

DOCTOR WHO 3

Episode 2

By

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YELLOW REVISIONS

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(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

LILITH

Would you enter, bold sir?

WIGGINS

Oh, I would!

She stands aside, Wiggins pushes his way in -

And stops dead. CU WIGGINS' shocked face. *What?*

It's a witch's grotto - a bubbling cauldron, books of spells, bottles on racks. All filthy, sagging, slanted.

WIGGINS (CONT'D)

Lilith ... you live here? Forgive me,
but this is foul.

She puts a finger to his lips.

LILITH

Sad words suit not upon a lover's
tongue. Though fear and love, aye both
quicken the heart.

And she leans in, kisses him, gently. Wiggins with eyes
closed, happy.

Then as she steps back, and he opens his eyes...

Lilith is now a hideous, pitted (prosthetic) hag!
Exactly what a witch should look like - warts, nose,
green-grey skin, rotted teeth. Her voice an ancient
croak.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Oh your kiss has transformed me!

Wiggins horrified, backs away. Holding his lute as a
weapon -

LILITH (CONT'D)

A suitor should meet his beloved's
parents - Mother Doomfinger!

Wiggins turns, but a shape clothed in rags - DOOMFINGER -
rears up in front of him. More hideous still than
Lilith.

LILITH (CONT'D)

And Mother Bloodtide!

Lilith points up.

Wiggins looks up -

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

FX: spread out, face down, on the beamed ceiling -
BLOODTIDE - grinning evilly; the oldest, most vile of the
three. An edge of madness to her.

BLOODTIDE

A new plaything! A fresh, hot toy!

She cackles - *thud!* - falls to the floor before Wiggins
and Doomfinger, and the witches attack him -

Candle-lit shadows play against the wall, witches' claws,
Wiggins' flailing arms.

Lilith turns to CAMERA, joyous. Track in, her dribbling
mouth open to reveal rows of shark teeth ...

LILITH

Soon, at the Hour of Woven Words, we
shall rise again, and this fleeting
Earth will perish!

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

CUT TO:

4 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT 2

4

The Tardis is shaking in flight, the column grinding up
and down - THE DOCTOR racing about the controls throwing
levers and switches.

MARTHA clinging to the console, watching in wonder.

MARTHA

But how can you travel in time, what
makes it go?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, let's take the fun and the mystery
out of everything. Martha, you don't
want to know. It just does! Now hold
on tight - !

Whumph! The room jolts, then stops, calm and still.

MARTHA

Blimey. D'you have to pass a test to
fly this thing?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

THE DOCTOR

Yes, and I failed - now then, make the most of it, I promised you one trip and one trip only -

He runs to the doors, tempting her.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Outside this door. Brave new world.

MARTHA

(excited)

Where are we?

THE DOCTOR

Take a look. After you!

On Martha. Scared, but loving it. She takes a deep breath, then runs down the ramp -

The Doctor opens the door and she runs out -

CUT TO:

5 OMITTED

AND

6

5

AND

6

7 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 2

7

... into an end-of-day bustling Tudor street. Pie sellers with trays, horse-drawn carts, children running about, a lively song coming from somewhere nearby.

MARTHA runs out, stops dead. Drinking it all in. THE DOCTOR coming from the Tardis, loving this. Awestruck:

MARTHA

Oh you're kidding. You're so kidding.
Oh my God. We did it! We travelled in time. But... where are we? No, sorry, gotta get used to this, whole new language - *when* are we?

THE DOCTOR

Mind out!

He swerves Martha out of the way - as a torrent of scraps and waste splashes down, just missing her, thrown out by a WOMAN in a window up above.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Somewhere before the invention of the toilet, sorry about that.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MARTHA

I've seen worse, I've done the late night shift in A&E. But... are we safe, I mean, can we move about and stuff?

THE DOCTOR

Course we can, why'd you ask?

MARTHA

It's like in those films, you step on a butterfly, and you change the future of the human race.

THE DOCTOR

Tell you what then, don't step on a butterfly. What have butterflies ever done to you?

MARTHA

But what if, I dunno, what if I kill my grandfather?

THE DOCTOR

Are you planning to?

MARTHA

No.

THE DOCTOR

Well then.

Martha looks round, overwhelmed.

MARTHA

And this is London?

THE DOCTOR

Think so, round about, ooh, 1599.

MARTHA

But hold on, am I all right? I'm not gonna get carted off as a slave, am I?

THE DOCTOR

Why would they do that?

MARTHA

Um, not exactly white. In case you didn't notice.

THE DOCTOR

Well I'm not even Human, just walk about like you own the place, works for me. Besides, you'd be surprised -

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

He indicates -

Two AFRICAN MAIDS in the distance, carrying laundry.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Elizabethan England, it's not so
different from your time. Look over
there -

He points out a MAN shovelling horse manure into a sack.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
They've got recycling.

Nearby a group of YOUNG PEOPLE are talking around a water
barrel, drinking from it with wooden cups.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Water cooler moment.

A hawk-faced Puritan PREACHER in black robes strides by.

PREACHER
... and the earth will be consumed by
flame!

THE DOCTOR
Global warming. Ohh yes, and
entertainment, popular entertainment for
the masses -

He grabs her hand, they run -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
If I'm right, we're just down the river,
by Southwark, right next to -

FX: They turn a corner, and there it is: the Globe
theatre, flag flying, dwarfing the buildings around it.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Yes! The Globe theatre, brand new, just
opened! Though strictly speaking, it's
not a globe, it's a tetradecagon,
fourteen sides. Containing the man
himself.

MARTHA
Whoa, you don't mean... is Shakespeare
in there!?

THE DOCTOR
Oh yes. Miss Jones, will you accompany
me to the theatre?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

MARTHA
Mr Smith, I will!

Martha takes his arm.

FX: Globe in distance, as they walk on, laughing -

THE DOCTOR
When you get home, you can tell everyone
you've seen Shakespeare!

MARTHA
And then I could get sectioned!

CUT TO:

8 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 2

8

Tight in on a section of a huge AUDIENCE - they're going wild, whistling, stamping, cheering. And in among them - THE DOCTOR and MARTHA.

MARTHA
That was amazing! Just amazing! It's
worth putting up with the smell!

On the stage, the cast of the Lord Chamberlain's Men are taking their bows.

In the company of thirteen men (and transvestite boys): DICK (late 30s, handsome, lead actor) and KEMPE (40s, a drinker going to seed, the comedian). Dick's King of Navarre, Kempe is Costard.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
And those are men dressed up as women,
yeah?

THE DOCTOR
London never changes.

MARTHA
Where's Shakespeare? I want to see
Shakespeare!
(calls out)
Author, author!
(to the Doctor)
Do they do that, do they shout 'author'?

PEOPLE either side take up the cry, 'Author!'

THE DOCTOR
They do now.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

The CAMERA moves across the crowd - they take up the chant.

AUDIENCE

Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Shakespeare!
Bring out Shakespeare!

A backstage door opens -

- a roar and rock-star screams from the AUDIENCE -

- as SHAKESPEARE walks on to the stage. He's 35; ear-ring, neat beard, well-dressed in dark clothes, relaxed, sexy.

The Doctor & Martha clapping like mad!

MARTHA

He's a bit different to his portraits!

POV from one of the boxes, looking down on Shakespeare.

REVERSE: LILITH in her comely disguise. Confident. Now dressed in a rich Flemish gown, the height of fashion.

INTERCUTTING with the box from here.

Shakespeare makes hushing gestures to quieten the AUDIENCE.

THE DOCTOR

Genius! He's a genius, the genius, the most human human there's ever been. And now we're gonna hear him speak! Always, he chooses the best words, new, beautiful, brilliant words -

Shakespeare's had enough of the crowd. He booms.

SHAKESPEARE

Shut your big fat mouths!

The AUDIENCE laugh, quieten.

THE DOCTOR

Oh well.

MARTHA

Should never meet your heroes.

Shakespeare addresses the audience.

SHAKESPEARE

You've got excellent taste, I'll give you that!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

(points to audience
member)

That's a wig!

Laughs from the audience.

In the box - Lilith brings out a crude doll. It's made of twisted, dirty straw. A lock of hair pinned to it.

She whispers, never taking her eyes off Shakespeare:

LILITH

'Wind the craft of ancient harm, the
time approaches for our charm.'

BACK to the Globe - Shakespeare in his element.

SHAKESPEARE

But I know what you're all saying,
Love's Labours Lost - that's a funny
ending, isn't it? It just stops! Will
the boys ever get the girls? Well,
don't get your hose in a tangle. You'll
find out soon!

AUDIENCE

When? When?

SHAKESPEARE

Yeah, all in good time, you don't rush a
genius -

Lilith gently kisses the head of the doll.

On stage, Shakespeare staggers back for a second - dazed,
blinking - then he grins broader than ever -

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

When? Tomorrow night!

On Dick & Kempe, not expecting that - *what???*

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

The premiere of my brand new play! A
sequel, no less! And I call it...
Love's Labours Won!

Big on the Doctor as the crowd cheers. Puzzled.

Up to Lilith. Smiling to herself.

CUT TO:

9 INT. THE GLOBE - LATER - NIGHT 2

9

The AUDIENCE is breaking up, chatting, pushing their way out, raucous. THE DOCTOR and MARTHA among them, this conversation played against all the elbowing and shoving.

MARTHA

I'm not an expert, but I've never even heard of Love's Labours Won.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly. The lost play. It doesn't exist, only in rumours. It's mentioned in lists of his plays, but it never, ever turns up. And nobody knows why.

MARTHA

You got a minidisc or something? We can tape it! We can flog it when we get home, make a mint.

THE DOCTOR

No.

MARTHA

That would be bad?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

MARTHA

But how come it disappeared in the first place?

THE DOCTOR

Well, I was just gonna give you a quick little trip in the Tardis, but... I suppose we could stay a bit longer...

CUT TO:

10 EXT. OUTSIDE ELEPHANT INN - NIGHT 2

10

Exterior of the pub/lodgings house, the ELEPHANT INN sign swinging in the breeze.

CUT TO:

11 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - NIGHT 2

11

DOLLY BAILEY - ale wife of the inn, 30ish, buxom, full of life - pushes into the room, carrying a tray of tankards.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

DOLLY

Here you are, Will! Drink up! There's
enough beer in this lodgings-house to
sink the Spanish!

Finding SHAKESPEARE sitting with DICK and KEMPE. This
room's large, crammed with books and personal stuff, a
candle stuck in a memento mori skull. In b/g, a MAID
cleaning the room, back to camera, ignored.

SHAKESPEARE

Dolly Bailey, you've saved my life!

DOLLY

I'll do more than that, later tonight!
And you girl, hurry up with your tasks,
the talk of gentlemen is best not
overheard!

The maid turns round - it's LILITH. Acting meek.

LILITH

Yes, ma'am, sorry ma'am.

Though she stays in b/g, pretending to clean. As Dolly
hands out the beer:

DICK

But you must be mad, Will! Love's
Labours Won? We're not ready! It's
supposed to be next week! What made you
say that?

SHAKESPEARE

(unsure)

Just... instinct! I know that crowd,
they're baying for something new.

KEMPE

But you haven't even finished it!

SHAKESPEARE

I've just got the final scene to go,
you'll get it by morning -

Interrupted by a knock-knock: THE DOCTOR & MARTHA.

THE DOCTOR

Hello! 'Scuse me, not interrupting, am
I? Mr Shakespeare, isn't it?

SHAKESPEARE

Oh no. No no no, who let you in?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

No autographs, no you can't have
yourself sketched with me, and please
don't ask me 'where'd you get your ideas
from?', thanks for the interest but now
be a good boy and shove off -

He sees - and appreciates - Martha.

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

(Leslie Phillips)

Hey nonny nonny...

(to the Doctor)

Sit right down here next to me - you
two, get sewing on those costumes, off
you go.

DOLLY

Come on lads, I think our William's
found his new muse.

As the Doctor and Martha sit, Dick, Kempe & Dolly leave.
Lilith still cleaning, ignored.

SHAKESPEARE

Sweet lady, hello. Such unusual
clothes, so... fitted.

MARTHA

Um. Verily, forsooth. Egads.

THE DOCTOR

No, don't do that, don't.

He shows Shakespeare the psychic paper.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm Sir Doctor of Tardis, and this is my
companion, Miss Martha Jones.

Shakespeare looks at the paper, shrewd.

SHAKESPEARE

Interesting. That bit of paper, it's
blank.

THE DOCTOR

Oh. That's... very clever. That proves
it. Absolute genius.

Martha takes hold of the paper, puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

MARTHA

No, it says right there, Sir Doctor,
Martha Jones, it says so.

SHAKESPEARE

And I say, it's blank.

The Doctor takes it off her -

THE DOCTOR

Psychic paper, long story, oh I hate
starting from scratch.

SHAKESPEARE

'Psychic'? Not heard that before, and
words are my trade, who are you,
exactly?

THE DOCTOR

I am indeed the Doctor, a lord of
England, knighted by the Queen.

SHAKESPEARE

A lord is trained from the day he's born
to behave like a lord, but there's
something different about you.

(looks closer)

No - perhaps you were a Lord, a long
time ago. But no more.

Hold the stare; two equals. Then breaking the moment:

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

And more to the point, who's your
delicious blackamoor lady?

MARTHA

What did you just say?

SHAKESPEARE

Whoops. Isn't that the word we use
nowadays? An Ethiop girl, a swarth, a
Queen of Afric?

MARTHA

Can't believe I'm hearing this.

THE DOCTOR

It's political correctness gone mad.
Martha's from a far-off land.
Freedonia.

Suddenly LYNLEY - 50s, well-dressed, red-faced, ginger,
rigid - barges through the door -

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

Lilith watching. Intercut with her reactions throughout.

LYNLEY

Excuse me! Hold hard a moment!

SHAKESPEARE

By all the stars, it's like a public house in here!

LYNLEY

This behaviour is abominable, a new play, with no warning! I demand to see the script, Mr Shakespeare. As Master of the Revels, every new script must be registered at my Office and examined by me, before it can be performed!

SHAKESPEARE

Tomorrow morning, first thing, I'll send it round -

Lynley slams his fist hard on the table.

LYNLEY

I don't work to your schedule, you work to mine! The script, now!

SHAKESPEARE

I can't!

LYNLEY

Then tomorrow's performance is cancelled.

CUT TO Lilith, alarmed. She hurries out -

MARTHA

It's all go around here, isn't it?

THE DOCTOR

Do I detect a bit of bad blood?

SHAKESPEARE

Not at all, I just happened to...trip, one night, and fell against Mr Lynley's wife.

THE DOCTOR

Well, that's an accident.

SHAKESPEARE

I sort of... fell onto her lips.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (5)

11

MARTHA

Hold on, you're married.

LYNLEY

So was she! To me! Oh, you licentious
men of the theatre!

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

I am returning to my Office for a
banning order! If it's the last thing I
do - Love's Labours Won shall never be
played!

And he storms out -

CUT TO:

11A EXT. OUTSIDE ELEPHANT INN - NIGHT 2

11A

The street outside the Inn. LYNLEY storms out -

- but he collides with LILITH, still in her maid's
outfit, - though not so innocent, acting coquetteish,
now.

LILITH

Oh I'm sorry, sir, begging your pardon,
sir. Mind you don't hurt that handsome
head of yours, sir -

She lifts her hands up, strokes his hair -

But he shakes her off.

LYNLEY

Hold hard, wanton woman!

Looks round, then sotto:

LYNLEY (CONT'D)

I shall return later.

And he strides on his way -

Lilith watches him go for a second. Smiling. Now, in
her hands, REVEAL: scissors, and a lock of his ginger
hair.

Then Lilith runs inside, fast -

CUT TO:

15 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - NIGHT 2 15

MARTHA taking a sip of beer from a tankard.

MARTHA

Well then, mystery solved, that's Love's
Labours Won over and done with. Thought
it might be something more, you know,
more mysterious -

- and then - a scream! A terrible cry from outside -

THE DOCTOR, Martha & SHAKESPEARE leap up and rush out -

CUT TO:

15A INT. LANDING - NIGHT 2 15A

THE DOCTOR, MARTHA, SHAKESPEARE rush out -

Simply running past LILITH, the maid, ignoring her, as
she sits on the stairs. Her hand holding the doll
underwater.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. OUTSIDE ELEPHANT INN -- CONTINUOUS 16

THE DOCTOR, MARTHA, SHAKESPEARE, DOLLY & a few late-night
DRINKERS rush out into the street -

LYNLEY is staggering towards them, down the street.
Though at first they can't see anything wrong -

MARTHA

It's that Lynley bloke.

THE DOCTOR

What's wrong with him..?

SHAKESPEARE

Oh, these amateur dramatics.

But as Lynley staggers forward into the overspill of
light from nearby buildings -

All shocked -

LYNLEY stands there, desperate. He is drowning on dry
land. PRAC WATER is gushing from his mouth, pouring down
his front; eyes bulging, clutching at his throat.

The Doctor takes command, runs forward -

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

THE DOCTOR
Leave it to me, I'm a doctor.

MARTHA
So am I, near enough.

Shakespeare is startled by what she just said -

CUT TO:

17 INT. LANDING INTERCUT WITH CROOKED HOUSE - NIGHT 2

17

LILITH takes the doll from the water. She produces a bodkin with a sharp, glinting needle.

LILITH/BLOODTIDE/DOOMFINGER
"Now to halt the vital part, Stab the
flesh and stop the heart!"

- and she stabs the doll in the heart.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. OUTSIDE ELEPHANT INN -- CONTINUOUS

18

LYNLEY reels back - stabbed invisibly, clutches his heart -
And he crashes to the ground.

MARTHA examines him. Quick, urgent. SHAKESPEARE
watching her like a hawk.

MARTHA
Get the heart going... Mr Lynley, come
on, can you hear me, you're gonna be all
right...

But then, as she goes to administer CPR -

Water pours from his mouth, bubbling up (not projecting,
just flowing over his face from his mouth).

MARTHA (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?!

CUT TO:

18A INT. LANDING - NIGHT 2

18A

LILITH, sly, snaps the head of the doll.

(CONTINUED)

18A CONTINUED:

18A

LILITH
Eternal sleep is thine.

CUT TO:

18B INT. OUTSIDE ELEPHANT INN - NIGHT 2

18B

THE DOCTOR & MARTHA kneel over the body, giving up,
though keeping their conversation hushed:

THE DOCTOR
I've never seen a death like it. Lungs
are full of water, he drowned. Then...
I dunno, like a blow to the heart? An
invisible blow.

The Doctor gets up and calls to Dolly:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Good mistress, this poor fellow has died
from a sudden imbalance of the humours.
A natural, if unfortunate demise. Call
a constable, have him taken away.

DOLLY
Yes, sir.

LILITH
I'll do it, ma'am.

LILITH has just stepped out of the Elephant, and now runs
away, down the street.

And once her back is turned, she's laughing as she runs.

Shakespeare still watching, studying the Doctor & Martha.

The Doctor goes back to Martha, kneeling by the body,
secretive:

MARTHA
And why are you telling them that?

THE DOCTOR
This lot have still got one foot in the
dark ages. If I tell them the truth
they'll panic, and think it was
witchcraft.

MARTHA
Okay, what was it then?

CLOSE on the Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

18B CONTINUED:

18B

THE DOCTOR
Witchcraft.

CUT TO:

19 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - NIGHT 2

19

LILITH, DOOMFINGER and BLOODTIDE round the bubbling
cauldron (Lilith in her human form), as Doomfinger hands
a small, dusty bottle to Lilith.

DOOMFINGER
The potion is prepared, now take it.
Magic words for the playwright's fevered
mind.

BLOODTIDE
Shakespeare will release us! The mind
of a genius will unlock the Tide of
Blood!

Lilith unstoppers the bottle. Dry-ice-type vapour pours
from its neck.

LILITH
"Upon this night, the work is done/A
muse to pen Love's Labours Won!"

CUT TO:

20 OMITTED

20

21 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - NIGHT 2

21

SHAKESPEARE in grave mood, the DOCTOR and MARTHA with
him, DOLLY in the doorway.

DOLLY
I've got you a room, Sir Doctor, you and
Miss Jones are just across the landing.
As for you, Will, you've had quite a
shock tonight, I'll bring you a warm
treat later on, eh?

A smile & wink, and she's off down the stairs.

MARTHA
That's what I call room service.

SHAKESPEARE
But poor Lynley. So many strange
events. Not least, this land of
Freedonia. Where a woman can be a
doctor?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

MARTHA

Where a woman can do what she likes.

Shakespeare throws a casual bomb at the Doctor.

SHAKESPEARE

And you, Sir Doctor. How can a man so young have eyes so old?

THE DOCTOR

I do a lot of reading.

SHAKESPEARE

A trite reply, yeah, that's what I do.
But I know the sort of man you are.

(stares deep)

A man that talks and talks and talks and talks, and behind the mouth he thinks and thinks and thinks and thinks. And you -

(to Martha)

You look at him like you're surprised he exists. He's as much of a puzzle to you as he is to me.

MARTHA

Think we'd better say goodnight.

Martha leaves, but the Doctor lingers.

SHAKESPEARE

I must to work, I have a play to complete. But I'll get my answers tomorrow, Doctor, I'll discover more about you, and why this constant performance of yours.

THE DOCTOR

All the world's a stage.

SHAKESPEARE

Hm. I might use that. Good night, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

Nighty night, Shakespeare.

The Doctor leaves -

CUT TO:

22

INT. DOCTOR AND MARTHA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 2

22

THE DOCTOR enters, to find MARTHA looking round - there's a rough wooden bed with tattered sheets. Not much bigger than a single. A small table on one side, where Martha sets down her candle.

MARTHA

Not exactly five star, is it?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, it'll do, I've seen worse.

MARTHA

I haven't even got a toothbrush.

The Doctor reaches into his pocket, gets out an ordinary-looking white toothbrush, throws it to her.

THE DOCTOR

Contains Venusian spearmint.

MARTHA

So... who's going where? I mean, there's only one bed.

THE DOCTOR

We'll manage! Come on -

During the following, the Doctor takes his jacket and tie off, hops onto the bed, completely unselfconscious. Martha stays where she is, not sure what to do.

MARTHA

So, um. Magic and stuff, that's a surprise. It's all a bit Harry Potter.

THE DOCTOR

Wait till you read book seven. Oh, I cried.

MARTHA

But is it real, though? I mean, witches? Black magic and all that, it's real?

THE DOCTOR

Of course it isn't.

MARTHA

Well how am I supposed to know? I've only just started believing in time travel, give me a break.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

THE DOCTOR

It looks like witchcraft. But it isn't,
it can't be... Are you gonna stand
there all night?

Martha gets onto the bed.

MARTHA

Budge up a bit then. Sorry.
(as she lies back)
Not much room. Us two here. Same bed.
Tongues will wag.

THE DOCTOR

(world of his own)

There's such a thing as psychic energy,
okay, but a human couldn't channel it
like that, not without a generator the
size of Taunton, and I think we'd have
spotted that.

The Doctor lies back. Both close, heads on the thin
pillows. Lying there together, intimate.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There's something I'm missing, Martha.
Something really close, staring me right
in the face, and I can't see it.

He turns his head to look at her. So close. Hold the
moment. Martha wondering... And then:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Rose would know. That friend of mine,
Rose, right now, she'd say exactly the
right thing. Still, can't be helped,
you're a novice. Never mind! I'll take
you back home tomorrow.

MARTHA

Great.

Martha aggressively blows the candle out.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. ELEPHANT INN - NIGHT 2

23

Time lapse. A bell, far-off, tolling midnight.

Still a light up at an open top floor window. LILITH
stands below, looking up.

CUT TO:

24 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - NIGHT 2

24

Up in his room, SHAKESPEARE, the genius at work.

He's sat forward at the desk, hand to his head, writing the last section of Love's Labours Won. Totally absorbed, not seeing:

At the window - the face of LILITH. She opens the bottle. And as the dry-ice-vapour flows out, Lilith blows on it, gently, sending it into the room...

FX: the vapour curls around Shakespeare, he breathes it in...

- he yawns, surprised - so sleepy -

Then he slumps face forward on to the desk, out of it.

LILITH slides in, triumphant. And she pulls out her doll. Now it's connected to strings, a puppet.

LILITH

"Bind the mind and take the man/Speed
the words to writer's hand!"

She acts as puppeteer, makes the doll stand upright -

And *whoomf!* Shakespeare bolts up, the same motion.

She manipulates the puppet - particularly its right arm, jerks it about, small, precise movements -

- and Shakespeare starts to write - puppet-like, eyes blank, not even looking down at the page, the last words of Love's Labours Won spilling on to the paper...

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

25 OMITTED

25

AND

AND

26

26

27 INT. DOCTOR AND MARTHA'S ROOM - NIGHT 2

27

MARTHA's asleep. Pan across to THE DOCTOR - wide awake. Frowning, thinking. He looks round, alert, eyes glittering, as though vaguely sensing something...

CUT TO:

28 OMITTED

28

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

On the floor - DOLLY BAILEY - dead.

- the window banging shut -

SHAKESPEARE just waking, dazed...

SHAKESPEARE

...what, what was that..?

The Doctor kneels over Dolly, Martha runs to the window -

FX: And out there, for a second, clear in the light of the full moon, the silhouette of LILITH flying off into the night, cackling, riding Dolly's broomstick.

THE DOCTOR

Her heart gave out. She died of fright.

MARTHA

Doctor...

He looks up. Martha is staring out of the window.

THE DOCTOR

What did you see?

MARTHA

A witch.

CUT TO:

34 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - NIGHT 2

34

DOOMFINGER and BLOODTIDE gaze expectantly at their window -

FX: the witch-form LILITH flies in, majestic.

LILITH

How they love to kiss and frolic! The
ale house wife had such a feeble heart!

BLOODTIDE

But was the play written?

LILITH

Peace, the charm's wound up! Today the
sun rises for the last time! The very
last day of humankind!

CUT TO:

34A EXT. TUDOR LONDON - DAY 3

34A

FX: the sc.1 view, but now with dawn rising over the city.

CUT TO:

35 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - MORNING - DAY 3

35

Empty, daylight flooding on. Sombre atmosphere, as SHAKESPEARE sits down with THE DOCTOR & MARTHA, slams down a tankard of beer.

SHAKESPEARE

Sweet Dolly Bailey. She sat out three bouts of plagues in this place. We all ran like rats. What could have scared her so? She had such enormous spirit.

THE DOCTOR

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

SHAKESPEARE

Hm. I might use that.

THE DOCTOR

You can't, it's someone else's.

MARTHA

But the thing is. Lynley, drowned on dry land. Dolly, died of fright. And they were both connected to you.

SHAKESPEARE

You're accusing me?

MARTHA

No, but I saw a witch. Big as you like. Flying, cackling away, and you've written about witches.

SHAKESPEARE

I have? When was that?

THE DOCTOR

(to Martha)

Not quite yet.

SHAKESPEARE

All the same, a good idea... But now you mention it, Peter Streete spoke of witches.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MARTHA
Who's Peter Streete?

SHAKESPEARE
Our builder. He sketched out the plans
for the Globe.

THE DOCTOR
(to Martha)
The architect.

And something clicks -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Hold on, architect, architect!
(to Martha)
The Globe, come on!

Shakespeare grabs his pages of script, follows them -

CUT TO:

36 OMITTED

36

37 INT. THE GLOBE - DAY 3

37

SHAKESPEARE and MARTHA following THE DOCTOR, who's manic,
racing about the empty Globe, taking in the design.

THE DOCTOR
The columns there, right, and fourteen
sides, I've always wondered but never
asked - tell me Will, why fourteen
sides?

SHAKESPEARE
It was the shape Peter Streete thought
best, that's all. He said it carried
the sound well.

THE DOCTOR
But fourteen..? Why does that ring a
bell, fourteen?

MARTHA
There's fourteen lines in a sonnet.

THE DOCTOR
So there is. Good point! Words, and
shapes, following the same design...
Fourteen sides, fourteen lines, fourteen
facets, oh my head!, tetradecagon!,
think think think, words, letters,
numbers, lines -

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

SHAKESPEARE

But this is just a theatre.

THE DOCTOR

Yes, but a theatre's magic, isn't it?
You should know! Stand on this stage.
Say the right words, with the right
emphasis, at the right time, oh, you can
make men weep. Or cry with joy. Change
them, you can change people's minds,
just with words, in this place! And if
you exaggerate that...

MARTHA

Like your police box. Square little
wooden box, but with all that power
inside.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, Martha Jones, I like you! Tell you
what, Peter Streete would know, can I
talk to him?

SHAKESPEARE

You won't get an answer. A month ago,
when this place was finished, he lost
his mind.

MARTHA

Why, what happened?

SHAKESPEARE

He started raving about witches, hearing
voices, babbling. His mind was addled.

THE DOCTOR

So where is he now?

SHAKESPEARE

Bedlam.

MARTHA

What's Bedlam?

SHAKESPEARE

Bethlem Hospital, the madhouse.

THE DOCTOR

We've gotta go there, right now, come
on!

In b/g, a couple of the junior ACTORS have trailed in.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

SHAKESPEARE

Wait, I'm coming with you!

He hurries over to one of the ACTORS and hands him his final scene.

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

Ralph, last scene, as promised, copy it, hand it round, learn it, speak it. Back before curtain-up, and remember, kid, project, eyes and teeth, you never know the Queen might turn up!

He races back to The Doctor and Martha.

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

As if! She never does. Let's go!

CUT TO:

38 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY 3

38

THE DOCTOR racing on ahead, SHAKESPEARE and MARTHA behind.

SHAKESPEARE

So tell me of Freedonia. Women can be doctors, writers, actors?

MARTHA

This country's ruled by a woman.

SHAKESPEARE

She's royal, that's God's business. Though you're a royal beauty.

MARTHA

Whoa Nelly. I know for a fact you've got a wife in the country.

SHAKESPEARE

But Martha - this is town.

THE DOCTOR

Come on! We can all have a good flirt later!

SHAKESPEARE

(cheeky smile)

Is that a promise, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, fifty-seven academics just punched the air, now move!

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

And he runs on -

CUT TO:

39 INT. THE GLOBE - DAY 3 39

The ACTORS have gathered in the Globe for their final rehearsal. DICK's leant against a pillar, looking at his new script. KEMPE walks up, frowning.

DICK
Love's Labours Won. I don't think much
of sequels, they're never as good as the
original.

KEMPE
Seen the very last bit? He must've been
dozing off when he wrote that. I don't
even know what it means.

DICK
Well, that goes for most of his stuff.
But at least it's my speech! I get
centre stage!

Dick stands centre, reads it out.

DICK (CONT'D)
The light of Shadmoch's hollow moon/Doth
shine on to a point in space/Betwixt
Dravidian shores...

A winds blows up. As though the whole Globe shudders.

KEMPE
What was that..?

DICK
Dravidian shores, and linear five/Nine
three oh one six...

More wind, more shuddering, the actors alarmed...

CUT TO:

40 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - DAY 3 40

FX: a glow from the cauldron, the SISTERS alerted.

DOOMFINGER
A spirit stirs the ether! Too soon!

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

LILITH
Naught to fear, my Mothers, it's merely
a rehearsal for what's to come.

CUT TO:

41 INT. THE GLOBE - DAY 3

41

DICK still reading, though scared - a wind blowing
through the Globe, the noise of distant rustling -

DICK
And strikes the fulsome grove of Rexel
four...

KEMPE
By all the saints!

He points, terrified -

FX: Half-materialised, in the middle of the theatre, an
unearthly shape, A CARRIONITE -

KEMPE (CONT'D)
A spirit! A vile shade...

He walks forward, scared, but as though entranced -

FX: the Carrionite fades away. Wind stops.

DICK
What was it..?

KEMPE
I think.... I think we should never
speak of this again. Or we'll end up in
Bedlam ourselves.

CUT TO:

42 OMITTED

42

43 EXT. OUTSIDE BEDLAM - DAY 3

43

FX: Bedlam - a large, forbidding stone block of a
building.

THE DOCTOR, MARTHA & SHAKESPEARE enter.

CUT TO:

44 INT. BEDLAM CORRIDOR - DAY 3

44

A long dark tunnel, windows high in brick walls. Screams and cries echoing off-screen.

THE DOCTOR, MARTHA and SHAKESPEARE are being led by a sweaty, leather-clad JAILER.

JAILER

Does my lord doctor wish entertainment while he waits? I can whip these madmen, they'll put on a good show for you. Bando and Bedlam!

THE DOCTOR

No. I don't.

They reach a locked door. The Jailer unlocks it and enters.

JAILER

Wait here, my lord. I'll make him decent for the lady.

A miserable scream from far off. Martha's unnerved.

MARTHA

So, this is what you call a hospital, yeah? Where the patients get whipped to entertain the gentry. And you put your friend in here?

SHAKESPEARE

(sarcastic)

Oh, it's all so different in Freedonia.

MARTHA

But you're clever! D'you honestly think this place does any good?

SHAKESPEARE

I've been mad. I lost my mind. The fear of this place set me right again, it serves its purpose.

MARTHA

Mad in what way?

THE DOCTOR

You lost your son.

SHAKESPEARE

My only boy. The Black Death took him. And I wasn't even there.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

MARTHA

I didn't know, I'm sorry.

SHAKESPEARE

It made me question everything. The futility of this fleeting existence. To be or not to be... Ooh, that's quite good.

THE DOCTOR

You should write that down.

SHAKESPEARE

Maybe not. Bit pretentious.

- interrupted by the Jailer re-emerging.

JAILER

This way my lord.

CUT TO:

45 INT. BEDLAM STREETE'S CELL - DAY 3

45

Up close at a barred window facing another corridor. The JAILER has led THE DOCTOR, MARTHA and SHAKESPEARE down this corridor to the door of a cell. The Jailer opens the door and ushers them forward.

JAILER

They can be dangerous, my lord. Don't know their own strength.

THE DOCTOR

I think it helps if you don't whip them, now get out.

He shoos the Jailer out and closes the door after him.

The cell's a tiny, dark room with a straw-covered bed.

Sat cross-legged on his bed, head down, is a wizened stick of a man in filthy rags. Shaven-headed. PETER STREETE.

The Doctor edges forward.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Peter. Peter Streete?

SHAKESPEARE

He's the same as he was. You'll get nothing out of him.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

The Doctor puts a hand gently on Peter's shoulder.

THE DOCTOR

Peter.

Shlum! Streete's head jerks up - he's unshaven, bones sticking through his skin, bruises and fleabites.

CLOSE on his eyes - blank.

CUT TO:

46 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - DAY 3

46

The face of LILITH - troubled - hands to her temple ...

LILITH

What is this? I must see!

FX: She runs to the cauldron and looks into its depths ... she sees out from Peter Streete's eyes ... the concerned face of THE DOCTOR.

LILITH (CONT'D)

That stranger! He was at the inn with Shakespeare. I thought then, he smelt of something new.

BLOODTIDE

Now he visits the madhouse, the architect!

CUT TO:

47 INT. BEDLAM STREETE'S CELL - DAY 3

47

THE DOCTOR holds his fingers at PETER STREETE's temples. MARTHA and SHAKESPEARE watching in the background.

*

*

THE DOCTOR

*

Peter. I'm the Doctor. Go into the past. One year ago. Let your mind go back. Back, to when everything was fine and shining.

PETER

Kate...? Where's my Kate?

His voice is a dry croak.

THE DOCTOR

Is that his wife?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

SHAKESPEARE
You've healed him!

THE DOCTOR
Nowhere near. Hush now...

The Doctor leans in close to Peter.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Everything that happened in this year
since, happened to somebody else. It
was just a story. A winter's tale.

SHAKESPEARE
Hm, I like that...

THE DOCTOR
Not now!
(to Peter)
Let go, that's it, just let go...

And he lowers Peter down, so he's lying on his filthy
staw mattress. The Doctor crouching beside him, kind,
pulling the thin blanket over Peter.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Tell me the story, Peter. Tell me about
the witches...

CUT TO:

48 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - DAY 3

48

LILITH looks up from the cauldron - furious!

LILITH
Who is this Doctor? Why does he come
now, at the time of our glory?

She turns to DOOMFINGER.

LILITH (CONT'D)
Doomfinger! Transport yourself! Doom
the Doctor, doom his hide!

CUT TO:

49 INT. BEDLAM STREETE'S CELL - DAY 3

49

As before, PETER lying down, staring up...

PETER
The witches spoke to Peter.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

PETER (CONT'D)

In the night, they whispered... Got Peter to build the Globe to their design... The fourteen walls, always fourteen... When the work was done, they snapped poor Peter's wits...

THE DOCTOR

But where did Peter see the witches?
Where in the city?

Peter in pain, can't say it -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Peter. Tell me. You've got to tell me,
where were they?

PETER

Allhallows Street -

On a CU of the Doctor, and then, with no warning,
crouched right next to him, looking down at Peter -

DOOMFINGER

Too many words.

The Doctor shocked - but Doomfinger shoves him aside -

The Doctor goes sprawling - Martha & Shakespeare
terrified -

MARTHA

What the hell - ?!

DOOMFINGER

Just one touch of the heart.

And she simply puts her finger to Peter Streete's heart.
He cries out in terror, and dies.

Doomfinger whirls round to the others, pointing her
finger.

SHAKESPEARE

A witch... I'm seeing a witch!

Doomfinger stretches out its arm -

DOOMFINGER

Who would be next? Just. One.
Touch...

CUT TO:

50 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - DAY 3

50

LILITH shrieks:

LILITH
Doom them! Doom them all!

CUT TO:

51 INT. BEDLAM STREETE'S CELL - DAY 3

51

DOOMFINGER faces THE DOCTOR & SHAKESPEARE - MARTHA
heaving on the door - enjoying her power, witch-like hand
extended.

DOOMFINGER
I'll stop your frantic hearts. Poor
fragile mortals.

Martha hammering on the door -

MARTHA
Let us out! Let us out!

THE DOCTOR
That's not gonna work, the whole
building's shouting that!

DOOMFINGER
Who would die first?

THE DOCTOR
Well, if you're looking for
volunteers...

The Doctor steps forward.

MARTHA
Don't!

SHAKESPEARE
Doctor, can you stop her?

DOOMFINGER
No mortal has power over me.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, there's a power in words. If I can
find the right one. If I could just
know you...

DOOMFINGER
None on Earth has knowledge of us.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

THE DOCTOR

Then it's a good thing I'm here. Now
think think think, humanoid, female,
uses shapes and words to channel
energy... Oh! Fourteen! That's it,
fourteen, the fourteen stars of the
Rexel Planetary Configuration -
(immense authority)
Creature. I *name* you. Carrionite!

And Doomfinger screams -

FX: Doomfinger vanishes, folding in on herself.

Silence, all shattered.

MARTHA

What did you do?

THE DOCTOR

I named her. The power of a name,
that's old magic.

MARTHA

But there's no such thing as magic!

THE DOCTOR

It's just a different sort of science.
You lot, you chose Mathematics - given
the right string of numbers, the right
equation, you can split the atom. But
the Carrionites use words instead.

SHAKESPEARE

Use them for what?

THE DOCTOR

The end of the world.

CUT TO:

52 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - DAY 3

52

DOOMFINGER shuddering in pain, back with LILITH &
BLOODTIDE.

DOOMFINGER

He knows us! He spoke our name!

LILITH

Oh, then he will know Death! He will
perish at my hand!

A bell tolls outside.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

LILITH (CONT'D)

My Mothers - the time approaches, you
must away to the Globe, go! I will join
you, as soon as this Doctor screams his
last!

CUT TO:

53 OMITTED

53

AND

AND

54

54

55 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - DAY 3

55

SHAKESPEARE washing his face in a bowl of water, shaken,
MARTHA with THE DOCTOR as his mind races -

THE DOCTOR

The Carrionites disappeared, way back at
the dawn of the universe. Nobody was
sure if they were real or legend.

SHAKESPEARE

I'm going for real.

MARTHA

But what do they want?

THE DOCTOR

A new empire. On Earth. A world of
bones and blood and witchcraft.

MARTHA

But how?

THE DOCTOR

I'm looking at the man with the words.

SHAKESPEARE

Me? But... I've done nothing.

MARTHA

Hold on though... what were you doing,
last night, when that Carrionite was in
the room?

SHAKESPEARE

Finishing the play.

THE DOCTOR

What happens on the last page?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

SHAKESPEARE

Boys get their girls, they have a bit of a dance, it's all as funny and thought-provoking as usual. Except... those last lines... Funny thing is, I don't remember actually writing them...

THE DOCTOR

That's it! They used you! They gave you the final words, like a spell, like a code! Love's Labour's Won, it's a weapon!

The right combination of words, spoken in the right place, with the shape of the Globe as an energy-convector! The play's the thing! And yes, you can have that!

CUT TO:

56 OMITTED

56

57 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3

57

THE AUDIENCE in place, chattering, before the play begins.

CUT TO THE BOX, DOOMFINGER and BLOODTIDE looking down...

A TRUMPETER signals the start of the performance.

DICK strides out on to the stage.

DICK

We left the lovers of Navarre/By cruel chance sep'rated, None/to claim his heart, their labours lost/Now will they find Love's Labours Won?

Applause and cheers as lively music strikes up.

CUT TO:

58 INT. SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM - NIGHT 3

58

THE DOCTOR consulting a parchment - a crude street map - MARTHA at his side, and SHAKESPEARE - all urgent -

THE DOCTOR

Allhallows Street, there it is - Martha, we'll track them down, Will, you get to the Globe, and whatever you do, stop that play!

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

SHAKESPEARE

I'll do it!

Energised, grinning, he shakes the Doctor's hand -

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

All these years I've been the cleverest man about. Next to you, I know nothing!

MARTHA

Well don't complain!

SHAKESPEARE

I'm not, it's marvellous! Good luck, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

Good luck, Shakespeare! Once more unto the breach!

SHAKESPEARE

Hm, I like that... No, wait a minute, that's one of mine!

THE DOCTOR

Oh just shift!

And they run off -

CUT TO:

59 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3

59

DOOMFINGER and BLOODTIDE in the box, as Bloodtide takes from her cloak: a CRYSTAL BALL.

BLOODTIDE

Patience, my Sister, patience...

FX: INSIDE THE CRYSTAL BALL, a swirl of CARRIONITE SHAPES, trapped, a distant, violent screeching.

CUT TO the stage, DICK now joined by KEMPE.

DICK

The eye should have contentment where it rests. This spun-out year I watch on groaning sick/and mewling poor, drooped men in stench-ed beds ...

But from the back of the stage, SHAKESPEARE bursts in.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

SHAKESPEARE

Stop the play! I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen, but stop! This performance must end, immediately -

DICK

Oh, everyone's a critic.

Up in their box, Doomfinger and Bloodtide look round -

BLOODTIDE

The wordsmith!

DOOMFINGER

Fear not! I have the doll!

She brings out the doll of Shakespeare -

Shakespeare now centre stage, calling out:

SHAKESPEARE

I'm sorry, you'll have a refund, but this play must not be performed -

Doomfinger flicks the doll's head, hard -

Shakespeare's head jerks to one side, swatted by something invisible, and he collapses to the floor, unconscious.

KEMPE

Is he drunk or what?

DICK

Get him out of the way!

ACTORS haul up Shakespeare and take him backstage, as Kempe turns to the audience, improvises:

KEMPE

You must forgive, our irksome Will/He's been on the beer, and... feeling ill.

Laughter, claps, jeers, the audience enjoying it.

CUT TO the box.

DOOMFINGER

There is naught can stop us now!

CUT TO:

60 EXT. ALLHALLOWS STREET - NIGHT 3

60

THE DOCTOR and MARTHA have arrived in Allhallows Street.

THE DOCTOR
Allhallows Street. But which house?

MARTHA
Thing is though, am I missing something here? The world didn't end in 1599, it just didn't. Look at me, I'm living proof.

THE DOCTOR
Ohh, how to explain the mechanics of the Infinite Temporal Flux..? I know! Back to the Future! It's like Back to the Future!

MARTHA
What, the film?

THE DOCTOR
No, the novelisation, yes the film! Marty McFly goes back and changes history -

MARTHA
And he starts fading away! Oh my God, am I gonna fade?

THE DOCTOR
You, and the entire future of the Human Race - it ends, right now, in 1599, if we don't stop it, but which house?!

The door of the crooked house creaks open on its own.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Make that... *Witch* house.

CUT TO:

61 OMITTED

61

62 INT. CROOKED HOUSE TOP ROOM - NIGHT 3

62

THE DOCTOR & MARTHA ease open the door...

And there stands LILITH, illuminated by the light of the cauldron, powerful, calm, expecting them.

THE DOCTOR
I take it we're expected..?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

LILITH

Oh, I think death has been waiting for
you, a very long time.

Martha steps forward.

MARTHA

Right then! My turn, I know how to do
this -

(points, strong)

I name thee, Carrionite!

Pause. Lilith just smiles.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

What did I do wrong, was it the finger?

LILITH

The power of a name works only once.
Observe...

(points)

I gaze upon, this bag of bones/ And now
I name thee -

(reverb)

Martha Jones!

Martha's eyes roll into her head, she collapses,
unconscious. The Doctor runs to her -

THE DOCTOR

What have you done?!

LILITH

Only sleeping, alas - it's curious, the
name has less impact, she's somehow out
of her time. And as for you, Sir
Doctor...

The Doctor stands, faces her. Lilith holds out her hand,
as though probing him mentally -

LILITH (CONT'D)

Fascinating. There is no name. Why
would a man hide his title in such
despair? Oh! But look! There's still
one word, with a power that aches...

THE DOCTOR

The Naming won't work on me.

LILITH

But your heart grows cold, the north
wind blows/And carries down, the
distant...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

LILITH (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Rose.

The Doctor stands his ground. Struck to the core, but containing it. Furious.

THE DOCTOR
Big mistake. Cos that name keeps me fighting.
(draws his sword)
Now tell me. The Carrionites vanished, where did you go?

LILITH
The Eternals found the right word to banish us into Deep Darkness.

THE DOCTOR
Then how did you escape?

LILITH
New words, new and glittering. From a mind like no other.

THE DOCTOR
Shakespeare.

Lilith gestures towards the cauldron -

FX: an image of SHAKESPEARE (INT SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM), close on him, as he weeps, alone.

LILITH
His son perished! The grief of a genius, grief without measure, madness enough to allow us entrance.

THE DOCTOR
How many of you?

LILITH
Just the three. But the play tonight shall restore the rest. Then the Human Race will be purged, as pestilence, and from this world, we will lead the universe back into the old ways of blood and magic.

THE DOCTOR
Mm, busy schedule. But first, you've got to get past me.

Lilith walks towards him, seductive.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

62

LILITH

That should be a pleasure. Considering
my enemy has such a handsome shape.

She puts a hand to his head, stroking his hair.

THE DOCTOR

Now that's one form of magic that's
definitely not going to work on me.

LILITH

Oh, we'll see.

And with her free hand, she jabs up with the scissors, at
his hair -

CUT TO WIDER, as the Doctor breaks the clinch, steps back -

THE DOCTOR

What was that for, what did you do?

Lilith now holding a lock of his hair.

LILITH

A souvenir.

THE DOCTOR

Well give it back -

Lilith opens her arms, majestically steps back -

FX: the windows behind her open of their own accord and
Lilith sails upwards, backwards, through the window, out
into the open air -

CONTINUES, INTERCUT WITH -

CUT TO:

63 EXT. ALLHALLOWS STREET - NIGHT 3

63

FX (AND REPEAT) LILITH floats in the air, serene.

THE DOCTOR in the window of the Top Room.

THE DOCTOR

Well that's just cheating.

LILITH

Behold, Doctor. Men, to the
Carrionites, are nothing but puppets.

She takes a DOLL out of her gown. Starts to twist the
Doctor's hair around the head.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

In the TOP ROOM: on the floor, MARTHA begins to stir.
(The Doctor not seeing, still facing out.)

THE DOCTOR

(worried)

Now, you might call that magic, I'd call
it a DNA Replication Module -

LILITH

What use is your science now?

Lilith takes a bodkin from her cloak -

She smiles - stabs the doll in the heart.

The Doctor gasps - clutches his left side -

And he falls to the floor inside the Top Room, slam, a
dead weight.

Martha looks up properly, just in time to see -

FX: Lilith, in mid-air, cackling, framed in the window,
and she flies away, up into the sky, gone -

Martha runs to the Doctor -

The Doctor lies there, eyes closed.

MARTHA

Oh my God, Doctor, don't worry, I've got
you -

She's just tilting his head back for CPR. Stops.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Hold on, mister. Two hearts!

He opens his eyes, cheeky.

THE DOCTOR

You're making a habit of this.

(goes to stand)

Ow! Ouch! I've only got one heart
working, how do you people cope? Gotta
get the other one started, hit me! Hit
me on the chest -

(she thumps him)

Ooh, ahh, no, other side...

(she thumps again)

Ooh, ahh, no, on the back...

(she thumps his back)

Little bit to the left...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(she thumps again)
There we are! Lovely. Ba-da-boom!
Well what are you standing there for?
Come on, the Globe!

They race off.

CUT TO:

64 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3

64

DICK on the stage. The audience still and attentive.

DICK
The ladies have prepared a show. Maria
means to present Isis descending from
the dewy orb of Heav'n. Ah. Here comes
Costard.

The door slams open and KEMPE jigs in.

KEMPE
Masters!

A round of applause, they love him!

CUT TO the box, DOOMFINGER and BLOODTIDE in their seats,
as witch-LILITH slips in behind them.

DOOMFINGER
The Doctor?

LILITH
Dead.

BLOODTIDE
The time's near come, Lilith! The orb
of power begs release!

Bloodtide holds up the glowing crystal ball (PRAC LIGHT?
The shapes inside only visible on CU?).

LILITH/BLOODTIDE/DOOMFINGER
"Numbers, shapes and words entwine, Old
ways that shaped this Globe's design!"

CUT TO:

65 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 3

65

THE DOCTOR and MARTHA pelting along -

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

MARTHA

We're going the wrong way!

THE DOCTOR

No we're not!

They race off screen.

A second later - they race back.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

We're going the wrong way!

CUT TO:

66 OMITTED

AND

67

66

AND

67

68 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3

68

Up in the SISTERS' box - the globe in LILITH's hand, PRAC
LIGHT shining bright.

On stage - INTERCUTTING -

DICK

Behold the swinish sight of womans'
love! Pish, it's out of season to be
heavy disposed ...

LILITH

It is now, my Mothers! The final words,
to activate the tetradecagon!

DICK stands forward, centre stage -

DICK

The light of Shadmoch's hollow moon/Doth
shine on to a point in space/Betwixt
Dravidian shores and linear five/nine
three oh one six seven point oh two/And
strikes the fulsome grove of Rexel
four/co-radiating crystal activate!

A wind blows up - DICK hurled back -

The AUDIENCE terrified -

FX: Lilith's crystal globe swirls with unnatural light-

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

LILITH
The portal opens! It begins!

CUT TO:

69 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 3 69

THE DOCTOR and MARTHA run to a halt, horrified:

FX: The globe in the distance, as a vivid red funnel begins to circle upwards, a twister spiralling into the sky...

The wind hits them -

Nearby, the PREACHER declaims happily.

PREACHER
I told thee so! I told thee!

THE DOCTOR
Stage door!

FX: they run on, towards the Globe and the tornado.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3 70

FX: TOP SHOT of the GLOBE, the massive red whirlwind roaring up into the sky ...

CUT TO:

71 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3 71

LILITH, DOOMFINGER and BLOODTIDE stand. Looking down on a scene of chaos. Cackling and cackling and cackling.

The AUDIENCE screaming, panicking - close in as a group run for a door - and it slams in their faces!

CUT TO:

71A INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT 3 71A

THE DOCTOR and MARTHA run in, to find SHAKESPEARE just getting up, rubbing his sore head.

THE DOCTOR
Stop the play! I think that was it,
yes, I said 'stop the play!'

(CONTINUED)

71A CONTINUED:

71A

SHAKESPEARE

I hit my head -

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, don't rub it, you'll go bald -

A blood-curdling scream from the auditorium -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I think that's my cue -

He runs towards the stage, Martha & Shakespeare following -

CUT TO:

71B INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3

71B

LILITH, in witch form, exultant in the box. DOOMFINGER and BLOODTIDE standing behind her. They raise their hands -

LILITH/BLOODTIDE/DOOMFINGER

This was the last day of Man on Earth!
Now begins the Millennium of Blood!

The AUDIENCE screaming -

And then the Doctor, followed by Martha and Shakespeare, reach centre stage, battling the wind -

LILITH

The Doctor lives! Then watch this world
become a blasted heath!

She holds up the crystal ball -

LILITH (CONT'D)

They come! They come!

FX: dark shapes fly out of the ball, whipped along in the wind, spiralling up, up, up -

The Doctor, Martha, Shakespeare look up, in fear -

FX: their POV of the sky above the Globe, filled with the red twister, and now, the shapes from the crystal ball

becoming CARRIONITES - witch-like, streaming, screaming creatures, circling round and round, crying their rage -

CUT TO:

72 OMITTED

AND

73

72

AND

73

74 EXT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3

74

FX: TOP SHOT of the Globe - the red twister now filled
with HUNDREDS OF CARRIONITE shapes -

CUT TO:

75 INT. THE GLOBE - NIGHT 3

75

FX: a CARRIONITE SHAPE dives down into the auditorium,
PEOPLE screaming, then swoops back up again -

SHAKESPEARE's retreating back, in horror, looking up, but
THE DOCTOR pulls him back to centre stage -

THE DOCTOR
Come on, Will! History needs you!

SHAKESPEARE
But what can I do?

THE DOCTOR
Reverse it!

SHAKESPEARE
How am I supposed to do that?

THE DOCTOR
The shape of the Globe gives words power -
but you're the wordsmith, the one, true
genius, you're the only man clever
enough to do it -

SHAKESPEARE
But what words? I have none ready -

THE DOCTOR
You're William Shakespeare!

SHAKESPEARE
But these Carrionite phrases, they need
such precision -

The Doctor close:

THE DOCTOR
Trust yourself. When you're locked
away, in your room, the words just come,
don't they? Like magic!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Words of the right sound, the right
shape, the right rhythm, words that last
forever. That's what you do, Will, you
choose perfect words, now do it!
Improvise!

Shakespeare takes a deep breath. Declaims:

SHAKESPEARE

Close up this din of hateful dire
decay!/Decomposition of your witches'
plot/You thief my brains, consider me
your toy/My doting Doctor tells me I am
not!

The Sisters stare down at him - snarl -

LILITH

No! Words of power!

FX: CARRIONITE SHAPES above, screaming in pain -

Shakespeare gets more confident, it's the performance of
his life -

SHAKESPEARE

Foul Carrionite spectres cease your
show/Between the points -

He dries - what next - ?

THE DOCTOR

Seven six one, three nine oh!

SHAKESPEARE

Sev'n six one, three nine oh/And
banished like a tinker's cuss,/I say to
thee...

No idea, he looks at the Doctor.

No idea, he looks at Martha.

MARTHA

Expelliarmus!

THE DOCTOR

Expelliarmus!

SHAKESPEARE

Expelliarmus!

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

THE DOCTOR
Good old J.K.!

The Sisters scream!

FX: above, the CARRIONITE SHAPES fly inwards towards the centre of the twister, as though yanked in, fast, into a central black huddle -

LILITH
The deep darkness ... they are consumed!

FX. The stage doors burst open - sheets of paper fly through the air, every copy of Love's Labours Won disappearing upwards -

FX: the papers fly up into the sky, joining the black mass of congealing Carrionite shapes -

THE DOCTOR
Love's Labours Won! There it goes!

The Sisters look up and screeeeeeeam -

FX: above, the funnel, the Carrionites and the papers close in on themselves, folding away into nothing, *schlupp* -

- revealing a clear starry sky.

A moment's silence.

Everybody shattered.

Hold the moment, dazed, and then...

One person in the audience begins to clap. Then another. Then a few more. And more. And it builds...

Martha & Shakespeare, recovering, begin to smile. Behind them, the Doctor runs off.

Clapping, cheering, the whole audience is going wild, now.

Martha smiling, to Shakespeare:

MARTHA
They think it was all special effects.

SHAKESPEARE
Your effect is special indeed.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (3)

75

MARTHA
Not your best line.

And he takes her hand, makes her take a bow with him.
And another. And another!

Shakespeare revelling in it, and Martha loving it too,
milking it, smiling, waving, bowing, applause all round.

CUT TO THE BOX. The Doctor enters, picks up the crystal
ball off the floor, looks into it, smiling.

FX: the SISTERS, trapped in the orb, screaming with rage.

CUT TO:

76 INT. THE GLOBE - DAY 4

76

REPEAT SC.34A, dawn over London, then:

Next morning. The Globe is empty - SHAKESPEARE and
MARTHA are sat next to each other on the edge of the
stage.

SHAKESPEARE
And I say - a heart for a hart, a dear
for a deer.

MARTHA
I don't get it.

SHAKESPEARE
Then give me a joke from Freedonia.

MARTHA
Okay. Shakespeare goes into a pub. And
the landlord says 'Oi, mate. You're
Bard.'

Shakespeare laughs, and uses that to shift closer.

SHAKESPEARE
Oh, that's brilliant! Doesn't make
sense, mind you, but never mind that,
come here...

He comes very close to Martha.

MARTHA
I've only just met you.

SHAKESPEARE
The Doctor might never kiss you. Why
not entertain a man who will?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

Face to face, their lips very close...

MARTHA

Don't know how to tell you this, oh great genius... but your breath doesn't half stink.

THE DOCTOR emerges from backstage. He's carrying a big wooden props box, sorting and laughing at various items. The Doctor picks out the jawbone of an ass from the box.

THE DOCTOR

Good props store, back there. Not sure about this, though. Reminds me of a Sycorax.

SHAKESPEARE

Sycorax? Nice word. I'll have that off you as well.

THE DOCTOR

I should be on ten per cent. How's your head?

SHAKESPEARE

Still aching.

THE DOCTOR

Here you go, I got you this -

And he puts a ruff around Shakespeare's neck, so he looks like the classic image.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There you go. Neck brace. Wear that for a few days, till it's better. Although, you might want to keep it, suits you.

MARTHA

What about the play?

THE DOCTOR

Gone. I looked all over, every single copy of Love's Labours Won went up in the sky.

SHAKESPEARE

My lost masterpiece.

MARTHA

You could write it up again.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

THE DOCTOR

Better not, Will. There's still power
in those words, maybe it should stay
forgotten.

SHAKESPEARE

Oh, but I've got new ideas! Perhaps
it's time I looked at fathers and sons.
In memory of my boy. My precious
Hamnet.

MARTHA

Hamnet?

SHAKESPEARE

That's him.

MARTHA

Ham...net?

SHAKESPEARE

What's wrong with that?

THE DOCTOR

Anyway! Time we were off.

The Doctor holds up the crystal ball.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I've got a nice attic in the Tardis,
where this lot can scream for all
eternity. And I've gotta take Martha
back to Freedonia.

SHAKESPEARE

You mean travel on through time and
space.

THE DOCTOR

You what?

SHAKESPEARE

You're from another world, like the
Carrionites, and Martha's from the
future. Not hard to work out.

THE DOCTOR

That is incredible. You are incredible!

SHAKESPEARE

We're very much alike, Doctor. I can
sense your loss, your grief, your
madness. But we both go on living, go
on talking, go on hoping.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (3)

76

SHAKESPEARE (CONT'D)

(big smile)

We must, what else are we fit for? But I don't need to travel. This is where I belong, this is the whole earth, the Globe. Give me a pen and ink, give me my mind's eye, I can go wherever I want.

(turns to -)

Martha. Let me say goodbye with a new verse. A sonnet, for my Dark Lady.

(thinks)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate -

KEMPE and DICK come rushing in from the auditorium.

KEMPE

Will! You won't believe it! She's here! She's turned up!

DICK

We're the talk of the town, she heard about last night, she wants us to perform it again!

MARTHA

Who?

DICK

Her Majesty! She's here - !

Suddenly - trumpets sound from off, QUEEN ELIZABETH I enters with a couple of GUARDS. (The QUEEN is very old and fragile - bald head, red wig and a ton of make-up.)

THE DOCTOR

Queen Elizabeth the First...

But the Queen sees the Doctor. And she's furious!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

What?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

My sworn enemy!

THE DOCTOR

What?!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Off with his head!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (4)

76

THE DOCTOR

What?!?

Martha grabs the Doctor's hand.

MARTHA

Never mind what, just run! See you,
Will! And thanks!

They run off through the back exit -

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Stop him! Stop that pernicious Doctor!
I'll have his head on a spike at
Traitor's Gate!

The guards give chase.

Shakespeare watches them go, laughing riotously.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY 4

77

THE DOCTOR and MARTHA running joyously back to the
Tardis. Guards close behind.

MARTHA

What have you done to upset her?

THE DOCTOR

How should I know?! Haven't even met
her yet! That's time travel for you -

They reach the Tardis - The Doctor hurries Martha inside.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Still, can't wait to find out, that's
something to look forward to!

He runs in -

The door of the Tardis slams shut as an arrow thuds into
it -

END