, considering:

The TELESCOPE. A huge, brass beast - handmade, very Heath Robinson - about 40ft long, standing on a wrought iron metal-grille-circular-platform. Big metal wheels at its side, like hand-turned clockwork cogs, to adjust the angle. It's pointing up at, say, 60 degrees.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

And during all this, Sir Robert is on edge, so aware of Father Angelo and the monks.

SIR ROBERT

All my father's work. Built by hand, in his final years. It became something of an obsession, he spent his money on this, rather than caring for the house, or himself.

THE DOCTOR

Wish I'd met him. I like him! That thing's beautiful, can I...?

SIR ROBERT

Help yourself.

The Doctor & Rose go to the telescope, the Doctor checking it all, looking through the eyepiece.

THE DOCTOR

What did he model it on?

SIR ROBERT

I know nothing about it. To be honest, most of us thought him a little... shall we say, eccentric.

(of the monks)

I wish now, I'd spent more time with him. And listened to his stories.

The Doctor looks up from the eyepiece, worried.

ROSE

What can you see?

THE DOCTOR

Not much, um...

(to Sir Robert)

It's a bit rubbish. How many prisms has it got? Way too many!

SIR ROBERT

It wasn't finished, before he died.

THE DOCTOR

No, it's not just unfinished, it's all wrong, there's too much magnification, it's a stupid kind of... Am I being rude again?

ROSE

Yup!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

THE DOCTOR

But it's pretty! It's very pretty.

QUEEN VICTORIA

And the sheer imagination of it should be applauded.

ROSE

I thought you might disapprove, your Majesty. Star gazing. Isn't that a bit fanciful? You could easily... not be amused, or something. Nope?

QUEEN VICTORIA

This device surveys the infinite work of God, what could be finer? Sir Robert's father was an example to us all, a polymath, steeped in astronomy and the sciences, yet equally well versed in fairytales and folklore.

THE DOCTOR

Stars and magic. I like him more and more.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Oh, my late husband enjoyed his company. Prince Albert himself was acquainted with many rural superstitions, coming as he did from Saxe Coburg.

THE DOCTOR

(aside, to Rose)

That's Bavaria.

QUEEN VICTORIA

The German forests are rife with stories, creatures of the night, and so forth. When Albert was told of your local wolf, he was transported.

THE DOCTOR

What is this wolf, then?

Sir Robert so careful, so aware of Father Angelo.

SIR ROBERT

It's... just a story.

THE DOCTOR

Then tell it.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

SIR ROBERT  
It's said that -

FATHER ANGELO  
- excuse me, sir, perhaps her Majesty's party can repair to their rooms. It's almost dark.

SIR ROBERT  
Of course. Yes, of course.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
And then supper. In the absence of your cook, there's a hamper in my possession, a cold collation from the train. And do find some clothes for Miss Tyler, I'm tired of nakedness.

ROSE  
It's not amusing, is it?

QUEEN VICTORIA  
(a glance, but she ignores her)  
Sir Robert, your wife must have left some clothes, see to it. We shall dine at seven, and perhaps talk some more of this wolf. After all, it's a full moon tonight.

SIR ROBERT  
So it is, ma'am.

And he's fearful as he bows, on her exit.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. SKY - EVENING 4 1840

19

The sun lowering. A blood red sky.

CUT TO:

20 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING 4 1840

20

A wide, spartan, flagstoned room. A MONK/FOOTMAN brings in a cloth sack, empties out its contents -

Mistletoe. Other MONK/FOOTMEN grab branches -

CUT TO the monks tying mistletoe into wreaths and garlands, big enough to wear around their necks. Intense work.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

With this going on in b/g, another monk turns from the stove, where he's been brewing a pan of coffee-coloured liquid. He ladles it into a number of simple cups...

CUT TO:

21 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 1842

21

ROSE, with a wardrobe open, taking out a heavy, formal dress. Not happy, not her thing.

CUT TO:

22 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 4 1843 22

A MONK/FOOTMAN carries the cups on a tray. SOLDIERS are stationed along the hallway.

But they smile, relax, at the offer of a hot cup. They take one, knock it back, as the monk/footman moves on...

CUT TO:

23 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 1844 23

ROSE finding and holding up a huge pair of BLOOMERS. Laughing. Maybe not!

CUT TO:

24 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT 4 1845 24

The MONK/FOOTMAN, with his tray, offers MACKESON & RAMSAY a cup. They relax, down arms, take a cup.

CU on Blake, a good swig...

CUT TO:

25 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 1847 25

ROSE in a full-length mirror, still in her modern clothes, but holding a dress against herself - a better dress, bit sexier, could work...

CUT TO:

26 EXT. FRONT OF SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4 1847 26

Two SOLDIERS on duty. With the front door open, the MONK/FOOTMAN offers them a cup each.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

The soldiers take one each, drink deep...

CUT TO:

27 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 1848

27

ROSE goes to a second wardrobe, opens it...

And there's FLORA. A 15 y/o maid, wide-eyed, crying in silence, terrified, literally shaking.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 4 1848

28

The SOLDIERS, still with cups in hand, slump to the floor, drugged, unconscious -

CUT TO:

29 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT 4 1848

29

MACKESON & RAMSAY fall to the floor, unconscious -

CUT TO:

30 INT. FRONT OF SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4 1848

30

The SOLDIERS fall unconscious, topple like nine-pins.

Four MONK/FOOTMEN run to the bodies - take the rifles -

CUT TO:

30A INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT 4 1848

30A

Two MONK/FOOTMEN grab the rifles from the unconscious MACKESON & RAMSAY -

CUT TO:

30B INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 4 1848

30B

Two MONK/FOOTMEN grab the rifles from the fallen SOLDIERS -

CUT TO:

31 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 1849

31

ROSE sitting on the bed, with FLORA, trembling, hushed.

FLORA

They came through the house.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

FLORA (CONT'D)

In silence. Like death itself. Took the steward, and the master, and my lady.

ROSE

But who did, who were they?

FLORA

The monks. The Brethren. Did they attack you, Miss? Did they steal your clothes?

ROSE

No, but listen, I've got a friend, he's called the Doctor, he'll know what to do, you've got to come with me.

FLORA

Oh but I can't, Miss.

ROSE

What's your name?

FLORA

Flora.

ROSE

Flora, we'll be safe, there's more people arrived downstairs, soldiers and everything, they can help us. I promise. Come on.

CUT TO:

32 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS CORRIDORS - NIGHT 4 1852

ROSE pokes her head out, around the door -

No one around. She brings FLORA out, holds her hand. They hurry down the corridor, nervous - round the corner -

Two SOLDIERS unconscious on the floor. Rose runs to them -

FLORA

Oh Miss, I did warn you!

ROSE

They're not dead. I don't think. Must be drugged, or...

But she looks up, sharp -

MONK/FOOTMEN, running towards her, absolutely silent -

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Rose turns -

Another MONK/FOOTMAN has grabbed Flora, a hand around her mouth - pulls her away -

- as Rose goes to yell, the monks reach her - a hand clamped around her mouth -

CUT TO:

33 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 1855 33

CORRIDOR: an unconscious SOLDIER is being dragged away by a MONK/FOOTMAN. FATHER ANGELO steps over him, like it's normal, carrying a decanter to the dining room, and he steps inside just as the soldier's legs disappear b/g -

Into the DINING ROOM.

QUEEN VICTORIA, THE DOCTOR, SIR ROBERT (ever mindful of Father Angelo) and CAPTAIN REYNOLDS around the table. This room's a little smarter, though still austere.

FATHER ANGELO

Your companion begs an apology, Doctor.  
She finds the clothing not quite  
correct.

THE DOCTOR

That's all right, save her a bit of ham.

QUEEN VICTORIA

The feral child could probably eat it raw.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

(laughs!)  
Oh very wise, ma'am! Very witty!

QUEEN VICTORIA

Slightly witty, perhaps. I know you rarely get the chance to dine with me, Captain, but don't get too excited. I shall contain my wit in case I do you further injury.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Yes ma'am, sorry ma'am.

THE DOCTOR

Besides, we're all waiting on Sir Robert. Come, sir. You promised us a tale of nightmares.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

QUEEN VICTORIA

Indeed. Since my husband's death, I find myself with more of a taste for supernatural fiction.

THE DOCTOR

You must miss him.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Very much. Oh, completely. And that's the charm of a ghost story, isn't it? Not the scares and the chills, that's just for children; but the hope of contact with the great beyond.

(quiet; in mourning)

We all want some message from that place, some word from our beloved. Which never comes. It's the Creator's greatest mystery, that we're allowed no such consolation. The dead stay silent. And we must wait.

Pause; then she gathers herself.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

But come, begin your tale, Sir Robert. There's a chill in the air. The wind is howling through the eaves. Tell us of monsters.

CUT TO:

34

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT 4 1900

34

THE HOST IN THE CAGE has got his head down, eyes closed, though awake; he snickers to himself, like an awful child.

CUT TO LADY ISOBEL, quiet, terrified, ROSE and FLORA now chained up with her, sitting on the floor with the STEWARD, COOK, STAFF, etc, all terrified. Quiet, trembling:

LADY ISOBEL

Don't make a sound. They said, if we shout or scream, then he will slaughter us.

ROSE

But... he's in a cage. He's a prisoner, he's the same as us.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

LADY ISOBEL

He's nothing like us. That creature's not mortal.

The Host slowly lifts his head up. Opens his eyes.

They are black. No whites; jet black.

The prisoners - having seen this before - whimper, wail, pray, press themselves further back into the wall, in terror. Rose staring, scared... but fascinated...

CUT TO:

35

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 1901

35

SIR ROBERT'S tale continues, THE DOCTOR & QUEEN VICTORIA rapt with attention, CAPTAIN REYNOLDS less so. Sir Robert aims more and more of this at the Doctor, with intensity, trying to tell him.

Throughout, the Doctor beginning to twig, realising something more is going on...

FATHER ANGELO stands on duty, but listening.

SIR ROBERT

The story goes back three hundred years, though the incidents continue to this day. Every full moon. The howling rings across the valley. Next morning, livestock is found, ripped apart, and devoured.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Tales like this just disguise the work of thieves. Steal a sheep, blame a wolf, simple as that.

SIR ROBERT

But sometimes a child goes missing. Once in a generation, a boy will vanish from his homestead.

THE DOCTOR

Are there descriptions of the creature?

SIR ROBERT

Oh yes, Doctor. Drawings, and wood carvings. And it's not merely a wolf, it's more than that, the stories are quite detailed. This is a man, who becomes the animal.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

THE DOCTOR  
A werewolf..?

CUT TO:

36 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT 4 1901

36

PRISONERS scared, but ROSE sits forward, to ask the HOST:

ROSE  
...who are you?

LADY ISOBEL  
Don't, child.

STEWARD  
Don't enrage him.

ROSE  
But where are you from?

FLORA  
Oh Miss, please don't.

ROSE  
I know what I'm doing.  
(to the man)  
You're not from Earth. What planet did  
you come from?

And the Host grins; a childlike voice, with a slight  
unnatural reverb (neutral, English accent).

THE HOST  
Ohhh, intelligence.

The prisoners terrified! A moan, a whimper -

ROSE  
It's all right, trust me -  
(to the man)  
Where were you born?

THE HOST  
This body? Ten miles away. A weakling,  
heartsick boy. Stolen away, at night,  
by the Brethren, for my cultivation. I  
carved out his soul and sat in his  
heart.

ROSE  
All right, the body's human. But what  
about you? The thing inside..?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

THE HOST  
So far from home.

ROSE  
I can help you.

STEWARD  
This is the Devil's talk -

ROSE  
Oy, shush! I'm serious. If you want to go back home, we can help.

THE HOST  
Why would I leave this place? An empire of smoke and iron is being forged, to the south. A world of industry, of workforce, and warfare. I could turn it to such purpose.

ROSE  
How would you do that?

THE HOST  
This body is only a host, I would migrate to the holy monarch.

ROSE  
You mean Queen Victoria?

THE HOST  
With one bite, I would pass into her blood. And then it begins. The Empire of the Wolf.

He tilts his head, studies her, curious.

THE HOST (CONT'D)  
So many questions. And yet...

Suddenly, he darts forward, right at the bars - even Rose can't help shrinking back - the shine of his black eyes -

THE HOST (CONT'D)  
Look! Inside your eyes. You've seen it too.

ROSE  
...seen what?

THE HOST  
The wolf. There is something of the wolf about you.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

ROSE

...I don't know what you mean.

THE HOST

Ohh, you burnt like the sun. But all I require is the moon.

CUT TO:

37 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 1903

37

THE DOCTOR, QUEEN VICTORIA, REYNOLDS fixed on SIR ROBERT.

SIR ROBERT

My father didn't treat it as a story.  
 He said it was fact. He even claimed to have communed with the beast, to have learnt its purpose. I should have listened!

B/G, FATHER ANGELO walks around the room, crossing to the windows; there's a desk in front of the window, so that with his back to the room, he might simply be busy with something domestic. And this allows Sir Robert to push it, to clearly glance at Father Angelo - which the Doctor registers - as Sir Robert becomes more intense:

SIR ROBERT (CONT'D)

But his work was hindered. He made enemies. There's a monastery, in the Glen of St Catherine, and the Brethren opposed my father's investigations. They'd forbid the village to talk to him, they'd denounce his theories, and demand that he stop.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Perhaps they found his work ungodly.

SIR ROBERT

I thought that. For so many years. But now, I wonder -

(more urgent)

What if they had different reasons, for wanting the story kept quiet?

(right at the Doctor)

What if, they changed their allegiance, long ago? What of that, Doctor? What if they turned from God and worshipped the wolf?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

THE DOCTOR

...and what if they were with us, right  
now...?

Grim, he looks across the room -

Sir Robert, Queen Victoria, Captain Reynolds look across -

TRACK ACROSS TO FATHER ANGELO, all pretence abandoned, lost in prayer. Entranced, staring out of the window, bright, mad eyes. And he is muttering, intoning, repeating:

FATHER ANGELO

*Lupus magnus est, lupus fortis est,  
lupus deus est...*

And out of the window, shining down, as though summoned -

CUT TO:

38 EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT 4 1905

38

Clouds scud past and reveal the FULL MOON.

CUT TO:

39 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT 4 1905

39

The cellar-ramp doors are flung open, by MONK/FOOTMEN up above. And shining through:

(FX?) The moon, its light slanting across the floor, on to -

THE HOST

Moonlight...

He's ecstatic, pulls off his rags, so he's naked, holds out his arms, joyous -

He starts to glow. Light filling him.

CU his smiling face. Suffused with cold light. A powerful noise, like the sound of light.

CUT TO the PRISONERS. Terrified! (And from now on, the action ramps into something more kinetic, wild, blistering; so much noise; light and dark; human terror; visceral! And music should be wild, clever, a bit Tarantino - not period, maybe wild electric guitars...)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ROSE looks at the chains: everyone wears a handcuff on each wrist, each cuff linked by a small chain to a single, big, thick chain, which runs across all the prisoners - so all the prisoners are linked together - each end of the big chain then attached to the stone wall by a huge, old, rusting bolt.

ROSE

All of you, stop looking at him, Flora, don't look, listen to me - grab hold of the chain, and pull! Come on! With me! Pull!

She starts to yank on the big chain -

FX: the light-filled Host is starting to grow...

CUT TO the prisoners, LADY ISOBEL just whimpering.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I said pull! Stop whining and listen to me! All of you! And that means you, your ladyship, come on! Pull!

CUT TO:

40

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 1906

40

FATHER ANGELO intoning his chant, THE DOCTOR, QUEEN VICTORIA, SIR ROBERT, CAPTAIN REYNOLDS now standing, alarmed, the Captain aiming his pistol at the Father - panic rising, all these voices overlapping -

(And from now on, the Doctor drops his Scots accent.)

QUEEN VICTORIA

What's the meaning of this? What's happening?

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Explain yourself, sir, who do you represent - ?

SIR ROBERT

I'm sorry, your Majesty, they've got my wife -

FATHER ANGELO

*Lupus magnus est, lupus fortis est, lupis deus est; lupus magnus est, lupus fortis est, lupus deus est; lupus magnus est, lupus fortis est, lupus deus est; lupus magnus est, lupus fortis, est, lupus deus est...*

THE DOCTOR

Rose, where's Rose, where is she? Sir Robert! Come on - !

And the Doctor runs out - Sir Robert races after him -

CUT TO:

41

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT 4 1907+

41

FX: the light-filled HOST is glowing, and starting to change shape, growing, bones cracking -

FX: his face starts to elongate - ripping into a maw -

CUT TO the PRISONERS, all whimpering, but listening to ROSE, who's magnificent - and bossy! - yelling -

ROSE

One, two, three, PULL!

They've become a tug o'war, sitting, heaving at the chain, yanking it on her command -

- on the wall-bolt, chips of stone loosen, fall away -

ROSE (CONT'D)

One, two, three, PULL!  
One, two, three, PULL!

CUT TO:

42

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 1907

42

FATHER ANGELO still chanting, entranced, staring up, as CAPTAIN REYNOLDS faces him, levels his pistol at his head -

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Tell me, sir! I demand  
to know your intention,  
what is it that you  
want?

FATHER ANGELO

*Lupus magnus est, lupus  
fortis est, lupus deus  
est...*

And it's a shock when the Father whips round -

FATHER ANGELO (CONT'D)

The throne.

- then a blur - knocking the pistol aside with ease -

- and Captain Reynolds slams to the floor, our cold.

QUEEN VICTORIA stands defenceless.

CUT TO:

43

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BELOW STAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 4 1908

THE DOCTOR & SIR ROBERT belt along -

CUT TO:

44

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT 4 1909

44

FX: that classic shot of the half-wolf HOST, holding up his hand, watching it stretch, crack, and claw...

ROSE yelling at the PRISONER tug o'war team -

ROSE  
One! Two! Three! **PULL!**

And they yank -

- the bolt pulls free of the wall -

FX: the light-filled Host is now twisting, eight feet tall, curled up in his cage, trying to stand -

- the PRISONERS all get to their feet, frantic -

- as the door's kicked in - it's THE DOCTOR & SIR ROBERT -

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Where the hell have you been?!

THE DOCTOR  
(admiring)  
Ohh, that's beautiful...

FX: CU the Host, his face now that of the WOLF, still light-filled, baring his teeth, with an awful growl -

SIR ROBERT  
Isobel, get out, all of you -

A mad scramble for the door -

THE DOCTOR  
Out! Out! Out!

He keeps yelling - all of this is at fever pitch, now! - people running past him, fast, out -

Rose is last out - the Doctor grabs the door, goes to swing it shut, takes one last look -

FX: the CAGE splinters apart - the roof flies back, bars fall, as the WOLF, still filled with light, bursts free -

The Doctor slams the door, whirrs at it with the sonic -

CUT TO:

45

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 1910

45

FATHER ANGELO faces QUEEN VICTORIA.

QUEEN VICTORIA

I take it, sir, that you halted my  
train, to bring me here.

FATHER ANGELO

We've waited so long, for one of your  
journeys to coincide with the moon.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Then you've waited in vain. After six  
attempts on my life, I'm hardly  
unprepared.From her purse, she takes out a small, delicate revolver.  
Though she's shaking a little as she holds it up.

And for the first time, the Father smiles.

FATHER ANGELO

Oh, I don't think so, woman.

QUEEN VICTORIA

The correct form of address is, your  
Majesty.

And she fires!

CUT TO:

46

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BELOW STAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 4 1910The cellar door, seen from outside in the corridor, under  
assault from inside, WHUMPH! WHUMPH! WHUMPH!

Splintering -

CUT TO:

47

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, SERVANTS' HALLWAY - NIGHT 4 1910An intersection of corridors, dark, cramped - the WHUMPH!  
WHUMPH! WHUMPH! carries over -- the STEWARD at an armoury/cupboard, grabbing rifles,  
throwing them to the FOOTMEN - all frantic, yelling -

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

STEWARD  
 Lady Isobel, take the  
 girls! Get them out  
 through the kitchen -  
 Clive, at arms, and  
 you, Jackson, and you,  
 lad -

LADY ISOBEL  
 Robert, I can't leave you,  
 what will you do -?

SIR ROBERT  
 I must defend her Majesty,  
 now stop it, don't think of  
 me, just go -

LADY ISOBEL gives him a sudden, desperate kiss - then  
 grabs a whimpering FLORA, runs, other MAIDS following -

LADY ISOBEL  
 All of you! At my side! Come on!

FOREGROUND, THE DOCTOR whirring the sonic screwdriver at  
 at ROSE's handcuffs, which fall off, as he mutters, fast -

THE DOCTOR  
 - could be any form of light-modulating  
 species, triggered by specific  
 wavelengths, did it say what it wanted?

ROSE  
 The Queen, the crown, the throne, you  
 name it -

Suddenly, a massive *SMASH!* from off -

The Doctor runs forward -

CUT TO:

48 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, BELOW STAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 448  
CONTINUOUS

The corridor's dark, as long as possible. THE DOCTOR runs into the entrance of one end, stops dead, as -

The battered cellar door is now lying on the floor,  
 having been pushed out. And from the doorway...

FX: the WEREWOLF slowly steps out of the cellar. A MUSCULAR, FEARSOME 8ft BEAST, standing like a man, powerful forearms. It seems to fill the corridor.

FX: CU its FACE. Eyes. Teeth. It stares at the Doctor...

FX: it runs! - hurtling on to all fours, like an almighty hound, bounding down the corridor -

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

- the Doctor runs back -

CUT TO:

49 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, SERVANTS' HALLWAY - NIGHT 4 - 49  
CONTINUOUS

THE DOCTOR runs through - grabs ROSE's hand, runs with her - past the line of armed FOOTMEN, towards SIR ROBERT -

FX: in the corridor entrance behind him - the WEREWOLF! And it ROARS, teeth, saliva -

STEWARD

*Fire - !*

The STEWARD, the FOOTMEN fire - blast after blast -

- flashes of light in the dark - a howl -

- and they keep firing, shot after shot after shot - on the men's faces, they're as savage as the beast -

And then silence. A stunning absence of sound. The wolf has gone. The men lower their guns, stunned. The Doctor & Rose, a glance, wary.

The Steward steps forward, to look down the corridor...

THE DOCTOR

All right, you men, we should retreat upstairs, come with me.

STEWARD

I'll not retreat, sir, the battle's done. No creature on God's earth could survive such an assault.

THE DOCTOR

I'm telling you, come upstairs.

STEWARD

And I'm telling you, sir, I'll sleep soundly tonight, with that thing's hide upon my wall.

He looks round the corner, down the corridor...

Empty.

He turns back, more confident.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

STEWARD (CONT'D)

It must have crawled away to die -

- and the Steward is literally pulled out of frame, super-fast, vertically, up into the rafters of the ceiling -

The footmen leap to their feet - run to the corridor entrance - aim up at the ceiling, fire - the howl - flashes of light -

THE DOCTOR

There's nothing we can do -

- and they're running -

CU footmen firing, yelling with anger -

WOLF POV, plummetting down, as though pouncing from the roof, towards a FOOTMAN, as he fires into CAMERA -

CUT TO:

50 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/EXT COURTYARD - NIGHT 45D912

Gunfire, howls, screams from off - some MAIDS cower, covering their ears, crying -

LADY ISOBEL pulls at the back door, but -

LADY ISOBEL

It won't open! They've sealed us inside -

FLORA

Oh my Lady, look -

Flora's staring out of the window, Lady Isobel joins her -

EXT COURTYARD: the MONKS, now back in their tunics &amp; robes, stand, on guard. They wear garlands of mistletoe. And as Lady Isobel looks, in unison, the monks raise the soldier's stolen rifles, point them at the kitchen, hold position; very still, very formal.

FLORA (CONT'D)

They'll never let us out. They mean us to die.

LADY ISOBEL

Now don't say that, Flora -

Both look round, suddenly scared -

Because the gunshots have stopped. Whispered:

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

FLORA  
Did they kill it?

LADY ISOBEL  
Hush. Come close...

Terrified but brave, Lady Isobel holds Flora, gestures to the other maids to come to her, in silence - they scurry to her, all retreat into a corner, sink to the floor, huddle together, still scared...

And they can hear a low purring... the scrape of claws on flagstone... something approaching, slowly...

They huddle tight, shivering, cringing, eyes closed...

But Lady Isobel can't help it. She has to look.

FX: the WEREWOLF. Filling the doorway. Just breathing; terrifyingly calm. Staring at her.

She closes her eyes, desperate, and waits to die...

And waits...

Then she opens her eyes again...

The creature has gone.

CUT TO:

51 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT 4 1913

51

QUEEN VICTORIA, hands trembling - the shock of it hitting her, now - fumbles with the key to the cabinet.

(MACKESON & RAMSAY unconscious at her feet.)

It unlocks, the door opens, she grabs the small treasure chest, opens the clasp, lifts the lid -

Inside: the most wonderful DIAMOND, glinting in the light; this is the fabled KOH-I-NOOR.

She puts the diamond in her purse, hurries away -

CUT TO:

52 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 4 1914 52

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, SIR ROBERT burst into the hall -

SIR ROBERT  
Your Majesty? Your Majesty - ?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

QUEEN VICTORIA appears at the top of the stairs, hurries down. (At the same time, the Doctor slams the door behind him shut - a big, thick, heavy door, the access to the servants' quarters - and he sonics it, while Rose runs to the front door, heaves at it - )

QUEEN VICTORIA

I'm here, don't worry, Sir Robert,  
what's happening? I heard such terrible  
noises -

SIR ROBERT

It's worse than I feared, ma'am, and I  
apologise for my part in this, but we've  
got to get out -

ROSE

Door won't open!

THE DOCTOR

Hold on - !

He runs across, heaves, then sonics -

SIR ROBERT

What of Father Angelo, ma'am, the leader  
of the Brethren, what happened to him,  
is he still here?

QUEEN VICTORIA

Captain Reynolds disposed of him.

THE DOCTOR

It's boarded shut! They must've nailed  
it up - c'mon - pardon me, your Majesty,  
you'll have to leg it out of a window -

And they're running, into -

CUT TO:

53 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 - CONTINUOUS

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, QUEEN VICTORIA, SIR ROBERT run in - the Doctor lifts up a sash window, but Sir Robert steps forward -

SIR ROBERT

Excuse my manners, ma'am, but I shall go  
first. The better to assist her  
Majesty's egress.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

QUEEN VICTORIA  
A noble sentiment, my Francis Drake.

THE DOCTOR  
Any chance you could hurry up?!

Sir Robert goes to climb out -

- gunshot, *zzzing!*, a bullet ricochets off the windowframe - a second, a third, splintering the wood -

- Sir Robert staggers back, the Doctor looks out -

OUTSIDE: the MONKS, glaring in, frozen in ready-to-attack positions, pointing their stolen rifles at the window.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I reckon the monkey-boys want us to stay inside.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Do they know who I am?

ROSE  
That's why they want you. The wolf's lined you up for biting.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Now stop this talk, there can't be an actual wolf -

They turn, hearing, from the hall: *WHUMPH! WHUMPH!*  
*WHUMPH!*

CUT TO:

54 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 4 1915 54

The big, hefty door leading down to the servants' quarters is shuddering - mighty blows - *WHUMPH! WHUMPH!*  
*WHUMPH!*

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, QUEEN VICTORIA and SIR ROBERT - dazed, but recovering - run into the hall, stop, in dread -

ROSE  
What do we do?

THE DOCTOR  
We run.

ROSE  
Is that it?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

THE DOCTOR  
Got any silver bullets?

ROSE  
Not on me, no.

THE DOCTOR  
There we are, then. We run. Your  
Majesty, as a Doctor, I recommend a  
vigorous jog, good for the health -

And he takes the Queen's hand - runs up the stairs -

The door's shuddering, *WHUMPH! WHUMPH! WHUMPH!*

CUT TO:

55 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STAIRS - NIGHT 4 1916

55

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, QUEEN VICTORIA, SIR ROBERT run up, up -

CUT TO:

56 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 4 1916 56

WOLF POV from behind the door - as the door falls -

CUT TO:

57 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS CORRIDORS - NIGHT 4 1957

(This looks and feels like the longest set of corridors  
in the world, now, rushing past us, all fast & wild now) -

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, QUEEN VICTORIA, SIR ROBERT, running -

The Doctor looks back -

Far down the corridor, a silhouette -

FX: the WEREWOLF - a second's pause, then it gives chase -

WEREWOLF POV hurtling down the corridor -

The Doctor running, Rose, the Queen, Robert, so scared,  
they belt round a corner -

- CU Doctor, running for his life -

- CU Rose, running -

- CU the Queen, running -

- round another corner -

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

FX: the WEREWOLF rounds the first corner -

- the Doctor, Rose, Queen, Sir, run run run RUN -

FX: fast, profile shot of the WEREWOLF, tracking with it as it races along -

WEREWOLF POV, faster, faster -

CUT TO the Doctor & the others reaching the end of the corridor, another corner, but then - SHOCK - !

- CAPTAIN REYNOLDS appears in front of them!

He's dazed, injured, but raises his pistol - fires a volley!

FX: WEREWOLF howls, in pain, throws itself back -

The Captain then runs round the corner to the others, reloading his pistol - a brief pause, all fast, frantic -

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

I'll take this position and hold it, you keep moving, for God's sake - but your Majesty, I went to look for the property, and it was taken, the chest was empty -

QUEEN VICTORIA

I have it, it's safe -

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

Then remove yourself, ma'am - Doctor, you stand as Her Majesty's protector. And you, Sir Robert. You're a traitor to the Crown.

Still in pain, he makes to go back round the corner -

THE DOCTOR

Bullets can't stop it -

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS

They'll buy you time, now run!

And he steps into the corridor, fires -

The Doctor & others run on -

WOLF POV - races, terrifying speed, towards Captain Reynolds - his pistol empty, he draws his sword in fury -

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

FX: fast images - glint of teeth - slash of claws -  
 The Doctor & others run, hearing the terrible screams -  
 Rose looks back -

FX: WEREWOLF bounding towards them -

SIR ROBERT  
 In here - !

And they take a sudden swerve left -

CUT TO:

58 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, LIBRARY - NIGHT 4 1918

58

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, QUEEN VICTORIA, SIR ROBERT run inside -  
 SLAM! the hefty door shut behind them -

It's a tall, dusty room, lined floor-to-ceiling with books, shelves both on the walls and free-standing book cases.

SIR ROBERT  
 We can barricade the door -

He grabs a bench, the Doctor does the same, Rose grabs a chair, only the Queen standing back, profoundly shaken.

They slam the furniture against the door, shove it in place. Then realise there's no resistance.

THE DOCTOR  
 Hush, ssssh, wait a minute, sssh -  
 (pause; he listens)  
 It's stopped.

SIR ROBERT  
 Perhaps the beast has -

THE DOCTOR  
 Sssssh!

Listening, fascinated, the Doctor steps on to the barricade so that he can press right against the door.

CU the Doctor, listening...

FX: CU WEREWOLF on the opposite side of the door. So close to the Doctor. It breathes in, hard, as though inhaling the wood. And then... Withdraws.

CUT TO the Doctor. Incredulous. Waits. But...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
...it's gone.

ROSE  
Listen!

They all hush. Listen hard. The scatter of claws. The Wolf's going around the outside of the room...

They follow it round...

THE DOCTOR  
(whispers)  
This the only door?

SIR ROBERT  
Yes.  
(beat)  
No!

And he runs - they all run - !

To a door on the far side - *SLAM!* The Doctor grabs another bench, Sir Robert a chair, they shove them up as a barricade. But Rose walks away from the door, listening:

ROSE  
Sssssh!

They all listen... listen... listen... as the wolf-claws seem to scratch around outside, going round the library walls... As though testing every part of the room...

A sudden scrabble, at a mid-point, raking at plaster, an attack, the sound of claws digging deep, they freeze...

Then it stops. A growl, the claws skitter, receding away...

And then nothing. All holding their breaths. But it seems to have retreated. Still quiet:

ROSE (CONT'D)  
I don't understand. It could get through those doors, no trouble, what's stopping it..?

THE DOCTOR  
Something inside this room. What is it?  
Why can't it get in..?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

ROSE

Hey. Tell you what, though.

THE DOCTOR

What?

ROSE

Werewolf.

THE DOCTOR

I know!

Both laugh, incredulous, give each other a little hug.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You all right?

ROSE

I'm okay, yeah.

This observed by Queen Victoria; disturbed at their ease with all this.

CUT TO Sir Robert as he sits, exhausted, despairing.

SIR ROBERT

I'm so sorry, ma'am. It's my fault, I should have sent you away.

(to the Doctor)

I tried to suggest something was wrong, I thought you might notice. Did you think there was nothing strange about my household staff?

THE DOCTOR

Well. They were young, athletic, your wife's away, I just thought you were... happy.

ROSE

Tell you what though, ma'am. I bet you're not amused now.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Do you think this *funny*?

And she's desperate, brittle - the others only now realising how shocking this has been for her.

ROSE

I'm sorry, I didn't mean...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

QUEEN VICTORIA

What, exactly, I pray, someone, please, tell me, what, exactly, is that creature?

THE DOCTOR

You'd call it a werewolf, but technically, it's more of a lupine-wavelength-haemovariform -

QUEEN VICTORIA

(fierce)

And should I trust you, sir? When you change your voice so easily? What happened to your accent?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, right, sorry, that was -

QUEEN VICTORIA

I'll not have it. No sir, not you, not that thing, none of it. This is not my world.

And she's shaking, fighting back tears. Raw. Silence. No one knows how to comfort her. Victoria, alone.

CUT TO:

59 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/EXT COURTYARD - NIGHT 45B920

EXT, the MONKS on their silent, unmoving vigil.

This is the POV of LADY ISOBEL, at the window, realising...

LADY ISOBEL

Mistletoe...

She turns round, inspired, to FLORA (other MAIDS still cowering in the corner).

LADY ISOBEL (CONT'D)

They're all garlanded with mistletoe... and the wolf doesn't attack them. Who brought this into the kitchen..?

She grabs: bunches of mistletoe, still on the table.

FLORA

Must have been the Brethren.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

LADY ISOBEL  
 Gather it up, quickly. Every last  
 scrap. Quick now!

CUT TO:

60 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, LIBRARY - NIGHT 4 1920

60

THE DOCTOR studying the door. It has a central wooden relief carving - a circle of mistletoe, like a wreath. The Doctor getting more excited, more sparky, in control - being trapped brings out the best in him; ROSE & SIR ROBERT listening, but QUEEN VICTORIA's still withdrawn.

THE DOCTOR  
 Mistletoe... Sir Robert, did your father put that there - ?

SIR ROBERT  
 I don't know, I suppose -

The Doctor look across at the second door, which has got the same mistletoe carving.

THE DOCTOR  
 - on the other door too, though a carving's not enough, I wonder -

And he licks the door.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
*Viscum album*. The oil of the mistletoe, it's been worked into the wood, like a varnish, how clever was your dad? I love him! Powerful stuff, mistletoe, bursting with lectins and viscotoxins -

ROSE  
 And the wolf's allergic to it?

THE DOCTOR  
 Or it thinks it is. The monk-monks need a way of controlling the wolf, maybe they trained it to react against certain things.

SIR ROBERT  
 Nevertheless, that creature won't give up, Doctor. And we still don't possess an actual weapon.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

THE DOCTOR

Oh your father got all the brains,  
didn't he?

ROSE

Being rude again.

THE DOCTOR

Good, I meant that one. You want  
weapons? We're in a library. Books!  
Best weapons in the world -

Big moment: he puts his glasses on!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

This room's the greatest arsenal we  
could have. Arm yourself!

(chucks Rose a book)

Page one!

CUT TO:

61 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 4 1925

61

All busy, fast - LADY ISOBEL boiling water, ripping up  
mistletoe, shoving it into the pan - FLORA helping her -

FLORA

There's no sound of the wolf, my lady,  
perhaps it's gone -

LADY ISOBEL

And perhaps it's toying with us. But my  
husband's up there, and if there's any  
chance he's still alive then by God,  
I'll assist him -

CUT TO:

62 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, LIBRARY - NIGHT 4 1930

62

THE DOCTOR, ROSE & SIR ROBERT rattling through books.

QUEEN VICTORIA stands apart, but listening, more and  
more.

ROSE

- look up biology, zoology, there might  
be something about wolves, some sort of  
weakness -

THE DOCTOR

Whole book on mistletoe!

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

ROSE  
We need a book on magic.

SIR ROBERT  
The Control and Application of  
Gunpowder! If we could build some form  
of explosive -

THE DOCTOR  
That's the sort of thing - oh, look what  
your old dad found -

They gather round, quickly. An old book open at a line-drawing of a SHOOTING STAR, falling to Earth.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Something fell to Earth.

ROSE  
Spaceship?

SIR ROBERT  
A shooting star. "In the year of our  
Lord 1540, under the reign of King James  
the Fifth... An almighty fire did burn  
in the pit." That's the Glen of Saint  
Catherine, just by the monastery.

ROSE  
But that's over three hundred years ago,  
what's it been waiting for?

THE DOCTOR  
Maybe just a single cell survived. A  
spore. A virus. A thought. Started  
growing, adapting, evolving, slowly,  
down the generations, it survived,  
through the humans, host after host  
after host.

ROSE  
But in its real form, it's a wolf?

THE DOCTOR  
Maybe it just adopted that. Mapped  
itself on to local mythology.

SIR ROBERT  
But why does it want the throne?

THE DOCTOR  
Think what it could do!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
With its knowledge of the stars, added  
to the might of Great Britain -

ROSE  
That's what it wants, it said so. The  
Empire of the Wolf.

THE DOCTOR  
Imagine it. The Victorian age,  
accelerated. Starships and missiles  
fuelled by coal, and driven by steam.  
Leaving history devastated in its wake.

QUEEN VICTORIA, still unnerved, is holding up her purse.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Sir Robert. If I am to die here -

SIR ROBERT  
Don't say that, your Majesty -

QUEEN VICTORIA  
I would destroy myself rather than let  
that creature infect me. But that's no  
matter. I ask only that you might find  
some place of safe keeping, for  
something far older and more precious  
than myself.

THE DOCTOR  
Hardly the time to worry about your  
valuables.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Thank you for your opinion. But  
nothing is more valuable than this.

She takes out: the Koh-i-Noor. Glinting in the light.

All stop, draw close, in awe.

THE DOCTOR  
Is that..?

SIR ROBERT  
Ohh, your Majesty.

ROSE  
Is that the Koh-i-Noor..?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

62

THE DOCTOR

Oh yes. The greatest diamond in the world.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Given to me as the spoils of war.  
Perhaps its legend is coming true; it's said that whoever owns it, must surely die.

THE DOCTOR

Well, that's true of anything, if you wait long enough. Can I...?

She hands it to him.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

That's so beautiful.

ROSE

How much is that worth?

THE DOCTOR

They say, the wages of the entire planet, for a whole week.

ROSE

Good thing my mum's not here, she'd be fighting off the wolf with her bare hands, for that thing.

THE DOCTOR

And she'd win.

SIR ROBERT

Where is the wolf? I don't trust this silence...

Sir Robert goes b/g, checking; others focus on the diamond.

THE DOCTOR

Why d'you travel with it...?

QUEEN VICTORIA

My annual pilgrimage. I'm taking it to Hellier and Carew, the Royal Jeweller's, in Hazlehead. The stone needs recutting.

ROSE

But it's perfect.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (4)

62

QUEEN VICTORIA  
My late husband never thought so.

THE DOCTOR  
Now there's a fact. Prince Albert kept on having the Koh-i-Noor cut down, it used to be forty per cent bigger than this. But he was never happy. Kept on cutting, and cutting...

QUEEN VICTORIA  
He always said, the shine was not quite right. And he died with it still unfinished.

THE DOCTOR  
Unfinished... But... Oh yes!

He's getting an idea. Blazing, so excited, he just tosses the diamond back to the Queen -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
There's a lot of unfinished business in this house.  
(to Sir Robert)  
Your father's research. And your husband, ma'am, he came here.  
And he sought the perfect diamond, hold on, ohh, hold on, all these separate things, not separate at all, they're connected, oh my head! What if..? This house, it's a trap, for you, is that right, ma'am?

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Obviously.

THE DOCTOR  
At least, that's what the wolf intended.  
But what if there's a trap inside the trap?

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Explain yourself, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR  
What if... his father and your husband weren't just telling each other stories. They dared to imagine all this was true. And they planned against it. Laying the real trap. Not for you, but for the wolf -

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (5)

62

And on that, there's a tiny shower of dust, right in front of his face. A creak.

The Doctor slowly looks up...

Rose looks up, in dread...

Queen Victoria, Sir Robert look up...

High above them: the library has a beautiful glass roof. And crawling across the glass...

FX: THE WEREWOLF.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

...that wolf, there.

FX: the glass smashes and the werewolf plunges down -

The Doctor is HURLING the benches away from the barricade -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Out! Out! Out!

FX: the werewolf lands, surrounded by falling glass, going immediately into a crouching position -

The Doctor at the door, Queen Victoria & Sir Robert run through, into the corridor -

Rose throws a chair back into the room, heads out -

Rose whips past the Doctor, he goes to pull the door shut, to trap the wolf behind the mistletoe door - but the door stops, two inches from closing - the Doctor heaves - the roar of the Wolf as it holds on from the other side- he yells back -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

The observatory! We've got to get to the observatory - !

- two inch gap, but widening, the wolf's stronger -

The Doctor lets go - whip pan with him, the sound of the OOV Wolf falling back - the Doctor joining Rose, Queen Victoria, Sir Robert - running -

CUT TO:

63 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS CORRIDORS - NIGHT 4 - 63  
CONTINUOUS

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, QUEEN VICTORIA, SIR ROBERT run run run -

FX: THE WEREWOLF runs, close, closer, very close -

A T-junction in the corridor, they turn -

Rose looks back -

WOLF POV racing right on top of her - and she SCREAMS -!

Suddenly - LADY ISOBEL, FLORA, two MAIDS, on the opposite side of the T, all fling pans of mistletoe water -

FX: WEREWOLF twists, roars, in pain, a scorch of steam around it, bounds away back down the corridor in retreat -

As Sir Robert runs to his wife -

ROSE

FLORA

Oh nice one!

It was mistletoe!

THE DOCTOR

SIR ROBERT

Good shot!

Isobel -

(they kiss)

Now get back downstairs.

LADY ISOBEL

Keep yourself safe.

SIR ROBERT

My love.

He kisses her hand. A look between them.

SIR ROBERT (CONT'D)

Now go!

Lady Isobel, Flora & maids run back down their branch of the corridor, Sir Robert runs back to the others -

SIR ROBERT (CONT'D)

The observatory's this way - but what is it you need in there, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Your father's legacy!

They run -

CUT TO:

64

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STAIRS - NIGHT 4 1935

64

THE DOCTOR, ROSE, QUEEN VICTORIA, SIR ROBERT run up -

CUT TO:

65

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS CORRIDORS - NIGHT 4 1935

FX: the WEREWOLF crouching, but straightening itself out, recovering, ready to hunt again - and then it bounds off -

CUT TO:

66

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STAIRS - NIGHT 4 1935

66

FX: THE WEREWOLF hurtles up the stairs -

CUT TO:

67

INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, OBSERVATORY - NIGHT 4 1936

67

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OBSERVATORY; the observatory itself has a good pair of wooden double doors. The Doctor closing the doors as Rose & Queen Victoria run in - all fast -

THE DOCTOR

No mistletoe on these doors, cos your father wanted the wolf to get inside - I just need time, is there any way of barricading this?

SIR ROBERT

Do your work and I'll defend it -

THE DOCTOR

If we could bind them shut, with rope or something -

SIR ROBERT

I'll find you time, sir, now get inside!

The Doctor knows what this means, hasn't got time to argue.

THE DOCTOR

Good man.

The Doctor runs inside -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

- your Majesty - the diamond -

QUEEN VICTORIA

For what purpose?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

THE DOCTOR

The purpose it was designed for -

The Queen gives him the Koh-i-Noor, he runs on -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Rose -

- as he runs to the TELESCOPE, ROSE runs with him -

SIR ROBERT closes the doors, takes a cutlass off the wall. Breathing hard. Ready for what must come.

CUT TO Queen Victoria, left at the centre, between the closed doors and the telescope, looking from one to the other, scared, but brave (NB, a good distance separating doors - Queen Victoria - telescope).

CUT TO the Doctor at the base of the telescope, holding the turning-handle on the big-cog-wheel, Rose on the opposite side, holding another handle. Both turning the wheels. The mechanism's unused, stuff, they heeeeave...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Lift it! Come on!

ROSE

Not the right time for...  
(effort, oww!)  
...stargazing...

THE DOCTOR

Oh yes it is - *gaahhhh* -

Ancient clockwork; gears grind; the creak of metal; the whole telescope starts to rise, slowly tilting up...

CUT TO the CORRIDOR. Sir Robert terrified, brave, facing...

FX: THE WEREWOLF. It studies him. Curious.

SIR ROBERT

I committed treason for you. But now my wife will remember me, with honour.

FX: WEREWOLF pounces - a flurry of teeth - claws -

INT OBSERVATORY, on Queen Victoria, hearing Sir Robert's scream, which abruptly cuts off. Facing the doors, she holds the crucifix round her neck. Kisses it.

The Doctor &amp; Rose heeeeave at the wheels -

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

The telescope tilts up, slowly, creaking, 70 degrees...

ROSE

(struggling)

Thought you said... this thing...  
doesn't work...

THE DOCTOR

Doesn't work... as a telescope... cos  
that's not what it is...

*WHUMPH! WHUMPH! WHUMPH!* - the double doors under attack -

ROSE

Your Majesty, come back from there -

But Queen Victoria stands, brave.

QUEEN VICTORIA

I am the Defender of the Faith. And  
that Faith shall defend me.

She mutters the Lord's Prayer -

Rose cranks the wheel - it's getting tougher -

ROSE

If it's not a telescope - owww! - what  
is it then?

THE DOCTOR

His father was a genius... It's a light  
chamber... it magnifies the light, like  
a weapon... we've just got to power it  
up...

ROSE

With what, there's no electricity...

She looks up. Realises!

ROSE (CONT'D)

Moonlight! But the wolf *needs*  
moonlight, it's made by moonlight -

THE DOCTOR

You're 70% water and you can still  
drown! Come on!

And they crank at the wheels with all their might.

POV from INT TELESCOPE BARREL, the night sky. With the  
MOON just rising into view as the barrel lifts -

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

*WHUMPH! WHUMPH! WHUMPH!* at the doors -

The Doctor and Rose heeeeave -

Queen Victoria prays, though with eyes wide -

TELESCOPE POV - and now the moon fills the barrel -

The Doctor releases the wheel, Rose does the same -

*WHUMPH! WHUMPH! WHUMPH!*

The topmost barrel of the telescope, the barrel with the greatest diameter, powers up, filling with light inside, beams spilling out through the rivets and the soldering -

INT TELESCOPE - a Heath Robinson series of angled mirrors and lenses - FX light bouncing off them, in a complicated zig-zag, growing brighter and brighter -

The middle barrel of the telescope fills with light, beams spilling out of the gaps -

FX: *SMASH* - ! - the doors go flying - a blur as CU WEREWOLF bolts forward, baring its teeth -

CU Queen Victoria, flinching back, throwing her hands up in defence - has she been bitten - ?

The third barrel of the telescope, the lowest, illuminates -

The Doctor looks round -

FX: Queen Victoria standing there, THE WEREWOLF rising up to its full height in front of her, roaring with rage -

And the Doctor crouches down - aims -

Slides the Koh-i-Noor across the floor -

- it sliiiiides along -

- FX: as a ray of light, aiming down at the floor, beams out of the lowest barrel of the telescope -

- and the Koh-i-Noor slides right into the FX beam -

And stops dead, fixed by the FX beam -

FX LIGHT! Bursting from the Koh-i-Noor. The most beautiful light display in the world; a starburst, a rainbow, a fountain, the beams constantly moving,

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (4)

67

shifting, folding. After the grimness of the house and the night, there's now every colour in existence, radiating through the prisms of the diamond, refracting, filling the observatory.

The Doctor, Rose, dazzled, but smiling, in awe.

Queen Victoria steps back, looking up, amazed...

FX: THE WEREWOLF is suspended in light, writhing slowly.

FX: the light display scintillating all around, the shape of the WOLF shifts, fades... and there is THE HOST. He's crouching (he'd be naked). He looks up.

His eyes are normal. He's human. And he's smiling, gentle.

THE HOST  
Make it brighter. Let me go.

The Doctor slides an iris-control on the telescope barrel.

FX: LIGHT gets even brighter -

FX: THE HOST becomes just a light-filled outline -

FX: which expands into an outline of the WOLF -

FX: which keeps expanding and thinning until... There's nothing left. Just the beautiful, shifting light display...

FX: which stops. The light folds and vanishes away.

The Doctor's picked up the Koh-i-Noor, closes it in his fist. The telescope back to normal. Rose exhausted; so strange, these moments of victory, at such cost; she sinks down, to sit on the platform. A good pause, then -

The Queen's shivering. Looks at the Doctor. And she's holding her wrist tight; a small smear of blood.

THE DOCTOR  
Your Majesty. Did it bite you..?

QUEEN VICTORIA  
No, it's a cut, that's all.

THE DOCTOR  
If that thing bit you -

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (5)

67

QUEEN VICTORIA

It was a splinter of wood as the door  
came apart, it's nothing.

THE DOCTOR

Let me see -

QUEEN VICTORIA

It is nothing.

And she holds his stare, keeps her distance.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. SKY - DAY 4A 0600

68

The sun rising. Daylight, at last.

CUT TO:

68A EXT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, COURTYARD - DAY 4A 0730

68A

THE MONKS are now handcuffed - they're silent, defeated,  
heads bowed, ashamed, now sitting alongside each other -

On the open cart. The SOLDIERS are now revived, give a  
signal, and the cart trundles away with its prisoners.

CUT TO:

69 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, STUDY - DAY 4A 0800

69

THE DOCTOR & ROSE stand together, formally. And then  
together, they kneel.

QUEEN VICTORIA stands above them. Her wrist bandaged.  
In b/g, the room is flanked by SOLDIERS, on duty. The  
Queen has a sword in her hand, and she touches it upon  
the Doctor's shoulders, in time-honoured fashion.

QUEEN VICTORIA

By the power invested in me, by the  
Church and the State, I dub thee, Sir  
Doctor of Tardis.

She turns to Rose, touches her shoulders with the sword.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

By the power invested in me, by the  
Church and the State, I dub thee, Dame  
Rose of the Powell Estate. You may  
stand.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

And they do so. Grinning! In b/g, the remainder of the HOUSEHOLD STAFF are lined up, formally, for the ceremony, including FLORA. Rose gives her a wink, she smiles.

THE DOCTOR

Many thanks, ma'am.

ROSE

Thank you. They're never gonna believe this, back at home.

THE DOCTOR

Your Majesty, you said last night, about receiving no message from the great beyond. But I think your husband cut that diamond to save your life. He's protecting you even now, ma'am, from beyond the grave.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Indeed. Then you might think on this, also: that I am not amused.

ROSE

Yes!

But Queen Victoria stares her down; Rose loses the smile, the Doctor too. The Queen revealing her true majesty. And behind her, LADY ISOBEL, wretched, dressed in black, a widow; a reminder of what happened.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Not remotely amused. And henceforth, I banish you.

THE DOCTOR

...I'm sorry?

QUEEN VICTORIA

I have rewarded you, Sir Doctor, and now, you are exiled from this Empire, never to return.

Moves closer, so that others can't hear.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

I don't know what you are, the two of you, or where you're from. But I know that you consort with stars and magic. And think it fun. But your world is steeped in terror, and blasphemy, and death, and I will not allow it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

You will leave these shores. And you will reflect, I hope, on how you came to stray so far from all that is good. And how much longer you can survive this terrible life.

She stands back.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Now leave my world. And never return.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. FRONT OF SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE - DAY 4A 0810

70

THE DOCTOR & ROSE step out of the front door. It slams behind them. They look at each other.

ROSE

Sir Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

Dame Rose.

And she laughs, he laughs -

- and they both run off down the path, free as the wind.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 4A 1000

71

A FARMER'S CART at the top of the brow; THE DOCTOR & ROSE hop off, the Doctor giving the driver a coin - 'thanks!' - and they saunter down the road towards the TARDIS, the cart disappearing off on a different track in b/g.

All this as they walk along:

THE DOCTOR

...but the funny thing is, Queen Victoria did suffer a mutation of the blood, that's historical record. She was haemophiliac, they used to call it the Royal Disease, but it's always been a mystery, cos she didn't inherit it - her mum didn't have it, her dad didn't have it, it came from nowhere.

ROSE

And you're saying, that's a wolf bite?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

THE DOCTOR

Maybe haemophilia's just a Victorian euphemism.

ROSE

For werewolf?

THE DOCTOR

Could be.

ROSE

Queen Victoria's a werewolf?

THE DOCTOR

Could be. And her children had the Royal Disease, maybe she gave them a quick nip.

ROSE

So the Royal Family are werewolves?

THE DOCTOR

Well, maybe not yet, a single wolf cell can take a hundred years to mature. Might be ready by, ooh, early twenty first century.

ROSE

No, that's just ridiculous.

(beat)

Mind you. Princess Anne.

THE DOCTOR

I'll say no more.

ROSE

And if you think about it... They're very private. And they plan everything in advance, they could schedule themselves around the moon, we'd never know.

Laughing as they enter the Tardis, just voices now...

ROSE (CONT'D)

And they do like hunting. They like blood sports. Oh my God! They're werewolves!

FX: engines grind, the Tardis fades away, laughter fading with it, and it should feel like it's all over, when...

CUT TO:

72 INT. SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 4A 1000 72

Darkness, little light penetrating here. On LADY ISOBEL, grief-stricken, though holding herself together. QUEEN VICTORIA leans in, kisses her cheek, genuinely tender.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Isobel. I'm so sorry.

A moment between them, then Victoria turns to go.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. FRONT OF SIR ROBERT'S HOUSE - DAY 4A - CONTINUOUS 73

QUEEN VICTORIA and LADY ISOBEL walk towards the waiting carriage, SOLDIERS on duty.

QUEEN VICTORIA

What will you do, will you stay here?

LADY ISOBEL

I don't think I could, I'd sell it. Or pull this place down.

They stop, look back at the house; at the *TORCHWOOD* sign.

QUEEN VICTORIA

We can't speak in public of these events, but they won't be forgotten. I promise you that. Your husband's sacrifice, his father's ingenuity, they will live on.

LADY ISOBEL

But how..?

QUEEN VICTORIA

I saw last night, that Great Britain has enemies beyond imagination. And we must defend our borders on all sides. I propose... an Institute. To investigate these strange happenings, and to fight them. In Sir Robert's honour, we could name it after this house. I would call it Torchwood. The Torchwood Institute. And if this Doctor should ever return, then he should beware. Because Torchwood will be waiting.

And they turn, two women in black, and walk away.

END OF EPISODE TWO