

**Doctor Who**

Series 7B

Episode 2

Draft 003

Written By

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**EXT. STREET - TREES - DAY**

Leaves rustle and blow on the boughs of suburban trees - \*

Lining an ordinary street on an ordinary day in AUTUMN 1981. \*

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

DAVE (25) is hurrying along, referring to a HANDWRITTEN MAP. \*  
He's uncomfortable in a Burton's suit and tie. And he's lost. \*

He scowls at his watch. *Bugger!* He tugs at the knot of his tie. Then approaches a RANDOM PASSER-BY. \*

DAVE

Excuse me. Sorry mate, I'm looking for  
Warmah Home Loft Insulation, Ltd? I've  
got an interview. I'm a bit late.

The passer-by shrugs; *sorry, mate*. Dave walks on. Harried. \*  
Concentrating hard on the map. Oblivious of his surroundings. \*

ANGLE ON: ONE OF THE TREES LINING THE STREET

AS THE WIND loosens A LEAF - which flies away, tumbling -

IT HITS DAVE IN THE FACE. Dave cries out in shock - and  
staggered back.

Into the road.

He looks up. And his eyes widen. To see A CAR bearing down on  
him. Its horn blares.

A WOMAN'S HAND TAKES DAVE'S ELBOW -- AND TUGS HIM BACK onto  
the pavement. Just in time.

Dave blinks. He's looking at ELLIE.

And she's *lovely*. Maybe a touch New Romantic round the edges.

ELLIE

Oh my stars. Are you -?

DAVE

Okay. Yeah. I'm fine.

(re: leaf)

Death by leaf. Imagine that. How  
random can you get?

And now they're LOOKING AT EACH OTHER. Smiling.

ACROSS THE ROAD

A man at the bus-stop reads the BEANO SUMER SPECIAL, 1981. \*

He lowers it. It's THE DOCTOR, of course. He is VERY CAREFULLY  
WATCHING DAVE AND ELLIE. \*

FADE TO: \*

**EXT. WATERFRONT - EVENING** \*

Another day. Weeks later. Dave and Ellie walk, arm in arm. On  
a date. Dave in a Harrington and a Madness T-shirt. \*

DAVE  
All I'm saying is, there's no such  
thing as coincidence. I mean, not as  
such. \*

She's looking at him. Gentle and generous. And a bit baffled. \*

Dave reaches into his pocket - and PRODUCES THE LEAF. \*

ELLIE  
You kept it? \*

DAVE  
Of course I kept it. \*

ELLIE  
Why? \*

DAVE  
Because this exact leaf had to grow in  
that exact way in that exact place and  
it had to be weak in that precise spot  
so that precise wind at that precise  
speed could tear it from that precise  
branch on that precise tree at that  
precise angle and make it fly in that  
exact direction at that exact time so  
it could blow past all those other  
people and all those houses and shops  
and dogs and cats and pigeons and  
lampposts... and hit me in this exact  
face at that exact moment.... \*

A long beat. \*

DAVE (cont'd)  
And if none of those tiny little  
things had never happened, I'd never  
have met you. Which makes this the  
most important leaf in human history. \*

She looks at him for a long, long time. \*

But they don't kiss. They smile. And they link arms. And walk on. \*

Passing THE DOCTOR, who's leaning against a wall, pretending to consult an A-Z. Watching them. \*

CUT TO: \*

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Ellie and Dave stand together on her doorstep. She brushes an imaginary something from his lapel. \*

They're talking. Laughing. Night-time soft. We don't hear what they're saying because we're \*

ACROSS THE STREET

Under a lamp-post, with THE DOCTOR. Who's watching. Collar turned up against the rain. \*

He knits his brow a little as

DAVE AND ELLIE KISS. Tender and loving. And rather beautiful.

CUT TO: \*

**MONTAGE**

- Dave kneels, slipping a RING on Ellie's finger \*

- Ellie walks out of a SECOND-HAND BOOKSHOP, laden with bags. And HEAVILY PREGNANT \*

- Ellie in a BIRTHING SUITE. Dave holding her hand.

- Ellie watches, love in her eyes, as Dave rocks a tiny, swaddled baby. Rubs her nose with his.

- Dave changes a nappy while Ellie looks on, laughing.

- Bleary-eyed and pajama-clad, Dave brings Ellie a cup of tea. She's nursing the baby, reading to her from an OLD BOOK.

- Dave and Ellie in the bedroom doorway, holding hands as they watch their daughter sleep.

- Dave and Ellie watch in awe as their EIGHTEEN-MONTH OLD DAUGHTER walks unsteadily across the room, falls on her padded little arse.

END MONTAGE \*

**EXT. KIDS'S PLAYGROUND - DAY**

Dave pushes A TODDLER high on a swing. She's clasping the chain in wide-eyed joy and terror

Ellie claps and calls out - *Whee!*

THE DOCTOR walks past. But he's distracted, too close. THE SWING HITS HIM. He falls over.

Ellie rushes over, kneels at his side.

ELLIE  
Oh my stars! Are you all right? Are you okay?

The Doctor stands, brushing himself off.

THE DOCTOR  
Fine! Marvellous. Refulgent. Possibly a touch embarrassed.  
(then)  
That's not dangerous, is it?

ELLIE  
What's not?

THE DOCTOR  
Embarrassment.

ELLIE  
Not usually. Not to my knowledge.

THE DOCTOR  
Good. Phew!

Dave steadies the swing, walks out from behind it.

DAVE  
Mate, I'm so sorry.

THE DOCTOR  
My fault. Miles away. No harm done.

DAVE  
It's just - she likes going high.  
She's totally fearless.

A beat. For some reason, this statement seems significant to the Doctor.

He waves at the toddler. The toddler waves back.

THE DOCTOR

Hello, there -

ELLIE

Clara.

THE DOCTOR

Hello there, Clara. You little tinker.

The Doctor and YOUNG CLARA smile at each other.

FADE TO:

**INT. OSWALD HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

10 YEAR-OLD CLARA is in bed. Ellie reads to her from the old book. Now we see, it's "101 Places to See".

ELLIE

"...for some while before I set off on my voyage I believed I was come to the afterpiece of life, and had only the nurse and the undertaker to expect. It was suggested that I try the South Seas: and I was not unwilling to visit like a ghost..."

A beat. She looks down. Is Clara asleep?

No. Totally not. She's watching. Wide eyed. Ellie smiles, full of love, brushes the hair from her eyes. Continues reading.

**INT. OSWALD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

16 YEAR-OLD CLARA (JENNA) sits at the kitchen table. Flicking through FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS: Clara, Dave and Ellie. Happy.

And then she sets the photos down. Looks down at "101 Places." There on the ordinary table in the ordinary kitchen.

She hesitates. Then opens it.

Reads her own name: "Property of Clara Oswald, age 9." The 9 crossed out and replaced with a 10 - 11 - 12.

Then she flicks back, to the page before:

"Property of Ellie Ravenwood. Aged 11."

Clara bursts into tears. She hugs the book to her chest. Sobs.

Dave watches from the doorway. Unseen and helpless.

And dressed for a funeral. \*

FADE TO: \*

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY**

Pouring rain. Dave and 16 YEAR-OLD CLARA stand at a grave: \*

ELLIE OSWALD - BELOVED WIFE AND MOTHER \*

Clara weeps. Dave embraces her. He's in unendurable pain. In \*  
the rain. \*

UNDER A TREE \*

Stands the Doctor. Watching. Very moved. Until he digs in \*  
hands into his pockets and stalks off. \*

CUT TO: \*

**INT. THE TARDIS - DAY** \*

The Doctor enters. In a grump. Hits, rather too hard, a lever \*  
on the console. \*

The monitor flicks through: THREE PICTURES, THREE CLARAS: \*  
VICTORIAN CLARA, in full nanny gear. OSWIN OSWALD. Junior \*  
Entertainments Manager. Starship Alaska. \*

And OUR CLARA, throwing her hat into the air on graduation day \*

THE DOCTOR  
She's just a girl! \*

A long, exasperated beat. \*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
How can she be? \*

He leans on the console. Hair dangling in his eyes. \*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
She can't be. She is. She can't be. \*

FADE TO: \*

**INT. CLARA'S ATTIC BEDROOM - MAITLAND HOUSE - DAY** \*

Clara sits on the edge of the bed. She's very nervous. \*

She's watching the clock tick down to 5:30 P.M. \*

She allows her gaze to sweep the SAME FAMILY PHOTOS: her happy \*  
little family. \*

The talismanic book is in her hands: "101 Places". \*

The hands on the clock hit 5:30. \*

She closes her eyes. Waits for it. Her brow knits as she hears the TARDIS'S ENGINES. \*

She waits. Very tense. Until she hears A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. \*

She takes a breath. Then stands. Still carrying the book. \*

Tries out a big, bright smile. And exits. \*

CUT TO: \*

**INT. MAITLAND HOUSE - STAIRS - DAY**

She bounds downstairs. No sign of nerves. Opens the door on the Doctor. \*

THE DOCTOR

Ready?

Out on Clara's FEAR AND EXHILARATION and \*

FADE UP TO: \*

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON CLARA'S EYES. \*

Reflected in her irises we see the WHIRLING TIME VORTEX.

**INT. TARDIS - DAY**

Clara's standing in the OPEN DOORWAY of the Tardis, looking out.

CLARA

Oh ... my ... stars

We see the time vortex from the perspective of the open door, meaning the TARDIS is subjectively stationary while the time vortex whips and whirls and spins: a chaotic, primal hurricane

Into which Clara SINGS HER JOY AND EXHILARATION. Like a woman riding the best roller-coaster ever built.

Then she SLAMS THE DOOR and walks back to the Doctor. Who's looking pretty pleased with himself.

CLARA (cont'd)

So we're moving. Through actual time.

\*

The Doctor nods. Watching her. Slams a lever.

CLARA (cont'd)  
So what's it made of? Time? I mean,  
if you can rotor through it, it  
must be made of - stuff. Like jam's  
made of strawberries. So what's it  
made of?

THE DOCTOR  
Well. Not strawberries. That would  
be unacceptable.

He watches her, enjoying her excitement.

CLARA  
And we can go anywhere?

THE DOCTOR  
Within reason. Well, I say  
"reason".

He beams a smile at the TARDIS: private and joyful.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
She doesn't always take me where I  
want to go. But always where I need  
to go! Eh? Eh?!!

He pats the console, lovingly.

CLARA  
So - we could go backwards in time?

THE DOCTOR  
And space. Yes.

CLARA  
And forwards in time.

THE DOCTOR  
And space. Totally!

CLARA  
Could I go forwards in time and  
have a futuristic sex change and  
then go back in time and meet  
myself and fall in love and have a  
baby?

THE DOCTOR  
Why? Do you want to?

\*

\*

\*

CLARA  
So not. But could I?

THE DOCTOR  
Could we rewind this discussion to  
its starting point, please?

CLARA  
Okay. Starting point. Rewind.

THE DOCTOR  
Where do you want to go? What do  
you want to see?

CLARA  
I don't know!

Beat.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Do you know when someone asks you  
"what's your favourite book?" and  
straight away, you forget every  
book you've ever read?

THE DOCTOR  
No! Totally not!

CLARA  
Well. That's a thing. That happens.

THE DOCTOR  
And -- back to the question.

CLARA  
Okay. So. I'd like to see... I  
would like to see. What I would  
like to see is - \*

PUSHING IN ON CLARA.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Something AWESOME.

SMASH CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

INT. TARDIS - DAY

SOUND OF THE TARDIS'S ENGINES, grinding away as it lands.

The Doctor steps away from the console, drains his tea.

THE DOCTOR  
Right! Anyone need to go to the  
loo? No? Got your keys and wallet?  
Excellent.

He strides to the door.

CLARA  
Wait!

The Doctor waits - wearing a small, excited smile.

CLARA (cont'd)  
What's out there, exactly?

THE DOCTOR  
Wonderful things. Come on.

But she's scared. This is a big step.

CLARA  
Would you -?

THE DOCTOR  
What? Yes. Of course. What?

CLARA  
Hold my hand?

And the Doctor softens: of course he will. He's the Doctor.

Gently, he takes Clara's hand.

Clara closes her eyes. Takes a breath. And nods.

Okay.

Then the Doctor opens the TARDIS door. And they step out -

**EXT. ASTEROID - DAY**

- onto A TINY ASTEROID.

Clara holding the Doctor's arm. Her eyes squeezed shut.

He steadies her. Pivots her a little.

THE DOCTOR  
Can you feel the light on your  
eyelids?

She nods. Eyes closed.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
That's the light of an alien sun.

She nods again. Bites her lip.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Are you ready?

CLARA  
Yes. No. Yes.  
(beat)  
No. Wait.

She stands there. Fists clenched. Eyes squeezed shut.

THE DOCTOR  
It's okay. You can open your eyes. \*

CLARA  
I don't want to. Not yet. I'm  
trying to remember. I want to  
remember exactly how it feels. I  
want to freeze the moment. Can you  
do that? Can you freeze time? \*

He looks at her with something like tenderness.

THE DOCTOR  
Nobody can do that. Time moves in  
one direction. Memory moves in  
another.

She nods. Knowing the truth of that.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
But you'll remember.

CLARA  
Promise?

THE DOCTOR  
Cross my hearts.

She squeezes his hand. Takes a moment. Then OPENS HER EYES.

Which widen. And widen. And widen.

CLARA  
Oh. My. Goodness. Gracious.

The Doctor stands grinning at her shoulder.

THE DOCTOR  
Welcome to the Rings of Akhaten.

CLARA'S POV

THE PLANET AKHATEN

Red, orange and gold clouds churn and eddy across its surface. It hangs there, dominating the screen -- solemn in its majesty and silent grandeur. \*

It's surrounded by an unspeakably vast

DOUBLE RING SYSTEM.

Two rings, separated by hundred of miles. They're glinting, metallic, half eclipsed by the globe they encircle. Obviously not of natural origin.

The sight, in the proper sense, is awesome.

BACK TO SCENE

Clara stands marvelling for longer than the Doctor can stand it: he keeps shooting her sidelong, fretful glances.

Does she like it or what?!

CLARA

It's -

THE DOCTOR

I know! It so is! It so completely is! But wait! There's more.

CLARA

More what?

THE DOCTOR

Wait. Wait. Here it comes. In about five... four... three... two...

CLARA'S POV

As the INNER RING ROTATES

THE PYRAMID

Hoves into view. It's an ANCIENT, STEPPED PYRAMID. More Mesoamerican than Egyptian. Many miles wide at the base, tapering to a point. At the apex, there are WINDOWS.

BACK TO SCENE

CLARA

What is it?

THE DOCTOR  
The Pyramid of the Rings of  
Akhaten. It's a holy site to the  
Sunsingers of Akhet.

CLARA  
The who of what?

THE DOCTOR  
Seven worlds orbiting the same  
star. All of them sharing a belief  
that life in the universe  
originated here. On this planet.

CLARA  
All life?

THE DOCTOR  
In the universe.

CLARA  
Did it?

THE DOCTOR  
Well. It's what they believe. It's  
a nice story.

Clara takes it all in. This awestruck girl. This happy,  
lanky man. This blue box on this tiny rock. \*

CLARA  
Can we see it? Up close? \*

FADE TO:

**EXT. TARDIS - DAY** \*

The TARDIS materializes. After a beat, the doors open - and  
the Doctor and Clara step out. Onto -

**EXT. TIAANAMAAT - OUTER RING - DAY**

TIAANAMAAT: a VAST ALIEN MARKET. Casablanca, Mos Eisley,  
Cairo. It's bustling -- and very, very NOISY.

Clara huddles to the Doctor, looks all around, lost in  
A SEA OF ALIENS

More aliens than we've ever seen in one place. They surge through the streets, tread on each others feet and hooves and tails - nodding excuse me - they stop at stalls to buy goods -- paying with coins -- with cards -- with psychic transactions -- touching brow to crest, crest to pinnacle, pinnacle to proboscis.

The Doctor and Clara pass through flickering holographic advertisements - they're all showing A GARLANDED YOUNG GIRL. \*

The futurism of the holograms is at odds with the STONE BUILDINGS, which are much-weathered and of diverse exotic design: rounded, bulbous, twisty, pointed. There are minarets, domes, strangely shaped windows, oddly-sized doorways. \*

Clara looks up to see TEN THOUSAND SPACESHIPS IN ORBIT.

And then back - as she takes in the alien life all around.

CLARA  
Where are they from?

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, the local system mostly.

CLARA  
What do I call them?

THE DOCTOR  
Let's see -- there go some Panbabylonians. A Lugal-Irra-Kush. Some Lucanians. A Hooloovoo. Ceth Luketh. Qom VoTivig. That chap's a Terraberserker of the Kodion Belt. You don't see many of them around. That's an Ultramancer.

(beat)  
Oh, I love it here. I should come here more often.

CLARA  
You've been here before?

THE DOCTOR  
A long time ago. I brought my grand-daughter.

She stares at him, nonplussed. He walks off into the crowd - swallowed by the throng of alien bodies.

CLARA

Hang on.  
(to his back)  
No, actually hang on!

She follows, pressing through the crowd. Finds the Doctor at

**A MARKET STALL**

Picking up a PLATE OF PURPLE FRUIT. He offers one to Clara.

THE DOCTOR

Exotic fruit of some description?  
(sonics it)  
Non-toxic. Non-hallucinogenic. High  
in free radicals. And low in other  
stuff, I shouldn't wonder.

A moment, as Clara gathers some courage. Then bites into the  
fruit.

CLARA

So why's everyone here?

THE DOCTOR

For the Festival of Offerings.  
(nods to one of the  
holograms: the smiling  
young girl)  
Takes place every thousand years or  
so. It's quite a big thing,  
locally. A bit like Pancake  
Tuesday.

Walking, looking round in unabashed wonder, Clara collides  
with a HUGE, FEROCIOUS-LOOKING ALIEN -

Which proceeds to BARK AT HER.

She steps back, alarmed.

CLARA

Doctor?!

The Doctor steps in. He BARKS at the alien - equally  
fiercely, all teeth and snarls.

CLARA (cont'd)  
What's happening? Why's it angry?

THE DOCTOR

This isn't an "it". It's a she.  
Clara, meet Dor'een.

CLARA  
Doreen?

THE DOCTOR  
Loose translation. She sounds a bit  
grumpy, but she's a total love.  
Actually -  
(nods at a nearby rank of  
speeder bikes)  
She's just asking if we'd like to  
rent a moped.

Dor'een BARKS AT CLARA.

Clara hesitates - then BARKS IN RETURN. Or at least she gives it a try.

The Doctor claps her back, approving.

Clara grins, delighted. Basking in his approval. Who wouldn't?

CLARA  
(digs out her purse)  
How much for an hour?

THE DOCTOR  
Not money. Something *valuable*.  
(off her confusion)  
*Sentimental* value. A photograph.  
Love letter. Something like that.

She's aghast.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
That's what's used for currency  
here. Psychometry. Objects  
psychically imprinted with their  
history. The more treasured they  
are, the more value they hold.

CLARA  
That's horrible.

THE DOCTOR  
It makes more sense than bits of  
paper.

CLARA  
Then *you* pay.

THE DOCTOR  
What with?

CLARA  
You're a thousand years old. You  
must have *something* you care about.

The Doctor doesn't have an answer - which is realization he  
finds vaguely troubling.

He's still frowning, searching for a reply when \*

EVERYONE FREEZES - then separates, forming a gangway as a  
RETINUE OF HOODED CHORISTERS in scarlet robes pass by. Intent  
on some arcane, clearly important business. \*

Clara lingers, watches them pass. And in their wake, she sees  
something \*

TERRIFIED EYES. \*

Belonging to A LITTLE GIRL, no more than nine years old. She's  
HUDDLED IN A DOORWAY. WRAPPED IN A SCARLET HOOD. \*

We don't see her face - just those wide, terror-stricken eyes.  
She looks like a tiny little ghost. \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
Doctor? \*

But THE DOCTOR'S GONE -- swallowed by the crowd. \*

Clara turns back to the door. But THE GHOSTLY LITTLE GIRL IS  
GONE, TOO. \*

Clara hesitates. \*

Something about the fearful expression in the girl's eyes. \*

She takes a step towards the door... \*

CUT TO: \*

**INT. APEX TEMPLE - DAY** \*

A VAST TEMPLE. \*

A place of stone and shadows. Huge windows give out onto the  
immensity of the CHURNING, RED AND GOLD PLANET. \*

In the centre of the temple, steps rise to... something we  
don't see. \*

At the base of the steps, A CHORISTER IN RED ROBES sings what  
we'll come to know as THE LONG SONG. \*

It's haunting, elegaic. Utterly beautiful. \*

Except for the Chorister, the Temple is empty. Just the stone  
and the shadows. \*

UNTIL A SECOND CHORISTER joins the first. \*

For a few moments, the two aliens sing in harmony. \*

Then the first chorister steps down - leaving the second to  
continue the song. \*

His voice is in a different pitch, much higher, like a  
seventeenth century castrato. The effect is eerie and haunting  
and it fades to... \*

CUT TO: \*

**INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS** \*

Clara stepping into a HUGE, DARK, ABANDONED BUILDING \*

She stands alone in a VAST FORSAKEN SPACE - breathing exerted  
and afraid. \*

Thinking hard. Scanning the DARK CORNERS - \*

CLARA \*

Hello? \*

HER VOICE ECHOES - FADES INTO DARKNESS. \*

She SPINS, looks behind her. Sees NOTHING. Just darkness and  
silence. Sound of DRIPPING WATER. And a sense of TERRIBLE  
THREAT in the LOOMING SHADOWS. \*

And now - \*

A FLEET FOOTSTEP. SOMEWHERE OUT THERE - IN THE SHADOWS. \*

She takes a SINGLE STEP. And another. And a third - faster -  
heading towards the FLEET, ECHOING FOOTSTEPS in the vastness  
of this terrible place. \*

And there she goes -- A DASH OF RED in the darkness! \*

CLARA (cont'd) \*

Hey!?

The girl seems to hesitate - \*

CLARA (cont'd) \*

Are you okay? Are you lost? \*

THE GIRL DARTS AWAY. \*

And Clara follows. \*

We follow Clara through the ANCIENT, DRIPPING DECAYING SPACE - \*  
shot through with beams of alien sunlight \*

She's scared - searching out the nooks and corners - \*

CLOSE ON CLARA - PASSING ACROSS THE SCREEN, REVEALING - \*

SHE'S WALKED RIGHT PAST THE LITTLE FIGURE IN RED - who's \*  
Huddled CREEPILY in some tiny nook - \*

From which she now scrambles - dislodging a tiny fragment of \*  
mortar - which falls - making a SMALL NOISE \*

CAUSING CLARA TO WHIRL - see the girl - and SCREAM IN FRIGHT \*

The GIRL SCREAMS TOO. \*

A beat. \*

And now they're staring at each other - frightened - then \*  
angry - then wary - THEN LAUGHING. \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
Oh my life. My heart. I thought -!

The girl GIGGLES: nervous, but sweet and likeable. \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
Are you all right?

The girl nods. Her name is MERRY. \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
What are you doing?

MERRY  
Hiding. \*

CLARA  
From who?

MERRY  
(duh)  
Everyone. \*

CLARA  
Okay. And why's that?

MERRY  
Because I don't want to be the Queen  
of Years. \*

CLARA \*  
And what's that, when it's at home? \*

CUT TO: \*  
INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ENTRANCE - DAY \*

SILENCE AND STILLNESS \*

UNTIL WE HEAR A NOISE on the other side of the door - A \*  
HORRIBLE, GUTTURAL CROAKING. \*

And then A GHOST steps through the door. Followed by a second. \*  
And a third. \*

Military coats. Long, twisted metal hands, like roots. Oval \*  
heads, into which are fitted two identical circular openings \*  
for eyes. A grilled mouthpiece. \*

Twisted metal hands trailing grotesquely long nails. Heads \*  
tilted at cat-like angles. \*

This is THE VIGIL. And they drift through the building... \*  
making that horrible croaking. Like a Dalek on a badly tuned \*  
radio, slowed down. It's desperately unpleasant. \*

And then they run silent. And that's worse. \*

CUT TO: \*  
Merry looking at her, head tilted. \*

MERRY \*  
You don't know me? \*

CLARA \*  
Um - Sorry. Actually not. \*

INTERCUT CLARA/THE VIGIL \*

MERRY \*  
So why did you follow me? \*

CLARA \*  
To help. You looked - lost. \*

MERRY \*  
I don't believe you. \*

CLARA \*  
I've got no idea who you might be. \*

I've never been here before - I've \*

never been anywhere like here before. \*

I just saw a little girl who looked  
like she needed help.

MERRY  
(tearful now)  
Really?

CLARA  
Really really.

MERRY  
Can you help me?

CLARA  
That's why I'm still here.

MERRY  
Because I need to hide.

Clara reading the girl's eyes - then holding out her hand.

CLARA  
I know the perfect box.

Merry looking into the dark. Sensing - something.

MERRY  
We should run. Before they find me.

CLARA  
Um, who exactly?

MERRY  
The ones who want to take me back.

Clara doesn't like the sound of that. Not one little bit.

So they run. Hand in hand, through the decaying old structure.

The Vigil following them. In no rush. Terrifying and  
implacable. Moving silently closer - and closer - until

Merry and Clara burst through another door - INTO THE SUNSHINE

CUT TO:

**EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY**

- and Clara leads Merry by the hand through the streets -  
anxious and paranoid - until at last, they turn the corner and  
there's

THE TARDIS!

MERRY  
What's this? \*

CLARA  
A space shippy thing. Timey spacey. \*

MERRY  
It's teeny. \*

CLARA  
You wait! \*

With a flourish, Clara pulls at the door - and NOTHING  
HAPPENS: the TARDIS is locked. Naturally. \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
Oh, come on. \*

She looks around, a bit embarrassed. \*

She knocks on the door. Rat-tat-a-tat-tat...tat tat. \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
Let me in. Come on. Let me in.  
(knocks harder: whispers)  
I've got a little girl here that needs  
help. So come on. Throw me a bone. \*

She steps back. The Tardis BLANKS HER. \*

MERRY  
What's wrong? \*

CLARA  
I don't know. I'm getting a vibe. Are  
you getting a vibe?... I don't think  
it likes me. \*

ANGLE ON THE TARDIS. RADIATING SILENT DISAPPROVAL. \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
(to TARDIS)  
Come on. Let me in. \*

A longer moment of nothing. Then Clara turns - and Merry is  
gone! \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
(hisses)  
Hey! Little girl!? \*

MERRY'S FACE PEEPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE TARDIS \*

MERRY

My name's Merry.

Clara joins her: they huddle in the secret space between the  
TARDIS and the wall. It kind of makes a den.

CLARA

So what's happening? Is someone trying  
to hurt you?

MERRY

No! I'm just scared.

CLARA

Of what?

MERRY

Getting it wrong.

CLARA

Okay. Can you pretend like I'm totally  
a space alien and explain?

MERRY

I'm Merry Gejelh.

CLARA

I'm really not local. Sorry.

MERRY

The Queen of Years?

(okay. Unbelievably, she  
really does needs to explain  
this)

They chose me when I was a baby - the  
day the former Queen of Years died.

CLARA

Okay.

MERRY

I'm the vessel of our history.

(off Clara's expression)

I know every chronicle. Every poem.

Every legend. Every song.

CLARA

Every single one?

(off Merry's nod)

Blimey. I hated history.

MERRY

And now I have to sing a song in front  
of everyone. A special song.

I have to sing it to a God... And I'm  
really scared.

And now Clara smiles - unguarded and totally open.

Is that the problem?

CLARA  
Everyone's scared when they're little.  
I used to be terrified of getting  
lost. Used to have nightmares about  
it... And then I got lost.

Merry wide-eyed, listening.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Blackpool beach, bank holiday Monday.  
About ten billion people. I was about  
six. My worst nightmare come true.

MERRY  
What happened?

CLARA  
The world ended. My heart broke. And  
then my mum found me. We had fish and  
chips and they drove me home and she  
tucked me up and she told me a story.

FADE TO:

**INT. OSWALD HOUSE - YOUNG CLARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

YOUNG CLARA is tucked up in bed, hugging "101 Things". Ellie  
sits beside her, gently stroking her brow.

ELLIE  
It doesn't matter where you are - in  
the jungle or the desert or on the  
moon. However lost you may feel,  
you'll never really be lost. Not  
really. Because I'll always be here.  
And I'll always come and find you.  
Every single time.  
(strokes her brow)  
Every. Single. Time.

BACK TO SCENE

MERRY  
And you were never scared again?

CLARA

Oh, I was scared lots of times. But  
never of being lost.

Merry stares at Clara. Idolizing her.

CLARA (cont'd)

So this special song. What are you  
scared of, exactly?

MERRY

Getting it wrong. Making Grandfather  
angry.

CLARA

And do you think you'll get it wrong?

Merry shrugs.

CLARA (cont'd)

Because I don't. I don't think you'll  
get it wrong. I think you'll get it  
very, very right.

Out on Merry - throwing her arms around Clara' neck.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TIAANAMAAT - OUTER RING - DAY**

The crowd falls silent - the parts AS MERRY EMERGES, casting  
off the red hood, revealing the white dress underneath.

She's approaches a number of RELIEVED CHORISTERS, who GARLAND  
HER WITH FLOWERS AND LEAD HER AWAY.

She throws a glance over her shoulder. At Clara.

And here comes the Doctor to join Clara. He's eating blue  
fruit.

THE DOCTOR

Where'd you get to?

CLARA

Exploring.

CUT TO:

BEHIND A HIGH, OPAQUE WINDOW STAND VAGUE, SPECTRAL SHAPES.

The Vigil.

CUT TO:

**EXT. OUTER RING - DAY**

Multitudes line the edge of the Outer Ring. The Doctor and Clara among them.

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

**EXT. OUTER RING - DAY**

Among the alien multitude, Merry stands at the very edge of the outer ring: a tiny, vulnerable figure in her white dress. Her garland of flowers. Her hooded attendants in scarlet silk.

There's a long, weighted moment of reverent silence.

Then Merry opens her mouth. And coughs.

\*

An awkward beat. The weight of all that expectation.

She's so nervous.

She coughs into her fist. Looks around. Self-conscious.

Finds Clara's eyes. Clara nods: Go on.

Then Merry starts again. This time, she sings a simple, haunting melody of transcendent beauty.

CUT TO:

\*

**EXT. APEX TEMPLE - DAY**

In response to Merry's song, a VAST DOOR at the apex of the temple rumbles mightily open

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

**INT. APEX TEMPLE - DAY**

At the base of the steps, THE CHORISTER sings THE LONG SONG.

\*

It's haunting, elegaic. Utterly beautiful.

\*

And creepy. He's singing it to WHATEVER'S AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS

\*  
\*

Except for the Chorister, the Temple is empty. Just the stone and the shadows.

\*  
\*

As the stone door rises, the Chorister turns to face the door.

\*

He can see the DISTANT OUTER RING. The CELEBRANTS.

He throws back his hood. And sings in response to Merry's  
song. \*

CUT TO: \*

**EXT. OUTER RING - DAY**

Clara listens to the Long Song being carried on the cold,  
thin atmosphere between the Rings of Akhet.

The Doctor passes her a pair of OPERA GLASSES. She sees the  
Temple. The Chorister and \*

CLARA  
(ugh!)  
What's that? \*

CUT TO: \*

**INT. APEX TEMPLE - DAY**

And now we see - at the top of the steps sits A LARGE GLASS  
CUBE. And in the cube, on a wooden throne, sits \*

A GAUNT, LEATHERY MUMMY. \*

Conceivably human. Perhaps alien. More South American than  
Egyptian-looking, it resembles the Tollund Man: blackened  
skin, yellow teeth, sockets for eyes. \*

It sits chin to chest, as if asleep in its chair. \*

CUT TO: \*

THE DOCTOR AND CLARA

THE DOCTOR  
They call it the Old God. Sometimes  
Grandfather. \*

CLARA  
Wait - that's Grandfather?  
(beat)  
What are they singing to it? \*

THE DOCTOR  
The Long Song. A lullaby without  
end. To feed his dreams... and keep  
him asleep. \*

CUT TO:

Merry sings in response to the Chorister. Her tone is heartbreakingly pure.

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
It's been sung for millions of years. Chorister handing over to Chorister. Generation after generation after generation.

Merry and the Chorister duet, harmonize - the melody growing faster and more intricate, rising to a fabulous chorus.

Then Merry falls ABRUPTLY SILENT. Her chest rising and falling with her exertion. Her jaw regally tilted.

The Chorister keeps singing.

Each of the Pilgrims holds out AN OBJECT. And a SHIFTING CURTAIN OF LIGHT descends.

Into it, the pilgrims place their objects - which disappear in a shower of golden sparks.

CLARA  
What are they doing?

THE DOCTOR  
Those are offerings. Things of value. Mementoes and keepsakes. Feeding the Old God.

The shifting aurora sparkles with gold. Then disappears.

Which the pilgrims on the outer edge take as a sign to join in the long song. \*

A HUNDRED THOUSAND VOICES lifted in veneration.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE APEX TEMPLE - DAY**

The Chorister hears this. And smiles joyfully as he sings.

CUT TO:

**EXT. OUTER RING - DAY**

Clara looks around. Lost in sea of alien cantillation. She's filled with wonder. Her eyes brim with tears.

She catches the Doctor's eye. He smiles. See?

She nods. She sees.

The Doctor grins. Crosses his arms. Satisfied and happy.

CUT TO:

**INT. APEX TEMPLE - DAY**

The Chorister once more faces the Old God: he reaches for A TRANSCENDENT HIGH NOTE.

And holds it. But only for a moment: his voice starts to QUIVER AND SHAKE. His EYES WIDEN.

Because suddenly he is very, very scared.

CUT TO:

**EXT. OUTER RING - DAY**

Clara turns sharply to the Doctor.

CLARA  
Did you see that?

THE DOCTOR  
See what?

CLARA  
It moved. The thing. In the box. It  
twitched.

THE DOCTOR  
Never.

CLARA  
Totally very yes. Look!

She gives him the opera glasses.

CUT TO:

**INT. APEX TEMPLE - DAY**

The Chorister has tears in his eyes. But no longer tears of joy. He pulls the hood over his head -

- and profoundly changes the nature of the Long Song. It becomes deeper. Dolorous. An unnerving dirge.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

**EXT. OUTER RING - EDGE - DAY**

Confusion and anxiety in the crowd. Clara scans the multitude until she finds

MERRY.

Who's standing aghast. Looking around herself in terror and confusion.

She cries out when the Temple SUDDENLY EMITS A BEAM OF LIGHT  
- which SINGLES HER OUT. And LIFTS HER INTO THE AIR! \*

And draws her away. Towards the distant pyramid. Towards the Mummy.

BACK TO SCENE

CLARA  
Okay. What's happening? Is this  
supposed to happen?

Clara turning in fury to the confused, wailing crowd. \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
Well, is somebody going to do  
something? Excuse me... excuse  
me... is somebody going to help  
her? Excuse me? IS SOMEBODY GOING  
TO HELP THAT LITTLE GIRL?

But it's like a bad dream. Her voice drowned out by lamentations. The crowd ignoring her.

Clara whirls to the Doctor -- but the Doctor is already hurrying away.

**EXT. TIAAANAMAAT - DAY**

- hastening through the now-empty marketplace - Clara at his elbow -

CLARA  
Why are we walking away? We can't  
just walk away - this is my fault!  
I talked her into doing this! \*

The Doctor whirls, stops. Facing her. \*

THE DOCTOR

There's one thing you need to know  
about travelling with me - well,  
one thing after the blue box and  
the two hearts. We don't walk away.

(then)  
Oh, and of course it's not your fault.  
Don't be silly.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLARA  
But - we're going this way. And  
she's going that way.

THE DOCTOR  
Because we need -

His face falls.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
The TARDIS.

But it's GONE.

CLARA  
What TARDIS?

THE DOCTOR  
The TARDIS. *The TARDIS.* The one  
that's not here.

He looks around.

CLARA  
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR  
What? Not now. I can't find the  
TARDIS.

The Doctor pauses. Then looks up. And up. And up.

And THERE'S THE TARDIS. Floating in an elliptical orbit  
around the rings.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
They *moved* it! Why did they move  
it? Who'd want to move a TARDIS?

CLARA  
Can't you make it come to you?

THE DOCTOR  
How?

CLARA  
I don't know. You're the space man.

Looking at the TARDIS, floating serenely.

Enough! He breaks into a run --

CUT TO:

**EXT. PYRAMID - DAY**

Merry is still being drawn towards the LOOMING PYRAMID...  
and the DEAD MARCH grows more frightening by the second.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TIAANAMAAT - OUTER RING - DAY**

The Doctor runs to Dor'een and barks a question: *How much?*

He listens to the BARKING RESPONSE. Then turns to Clara.

THE DOCTOR  
I need something precious.

CLARA  
Why?

THE DOCTOR  
To pay.

CLARA  
You must have something. All the  
places you've seen. There must be  
*something*.

\*  
\*

A beat. Then he digs out the sonic screwdriver.

THE DOCTOR  
This. And I don't want to give it  
away, because it comes in handy.

\*

CLARA  
You're a thousand years old. And  
that's it? Your spanner?

THE DOCTOR  
Screwdriver.

CLARA  
Seriously. Nothing else?

A lingering moment.

THE DOCTOR  
No.

Clara's eye flash with anger. Then pity. She looks at HER RING. \*

CLARA  
It's my mum's. \*

She hesitates. But only for a moment. She takes off her ring -- kisses it -- and gives it to Dor'een. \*

Who thanks her with a sober grunt. And steps aside, to reveal THE SPEEDER BIKE. \*

CUT TO:

**EXT. RINGS OF AKHATEN - DAY**

The tractor beam pulls Merry towards the pyramid. Which looms, terrifying and monolithic, behind her.

She chants a prayer song under her breath.

Then stops. Her terrified eyes widen in disbelief -

BECAUSE CLARA AND THE DOCTOR ARE ZOOMING TOWARDS HER ON THE SPEEDER BIKE

CUT TO:

**EXT. SPEEDER BIKE - RINGS OF AKHATEN - DAY**

The Doctor guns the accelerator, grinning into the wind: zooming closer and closer.

Clara and Merry meet each other's eyes.

Clara reaches out -

Behind Merry, the cavernous door opens. Larger and larger.

But the speeder bike is nearly there! So nearly there! \*

Clara stands in her seat. Reaching out - stretching -

But Merry is swallowed in the shadows - and the huge door SLAMS SHUT. \*

CLARA  
Brakes! Brakes!

The Doctor hits the brakes hard, leaning into an impossible turn.

He squeezes his eyes shut. Clara can only watch helplessly  
Until the SPEEDER BIKE STOPS. Just in time.

A beat. Clara is gripping the Doctor's shoulder.

\*

THE DOCTOR  
Time to let go.

CLARA  
I can't.

THE DOCTOR  
Clara. You have to.

CLARA  
Why?

THE DOCTOR  
Because it really hurts.

CLARA  
Sorry.

She releases her grip.

There's a beat, as they get it together. Then they dismount,  
onto the face of the pyramid.

The Doctor digs out the sonic and runs to the massive door.

CUT TO:

**INT. PYRAMID - DAY**

Merry in the temple. It's lit only by the glow of the  
planet.

Slowly, she approaches the Chorister.

Who averts his eyes. And begins a LOW, FAST, OMINOUS  
CHANTING.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PYRAMID - DOOR TO APEX TEMPLE - DAY**

The Doctor and Clara. The huge, stone portal.

THE DOCTOR  
(sonics door)  
Oh, that's interesting. A frequency  
modulated acoustic lock.

The key changes ten million zillion squillion times a second.

CLARA  
Can you open it?

THE DOCTOR  
Technically, no. In reality, also no. But still... let's give it a stab.

He concentrates: applies the sonic. It chirps, whines, flashes.

CUT TO:

**INT. APEX TEMPLE - DAY**

Slowly, in an agony of terror, Merry passes the Chorister: begins ascending the steps leading up to the pedestal.

One by one by one.

Terrified out of her wits by what she can see at the top: the Mummy in the glass cell.

Waiting.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PYRAMID - DOOR TO APEX TEMPLE - DAY**

The Doctor trying to open the huge door. Clara pacing -

CLARA  
Merry, hold on! We're coming!

She considers the OUTER RING: The watching multitude, barely visible from this distance.

CLARA (cont'd)  
How can they just stand there and watch?

THE DOCTOR  
(still picking the lock)  
This is sacred ground.

CLARA  
And she's a *child*.

THE DOCTOR  
And he's a God. To them, anyway.

The sonic emits RAPID CHIRPING NOISES. The Doctor frowns, not liking that at all.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Did you happen to bring any  
marmalade sandwiches?

CLARA  
To space?

THE DOCTOR  
Yes.

CLARA  
Why would I bring sandwiches to  
space?

THE DOCTOR  
Because of the monsters.

CLARA  
And monsters enjoy a sandwich, do  
they?

THE DOCTOR  
You'd be surprised. Marmalade has  
charms to soothe the savage breast.

CLARA  
That's music. "Music has charms to  
soothe the savage breast".

THE DOCTOR  
Exactly! That's right! Music!

CLARA  
The marmalade thing - I think  
that's actually more your bears.  
From Peru.

THE DOCTOR  
D'you know, I've always wanted a  
duffel coat. Tartan lining. And  
toggles for buttons. I do like a  
toggle. I mean, a duffel coat would  
be much more practical in cold  
weather than a long -

He drifts off. Frowns. Deep in concentration.

CLARA  
A long what?

THE DOCTOR  
Scarf. Long scarf.

CLARA  
Doctor, can you actually do this?  
You're not trying to distract me  
into not noticing that we're locked  
out?

THE DOCTOR  
No. Why?

The Doctor PRESSES HIS EAR TO THE STONE. Frowns.

Not good. Not good.

CUT TO:

**INT. APEX TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS**

Step by step, Merry approaches the Mummy. Until she's standing there. Looking at it.

She turns to the Chorister.

He's standing at the base of the steps. Still chanting THE LOW, QUIET DIRGE.

MERRY  
I don't know what to do next. What happens? Do I just... wait?

No response.

ON MERRY as she turns again to the Mummy. Tears streaming down her face.

She watches SOMETHING HAPPENING in the cube. Something we don't see or hear. She shuts her eyes in terror

She can't look. She just can't. She mustn't.

\*

She looks.

THE MUMMY'S HEAD HAS MOVED AS IF TO LOOK AT HER

\*

CUT TO:

\*

**EXT. APEX TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS**

Clara and the Doctor. Still working on the door.

\*

CLARA

What if we drive the moped through  
the windows?

\*

THE DOCTOR

Imagine a train travelling at two  
hundred miles an hour. Then imagine  
a bumble bee flying into the train.

Beat.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The bumble bee is you.

CLARA

Yeah, getting that. Doctor -

THE DOCTOR

Yes?

CLARA

I'm not having fun. I thought it  
would be funner.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, nonsense. This is fun. This is  
a right old chuckle. We'll be done  
in a few minutes, put our feet up.

CUT TO:

**INT. APEX TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS**

Merry is transfixed by horror. Until

\*

THE MUMMY OPENS ITS EYES.

\*

And Merry SCREAMS.

\*

CUT TO:

\*

**EXT. PYRAMID - DAY**

The Doctor and Clara hear MERRY'S SCREAM. Clara shoots the  
Doctor an urgent look.

CLARA

We're coming! Be brave! We'll be there

soon!

\*

(then)

\*

Doctor?!  
\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

THE DOCTOR

Yes yes yes.

(the sonic CHANGES PITCH )

Oh! Hello!

CLARA

Hello what?

THE DOCTOR

The sonic's locked on to the  
acoustic tumblers.

CLARA

Meaning?

THE DOCTOR

I get to do this -

He leaps to his feet, brandishing the sonic like a wand.

And very slowly - inch by painful inch - the MASSIVE DOOR  
LIFTS!

The Doctor laughs in delight, then NIPS UNDER THE DOOR.

It's four feet thick. Solid stone.

He stands directly under it. Points the sonic straight up.

He's holding the door aloft.

His hand is shaking. He's exerting a huge psychic effort.  
But his grin is enormous.

With his free hand, he tidies his hair.

CUT TO:

**INT. APEX TEMPLE - DAY**

\*

Merry turns from the Mummy to see

THE DOCTOR

holding the giant door aloft. Backlit by the light of the  
gas giant. Clara at his shoulder.

THE DOCTOR

Hello! I'm the Doctor. And you've  
met Clara. She's supposed to be  
having a nice day out.

\*

\*

\*

But he's losing concentration - and the DOOR DROPS A FEW  
CENTIMETERS.

The Doctor concentrates. The sonic whines. The door holds.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
still, it's early yet. Are you  
coming, then?

Merry backs away. Presses her back to the glass cube.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Did I mention that the door is  
immensely heavy?

MERRY  
Please. You'll wake him!

Clara's eyes go to the glass box behind Merry. She gives out  
a little yelp of distaste.

MERRY (cont'd)  
Please. Please, please leave.

THE DOCTOR  
Really quite *extraordinarily* heavy.

The DOOR DROPS HALF A METRE. The Doctor stops it. Just.

It DROPS AGAIN. Further this time. The Doctor ducks. Covers  
his head with his arm.

Then looks a bit embarrassed: like *that's* going to save him  
from ten thousand tons of solid stone.

The Doctor nods to Clara: Go!

Clara runs into the temple.

She passes the Chorister, who's still muttering the dirge  
under his breath.

She gives him a wide berth - *creepy* - and ascends the steps.  
One by one.

The DOOR DROPS SOME MORE.

The Doctor struggles to keep it open. Focussing the sonic  
with both hands now.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
The acoustic lock's over-riding the  
sonic's interference relay.

CLARA  
And again, except in words?

\*

\*

\*

THE DOCTOR  
Once this door's closed, I'll never  
be able to open it again - so chop-  
chop, old thing.

Clara gathers herself. Approaches Merry.

CLARA  
Merry - we need to leave.

MERRY  
NO! GO AWAY!

CLARA  
Not without you.

MERRY  
You said I WOULDN'T GET IT WRONG...  
AND THEN I GOT IT WRONG! AND NOW THIS  
HAS HAPPENED! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED!

CLARA  
You didn't get it wrong.

MERRY  
HOW DO YOU KNOW? YOU DON'T KNOW  
ANYTHING!

CLARA  
Because I know. Because I heard you  
sing.

MERRY  
HE'S WAKING UP AND IT'S MY FAULT! I  
GOT IT WRONG! I SANG IT WRONG!

CLARA  
No.

MERRY  
You have to Go! GO NOW! Or he'll eat  
us all.

CLARA  
Well, he's ugly. But to be honest,  
he doesn't look big enough.

MERRY  
Not our meat. Our souls.

Clara pauses on the steps. A chilly beat.

Then she forces herself to press on. Reaches the top of the  
steps.

THE NARROW LEDGE AROUND THE CUBE.

The Mummy, sitting as if asleep on its throne

Clara holds out a hand.

MERRY (cont'd)  
If he doesn't eat, then everyone  
dies. Everyone. So. Please. Leave.

CLARA  
I don't know enough words to give you  
all the reason that's so completely  
not going to happen.

MERRY  
Go!

CLARA  
Never. Never, ever.

Looking at each other with equal stubbornness.

Then Merry whips a LONG, THREE PRONGED DAGGER from inside  
her gown -

- and holds it to Clara's heart. Weeping, fierce, angry,  
terrified - she backs Clara into the glass cube.

CUT TO:

THE MUMMY OPENS ITS MOUTH!

CUT TO:

Merry whimpers in fear, to see that. So do we.

Clara tries to look over her shoulder. But she can't: she's  
got the knife to her throat.

CLARA (cont'd)  
What? What is it?

She's looking at Merry's eyes - and trying to look back,  
over her own shoulder. What's happening back there?

CLARA (cont'd)  
Doctor?!

CUT TO:

The Doctor ducks as the door CREAKS AND GROANS.

THE DOCTOR  
Nothing to worry about.

CUT TO:

THE MUMMY MOVES ITS HEAD. IT BARES ITS TEETH.

CUT TO:

MERRY  
If you don't leave, he'll eat you  
all up.

THE DOCTOR  
And you don't want that, do you? \*

MERRY  
Of course not! Make her go! Go now!

THE DOCTOR  
No. You want Clara to live. Because  
you're a nice person. Which is why  
you want us to walk out this big,  
really quite astonishingly heavy  
door... and never come back.

MERRY  
Yes.

THE DOCTOR  
I see. Yes. Clara's right. That's  
so totally not going to happen.

He deactivates the sonic - and STEPS INTO THE TEMPLE.

The door GIVES WAY, slamming down with an IMMENSE  
CONCUSSION.

Clouds of dust. Through which the Doctor walks,  
straightening his tie and his hair.

CLARA  
Did you just lock us in?

THE DOCTOR  
Yep.

CLARA  
So we're actually locked in?

THE DOCTOR  
Yes.

CLARA  
With the soul-eating monster.

THE DOCTOR  
Yes.

CLARA  
And is there actually a way to get out?

THE DOCTOR  
What? Before it eats our souls?

CLARA  
Ideally, yes.

THE DOCTOR  
Possibly. Probably. Well, there always seems to be. Maybe not this time. Let's ask Merry.

He swaggered towards the base of the steps.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Merry, is there a way out?

MERRY  
Stop!

But the Doctor keeps coming.

MERRY (cont'd)  
Don't!

THE DOCTOR  
What happens if I do?

Merry nods at the blade - pressed to Clara's throat.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Oh, you won't do that. You're too nice.

He walks on, hands in pockets.

MERRY  
I will. I'll do it if I have to.

THE DOCTOR  
Okey dokey then. Off you go.

CLARA  
Doctor!

The Doctor stops to inspect the Chorister - whose eyes are fixed on the floor as he softly continues THE MUTTERED DIRGE.

The Doctor listens, wearing a curious expression. Gets in the Chorister's face.

THE CHORISTER'S EYES SLAM UP.

He looks into the Doctor's eyes. We see the fear.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Why is he still singing?

THE DOCTOR  
He's trying to sing the Old God  
back to sleep.  
(to Chorister)  
But that's not going to happen.  
He's waking up, mate. He coming,  
Ready or not. You should run.

The Chorister snarls as he sings. The Doctor holds his gaze, perhaps approvingly.

\*

And then... the Chorister STOPS SINGING.

There's a beat of total silence.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
That's it, then? Song's over?

THE CHORISTER  
The song's over. My name is  
Chorister Rezh Baphix, and the Long  
Song ended with me.

A moment between the Doctor and Rezh Baphix -- who then touches a device on his wrist... and MATTER TRANSMITS the hell out of there.

\*

Leaving the Doctor alone at the base of the steps.

THE DOCTOR  
That's it, then! Song's over!

Hands in pockets, he ascends the steps. He reaches

THE NARROW LEDGE AROUND THE GLASS CELL.

He ignores Merry.

Ignores the blade to Clara's throat.

He stands at the opposite side of the cube and sonics the Mummy. Which

Turns and SCREEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAMMMMMMS at him.

Except the scream is completely silent. The cube is soundproof.

The Doctor puts his face to the cube - then JERKS BACK as THAT MUMMY MASHES ITS FACE TO THE GLASS. STILL SCREAMING.

Inches from the Doctor's face.

MERRY  
You've woken him!

CLARA  
It's awake?! What's it doing?

THE DOCTOR  
Having a nice stretch.  
(to Merry)

No, we didn't wake him. And you didn't wake him, either. Clara's right. You didn't do anything wrong. You were glorious - the best Queen of Years there ever was. You gave me goosebumps. And I don't goosebump easily.

She blinks at him.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
No. He's waking because it's his time to wake. And feed. On you, apparently. On your stories.

CLARA  
She didn't say "stories". She said "souls."

THE MUMMY CLAWS AT THE GLASS. POUNDS ON IT.

The blows, like the scream, are completely silent. Absorbed by the cell.

THE DOCTOR  
Same thing. The soul's made of stories, not atoms. Everything that ever happened to us. People we love. People we lost -  
(a beat)

- and people we found again,  
against all the odds.

THE MUMMY APPROACHES CLARA AND MERRY... AND SNIFFS THE GLASS. SCRATCHES AT IT WITH DEAD NAILS.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
When he threatens to wake, they offer him a pure soul. The Soul of the Queen of Years.

CLARA  
Stop it. You're scaring her.

THE MUMMY POUNDS AGAIN AND AGAIN. ITS RAGE, ITS HUNGER, IS REMORSELESS.

AND COMPLETELY SILENT.

Merry's wide eyes flit back and forth between the raging Mummy and the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR  
Good. She should be scared! She's sacrificing herself. She should know what that means. Do you know what it means, Merry?

CLARA  
What's happening back there? Is it moving?

MERRY  
A God chose me.

THE DOCTOR  
It's not a God! It'll feed on your soul, but that doesn't make it a God. It's a vampire. And you don't have to give yourself to it.

THE MUMMY POUNDS AT THE GLASS YET AGAIN... BUT THIS TIME, THE GLASS BEGINS TO CRACK.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
How many stories do you know?

MERRY  
Ten billion and one.

THE DOCTOR  
What's your favourite?

\*

\*

\*

\*

MERRY  
The Lovers on the Banks of the  
Dead.

THE MUMMY BEATS AT THE GLASS. THE CRACK GROWS WIDER.

THE DOCTOR  
Do you mind if I tell you a story?  
One you might not have heard?

Merry  
What's it called?

THE DOCTOR  
"How to Make a Marmalade Sandwich."

THE MUMMY SCREAMS IN RAGE

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
In order to make a marmalade  
sandwich, first you have to create  
the universe.

MERRY  
I don't know what that means.

THE DOCTOR  
Then I'll start it another way:  
"Once upon a time, the universe  
came together and decided to make  
you."

POUNDS ON THE WALL OF ITS CELL. THE CRACK IN THE GLASS  
GROWS... AND SPREADS.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
All the elements in your body were  
forged many, many millions of years  
ago, in the heart of a faraway star  
that exploded and died.

INTERCUTTING THE DOCTOR/CLARA/MERRY/THE MUMMY

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
That explosion scattered those  
elements across the desolations of  
deep space. After so, so many  
millions of years, these elements  
came together to form new stars and  
new planets. Which lived and died.  
And on and on it went: the elements  
came together and burst apart,  
forming shoes and ships and sealing-  
wax, and cabbages and kings.

\*

\*  
\*

Until finally, they came together to make you. You're unique in the universe. There will never, ever be another Merry Gejelh.

(he glances at Clara, with great meaning)

Your existence is a miracle. And you're going to throw that miracle away. That's not sacrifice. That's waste.

\*

CLARA

You're frightening her.

THE DOCTOR

Good.

CLARA

Stop it!

\*

THE DOCTOR

No.

THE MUMMY PRESSES ITS SCREAMING FACE TO THE GLASS, RIGHT BEHIND CLARA'S SHOULDER.

MERRY

If I live, then everyone else -

THE DOCTOR

Will be fine.

Merry glances at the Mummy. Then back to the Doctor. She's desperate to believe him.

MERRY

How?

THE DOCTOR

There's always a way.

MERRY

Not always.

\*

THE DOCTOR

Yes. This time. Every time. Always.

THE MUMMY POUNDING AND BITING AT THE GLASS

MERRY

(emotional)

You promise?

THE DOCTOR  
Cross my hearts.

Merry looks at Clara. Who nods. Trust him.

Merry hesitates, uncertain. Then she lowers the knife.

Clara relaxes a little -- until the GLASS CRACKS behind her--

And she SPINS to see

THE SCREAMING MUMMY. PUNCHING AT THE GLASS. CLAWING AT THE GROWING CRACK.

She shoots the Doctor a terrified, excited look.

CLARA  
"Having a nice stretch!?"

The Doctor shrugs. And they run down the stone steps.

AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS

Clara stops. Then LOOKS ELOQUENTLY AT THE GROUND.

And they all feel it now. A low rumble.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Something's coming. What's coming?

MERRY  
The Vigil.

THE DOCTOR  
And what's the Vigil?

MERRY  
If the Queen of Years is unwilling  
to be feasted upon....

THE DOCTOR  
Yessss...?

MERRY  
It's their job to feed her to  
Grandfather.

A creepy beat then

THE VIGIL rise up through the floor, making THAT UNUTTERABLE SOUND, that BASSO CROAKING noise.

They form a ring around The Doctor, Clara and Merry.

MERRY (cont'd)  
I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

Clara steps protectively in front of her.

CLARA  
Don't you dare.

The Vigil approach - closing in -

Twisted metal hands trailing grotesquely long nails. Heads tilted at cat-like angles. Blank circular eyes. Grilled mouthpieces.

AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS, THE MUMMY BATTERS AT ITS PRISON WALLS.

The Vigil close in. Tighter and tighter.

The Doctor and Clara exchange a scared look.

Merry holds on tight to Clara.

Then the Doctor LOWERS THE SONIC AS IF IT WERE A WEAPON and turns in a circle, brandishing it.

THE DOCTOR  
That's right. Back off. I'm armed.  
With a screwdriver.

VIGIL #1 gestures - and the sonic is WHIPPED FROM THE DOCTOR'S HAND. It shoots across the Temple. Lands in a far corner.

VIGIL #2 gestures - and Clara is thrown clear of Merry; pitched across the room by unseen energy.

The Doctor stands to protect Merry, who is abject at his feet.

The Vigil advance. Terrifying.

A gesture from VIGIL #1 and - WHAM! The Doctor is pitched away like a rag doll -

The Vigil converge on Merry - closer - closer still. They grab her. Lift her.

Carry her towards the steps.

Towards the Mummy. Still pounding at the walls of its cube.

IT SEES HER COMING. PRESSES ITS SCREAMING MOUTH TO THE GLASS.

\*

The Doctor gets to his feet. Sends a look to Clara.

Who dashes across the floor. Retrieves the sonic. And THROWS IT

The sonic WHIRLS THROUGH THE AIR: the Doctor reaches out to catch it.

The Vigil set down Merry and WHIRL AS ONE TO FACE HIM  
They POINT DEAD HANDS -

The Doctor SNATCHES THE SONIC FROM THE AIR and TURNS IT ON THEM. Just as

VIGIL #1 SCREAMS a DEATH SCREAM

Which meets the sonic's beam - two sonic waves creating a storm in the centre of the Temple - cancelling each other out.

The sonic glows bright - too bright - and FLASHES ALL COLOURS.

VIGIL #2 joins in - then VIGIL #3 - until it's a duel between the Doctor and ALL THREE HUMANOID UNDEAD.

\*

Merry leaps down from the steps: runs to Clara.

They duck for protection behind the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Hurry! The Sonic's getting hot!

Clara at a loss - what does she do? Seriously?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Hot hot hot!

Clara kneels, talks to Merry.

CLARA  
I know you're scared, but don't  
look  
(tilts Merry's head)  
Don't look.

MERRY  
Are you scared?

CLARA  
Totally not.

She totally is.

CLARA (cont'd)  
I'm having fun. I'm being an  
explorer.

\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR  
HOT HOT HOT!

The Vigil advance - pushing the Doctor back. He stumbles,  
the scrambles his feet.

Shoots Clara a look.

Clara kneeling eye-to-eye with Merry.

CLARA  
You know everything. All the  
stories. Ten billion and one  
stories. So you must know if  
there's another way out? Another  
door we can open?

MERRY  
There's the tale. The Thief of the  
Temple and the Nimmer's Door -

The Doctor is being pushed back - and back - step by  
stumbling step.

CLARA  
What story?

MERRY  
A poor boy called Auric steals the  
Secret Songs -

CLARA  
Do you know the secret songs?

Merry nods.

CLARA (cont'd)  
And the secret songs open the  
secret door?

Merry nods.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Then let's do that! Let's sing the  
secret song! How does it go?

THE DOCTOR  
HOT HOT HOT! Really hot!

MERRY  
It's not allowed.

CLARA  
Consider yourself allowed. Can you  
sing the song, Merry?

MERRY  
I don't know.

CLARA  
I think you can. I think you can  
sing the song.

Merry looks yearningly into Clara's eyes.

Then stands. Closes her eyes. Takes a breath. Prepares  
herself.

Seeing this, the Doctor leans into the sonic... and PUSHES  
HARD

The sonic GLOWS BRIGHT GREEN

And the Vigil smash against AN INVISIBLE SOUND FIELD.

The Doctor grins at them, raises an eyebrow.

The Vigil silently screaming, terrifyingly BATTERING AND  
CLAWING AGAINST THE INVISIBLE BARRIER.

Inside the barrier, the Mummy batters at his own prison  
walls. IT'S A BUBBLE WITHIN A BUBBLE!

CLARA (cont'd)  
What are they?

THE DOCTOR  
Sonic weapon, generated by a  
thanato-auric wave generator I  
shouldn't wonder.

CLARA  
No, they're real. I can see them -

THE DOCTOR  
They're sending messages to your  
brain, manipulating your cortex.  
They're sound waves, nothing more.

A moment.

CLARA

And that's why the sonic spanner  
can stop them! It's matching them  
frequency for frequency!

THE DOCTOR

Like noise cancelling headphones!  
Oh yes! Except it's a screwdriver.

Clara runs to Merry.

CLARA

Now's the time.

Merry takes one more moment. Then inhales.

And SINGS A HIGH, PURE, ULULATING NOTE.

A beat. Then, on the far side of the pedestal

\*

A SECRET DOOR opens!

The Doctor jams the sonic between flagstones. Then he, Clara  
and Merry seriously run for it

Behind them, the MUMMY POUNDS AND CLAWS AT THE WALL OF ITS  
PRISON:

THE VIGIL screech and claw at the sonic barrier:

THE SONIC flashes through every colour of the spectrum -  
faster and faster and faster.

It sparks - then FLICKERS LIKE AN OLD TV.

The Doctor and the others reach the secret door.

The Doctor dithers, looking back. Poor old sonic!

Then he runs to catch Clara and Merry.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PYRAMID - CONTINUOUS**

They hurry towards the Speeder Bike.

CUT TO:

**INT. APEX TEMPLE - DAY**

THE MUMMY POUNDS AND POUNDS AT ITS PRISON WALLS.

The screeching Vigil scratch and slash at the invisible barrier.

The sonic, flashes and whines. And finally... EXPLODES.

Freeing the Vigil.

Who come running. Making that TERRIBLE CROAKING NOISE.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PYRAMID - CONTINUOUS**

The Doctor turns. Hearing it. His face falls. Then hurries on.

CUT TO:

**INT. APEX TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS**

The Vigil have reached the door when

THE MUMMY FINALLY BURSTS FREE OF ITS PRISON.

And the second it's free, it exultantly

SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMS

CUT TO:

**EXT. PYRAMID - DAY**

The Doctor, Clara and Merry have reached the speeder bike when they hear the Mummy's TERRIBLE SCREAM.

They stop. They all turn to it.

MERRY  
He's awake! He's awake!

She lies down. Curls up on the floor.

CLARA  
It's okay. He won't hurt you. He  
can't hurt you.

And then Clara follows the LINE OF THE DOCTOR'S VISION and sees:

The Vigil. Lined up. Wind playing in the skirts of their long coats.

A moment. Clara knowing they're lost.

Vigil #1 reaches out a terrible claw - and tilts its oval head - prepares to scream

Clara hugs Merry to her.

Then

A BEAM OF LIGHT shoots from the apex of the pyramid. It hits the planet Akhet.

Vigil #1 lowers its hand.

The Vigil tilt their heads, as if curious. Observe the beam of light hitting the planet.

They raise their faces to the sky and emit a terrible, heartfelt wail.

Then lower their heads. And sink like ghosts into the fabric of the pyramid.

CLARA (cont'd)  
Where did they go?

THE DOCTOR  
Grandfather's awake. They don't have a function any more.

CLARA  
Well, you could sound happier about it.

But the Doctor is frowning.

And Clara becomes aware of A LOW VOLCANIC RUMBLE. A feeling more than a sound. Deep in the chest. The stomach.

THE DOCTOR  
Actually, I think I may have made a tactical boo-boo. More of a semantic mix-up, really.

CLARA  
What boo-boo?

THE DOCTOR  
I thought Grandfather was the Old God. But he wasn't. He was just the Old God's alarm clock.

CLARA  
So, sorry. I'm a bit lost. Who's the Old God? Is there an Old God?

A beat.

THE DOCTOR  
Unfortunately, yes.

Another beat. Longer. Then A MASSIVE, SEISMIC RUMBLE. And A  
HUGE SHADOW FALLS OVER THEM

They look up.

CLARA  
Oh my stars. \*

THEIR POV

THE PLANET AKHET billows and unfolds. Blossoms like a  
chrysanthemum.

Which is when we realize \*

THE OLD GOD IS AKHET! THE PLANET ITSELF!

FLAILING TENDRILS OF LIGHT spread across the inner ring - head  
towards the outer ring: towards the Pilgrims. Tianaamaat. \*

BACK TO SCENE

They stand, tiny under the complex shadows cast by the light  
tendrils . \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
What do we do?

THE DOCTOR  
Against that? Who knows? Any thoughts?

MERRY  
But you promised! You promised!

THE DOCTOR  
I know.

MERRY  
He'll eat us all. He'll spread across  
the system, consuming the Seven  
Worlds. And when there's no more to  
eat, he'll embark on a new odyssey  
among the stars. Across the  
infinities. Seeking whom he may  
devour. \*

A long beat. \*

CLARA  
I say leg it.

THE DOCTOR  
Leg it where, exactly?

CLARA  
Dunno. Lake District?

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, the Lake District's lovely: let's  
definitely go there next. We can eat  
scones. They do a nice scone in 1927.

A beat.

CLARA  
You're going to fight it, aren't you?

THE DOCTOR  
Regrettably, yes. I think I may be  
about to do that. Somehow.

CLARA  
It's really big.

THE DOCTOR  
I've seen bigger.

CLARA  
Really?

THE DOCTOR  
Are you joking? It's MASSIVE.

CLARA  
I'm staying with you.

THE DOCTOR  
No you're not.

CLARA  
Yes I am. I can - assist.

THE DOCTOR  
No you can't.

CLARA  
(flash of anger)  
And what about that stuff you said?

THE DOCTOR  
What stuff specifically? I say a lot  
of stuff. There was a lot about jam,  
for example.

CLARA  
Marmalade.

THE DOCTOR  
Well, at the end of the day that's  
just orange jam.

CLARA  
(quotes the Doctor)  
"We don't walk away".

THE DOCTOR  
No. We don't walk away. When we're  
holding something precious -  
(glances meaningfully at  
Merry)  
- we run. Fast as we can. We run and  
run. And we don't stop running -  
(looks above: the spreading  
darkness. Then back to  
Clara)  
- until we're out from under the  
shadow.

A long beat. Clara blinks at him. Really seeing him. \*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
So off you pop. Take the moped. I'll  
walk.

In the shadow of the great beast, he starts to CLIMB THE  
PYRAMID.

Clara watches for a moment, then hustles Merry to the speeder  
bike.

After a few moments, the Doctor STOPS CLIMBING. He turns.  
Scans the sky. Sees

THE DISTANT TARDIS. In orbit around the planet.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Actually, I've changed my mind. Could  
you give me a lift?

CUT TO:

**EXT. SPEEDER BIKE - DAY**

Riding pillion, Merry hugs Clara as they ZOOM towards the Outer Ring

- the monster DILATING AND SPRAWLING behind them. Moving like A GIANT GLASS ANEMONE \*

Merry turns, casting a look over her shoulder.

She sees

THE DOCTOR.

He's STANDING ON THE ROOF OF THE ORBITING TARDIS. Hands in pockets. Waiting.

The creature expanding towards him like a tsunami. \*

He looks tiny. Defenceless. And he looks HUGE. Just waiting. \*

THE DOCTOR  
(to himself)  
So what do I actually do? Any ideas?

The SHADOWS FALLS OVER HIM. \*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
No? Righty-ho, then.

**EXT. TIAANAMAAT - OUTER RING - DAY**

Clara parks the speeder bike.

She, Merry and Dor'een join the OTHER TERRIFIED PILGRIMS AT THE RING'S EDGE.

They gather to watch. To wait for the end.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON THE DOCTOR'S EYES

The billowing light tendrils reflected there. \*

CUT TO:

Clara and Merry watch the forest of LIGHT TENDRILS LOOM OVER THE DOCTOR, THREATENING TO ENGULF HIM. \*

MERRY  
Why isn't he frightened?

CLARA  
I think he is. I think he's very  
frightened.

They watch.

MERRY  
I want to help.

CLARA  
So do I.

Then MERRY STEPS FORWARD. Right to the EDGE OF THE RING.

They all watch her. All the terrified aliens, cowed in fear of  
their vampire God.

Silence falls.

Merry stands firm; her stance mirroring the Doctor's. Proud  
and scared. Tiny and huge.

She coughs. Clears her throat. And SINGS.

\*

CUT TO:

The Doctor is becoming confused and disorientated, encircled.

\*

Until he hears MERRY'S DISTANT, BEAUTIFUL SINGING.

And he SMILES.

THE DOCTOR  
There you go, then. That's what I'll  
do.

A long beat.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I'll tell you a story.

CUT TO:

One by one, the Pilgrims join in Merry's song. Until they're  
ALL SINGING.

This isn't a song of surrender, or sacrifice or worship. It's  
a song of triumph. This is the *Marseilles* scene in *Casablanca*.

Clara is astonished. And moved.

And proud.

CUT TO:

Light tendrils WRAP AROUND THE DOCTOR - lift him away from the  
TARDIS - AND DRAG HIM TOWARDS THE PLANET

\*  
\*

INTERCUT DOCTOR/MERRY AND CLARA/THE PILGRIMS SINGING A HUGE,  
TRIUMPHANT SONG.

Until the Doctor faces a WALL OF LIGHT - which PARTS,  
revealing

\*

AN IMMENSE, BALEFUL FACE

The planet is like A GENDERLESS, COSMIC MEDUSA - a fever dream  
of LE VOYAGE DANS LA LUNE. THE MAN IN THE MOON'S INSANE WIFE.

IT SMILES AT THE DOCTOR. LONG, LONG PAST SANE.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Can you hear them?

TENDRILS OF LIGHT CIRCLE THE TARDIS - QUESTING - CURIOUS -

\*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
All these people who've lived in  
terror of you and your judgement? All  
these people whose ancestors devoted  
themselves - sacrificed themselves. To  
you. Can you hear them singing?

THE CREATURE'S HATE-FILLED EYES.

\*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
You like to think you're a God. But  
you're not a God. You're just a  
parasite eaten out with jealousy and  
envy. A longing for the lives of  
others.

IT SMILES A SMILE WE'D FEAR TO MEET IN DREAMS.

CUT TO:

Merry sings her heart out. A song to the Doctor.

CUT TO:

The Doctor grows angrier by the moment.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
You feed on them. On everyone. On the  
memory of love and loss and birth and  
death and joy and sorrow.

THE BALEFUL SMILE SPREADS ACROSS THE FACE OF THE VAST MONSTER.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
So come on, then. Take mine. Take my  
memories.

THE MONSTER'S EXPRESSION INTENSIFIES: BECOMES INSANELY  
RAVENOUS

- tendrils of light tickle the Doctor's ear - the corners of  
his mouth - AND IT BEGINS TO FEED

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
But I hope you've got a big appetite.

THE MONSTER HESITATES - JUST HALF A MOMENT. CURIOUS.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Because I've lived a long old life,  
and I've seen a few things.

INFINITE PLEASURE ON THE CREATURE'S FACE NOW - GREEDY  
ANTICIPATION

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I walked away from the Last Great Time  
War. I marked the passing of the Time  
Lords. I saw the birth of the universe  
- and I watched as time ran out,  
moment by moment, until nothing  
remained. No time. No space. Just me.

THE CREATURE'S EYES ROLL WITH PLEASURE - AS IT BEGINS TO FEED

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I've walked in universes where the  
laws of physics were devised by the  
mind of a madman.

THE CREATURE'S EXPRESSION GROWS WARY.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I've watched universes freeze and  
creations burn.

The Doctor's eyes blazing - terrifying - vengeful -

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I've seen things you wouldn't believe.

THE PLANET EYES WIDEN WITH HORROR

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I've lost things you'll never  
understand.

\*

\*

THE PLANET OPENS ITS MOUTH IN PAIN

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
And I know things. Secrets that must  
never be spoken. Knowledge that will  
make Parasite Gods blaze. So come on  
then. Take it! TAKE IT ALL!

THE PLANET SCREAMS IN FEAR.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
HAVE IT ALL!

THE TENDRILS WITHDRAW - SHRIVELLING AS IF BURNED \*

The TARDIS rises up beneath the Doctor. He stands there. A  
madman on his blue box. Vengeance burning his eyes. \*

CUT TO:

Clara watches in awe as THE PLANET CONTRACTS - folding in on  
itself like a dying spider -

Then... it STOPS SHRINKING. There's a MOMENT OF STASIS - \*  
before it STARTS TO EXPAND AGAIN. \*

Leaving the Doctor spent, exhausted. On the point of collapse. \*

CUT TO: \*

Merry throws Clara a worried look: What now? \*

Clara chews her lip - then makes up her mind - runs to the  
moped - leaps into the saddle - guns it - \*

And SPEEDS TOWARDS THE BRIGHT HEART OF THE VAMPIRE PLANET - \*

She dodges right and left - avoiding the THE BILLOWING GLASSY  
TENDRILS OF light - parks the moped alongside the TARDIS - \*  
steps onto the roof. Join the depleted, kneeling, woozy  
Doctor. \*

Below them, the moped tumbles away. \*

Clara stands there. On top of the TARDIS. Facing the monster.  
She can't believe it; that's she's here. Looking into those  
ageless, insane, ravenous eyes. \*

Then she tilts her jaw. Scared and proud. \*

CLARA  
Still hungry? \*

A FAMISHED LEER \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
Well, I brought something for you. \*

A beat - then she produces "101 PLACES"... \*

THE MONSTER SMIRKS - SENSING THE BOOK IS CHERISHED. \*

Clara very carefully opens the book - pauses - and from the  
MIDDLE PAGES, she produces \*

A LEAF. \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
This. The most important leaf in human  
history. \*

CUT TO: \*

The leaf hits Dave in the face. \*

BACK TO SCENE \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
It's full of the things I love the  
most. \*

CUT TO: \*

Dave and Ellie, walking with young Clara. \*

BACK TO SCENE \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
The days I haven't had yet. The places  
I've never been. \*

CUT TO: \*

Ellie at the bedside, brushing hair from young Clara's brow. \*

BACK TO SCENE \*

CLARA (cont'd)  
All the things I really wanted, the  
things I saved up for the future.  
Things so precious I never mentioned  
them to anyone. \*

CUT TO: \*

Clara and Dave at Ellie's graveside. The Doctor under a tree,  
in the rain. \*

Young Clara opening her eyes. Seeing him. \*

BACK TO SCENE

\*

CLARA (cont'd)

\*

All the days still to come - all the  
good things I ever wished for.

\*

\*

\*

THE LEAF A WEAPON NOW, HELD OUT LIKE A TORCH BEFORE HER

\*

CLARA (cont'd)

\*

So come on. They're yours.

\*

The LEAF FLARES IN HER HAND - its SKELETON SHINING MOLTEN RED -  
as the planet consumes it -

\*

\*

And Clara smiles through her tears.

\*

Letting it all go.

\*

And now the unkempt Doctor climbs to his feet. Stands at her  
shoulder.

\*

\*

So here they are: Clara and the Doctor. Side by side.

\*

THE DOCTOR

\*

All the good things that should've  
been, but never were. All the unlived  
days -- and there's definitely a lot  
of *them* to be getting on with.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

CLARA

\*

Lots.

\*

THE DOCTOR

\*

More than lots, actually. Lots more  
than lots.

\*

\*

(cold)

\*

An infinity.

\*

He faces down the monster, an arctic chill in his eye

\*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

\*

And that's too much. Even for your  
appetite.

\*

\*

THE PLANET SCREAMS - tries to REJECT THE LEAF - BUT IT'S  
TURNING TO ASHES - DISPERSING LIKE CHERRY BLOSSOM

\*

\*

- ALREADY CONSUMED -

\*

The planet HOWLS - and as it howls, it EXPANDS - and EXPANDS -  
growing diffuse - becoming gaseous -

\*

\*

Then it ABRUPTLY SHRINKS - collapsing in on itself - forming a  
POINT OF LIGHT - which WINKS OUT OF EXISTENCE.

\*

\*

Leaving Clara and the Doctor standing there on the TARDIS - \*

Considering the rings of Akhaten. Glinting in the light of the alien sun - \*

CUT TO: \*

- where MERRY'S SONG REACHES A GLORIOUS CRESCENDO - until, in a instant \*

THE SONG STOPS \*

And there's just Merry. Chest heaving like an Olympic gymnast. \*

Ready to burst with pride. \*