



**Series 8, Episode 1**

**"DEEP BREATH"**

**By  
STEVEN MOFFAT**

**Producer NIKKI WILSON**

**Director BEN WHEATLEY**

**DURATION: 76' 26"  
UK TX MASTER 25FPS  
PROG ID: DRR B081E/01**

**10:00:00 EXT. SKY - DAY**

A stormy looking sky - no clue where this is.

***10.00.03 MUSIC DW8 1M1 IN***

A huge, thunderous impact, earth-shaking - and now, swaying into view the head of a Tyrannosaurus Rex. It roars, it sways its mighty head -

And now another sound. The tolling of bell. The Tyrannosaurus, looking around. Now bending to investigate this strange noise. Panning down with the mighty to discover the clock tower of Big Ben.

Now there are the cries of terrified Londoners, screams and yells.

CUT TO:

**10:00:16 EXT. BANKS OF THE THAMES - DAY**

***MUSIC DW8 1M1 MIXES TO 1M2***

A row of terrified Victorian Bobbies, cordoning off gob-smacked members of the public.

The screams continue, and we see their view of the Tyrannosaur dwarfing Big Ben.

POLICE OFFICER (OS)

Come on, out of the way. Move yourself please. Coming through. That's it, thanks you sir...

At the front is jaw-dropped Inspector Gregson, staring up at the impossible creature.

Pushing their way, through the garden, comes the Veiled Detective herself - Madame Vastra. Following, Jenny Flint and Strax.

**10:00:32**

INSPECTOR GREGSON

Madame Vastra, thank God. I'll wager you've not seen anything like this before!

Vastra steps forward, looking up at the bellowing creature -

10:00:41

VASTRA

Well -

She throws back her veil, revealing her green, reptile skin.

VASTRA (cont'd)

- not since I was a little girl.

Jenny and Strax, stepping forward to join her. The Paternoster Gang, sizing up their latest problem - business as usual.

JENNY

Big fella, isn't he?

VASTRA

Dinosaurs were mostly this size. I do believe it's a 'she'.

JENNY

No they weren't, I've seen fossils.

VASTRA

I was there.

INSPECTOR GREGSON.

Well that's all well and good, but what's this dinosaur fellow doing in the Thames?

VASTRA (OS)

It must have time travelled. Jenny?

Jenny pulls back the sleeve of her coat, revealing her hi-tech gauntlet. She's now scanning the dinosaur.

INSPECTOR GREGSON

*Time travelled??*

On the dinosaur - swaying its head, and seemingly coughing.

VASTRA

Is it choking?

JENNY

There seems to be something lodged in its throat.

10:01:16

INSPECTOR GREGSON.

How could it time travel?

VASTRA

I don't know. Perhaps it was something it ate.

The creature, now bending over, coughing, retching - and now something flies out of its mouth, dislodged from its mighty throat.

10:01:23 It lands with a plop on the muddy banks of the Thames - and there it is, covered in gunk, rocking slightly but more or less upright -

- the TARDIS!

Jenny and Vastra and Strax staring in shock at this.

**10:01:31 MUSIC DW8 1M2 MIXES TO 1M3**

INSPECTOR GREGSON

Stand back. Stand back, stand back.

Well, it's just laid an egg.

VASTRA

It dropped a blue box marked Police out of its mouth - your grasp of biology troubles me.

JENNY

It's the TARDIS.

VASTRA

It would seem so.

JENNY

We'll take care of this, Inspector.

INSPECTOR GREGSON

But what if that thing goes on the rampage...

Vastra has taken the sack from Jenny, passes it to the Inspector. She takes what looks like a high-tech lantern from the sack - we hear more clanking inside it.

**10.01.56**

VASTRA

Place these lanterns on the shore line  
and bridges, encircling the creature  
- twenty foot intervals.

INSPECTOR GREGSON.

What will they do?

VASTRA

They will emit a signal that will  
incline it to remain within their  
circumference.

**10.02.10 MUSIC DW8 1M3 ENDS**

VASTRA (CONT)

Jenny, Strax...with me.

**10.02.12 MUSIC DW8 1M4 IN**

Jenny, Vastra and Strax now advancing down the muddy bank. They stop a few feet from the TARDIS, stare.

JENNY

So it's him then - the Doctor.

VASTRA

A giant dinosaur from the distant past  
has just vomited a blue box from outer  
space - this is not a day for jumping  
to conclusions. Strax, if you wouldn't  
mind?

Strax goes striding up the TARDIS, bangs his fist on the door.

STRAX

Hello??

**10.02.38 MUSIC DW8 1M4 ENDS**

STRAX

Exit the box, and surrender to the glory  
of the Sontaran empire.

A moment -- then the one of the doors is pulled open and the unfamiliar face of the new Doctor pops out for a moment -

**10.02.44**

THE DOCTOR

Shh!

- and slams back inside.

**10.02.47 MUSIC DW8 1M5 IN**

STRAX

Doctor?

The face pops out again.

THE DOCTOR

I was being chased by a giant dinosaur,  
but I think I managed to give it the  
slip.

Slams away again. Strax looks to the others, but bewildered. *What??*

The doors open more slowly. The Doctor peering out at Strax - quizzical, like he's trying to place a memory. (He's clearly still dazed from his regeneration, and still dressed in the previous Doctor's clothes.)

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Sleepy?

STRAX

Sir?

The Doctor, now advancing on Strax. Strax backing away, instinctively.

THE DOCTOR

Bashful? Sneezy? Dopey?

(Got it)

Grumpy!!

Now notices Vastra and Jenny, staring at him, wide-eyed.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh, you two. The Green One and the Not Green One. Or it could be the other way round, I mustn't pre-judge.

A terrified Clara now emerging from the TARDIS. Clearly she's been though hell in the last minutes, with this mad man.

**10.03.35** The Doctor notices her.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh you remember - er - thingy. The er,  
the *not me* one. The *asking questions*  
one. Names - not my area.

CLARA

Clara!

THE DOCTOR

Might be Clara, might not be - it's a  
lottery.

CLARA

*It is* Clara.

THE DOCTOR

Well I'm not ruling it out!

A huge bellow from the dinosaur above.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(Glances up at it)

Oi! Big man! Shut it!

(Double takes)

Oh! You've got a dinosaur too!

The Doctor runs around the TARDIS, address the dinosuar.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(Up at the dinosaur)

Big *woman* - sorry.

Clara, now cautiously approaching the Doctor.

CLARA

Doctor, listen to me. You need to calm  
down.

THE DOCTOR

(Back to the dinosaur)

I'm not flirting, by the way.

CLARA

I think something's gone wrong -

**10.04.17**

THE DOCTOR

(To Clara)

Wrong? What's gone wrong? Have you regenerated? I remember you! You're Handles! You used to be a little, a little robot head, and now.... - you've really let yourself go.

**10.04.36** Roar from the dinosaur.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(To Vastra)

Adjust - the - frequency.

VASTRA

I'm sorry?

THE DOCTOR

Your sonic lanterns, turn them down, they're giving her a headache.

JENNY

Giving who a headache?

THE DOCTOR

(Indicates dinosaur)

My lady friend.

(To dinosaur)

Just an expression, don't get any ideas.

STRAX

How do you know?

THE DOCTOR

Come on, Clara! You know that I speak dinosaur.

CLARA

He's not Clara. I'm Clara.

**10.04.59** MUSIC DW8 1M5 ENDS

CLARA

I'm Clara.

**10.05.00** MUSIC DW8 1M6 IN

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THE DOCTOR

Well you're very similar heights.  
Maybe you should wear labels.

THE DOCTOR

(Staggers slightly)

Why, why are you all doing that, why  
are you all going dark. Wobbly, stop  
that.

CLARA

I don't think we are.

THE DOCTOR

Never mind! Everyone take five.

And he collapses, headlong, unconscious.

Clara, immediately to his side. Taking his hand. She looks up  
at them.

CLARA

... what do we do?

JENNY

What, I don't understand ? Who is he?  
Where's the Doctor?

CLARA

Right here. That's him. That's the  
Doctor.

Vastra, Jenny and Strax stare in astonishment.

VASTRA

Well then! Here we go again.

**MUSIC DW8 1M6 ENDS AT CUT**

CUT TO:

**10:06:00 OPENING TITLES & MUSIC IN**

DOCTOR WHO - POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT - SERIES 8

**10.06.15 PETER CAPALDI**

**10.06.19 JEMMA COLEMAN**

**10.06.38 DEEP BREATH**

**WRITTEN BY STEVEN MOFFAT**

***MUSIC FADES OVER CUT - OUT BY 10.06.37***

CUT TO:

**10:06:35 EXT. LONDON SKYLINE. NIGHT**

T-Rex stalks through moonlit Victorian London.

CUT TO:

**10:06:39 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING/ THE DOCTOR'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Clara and Jenny listen at a door.

**10.06.40 Produced by NIKKI WILSON**

THE DOCTOR (OS)

*It's simply a misunderstandable (SIC)  
to me... I don't know what it is.*

On a door as it is torn open!!

The New Doctor, now in a huge Victorian night shirt. He looks crazed indignant.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

*Who invented this room??*

Clara guides him back into the room.

CLARA

Doctor, please, you have to lie down

-

**10.06.49 Directed by BEN WHEATLEY**

**10.06.50**

THE DOCTOR

It doesn't make any sense. Look, it's only got a bed in it. Why is there only a bed in it??

He's flailing round the room, cross with it. Clara following, placatory.

CLARA

Because it's a bed-room, it's for sleeping in.

THE DOCTOR

Ok, what do you do when you're awake?

JENNY

You leave the room.

THE DOCTOR

So you've got a whole room for not being awake in?? But what's the point?? You're just *missing the room!!* And don't look in that mirror - it's absolutely *furious*.

CLARA

Doctor, please. You have to lie down, you keep passing out -

THE DOCTOR

Well of course I keep passing out, there's all these beds! Why do you keep talking like that - what's gone wrong with your accent?

JENNY

Nothing's gone wrong with her accent

THE DOCTOR

You sound the same it's spreading. You all sound all *English*, now you've all developed a fault!

VASTRA

Doctor, I need your help with something.

**10.07.36**

THE DOCTOR

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VASTRA  
Finally someone who can talk properly.

THE DOCTOR  
- I'm having difficulty sleeping.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, oh well I wouldn't bother with that,  
I never bother with sleep, I just do  
standy-up-catnaps.

Vastra has taken the Doctor's hand, soothing. Now sitting him down on the bed.

VASTRA  
Oh really, how interesting - and when do you do those?

THE DOCTOR  
Well, generally whenever anyone else starts talking. I like to skip ahead to my bits, it saves time.

She's now pressing her fingers gently against his temples.

VASTRA  
Save me time, Doctor - project an image of perfect sleep into the centre of my mind.

THE DOCTOR  
What, d'ya want a psychic link with me?? The size of my brain, it would be like dropping a piano on you.

VASTRA  
Be gentle then.

THE DOCTOR  
I'll try. Brace yourself! Piano!

The Doctor closes his eyes, and touches his hands to Vastra's temples, mirroring her -

- the moment he contacts, he flops back unconscious on the bed.

**10.08.20**

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VASTRA (OS)

I love monkeys - they're so funny!

Jenny and Vastra now expertly arranging the Doctor on the bed.

JENNY

Oh, I see! So people are monkeys now,  
are they?

**10.08.27 MUSIC DW8 1M7 IN**

VASTRA

No, dear, people are *apes*. Men are  
monkeys.

Together, they have quickly arranged the Doctor on the bed.

CLARA

So what now?

VASTRA

He needs rest.

CLARA

So what do we do? How do we fix him?

JENNY

Fix him??

CLARA

How do we change him back??

A silence. Jenny and Vastra exchange a look - oh dear!

On Vastra - a narrow look at Clara. Like she isn't pleased.

VASTRA

Jenny, I will be in my chamber. Would  
you be kind enough to fetch my veil?

JENNY

Why? Are we expecting strangers?

VASTRA

It would seem -

(Turn a sharp look on Clara)

- there is already one here.

**10.08.54** She holds her look for a moment, then sweeps out. On Clara. Slightly rocked.

She looks in bewilderment to Jenny, who just avoids her eye.

CLARA

What have I done wrong?

A beat on Jenny, not answering.

There is a terrible roar, distant, from the river. Jenny glances towards the window.

JENNY

The dinosaur doesn't seem very happy.

CLARA

What's wrong with it?

JENNY

I dunno. The Doctor's the one that speaks dinosaur. Excuse me ma'am - the wife doesn't like to be kept waiting.

She starts to go.

Clara, now alone with the strange man in the bed. The Doctor?

CLARA

Where did he get that face? Why's it got lines on it, it's brand new. How can his hair be all grey, he only just got it.

JENNY

It's still him, ma'am, you saw him change.

CLARA

I know. I do, I, I know that.

JENNY

Good.

CLARA

It's just -

JENNY

What?

**10.09.38**

CLARA

Nothing.

Jenny turns, goes. Clara has looked back to the Doctor.

CLARA (cont'd)

...if.. if Vastra changed, if she was different, if she wasn't the person that you ... liked ...

JENNY

I don't like her, ma'am, I love her. And as to different well - she's a lizard.

She goes.

Clara, alone with the Doctor. That strange, new face. Oh God!!

**10.10.07 MUSIC DW8 1M7 ENDS**

The mournful boom of the dinosaur, from the window. Clara crosses to it, looks out.

Clara, almost saddened by the sound. And then, from behind her, the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

I am alone.

She turns. The Doctor, stirring, in his sleep, but talking, quite clearly.

**10.10.35 MUSIC DW8 1M8 IN**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The world which shook at my feet, and the trees, and the sky, have gone, and I am alone now, alone.

Clara, looking between the window - the dinosaur howling - and the Doctor.

CLARA

Are you translating?

**10.10.56**

THE DOCTOR

The wind bites now, and the world is  
grey, and I am alone. Can't see me.  
Doesn't see me.

She steps closer. The single tear is leaking from the Doctor's eye - but he remains impassive.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Can't. See me.

She looks to the window again.

CLARA

Who can't see it? I think all of London  
can see it.

**10.11.21 MUSIC DW8 1M8 ENDS**

STRAX (OS)

Boy? Madame Vastra is waiting.

Strax is in the doorway, now in his butler uniform.

Clara: wearied - what now? Sighs.

CLARA

... okay, whatever.

STRAX

I will convey you to her chamber. May  
I take your coat?

CLARA

Not wearing a coat.

STRAX

What's all that?

CLARA

Clothes.

STRAX

May I take your clothes?

**10.11.39**

CLARA

Probably not.

They head away.

Holding on the Doctor, as Clara and Strax head away. Framing now with the dinosaur's bellowing in the back of shot.

STRAX

(From off)

Are you wearing a hat?

CLARA

(From off)

It's hair.

STRAX

(From off)

No, I think it's a hat, would you like  
me to check?

CUT TO:

**10:11:44 EXT. PATERNOSTER ROW - NIGHT**

***MUSIC DW2 1M9 IN***

A lamplighter lights the gas lamps.

At all the windows, people also staring. Little knots of people on street corners, pointing, staring and chattering. Afraid.

Closer on a couple. Alf, is holding forth knowledgeably to his wife, Elsie.

ALF (OS)

It's not real, of course.

ELSIE (OS)

What is it then?

ALF

The government.

**10.11.59**

ELSIE

The government?

ALF

Yeah, up to their usual tricks.

ELSIE

It's a dinosaur, Alf. A real dinosaur.

ALF

I wouldn't put it past them.

ELSIE

(Starting to head off)

You don't half talk a lot of rubbish, Alfie.

See you don't stay out too late now.

ALF

(Still staring up at the  
dinosaur)

You know me.

ELSIE

Yes, I do!

She heads off -

- leaving us with a shot of a man standing a little way behind Alf, also looking up at the dinosaur.

Holding on the this man, losing Alf. Tall, thin, motionless. Eerily motionless, and so deep in the shadows, he is almost one of them.

Beyond him, the lamplighter is lighting the nearest street lamp. As it flares into life, an impossible thing.

Silhouetted against the flame, the man's head is only half there. One half is a normal face, torn raggedly down the centre. The other half is a lattice-work of steel and bone and wire - you can see directly through it, like a bird cage - and there appears to be a real eye, mounted in this grotesque structure.

This is only seen for a moment -

- the Man steps forward, moving to stand next to Alf, who is still gawping at the dinosaur. We home in on Alf, losing the man next to him. Alf, sensing a new audience, continues to prattle.

**10.12.26**

ALF

It's the neck, that's what's wrong with it. It just don't look realistic.

The voice, when it replies, is rusty, rumbling, almost mechanical.

HALF-FACE MAN

You have good eyes.

Alf glances at the HALF-FACE MAN. He sees only the human profile.

ALF

I do, as it happens. Very good eyes. They are my greatest gift.

HALF-FACE MAN

I accept.

The Half-Face Man has taken a small glass jar from his coat, and has unscrewed the top. He takes a pair of tweezers from inside it.

ALF

... what's that for?

HALF-FACE MAN

Your gift.

And the Half-Face Man turns to face Alf.

HALF-FACE MAN (cont'd)

I have bad eyes.

On Alf's face, seeing the terrible truth. He starts to scream!!

**MUSIC DW8 1M9 ENDS OVER CUT - ENDS 10.12.49**

CUT TO:

**10:12:45 INT. VASTRA'S ORCHID ROOM - NIGHT**

Vastra sitting in her cane chair. Her veil is on. Jenny stands at her shoulder.

Sitting opposite is Clara - just as her Victorian incarnation once sat there.

VASTRA

And then?

CLARA

Why are you wearing your veil?

Vastra's fingers, tapping.

VASTRA

And then?

CLARA

And then we got swallowed by a big dinosaur. You probably noticed.

JENNY

How did it happen?

CLARA

I don't know, I don't know, we were crashing about everywhere. The Doctor was gone, the TARDIS went haywire -

JENNY

He's not gone. He's upstairs.

CLARA

Okay, he changed.

VASTRA

He regenerated. Renewed himself.

CLARA

Renewed, fine.

VASTRA

Such a cynical smile.

CLARA

I'm not smiling.

10.13.25

VASTRA

Not outwardly. But I am accustomed to seeing through a veil. How have I amused you?

CLARA

... You said renewed.

**(10.13.35 MUSIC DW8 1M10 IN)**

He doesn't look renewed, he looks ... older.

VASTRA

You thought he was young?

CLARA

He *looked* young.

VASTRA

He looked like your dashing young gentleman friend. Your lover, even.

CLARA

Shut up!

VASTRA

But he is the Doctor. He has walked this universe for centuries untold, he has seen stars fall to dust. You might as well flirt with a mountain range.

CLARA

I did not flirt with him.

VASTRA

He flirted with you.

CLARA

How?

VASTRA

He looked *young*. Who do you think that was for?

CLARA

Me?

10.14.10

VASTRA

Everyone. I wear a veil as he wore a face - for the same reason.

CLARA

What reason?

VASTRA

The oldest reason there is for anything. To be accepted.

CUT TO:

**10:14:23 INT. THE DOCTOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The Doctor, fast asleep. Stirs, mutters. His nose twitches. Sniff.

And he's now bolt awake, sitting up. Nose twitches again, big sniff. Looks round the room. Trying to locate the source of the smell.

Throwing back the bedclothes now.

On all fours on the floor, looking around. Big sniff.

Scrabble over to the dresser, reaches underneath, pulls something out. Holds it up in delight.

A stick of chalk!!

Grins.

***MUSIC DW8 1M10 ENDS***

CUT TO:

**10:15:01 INT. VASTRA'S ORCHID ROOM - NIGHT**

Jenny, now pouring tea for Clara and Vastra.

VASTRA

Jenny and I are married - yet for appearance's sake, we maintain a pretence, in public, that she is my maid.

**10.15.10**

JENNY

Doesn't exactly explain why I'm  
pouring tea in *private*.

VASTRA

Hush now.

JENNY

Good pretence, isn't it?

VASTRA

I wear a veil to keep from view what  
many are pleased to call my  
disfigurement. I do not wear it as a  
courtesy to such people, but as a  
judgment on the quality of their  
hearts.

Clara: it takes her a moment.

CLARA

Are you judging me?

VASTRA

The Doctor regenerated in your  
presence. The young man disappeared,  
the veil lifted. He trusted you. Are  
you judging him?

**10.15.47 MUSIC DW8 1M11 IN**

A beat on Clara: something changes. On her feet now, angry.

CLARA

How dare you! How dare you!

CUT TO:

**10:15:57 INT. THE DOCTOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The Doctor, crouched on the wooden floor, now covered in chalk  
markings - abstruse calculations, mathematics swarming all over  
the surface.

**10.16.02** A distant bellow from outside - the dinosaur. He looks  
up hearing it.

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As the Doctor stands, we see the walls are covered too, every inch.

The chalk in the Doctor's hand, now worn to a stub.

The Doctor races to the door, tears it open -

- hesitates -

THE DOCTOR  
Door! Boring! Not me!

Slams the door, now races to the window, looks out.

He's on the top floor over-looking a giddy, three storey drop. There's a rickety looking drainpipe right next to him, leading up the roof.

Leaning out of the window he grins.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Me!

He starts clambering out the window.

CUT TO:

**10:16:25 INT. VASTRA'S ORCHID ROOM - NIGHT**

On Clara on her feet, angry. (We don't particularly note it, but Vastra is no longer wearing her veil.)

CLARA  
Marcus Aurelius, Roman Emperor, last  
of the five goodens, stoic philosopher  
-

VASTRA  
Superlative bass guitarist - the  
Doctor really knows how to put a band  
together.

**10.16.33**

CLARA

And the only pin up I ever had on my wall when I was fifteen. The only one I ever had. I am not sure who you think you're talking to right now, Madam Vastra but I have never had the slightest interest in pretty young men. And for the record.....if there ever was anybody who could flirt with a mountain range, she's probably standing in front of you right now! Just because my pretty face has turned your head, do not assume that I am so easily distracted!

Jenny gives a whoop and claps.

**10.16.55 MUSIC DW8 1M11 ENDS**

JENNY

Sorry!

**10.17.03 MUSIC DW8 1M12 IN**

VASTRA

Well, goodness me! The lake is ruffled at last. I have often wondered what you'd be like when you lost your temper.

Jenny cuffs her lightly round the head.

JENNY

Oi! Married.

Vastra, on her feet now.

VASTRA

The Doctor needs us - you more than anyone. He is lost in the ruin of himself, and we must bring him home.

CLARA

... when did you stop wearing your veil?

VASTRA

When you stopped seeing it.

**10.17.30 MUSIC DW8 1M12 MIXES TO 1M13**

CUT TO:

**10:17:33 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

The Doctor - a mad figure in his nightshirt - is clambering up the peak of the roof.

He stares out over London to the moonlit dinosaur. It gives a big, sobbing moan.

THE DOCTOR

Oi! Oi! Hey, big sexy woman!

The dinosaur just booms.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Sorry. Sorry, it's all my fault. My time machine got stuck in your throat, it happens. I brought you along by accident - that's mostly how I meet girls.

The dinosaur has turned to look at him. Can it see him?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

But don't worry, I promise I will get you home. I swear, whatever it takes, I will keep you safe you will be at home again.

A silence - almost like the dinosaur has been calmed. And then a terrible, fiery crackling.

The Doctor, frowning. What is this?

Flames now licking round the dinosaur as it bellows in terrible pain. Now it's glowing with a fiercely, unearthly light, thrashing about in agony.

The Doctor - horrified, helpless.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Stop that. Who's doing that, no, don't do that.

The dinosaur, ablaze now, roaring pain - now crashing down out of sight, beyond the rooftops.

CUT TO:

**10:18:21 INT. VASTRA'S ORCHID ROOM - NIGHT**

Vastra, Jenny, and Strax.

VASTRA

That came from the river!

JENNY

The dinosaur!

VASTRA

(Yelling)

Strax!! Bring the carriage, now!!

CUT TO:

**10:18:29 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

The Doctor - action stations - he's now racing down the steeply sloping roof at suicidal speed - now leaping into the night -

- and disappears into the huge tree just in front of Vastra's house.

We hear him crashing down through the tree -

- Ow! Ow! Ow! -

- then pan down to a single horse-drawn hansom cab trotting along below.

THE DOCTOR (OS)

(From inside tree)

Halt!!

The hansom cab comes to an instant halt, to the confusion of its driver -

- and then the Doctor suddenly appears, hanging upside down from the tree.

The cabbie stares in astonishment - what??

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Sorry, I'm going to have to relieve you of your pet!

**10.18.48**

CABBIE

You're what?

THE DOCTOR

Shut up, I was talking to the horse!

And the Doctor somersaults down, and lands neatly on the horse's back.

The Doctor sonics the reins, the horse is freed from the shafts.

CABBIE

What are you doing??

THE DOCTOR

Forwards!

The horse instantly obeys, galloping forwards. The Doctor, in a nightshirt, riding bare back through London!

The Cabbie - abandoned, horse-less - just stares -

- and then, racing round it comes, Vastra's carriage, with Strax cracking the whip!

STRAX (OS)

Out of the way, human scum.

....Jurassic emergency!!

CUT TO:

**10:19:16 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT**

The Doctor on horse back, galloping crazily along.

THE DOCTOR

Left!! No, no right, right, right, right!

They disappear off to the left.

They come galloping back across the screen.

**10.19.22**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Sorry, it's my new hands, I can't tell  
them apart.

And off he rides

CUT TO:

**10:19:26 INT. VASTRA'S CARRIAGE - NIGHT**

The carriage follows at speed.

**10.19.32** Vastras, Jenny and Clara, inside the carriage.

JENNY

What do you think's happened?

VASTRA

I don't know, but I fear devilmint!

CLARA

Should we not have told the Doctor?

JENNY

He's not ready to leave his bed.

CUT TO:

**10:19:40 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT**

The Doctor on horse back, galloping still.

THE DOCTOR

Watch it on the corners, it's a bit  
slippery up here!

CUT TO:

**10:19:46 INT. VASTRA'S CARRIAGE - NIGHT**

Vastra, Jenny and Clara, inside the carriage.

VASTRA  
Strax, come on Strax!

Strax (OS)  
Hya, hya!

We hear the crack of the whip, and the carriage speed up.

VASTRA (cont'd)  
That's better!

CUT TO:

**10:19:51 EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The Doctor on horseback - galloping past, now rearing to a halt.

He swings off the horse, goes to the bridge wall, looking down at the terrible wreckage.

THE DOCTOR  
Sorry, sorry, I'm sorry, sorry, sorry.

Vastra's carriage now arriving behind him, the others climbing out. On Clara, seeing the tall figure in the flapping nightshirt standing on the wall, silhouetted against the pall of smoke and flame.

STRAX (OS)  
*Whao...*

CLARA  
The Doctor! What's he doing here?

***10.20.14 MUSIC DW 1M13 MIXES TO 1M14***

Vastra pulls the hat-pin from her hat, raises it in the air, presses a button. The carriage behind them chirps like a car alarm, and the door slams shut of its own accord.

**10.20.17**

VASTRA

There is trouble - where else would he be?

Now, in the terrible fire-light, the four of them make their way to join the Doctor. He remains standing on the wall, they stand below.

The Doctor doesn't look round, but clearly knows they are there.

After a moment:

THE DOCTOR

She was scared. She was scared and alone.  
I brought her here and look what they did.

On the Doctor's face. Tears streaming.

Vastra, stepping forward.

VASTRA

Who or what could have done this thing?

THE DOCTOR

No.

VASTRA

I'm sorry?

THE DOCTOR

No, that is not the question, that is not where we start.

STRAX

The question is, how? The flesh itself has been combusted...

THE DOCTOR

No, no, shut up! What do you all have for brains?? Pudding?? Look at you - why can't I get a decent species?? Planet of the pudding-brains!

Clara, approaching him now, careful, tactful.

**10.21.01**

CLARA

Doctor ... I know you're upset. But you need to calm down and talk to us. What is the question?

The Doctor: silent for a moment. Then:

THE DOCTOR

A dinosaur is burning in the heart of London. Nothing left but smoke and flame. The question is ...

He turns. Looks down at Vastra.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

... have there been any similar murders?

For a moment they nearly laugh. But then Vastra is frowning, in growing realisation.

VASTRA

Yes! Yes, by the Goddess, there have!

The Doctor has raised his eyes, looking along the banks and the other bridges.

THE DOCTOR

Look at them all. Gawking!

The Doctor's POV. Along the banks of the Thames, we see various people along the river, pointing, staring.

The Doctor, DMP of the Houses of Parliament behind him.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Question two. If all the pudding-brains are gawking -  
(Throws out an arm, points)  
- then what is he??

The Doctor's POV. Striding through the gaslight, in the opposite direction from everybody - the thin, tall man we saw earlier. Again, the shadows swallow him up.

Vastra, frowning, watching him go.

**10.21.51**

VASTRA

He does seem remarkably unmoved by the available spectacle.

CLARA

Do you think that's whoever -

As she speaks, Clara has turned to look at the Doctor -

- and breaks off as she sees that he's gone!! There is a loud splash from below.

Clara throws herself at the wall, looks down -

CLARA (cont'd)

What he's doing?? He'll drown!

VASTRA

I very much doubt it.

CLARA

Why?

On Vastra - a smile, understanding.

VASTRA

Because there has been a murder - the Doctor has taken up the case.

(Now striding towards her carriage)

If we are to see him again, we must do the same.

Clara doesn't follow straight away. She looks down at the water.

Where's he gone? What's he doing?

**MUSIC DW8 1M14 ENDS AT CUT**

CUT TO:

**10:22:19 INT. VASTRA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Water being poured into a wash bowl.

Wider: Clara, in her assigned bedroom in Vastra's house. She's wearing a nightdress, morning light streaming in the windows.

Looking at herself in mirror - troubled and tousled.

Now there's a noise from outside. Shouts and grunts, and the clattering of hooves.

STRAX (OS)

Come on, Earthling scum! Position it here.

She steps to the window ...

STRAX (OS)

Easy now. That's it. Careful...

CUT TO:

**10:22:31 EXT. YARD BEHIND VASTRA'S HOUSE - DAY**

As Clara pops her head out the window, she sees -

There's a horse and cart parked in the back yard - the TARDIS sits in the cart. A few workmen are manhandling the big blue box on to the cobbles. Strax supervises.

STRAX (OS)

... Don't get it scratched or you and all  
your bloodline will be obliterated  
from time and space.

CLARA

(Calling)

Strax?

Strax looks up.

STRAX

Ah. Morning, Miss Clara. You're awake  
at last.

**10.22.41**

CLARA

You got the TARDIS then?

STRAX

Military tactics. The Doctor is still missing, but he will always come looking for his box. By bringing it here, he will be lured from the dangers of London to this place of safety, and we will melt him with acid.

CLARA

... okay, that last part?

STRAX

And we will not melt him with acid. Old habits.

He pulls a rolled up paper from under his arm.

STRAX (cont'd)

The Times. Shall I send it up?

CLARA (OS)

Yeah, why not?

The rolled up paper hits her in the face.

CUT TO:

**10:23:11 INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

***MUSIC DW8 1M15 IN***

Clara, now in full Victorian gear, is descending the stairs. She's holding the newspaper. Looks around.

Jenny comes hurrying through, heading past her up the stairs.

CLARA

Jenny!

JENNY

'morning, Clara.

**10.23.24**

CLARA

Morning. So, what are we going to do?  
Are we going to go looking for the  
Doctor?

JENNY

We've got the Paternoster irregulars  
out in force. If anyone can find him,  
they can. Meanwhile, Madame Vastra is  
slightly occupied by the  
Conk-Singleton forgery case, and is  
having the Camberwell child-poisoner  
for dinner.

CLARA

For dinner.

JENNY

After she's finished interrogating  
him.

(Heading up the stairs  
again)

Probably best to stay out the larder.  
It'll get a bit noisy in there later.

And she's gone.

Clara, looking round. What to do? Where to go?

**MUSIC DW8 1M15 ENDS AT CUT**

CUT TO:

**10:23:55 INT. BACK HALL - DAY**

Clara, passing through the hall on her way to the kitchen.  
Strax is there, with mop and bucket, cleaning the floor.

STRAX

Ah, Miss Clara! You look better now  
you're up.

CLARA

Thank you, Strax!

**10.24.08**

STRAX

No, sorry, trick of the light. You still look terrible. Can I get you anything?

Clara is now seating herself at the table.

CLARA

Er, no, thanks. Maybe just some water.

STRAX

Of course.

And Strax picks up his bucket and places it on the table in front of her.

STRAX (cont'd)

Well don't hold back, I've nearly finished anyway.

CLARA

(Looks at the water,  
dubiously)

Um ...

STRAX

It's perfectly all right. I washed in it myself.

CLARA

All of a sudden, I'm not very thirsty.

STRAX

Really? Perhaps it is time, then -

He has yanked open a kitchen drawer and pulled out, a hi-tech multifunction lorgnette device (Blue Peter).

STRAX (cont'd)

- for your mandatory medical examination!

Clara now seated, with Strax seated opposite, up close, examining her through one of the lenses of the lorgnette.

STRAX (cont'd)

Say Ah.

**10.24.49**

CLARA

Ah.

STRAX

You didn't move your lips.

CLARA

You're looking at my eye.

STRAX

Oh, yes, there we go, easy mistake. Now that's interesting.

CLARA

What, what's interesting?

STRAX

Deflected narcissism, traces of passive aggressive, and a lot of muscular young men doing sport.

CLARA

What are you looking at?

STRAX

Your subconscious. Is that sport? It could be sport.

CLARA

Well, stop looking.

He switches lenses on the lorgnette.

STRAX

Moving onto the thorax, such that it is. Ah, excellent. Envious spleen, well done. 27 years old, with a projected life-span of exactly -

CLARA

Stop right there!

STRAX

Oh, you're going to do quite well. But watch out for fluid retention later, it's going to be spectacular. Well put your clothes back on.

**10.25.44**

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CLARA

They are on!

STRAX

(Looks over his lorgnette)

Oh yes, so they are.

She plucks the lorgnette from his hand, slams it on the table.

CLARA

Why are you doing this?

STRAX

If we are to serve together, I need you in peak physical prowess eh?

Strax playfully punched Clara on the arm.

CLARA

Ow! Why would we be serving together. The Doctor's going to come back, isn't he?

STRAX

It is to be hoped.

CLARA

He's not just going to abandon me here.

STRAX

You must stop worrying about him, my boy, by now he's...

CUT TO:

**10:26:08 EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY**

The Doctor rummaging through debris in the alley.

STRAX (OS)

... almost certainly had his throat cut by the violent poor.

Barney - an ageing tramp - shambling along. A clattering attracts his attention. He looks round.

**10.26.22** Some bins. One of them, opened. A nightshirted figure is bent over at the bin, the top half of his body inside it. A few items are tossed out.

Barney shambles over, looks at this odd figure.

And now the Doctor pulls himself out of the bin, looks at him - those blazing eyes.

THE DOCTOR

Bitey.

BARNEY

Bitey?

THE DOCTOR

The air, it's bitey. It's wet and bitey.

BARNEY

It's cold!

THE DOCTOR

That's right. It's cold! It's cold, I knew it was a thing. I need ... I need clothes, that's what I need. And a big, long scarf. No, no, move on from that, looked stupid.

(Rounds on Barney, points at his own face)

Have you seen this face before?

BARNEY

No.

THE DOCTOR

Are you sure?

Barney peers close.

BARNEY

Sir, I have never seen that face.

THE DOCTOR

It's funny, because, I'm sure that I have. You know I never know where the faces come from. They just pop up,  
**(10.27.29 MUSIC DW8 1M16 IN)**

**10.27.29**

THE DOCTOR

...zap, faces like this one. Come on  
look at it, have a look, come on, look,  
look, look.

**10.27.34** He wanders over to where an old, broken mirror is propped  
against the wall, among all the other rubbish.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Look, it's covered in lines, - but I  
didn't do the frowning. Who frowned me  
this face?

Barney, bemused, joins the Doctor at the mirror.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Do you ever look at the mirror and think,  
I've seen that face before?

BARNEY

Yes.

THE DOCTOR

Really? When?

BARNEY

Well every time I look in the mirror.

THE DOCTOR

Ah yes, yes, yes, fair enough, good  
point.

(Back looking at himself)

My face is fresh on though. Why *this*  
one. Why did I choose *this* face. It's  
like I'm trying to tell myself  
something. Like I'm trying to make a  
point. But what is so important that  
I can't just tell myself what I'm  
thinking?

He looks piercingly at Barney.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I'm not just being rhetorical here, you  
can join in.

**10.28.26**

BARNEY

... I don't like it.

THE DOCTOR

What?

BARNEY

Your face.

THE DOCTOR

Well, I don't like it either. Well, it's all right up till the eyebrows, and then it just goes haywire. Look at the eyebrows! These are *attack* eyebrows. You could take bottle tops off with these!

BARNEY

They are mighty eyebrows indeed, sir.

THE DOCTOR

They're cross! They're crosser than the rest of my face. They're *independently* cross. They probably want to cede from the rest of my face and set up their own independent state of eyebrows -

(Realises)

Oh, that's Scots... I'm Scot's... I've gone Scottish?

BARNEY

Yes, you are. You are definitely Scots, sir. I, I 'ear it in your voice.

THE DOCTOR

Oh no, that's good. It's good I'm Scottish, I'm Scottish. I can complain about things, I can really *complain* about things now. Give me your coat?

BARNEY

No.

THE DOCTOR

I am cold.

**10.29.19**

BARNEY

*I'm cold.*

THE DOCTOR

I'm cold. Well there's no point in us both being cold, give me your coat. Give me your coat. No!!

But the Doctor is spinning round now, remembering something.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Shut up, shut up! I missed something, It was here, it was here. What was it I saw, what did I see??

He races over to the bin, scrabbles through it, pulls out a scrap of newspaper.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

This is what I saw!

A fragment of a newspaper - we can see the headline: "Fourth case of spontaneous combustion."

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Spontaneous combustion!

BARNEY

What devilry is this, sir?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know. But I probably blame the English.

CUT TO:

**10:29:57 INT. ATTIC ROOM - DAY**

The attic room, with a spectacular sky light. It is clearly the art room. Paintings and easels everywhere.

Standing in the centre, is Jenny, barely dressed, her modesty protected only by a strategically draped white cloth - she is posing elegantly like classical nymph in a painting.

Vastra is working at her easel, clearly painting her.

VASTRA

Spontaneous combustion!

***10.30.05 MUSIC DW8 1M16 ENDS***

JENNY

Is that like love at first sight?

VASTRA

A little. It is the theory that human beings can, with little or no inducement, simply explode.

JENNY

You don't need to flirt with me, we're already married.

VASTRA

Scientific nonsense, of course -

JENNY

Marriage??

***10.30.22 MUSIC DW8 1M17 IN***

VASTRA

Hush! There have been nine reported incidents of people apparently exploding in the last month.

JENNY

And you think they weren't spontaneous.

VASTRA

I think whoever killed the dinosaur had at least nine previous victims.

**10.30.35** She swings the easel round to reveal, not a painting, but an incident board. Press cuttings and photographs, connected by string.

VASTRA (cont'd)

All these people perished in the same spectacular fashion -

**10.30.39 MUSIC DW8 1M17 ENDS**

JENNY

I thought you were painting me!!

VASTRA

I was working.

JENNY

Well why am I posing then??

VASTRA

You brighten the room tremendously - chin up a little.

JENNY

I don't understand why I'm doing this!

**10.30.56 MUSIC DW8 1M18 IN**

VASTRA

Art. Now why destroy the victims so completely? It's difficult, it draws attention - what advantage is to be gained?

JENNY

Well tell us, then.

VASTRA

Concealment perhaps.

JENNY

Concealment?

VASTRA

It is a fanciful theory, but it fits the facts. By destroying the body so completely, you conceal what is missing from it.

**10.31.16**

JENNY

Missing from the *body*?

The door flies open, Clara comes dashing in - she is clutching a newspaper.

CLARA (OS)

Madame Vastra -

VASTRA

Ah, Clara, excellent. Pop your clothes on that chair there -

CLARA

Look!

She spreads the newspaper before Vastra and Jenny.

VASTRA

Advertisements, yes - so many, it is a distressing modern trend.

CLARA

No, *look!*

She's pointing to a particular one -

- and they all stare. In a box, the words:

***IMPOSSIBLE GIRL***

***Lunch on the other side?***

On Vastra, fascinated. Jenny, noticing her look, smiles.

JENNY

Ma 'am?

Vastra is already striding for the bell rope. She pulls it.

VASTRA

The game is afoot. We're going to need a lot of tea!

**MUSIC DW8 1M18 ENDS AT CUT**

CUT TO:

**10:31:46 INT. ATTIC ROOM - DAY**

A little while later. Strax is now serving tea to them all. The girls now in work mode, Jenny back in her clothes. Vastra is studying the paper. Clara is pacing.

VASTRA

There is nothing of significance in the rest of the newspaper - not even in the agony column.

JENNY

We can't know it's from the Doctor.

CLARA

Of course it's from the Doctor. The Impossible Girl, that's what he calls me!

VASTRA

He says lunch - but not when or where?

JENNY

On the other side? The other side of London? Bit vague.

VASTRA

The other side of regeneration, perhaps. Once he's recovered?

CLARA

So what am I supposed to do?? Guess where we're meeting.

***10.32.13 MUSIC DW8 1M19 IN***

VASTRA

Perhaps that's the point. Perhaps you're supposed to prove that you still know him. Think what that must mean to a man who now barely knows himself.

CLARA

It doesn't make sense, he doesn't do puzzles. He isn't' complicated, he really doesn't have the attention span -

But she's breaking off. Staring, getting it.

**10.32.30**

CLARA (cont'd)

So...keeping it dead simple.

She pulls the sheet free of the paper, holds up to the light. Shining through, on the other side of the paper.

There's an advert the other side of the paper, now showing through.

She spins the paper round. A little restaurant advert.

***MANCINI's family restaurant.***

On this.

DISSOLVE TO:

**10:32:49 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANCINI'S - DAY**

A pleasant, middle-sized restaurant. Passers-by, a busy street.

Heading along the street, Clara - now dressed in Victorian clothes. Comes to a halt. Okay, this is it.

She peers closer? The Doctor? Is he there yet? Can't see him. She pushes open the door.

Holding on the door, as it swings shut again -

CUT TO:

**10:33:07 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY**

Clara now seated in a booth at the rear of the restaurant, inspecting the menu.

**10.33.11 MUSIC DW8 1M19 ENDS**

Suddenly she sits bolt upright. And sniffs. Bad smell! Very bad smell.

Now someone is moving round the table, sitting opposite her.

The Doctor!

**10.33.26** Still wearing his nightshirt, but now there is a filthy great coat over it, and a pair of battered old boots on his feet.

He looks at her.

Clara coughs, wafts her nose.

THE DOCTOR

What's wrong?

CLARA

I dunno! Maybe the *smell*?

THE DOCTOR

I know, it's everywhere.

CLARA

Where did you get that coat?

THE DOCTOR

I, I bought it.

CLARA

From where?

THE DOCTOR

A shop.

CLARA

No.

THE DOCTOR

Might have been a tramp.

CLARA

You don't have money.

THE DOCTOR

I had a watch.

CLARA

No, that watch was *beautiful*.

THE DOCTOR

It was my favourite.

CLARA

You swapped your favourite watch for that coat?? That's maybe not a good deal?

**10.34.06**

THE DOCTOR

Well, I was in a hurry, there was a terrible smell.

CLARA

Okay.

A silence. The Doctor attempts a slightly weak smile.

CLARA (cont'd)

No, no. Don't, don't, don't, don't smile. I will smile first and then you know it's safe to smile.

THE DOCTOR

Are you cross with me?

CLARA

I am not cross. But if I was cross it would be your fault. And, yes I am cross.

THE DOCTOR

I guessed that.

CLARA

I am *extremely* cross.

THE DOCTOR

And if I hadn't changed my face would you be cross.

CLARA

I'd be cross if I wasn't cross!

THE DOCTOR

Why?

CLARA

An ordinary person, wants to meet someone that they know very well for lunch, what do they do?

THE DOCTOR

Well they probably get in touch and suggest lunch.

**10.34.47**

CLARA

Okay, so what kind of person would drop a cryptic note in a newspaper advert?

THE DOCTOR

Well I wouldn't like to say.

CLARA

Oh, go on, do, say.

THE DOCTOR

Well. I would say that person would be an egomaniac, needy, game-player sort of person.

CLARA

Thank you. Well at least *that* hasn't changed.

THE DOCTOR

And I don't suppose it ever will.

CLARA

No, I don't suppose it will either.

He reaches across, places a filthy hand on Clara's.

THE DOCTOR

Clara, honestly - I don't *want* you to change.

On Clara - what?? Sorry, what? Sorry, what???

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

It was no bother really. I saw your advert, I figured it out - happy to play your game -

CLARA

No, no - I didn't place the ad. You placed the ad.

THE DOCTOR

No, I didn't.

CLARA

*Yes you placed the ad, I figured it out!*

**10.35.29** She pulls the paper out, slams it on the table.

CLARA (cont'd)

Impossible girl: see lunch.

THE DOCTOR

No look, the Impossible with that is  
the message from the Impossible Girl.

CLARA

*For the impossible girl.*

**10.35.38 MUSIC DW8 1M20 IN**

They stare at each other.

THE DOCTOR

Oh!

CLARA

Oh!

THE DOCTOR

...well if neither of us placed that  
ad .... who placed that ad ...

CLARA

... hang on. Egomaniac, needy,  
game-player??

THE DOCTOR

This could be a trap.

CLARA

That was *me*??

THE DOCTOR

Never mind that!

CLARA

Yes, I *am* minding that.

THE DOCTOR

Clara....

CLARA

You were talking about *me*??

**10.35.59**

THE DOCTOR

Clara, what is happening right now, in this restaurant, to you and me, is more important than your egomania.

CLARA

*Nothing is more important than my egomania!!*

THE DOCTOR

... Right, you actually said that.

CLARA

You never mention that again!

THE DOCTOR

It's, it's a vanity trap. You're so busy congratulating yourself on solving the puzzle, you don't notice that you're sticking your head in a noose.

The Doctor has plucked a hair from his own head. Examines it.

CLARA

What are you doing?

He's examining the single hair now.

CLARA (cont'd)

And that isn't the only grey one, if you're having a cull.

THE DOCTOR

Do you have a problem with the grey ones?

The Doctor now holds up the single hair, and lets it drop to the floor, watching as it fall.

CLARA

If I got new hair, and it was grey, I would have a problem.

THE DOCTOR

I bet you would.

CLARA

Meaning?

**10.36.30**

THE DOCTOR

Too short.

He reaches over and yanks a hair from Clara's head.

CLARA

Ow!

THE DOCTOR

Sorry, it was the only one out of place,  
I'm sure that you'd have wanted it  
killed.

CLARA

...ooo, are you trying to tell me  
something??

He drops Clara's hair strand, watches it fall.

THE DOCTOR

I'm trying to measure the air  
disturbance in the room.

CLARA

Right, moments when you know you are  
boring...

He watches Clara's hair fall.

The Doctor now speaks very quietly to Clara - leaning into her, the rest of this conversation in low, urgent whispers.

THE DOCTOR

There is something extremely wrong  
with everybody else in this room.

CLARA

Basically, don't you always think  
that?

THE DOCTOR

Look at them!

She turns to look.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Don't look!

**10.37.02**

CLARA

You just said to look!

THE DOCTOR

Look without looking!

She looks just with her eyes, scanning.

CLARA

(Glances round)

They look fine to me. They're just eating.

THE DOCTOR

Are they?

Clara looking round now. Oh!

The knives and forks are clattering away - but no food is being raised to the mouths.

Clara: freaked now, but fighting it.

CLARA

Okay, no. They're not eating.

THE DOCTOR

Something else they're not doing.

He plucks another hair from Clara's head, tosses it to watch it fall.

A close shot, beautiful slow motion, as the strand of hair twists and falls.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Breathing!

Clara looks in alarm round the room.

CLARA

.... What do we do?

THE DOCTOR

You don't want to eat, do you?

**10.37.54**

CLARA

Slightly lost my appetite. How long before they notice that we're ... different.

THE DOCTOR

Not long.

CLARA

Anything we can do?

THE DOCTOR

How long can you hold your breath?

CLARA

We could just casually stroll out of here. Like we changed our minds.

THE DOCTOR

Happens all the time.

CLARA

Ha, course it does.

And very casually, they push back their chairs, stand -

- and almost immediately, a heartbeat later, all the chairs in the room are scraping back. All the diners now standing, as if in exact imitation of them.

None of the diners turn to look at them. They're just standing staring directly ahead, blank, unseeing.

Cutting round them now. They're all pale, lifeless. Dead-eyed, Victorian zombies.

The Doctor and Clara, looking at each other.

Clara raises her eyebrows.

The Doctor shrugs.

They both take a step to the door -

- and *stamp!*

**10.38.28** Every diner room takes a simultaneous step towards the Doctor and Clara.

The Doctor and Clara, frozen in their tracks, looking round at them all.

None of the diners looking at them. All solemn, staring off, abstracted - and now motionless.

The Doctor and Clara exchange another look. *What do you think?*

CLARA (cont'd)

... We could take another look at the menu.

They take their chairs again.

All the chairs in the restaurant scrape the floor, as all the diners sit again.

The Doctor and Clara, now pretending to look at their menus.

CLARA (cont'd)

What are they?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know. Don't worry, because that's not the question. The question is, what is this restaurant?

CLARA

Okay, what is this restaurant?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know.

Now approaching the table - the Waiter. He moves with the same stiff gait as the others and looms over the table. Just standing there.

The Doctor: puts a great show of nonchalance. Flicking through the menu with disdain.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Er, erm. No sausages. And there's no pictures either. Do you have a children's menu?

**10.39.16** Silence. The Waiter takes his pen. Points it at the Doctor. It emits a sickly green light. He scans the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Any specials?

When the Waiter speaks, it's a grating, mechanical sound.

THE WAITER

Liver.

THE DOCTOR

I don't like liver.

THE WAITER

Spleen. Brain stem. Eyes.

CLARA

... is there a lot of demand for those?

THE DOCTOR

I don't think that's what's on the menu  
- I think we are the menu.

The Waiter turns to Clara.

THE WAITER

Lungs. Skin.

The Waiter has turned to look at Clara - the Doctor now studies the side of the Waiter's head. There is a seam in the flesh, running up the side, from neck to hairline, lined with what look like pop studs.

THE DOCTOR

Excuse me.

The Doctor reaches over, grabs the Waiter's jowl, and simply rips the face from the front of his head.

FX SHOT: Revealed, the lattice-work face - our first good look at it. It's not new, it's old - verging on rusty. The metal work frame looks beaten and dull - as if it was forged in a blacksmith's rather than made on a space ship.

In the centre of this hollow head, a flame. A simple flame, like from a bunsen burner. (The back of the head, and the hair is still in place, so the flame is burning in a hollowed out space.) The Waiter turns calmly to "look" at the Doctor.

**10.39.48**

CLARA

... okay. Robot in a mask.

THE DOCTOR

It's a face.

CLARA

Yeah, it's very convincing -

THE DOCTOR

No, it's a *face*.

He holds the "mask" up to Clara - who suddenly realises what she's holding!

CLARA

(Throwing it aside.)

Ew!

THE WAITER

Yes.

THE DOCTOR

Yes, what?

THE WAITER

Yes, we have a children's menu.

The Waiter presses a button on its pen. The pen chirps, flashes - and steel bands slam round the Doctor and Clara's chest, as they sit there, clamping them to their chairs.

The Waiter presses a button on the pen. Chirps, flashes - and the whole booth starts descending through the floor.

*And down they plunge!!*

CUT TO:

**10:40:05 INT. SHAFT - DAY**

The table, plunging down the shaft. The Doctor and Clara, staring at each other.

THE DOCTOR

You've got to admire the efficiency.

CLARA

Is it okay if I don't?

CUT TO:

**10:40:19 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY**

The booth and table, now descending through the ceiling of - - the Doctor and Clara look round in astonishment. Wow!

Wider: a giant, circular, alien chamber. It looks a little like a space ship, but an ancient one. Corroded, dulled with age, deep water green. Cables and chains hang like vines. Hundreds of years old, possibly thousands.

There's a central dais, surmounted by what was once the Command Chair - a cross between a Captain Kirk's chair and a throne.

As the Doctor and Clara clank jerkily down through the room, they peer over at the chair.

A tall figure is seated in it. His back to them. A tall figure in a top hat. Clearly the one we saw earlier.

The booth bumps to a halt on the floor.

They sit there.

**10.40.23 MUSIC DW8 1M20 ENDS**

THE DOCTOR

Hello? Hello, are you the manager? I demand to speak to the manager.

CLARA

This is not a real restaurant, is it?

**10.40.37**

THE DOCTOR

It's more a sort of automated organ collection station for the unwary diner. Sweeney Todd without the pies.

During the above, the Doctor has been twisting, and thrusting in his metal bonds as if trying to shake something loose from his coat. Clara doesn't react to this at all, like it's standard procedure.

CLARA

So, where are we now?

THE DOCTOR

Factually, an ancient space ship, probably buried for centuries. Functionally, a larder.

CLARA

So why hasn't someone come for us?

THE DOCTOR

We're alive.

CLARA

We're alive in a larder.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly. It's cheaper than freezing us.

CLARA

... okay.

One last twist - and the sonic screwdriver is hanging from the Doctor's inside pocket.

THE DOCTOR

Are you ready?

Clara shifting position - again this is like a routine they've been through before.

CLARA

Go for it.

**10.41.04**

THE DOCTOR

Don't let it roll away -

CLARA

*I know!*

THE DOCTOR

We've got one shot at this.

CLARA

Next time make one that doesn't roll.

THE DOCTOR

*Go!*

**10.41.11 MUSIC DW8 1M21 IN**

One last thrust and the screwdriver dislodges, falls to the floor - starts rolling the wrong way - Clara shoots out a foot, scrabbling after it - just manages to catch it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Got it?

CLARA

I can just about reach.

THE DOCTOR

It's at times like this I miss Amy.

CLARA

Who?

THE DOCTOR

Nothing.

With an effort, she flicks the screwdriver back towards her. Now catches it between her feet.

CLARA

Ready?

THE DOCTOR

Don't miss.

She flicks up hard, throwing the screwdriver towards the Doctor's lap - and the Doctor doubles up with an agonised *oof!!*

**10.41.34**

CLARA

Sorry, did I hit ... something?

Recovering, the Doctor has retrieved the sonic from his lap.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, the symbolism!

He sonics - the steel bands snap back, they're free. Now scrambling out of the booth.

CLARA

You should make that thing voice-activated.

The Doctor freezes, realisation impacting.

CLARA (cont'd)

Oh for God's sake. It *is*, isn't it?

THE DOCTOR

... I don't want to talk about it.

CLARA

*Doctor!!*

She's pointing to various alcoves, round the circular perimeter of the room. Various Victorian people standing motionless within them. By their slack, sightless faces they are disguised Droids.

THE DOCTOR

Dormant.

CLARA

How do you know?

THE DOCTOR

I don't, I'm just hoping.

CLARA

So is it these guys that killed the dinosaur?

THE DOCTOR

Well if they're harvesting organs, a dinosaur would have some great stuff.

**10.42.15**

CLARA

Why would robots steal organs? Burke  
and Hare from space?

THE DOCTOR

Maybe. That's a good theory -  
(A thought hits him)  
Droids harvesting spare parts. Rings  
a bell!

He's circling the central dais, looking up at the top-hatted, motionless figure in the big chair. Clara, cautiously following him.

Their POV. It's the Half-Face man - the one we saw stalking round the town.

A clearer view now. Half an ordinary face - square-jawed and handsome, like a Roman Emperor, greying hair. A ragged tear down the middle of the face, and then hollow cage structure. We can see a section of brain projecting from the human half, with wires trailing from it.

The Half-Face Man sits entirely motionless. Staring directly ahead.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Captain, my Captain.

CLARA

Can he see us?

THE DOCTOR

Dormant.

CLARA

Hoping?

THE DOCTOR

Yep.

The Doctor steps quickly up the to Half-Face Man in the chair, examines him.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Ah, look!

He points to where a cable emerges from under the Victorian clothing and is plugged into a socket on the chair.

**10.42.45**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Re-charging. He's asleep, doesn't even  
know we're here.

Takes a step closer to the grotesque, silent creature. Nervously, Clara follows.

CLARA  
Are you sure?

THE DOCTOR  
Sure, not sure - one or the other.

CLARA  
Okay, so. Halfman, half robot. A cyborg,  
yeah.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh!

CLARA  
Oh?

THE DOCTOR  
(Looking closer)  
Oh!!

CLARA  
..... Oh?

THE DOCTOR  
Look at the hands.

The Half-Face Man's hands lie inert on the arms of the chair.

CLARA  
What about them?

THE DOCTOR  
Look at them.

CLARA  
I'm looking.

The Doctor picks up the inert hands, moves them together - they are clearly different sizes.

**10.43.16**

THE DOCTOR

They don't match. These hands don't belong to the same body.

CLARA

I don't understand.

THE DOCTOR

I don't blame you - see this. This is not your normal Cyborg. This isn't a man turning himself into a robot. This is a robot turning itself into a man - piece by piece.

He's looking at the Frankenstein style stitch marks round the wrists.

CLARA

That's what the restaurant's for??

THE DOCTOR

Well, it would need a constant supply of spare parts. You can tan skin, but organs rot...

He sets the hands down, resting them in the creature's lap - now examining the metal half of the head.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Some of that metal work looks Roman - I wonder how long it's been around. How much of the original is even left. The eye balls look very fresh though ...

And then - an utterly chilling moment, all the more chilling for being so casual -

- the Half-Face takes its hands from its lap simply places them back on the arms of the chair.

It's the calmest, simplest move -

- but the effect on the Doctor and Clara is blood-freezing.

Both of them now slowly stepping back from the creature.

*Ohh!*

**10.44.10**

CLARA

(Whisper)

Is it ... awake?

The Doctor's eyes go to the charging cable. It is now glowing rhythmically.

THE DOCTOR

It's waking up, I think.

Close on the Half-Face creature's eyes - one embedded as normal in the flesh half, the other suspended in the lattice work cage. One eye is flickering open. On the other the pupil is dilating.

- and now the same lights flickering on behind the Victorian Droids in the alcoves.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Okay, let's go.

He grabs Clara's hand, they start racing for the door -

- realise they don't know where the door is -

- flail, spin for a moment, looking round all the alcoves!

In the alcoves: the Victorian Droids slowly raising their heads, opening their sightless eyes. Sleepy, not quite active yet!

The Doctor points -

One of the alcoves isn't an alcove - it's the mouth of a corridor!

The go belting towards it -

- Clara ducking through, the Doctor about to follow -

- and he comes to a slamming halt. A thought, impacting.

He spins, looks round the room again.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I've seen this before. I'm missing something!

CLARA

(From the doorway)

*Doctor!!*

**10.44.38**

THE DOCTOR

(Thumping his head)

It's the brand new head, rebooting!

CLARA

*Come on!!*

THE DOCTOR (OS)

I've seen this before!

Clara has leapt back into the room, and physically bundles the Doctor out of it -

CLARA

*Hurry up!! Get out.*

- but the moment he's thrown out of the room, an iron door slams down, blocking her exit.

The Doctor on one side, Clara on the other.

There's a tiny grating in the door, Clara throws herself to it, looking through at the Doctor.

CLARA (cont'd)

*Doctor!!*

Other side of the door: a short, metal corridor. The Doctor at the grating - sonicicing already.

The door starts juddering up but slow, too slow.

Clara, looking round -

- the Half-Face creature (his back is to Clara at this angle, hasn't see her yet) is starting to rise.

The Half-Face Man - now detaching itself from the cable.

CLARA (cont'd)

*Quickly!*

The Doctor: a quick little shake of his head.

THE DOCTOR

Sorry, too slow. There's no point in them catching us both.

**10.45.02**

CLARA

Well gimme the screwdriver!

THE DOCTOR

I might need it.

He sonics the door again -

*- and it slams shut again, trapping Clara!!*

Without a backward glance, the Doctor simply turns and strides off down the corridor.

On Clara's face at the grille. *What?? What???*

And the Doctor is gone.

Clara: he wouldn't. Her Doctor, *he wouldn't do that!!*

But he's gone. Definitely gone.

CLARA

*Doctor??*

Inside the chamber. Clara turns.

Around the room, all the Droids have stepped forward slightly, now just proud of their alcoves.

Clara, looking around - what the hell does she do, there's nowhere to hide.

The nearest alcove to her, empty!

She steps over to it, stands just in front of it. Now - in her Victorian gear - she looks just like all the others.

She makes her face go blank, adopts that same zombie posture.

Her eyes flick to one side, watching the Half-Face Man.

He is descending from his dais. Crossing to where the now empty booth table is.

He stops, registering that today's catch has disappeared.

The Half-Face Man: examining the table. How has this happened??

**10.45.55** On Clara: snaps her eyes to the front. Her only hope - to pass herself off as one of the Droids!!

Clara: risks a flick of the eyes, checking what's happening and to her horror, the Victorian Droids in the other alcoves are slowly *turning to look at her!!* Not movement, no aggression. Just all looking directly at her. Like they're sensing something is wrong!!

The Half-Face Man. Now checking the released bands on the booth chairs - how did they escape?

Clara: all those zombie stares focussed right on her. The Half-Face Man will see that, any second now.

**FLASHBACK:**

THE DOCTOR (OS)

There's something else they're not doing!

CUT TO:

**10:46:10 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK - DAY**

With The Doctor in the Restaurant.

The strand of Clara's hair falling in slow motion. We hear the Doctor's voice.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Breathing.

CUT TO:

**10:46:12 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY**

On Clara - Oh God!! She realises the only thing she can do!

Half-Face, now turning from the booth and table -  
- and seems to be looking directly at Clara.

Clara: oh God!!

And now Half-Face walking towards her. Slow, unhurried. Clara: staying still. Not breathing, *not breathing!*

**FLASHBACK:**

CUT TO:

**10:46:20 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK - DAY**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

How long can you hold your breath?

CUT TO:

**10:46:22 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY**

Back on Clara, she takes a deep breath - *and holds it!*

Her face, so determined. Her eyes stare straight ahead.

Half-Face: cocks its head now. Something odd about this Droid? Super close on Clara's eyes. Wide-eyed, staring. The tiniest glisten of a forming tear ... An age passes.

Sure enough, all the Victorian Droids slowly look away from her. No longer sensing her presence.

Half-Face turns away, proceeds unhurried to the next Droid.

Clara, still fighting not to breathe, not to give it away.

Her eyes flick rapidly round the room. The Droids are moving round. Proceeding unhurried round the room, attending to consoles, various pieces of ancient equipment.

No one paying any attention to her. What should she do?

One of the Droids presses a switch -

- and the door through which the Doctor left slides up again.

Is this her way out??

Dare she move??

No choice - she can't keep holding her breath. Gotta get out of here.

**10:47:04** Forcing herself to be slow, to be calm ...

... she steps forward from the alcove. Another step. Another.

*Slow, slow, keep it slow. Mustn't breathe, mustn't breathe.*

Another step.

Clara's POV of the door way. Closer. A step closer.

Another step. Another. Don't breathe, don't run - come on, you can breathe on the other side of the door - you can last till then!!

The door two steps away now ...

... one step ...

... and through ...

**10:47:25** The corridor -

- at first it is in darkness, as before -

- and then, as if triggered by Clara's arrival, the first section of the corridor illuminates, lights flickering on -

- revealing walls lined by alcoves - more and more Victorian Droids, just standing, waiting.

The next section illuminates. More alcoves, more Droids.

Section after section, the lights flickering on - an endless corridor!!

On Clara: oh God, how can she get to the end??

Walking again. Faster now, can't control that. Faster, faster, faster.

Her face a tortured grimace now.

Faster, faster!!

And then it happens, she can't stop it. Convulsed by need, she takes a huge, whooping breath - is jack-knifed by it.

On the floor now, on all fours, sobbing breath after breath, the drowning woman on the shore.

But oh God, oh God!

All the Victorian Droids, in all the alcoves, slowly turning to look at her. Those pale, lifeless, waxy faces, all staring.

No hope, nowhere to run, trapped.- and now one of the Victorian Droids stepping from the shadows, grabbing Clara.

**10.48.13**

HALF-FACE MAN

Bring her.

She's yanked to her feet, and finds herself in the clammy grip, of a tall, cadaverous bald man, dressed like a Victorian Gentleman.

Half-Face stands framed in the doorway, staring at her.

Clara's vision is distorting, twisting, unreal - she's passing out.

DISSOLVE TO:

**10:48:26 INT. COAL HILL SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY**

- the most terrifying sight in the universe! A laughing classroom full of teenage school kids. On their feet, practically throwing things (this is in the same twisting, distorted vision as before - Clara's POV).

DISSOLVE TO:

**10:48:29 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY**

- on Clara, as she is dragged across the floor of the chamber - we still hear the nightmare clamour of the classroom -

DISSOLVE TO:

**10:48:31 INT. COAL HILL SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY**

Now on Clara, desperate in front of the jeering, laughing class - her first day as a teacher, it's all gone madly out of control

She's yelling, losing it.

*CLARA*

*Right, stop it. Stop all of you now.*

*SCHOOL CHILD (OS)*

*Ha, it's her first day.*

No effect!

DISSOLVE TO:

**10:48:36 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY**

The Victorian Gentleman Droid throws Clara down in front of the Half-Face Man's chair.

Panning up to the Half-Face Man, now seated there, looming over her -

- still the mocking laughter of the school kids -

DISSOLVE TO:

**10:48:40 INT. COAL HILL SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY**

Clara, still yelling at the kids.

CLARA

*If you don't stop it, I'm going to have each and every single one of you kicked out of this school.*

The kids - falling silent, grinning at her, incredulous.

Clara looking nervously round. What's gone wrong.

Now, homing in on one schoolgirl (Courtney) - the toughest looking one: that mocking, insolent face.

COURTNEY

Go on then. Do it!

Clara just staring. Titters from the whole room. *What's she gonna do!*

***MUSIC DW8 1M21 ENDS OVER CUT - ENDS 10.48.54***

CUT TO:

**10:48:52 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY**

- Clara snaps awake. As she looks around the chamber, she still hears the mocking laughter of the classroom ...

... now her gaze settles on the Half-Face Man, enthroned.

**10.49.01**

HALF-FACE MAN

Where is the other one?

Clara: afraid, recovering.

The Half-Face Man turns his head to look at the booth.

HALF-FACE MAN (cont'd)

There was another. Where is he?

On Clara: fighting to control her terror, reign it in. Got to focus, got to keep it together.

HALF-FACE MAN (cont'd)

Where is the other?

Clara: still desperately trying to focus..

Focussing now, getting it together.

HALF-FACE MAN (cont'd)

You will tell us, or you will be destroyed.

Clara: blinking, thinking it through. Looks slowly up at him.

**10.49.22 MUSIC DW8 1M22 IN**

CLARA

... what did you say?

HALF-FACE MAN

You will tell us.

CLARA

Yeah, I know. Or what?

HALF-FACE MAN

You will die.

Clara looking round the room. Trapped. No hope. Talking for her life now.

She looks behind her, at the bald Victorian Gentleman Droid who dragged her here. Stares at him for a moment.

Then looks back at the Half-Face Man.

**10:49:31 FLASHBACK:**

COURTNEY (OS)  
Go on then.

**CUT TO:**

**10:49:33 INT. COAL HILL SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY**

COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
**Do it.**

**CUT TO:**

**10:49:34 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY**

On Clara: considering: then -

CLARA  
Go on then. Do it!

On the Half-Face Man - we hear the rusty cogs turning, considering that.

CLARA (cont'd)  
I'm not going to answer any of your questions. So you have to do it, you have to kill me. Threats don't work unless you deliver.

HALF-FACE MAN  
... You will tell us where the other one is -

CLARA  
Nope.

HALF-FACE MAN  
*You will be destroyed.*

CLARA  
Destroy me then. And if you don't then, I not going to believe a single threat you make from now on.

The Half-Face Man: silent. Cogs turning.

**10.50.16**

CLARA (cont'd)

Of course, if, if I'm dead, then I can't tell you where the other one went then - you need to keep this place down here a secret, don't you?

The Half-Man Man: still silent, that baleful stare.

CLARA (cont'd)

Never start with your final sanction. You've got nowhere to go but backwards.

Clara: breathing hard, but keeping it together, brinkmanship.

HALF-FACE MAN

... humans feel pain.

CLARA

Bigger threat to smaller threat - see what I mean, backwards.

HALF-FACE MAN

The information can be extracted by means of your suffering.

CLARA

Are you trying to scare me, because I'm already bloody terrified - of *dying*. And I will endure a lot of pain, for a very long time, before I give up the information that's keeping me alive. How long have you got?

The Half-Face Man - cogs grinding a bit faster. Almost frustrated.

Rises to its feet. Looming over tiny Clara now.

Clara, holding her ground...

CLARA (cont'd)

All you can offer me is my life - what you can't do is threaten it. You can negotiate.

The Half-Face Man, reaches its right hand to its left, grabbing it round the wrist.

**10.51.15**

CLARA (cont'd)

Okay, okay, okay. Yes, yes, yes, I'm crying and it's just because I am very frightened of you. And if you know anything about human beings that means you, you're in a lot trouble.

The Half-Face Man raises its left arm - we see the fiery mouth of the revealed weapon.

HALF-FACE MAN

We will not negotiate.

CLARA

You don't have a choice. I tell you what, I'll answer your questions if you answer mine.

HALF-FACE MAN

We will not answer questions.

The Half-Face Man starts advancing on here.

CLARA

We'll take turns, I'll go first. Why did you kill the dinosaur?

HALF-FACE MAN

We will not answer -

CLARA

Why did you kill the dinosaur?

HALF-FACE MAN

*WE WILL NOT ANSWER QUESTIONS!!*

CLARA

Then you might as well kill me, because I'm not talking again till you do.

And clenches her fists, lowers her head. Not engaging, not talking, no way.

Clara: scared, so scared, but even more determined. Any moment now they might just burn her, any second. Please let it work, please let it work!

**10.52.00** And then ..... The Half-Face Man lowers his arm, and speaks -

HALF-FACE MAN

... within the optic nerve of the dinosaur is material of use to our computer systems.

Clara, raising her head again. Thank God, oh thank God. But keeping calm, hiding the relief, staying in charge.

CLARA

You burned a whole dinosaur for a spare part? No, hang on, you *know* what's in a dinosaur's optic nerve, which means you've seen them before.

HALF-FACE MAN

Where is the other one?

CLARA

How long have you been rebuilding yourselves? Look at the state of you! Is there any of the real *you* left?? What's the point?

On the Half-Face Man. The reaction is surprising: it turns its head away slightly. As if in shame - or reflection.

HALF-FACE MAN

... We will reach the promised land.

CLARA

The what, the promised land? What's that?

Silence. The grotesque head turns towards her again.

HALF-FACE MAN

... where is the other one?

CLARA

... I don't know.

A silence. The Half-Face Man raises its arm ...

CLARA (cont'd)

But I know where he *will* be. Where he will *always* be.

**10.52.57**

CLARA

If the Doctor is still the Doctor ...  
he will have my back.

And without even turning, she reaches behind her, extending her hand to the Bald Victorian Gentleman Droid, as if to hold hands with it.

Close on Clara. Shaking, hoping.

CLARA (cont'd)

I'm right, aren't I? Go on please,  
please God, say I'm right.

And a miracle - the Victorian Gentleman Droid extends its hand and takes Clara's.

With its free hand, now rips off its face - *to reveal the Doctor!!* He's already springing forward onto the dais.

THE DOCTOR

Hello, hello - rubbish robots from the dawn of time, thank-you for all the gratuitous information. Five foot one and crying - you never stood a chance.

The Half-Face has swung its arm round on the Doctor!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh, stop it!

The Doctor has gone straight to the power dock we saw earlier, jammed his screwdriver into it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

This is your power source, and feeble though it is, I can use it to blow this whole room if I see one thing that I don't like - and that includes Karaoke and mime, so take no chances.

(Tosses his mask to Clara)

See, Clara - *that's* how you disguise yourself as a Droid.

CLARA

Yes, but I didn't have a lot of time,  
I'd been *suddenly abandoned*.

**10.53.53**

THE DOCTOR

Sorry. Well, no, actually I'm not,  
you're brilliant on adrenalin.

(To Half-Face Man)

And you were out of your depth Sir -  
never try and control a control freak.

CLARA

*I am not a control freak!!*

THE DOCTOR

Yes, ma'am.

The Half-Face Man speaks -

HALF-FACE MAN

Why are you here?

THE DOCTOR

But why did you invite us?

The Half-Face Man looks at him. Cocks its head, not understanding.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The message? In the paper - that was  
you, wasn't it?

The Half-Face man just cocks its head. Not understanding.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh! I hate being wrong in public,  
everybody forget that happened? Clara,  
say the word.

CLARA

What word?

THE DOCTOR

They never sent you in here without a  
word.

A stony look - this man is insufferable.

She gives him a look - still so pissed off with him, but ... she reaches for her broach, touches it like a Star Trek pin.

Shoots him a look. Stubborn, pissed off.

**10.54.28**

CLARA

I don't want to say it.

THE DOCTOR

I've guessed it already.

*Bastard!* She presses the broach, it illuminates, and the Doctor yells:

THE DOCTOR

*Geronimo!!*

CLARA

*Geronimo!!*

A bang, a flash, smoke -

- now, through the ceiling from which the booth and table descended, two spinning figures -

- each is grasping two hanging silk streamers, which they spin and fly around.

As they spring down to the floor, we recognise -

- Vastra and Jenny, in their leather catsuits, drawing their swords.

**10.54.43 MUSIC DW8 1M22 ENDS**

VASTRA

Remain still and lay down your weapons,  
in the name of the British Empire!

For a moment it's wildly impressive -

- then long cry, and a dumpy figure goes crashing downwards through the frame behind. Two silk streamers drop delicately down on top.

A moment of weariness from Vastra.

VASTRA (cont'd)

*Strax!*

Strax pops up into shot between them, weapon at the ready - tiny bit embarrassed now.

**10.54.50**

STRAX

Sorry.

JENNY

I've told you before - take the stairs.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, look. The cavalry.

The Half-Face Man turns on the Doctor. Raises its fiery arm, levelling it at him.

**10.54.55 MUSIC DW8 1M23 IN**

HALF-FACE MAN

I burned an ancient, beautiful creature for one inch of optic nerve. What do you think you can accomplish, little man?

THE DOCTOR

What do you? Vastra?

VASTRA

The establishment upstairs has been disabled with maximum prejudice, and the authorities summoned.

CLARA

Hang on, she called the police? We never do that, we should start.

THE DOCTOR

(To Half-Face)

You see? Destroy us if you will, they're still going to close your restaurant.

(A beat)

That was going to sound better.

Half-Face makes a signal with his other hand.

HALF-FACE MAN

Then we will destroy you.

*Shunk!! Shunk!!* Cutting round the Droids. Sword blades are shooting out from their sleeves. They rise, menacingly. Vastra, Jenny and Strax, tensing for action.

**10.55.33**

THE DOCTOR

No, you won't.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You're logical. You have restraint.  
You kill to survive - you're not a  
murderer.

CLARA

He's not a *what??* This is a  
slaughterhouse.

THE DOCTOR

And how does that make it different from  
any other restaurant? You weren't  
vegetarian the last time I checked.

(To the Half-Face man)

This is over. Killing us won't change  
that. What would be the point?

The Half-Face Man answers -

HALF-FACE MAN

To find the promised land.

THE DOCTOR

You are millions of years old, it's time  
you knew. There isn't one.

HALF-FACE MAN

I am in search of paradise.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, well - me too. I'm not going to  
make it either.

On Half-Face Man, the cogs chunking round.

The Half-Face Man draws back his weapon arm, lashes it at the Doctor, thumping him hard ...- the Doctor goes flying -

- Clara now dashing to his side -

CLARA

*Doctor!!*

FX SHOT: The Half-Face Man now striding towards the table and booth.

**10.56.01**

HALF-FACE MAN

I will leave in the escape capsule.  
Destroy where necessary.

The Droids have turned on Vastra, Jenny and Strax, blades levelled.

VASTRA

Escape capsule? This ship is millions  
of years old, it'll never fly.

HALF-FACE MAN

It has been repaired.

CLARA

What with?

HALF-FACE MAN

You.

He has taken position standing on the booth-and-table platform.  
It starts to ascend.

STRAX (OS)

Defensive positions everyone.

CLARA (OS)

Doctor! He's getting away!

HALF-FACE MAN (OS) (cont'd)

Your friend is intelligent. He'll know  
better than to follow me.

The platform ascends through the frame - *and we see the Doctor hanging from beneath it.* He gives Clara a grin and a wave as he ascends with the platform.

CUT TO:

**10:56:30 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANCINI'S - DAY**

Gregson flanked by two policemen approach the restaurant.

INSPECTOR GREGSON (OS)

Right, here we are, this is the place,  
come with me.

CUT TO:

**10:56:39 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY**

On Clara, back to back with Strax.

Vastra, now looking round at the Droids.

VASTRA

It is our intent to leave. If it is your intent to stop us, perhaps we should get down to business.

Vastra raises her sword. The Droids respond in kind.

CUT TO:

**10:56:46 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY**

We see the effect of Vastra & Jenny's visit. Scattered on the floor, destroyed Droids, sputtering and sparking.

Coming through the door, Inspector Gregson and two policemen - - they stare in astonishment at what they see.

INSPECTOR GREGSON.

Dear Lord. What has she landed us with this time?

*Clunk!!*

They spin to see - the booth platform has ascended back into place. The Half-Face Man stands. Looks balefully at the new arrivals - who stare back in horror.

The Half-Face Man raises his fire-arm.

HALF-FACE MAN

The restaurant is closed.

- and the police turn and run for it -

CUT TO:

**10:57:04 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANCINI'S - DAY**

- Gregson and the policemen stumbling out on to the pavement. The policemen look at Gregson, appalled and terrified. What to do?

INSPECTOR GREGSON

Keep everyone out - no one goes in there!

CUT TO:

**10:57:13 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY**

A drink being poured.

**10.57.14 MUSIC DW8 1M23 ENDS**

The Half-Face Man turns.

The Doctor is at one of the tables by the window. He's pouring two glasses of whisky.

**10.57.22 MUSIC DW8 1M24 IN**

HALF-FACE MAN

What are you doing?

THE DOCTOR

I've got a horrible feeling I'm going to have to kill you. I thought you might appreciate a drink first. I know I would.

He holds a glass out to the Half-Face Man.

The Half-Face Man says nothing -

- then just yanks down a lever -
- a rumbling.

CUT TO:

**10:57:44 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANCINI'S - DAY**

On Gregson and the policemen, hearing the same rumbling but louder.

Gregson looks up - *dear God!!* Debris flying out from the roof.

INSPECTOR GREGSON (OS)

Watch out!!

CUT TO:

**10:57:48 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY**

The Doctor has joined the Half-Face Man at the controls, examining with them interest.

THE DOCTOR

51st Century right? Time travelling space ship, crashed in the past. You're trying to get home the long way round.

HALF-FACE MAN

I go to the promised land.

THE DOCTOR

So you keep saying.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Okay, so your restaurant is made out of your old ship - but you're wasting your time, it can't ever fly.

HALF-FACE MAN

The escape pod is viable.

THE DOCTOR

How? You can't patch up a space-ship with human remains.

(Thought hits him)

You know, this really is ringing a bell.

- and the whole room lurches. The Doctor - what??

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Okay, that's clever. How are you powering it.

The Half-Face Man turns its terrible face to look at him.

**10.58.35**

HALF-FACE MAN

Skin.

The Doctor: what??

CUT TO:

**10:58:35 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANCINI'S - DAY**

As Gregson and his officers, staring, staring! *What the - ??? - out of the opening roof, rising and bulging like baking bread - a giant inflating balloon!*

Cutting closer on it, as it swells and stretches. Flesh-coloured, endless patches, stitched together - like Frankenstein skin!

GREGSON

(To one of his officers)

Get to the station! We need more men!

The policeman turns to go, turns back, hesitating.

POLICEMAN

What shall I tell them is happening?

Gregson looks at him - what the hell what would you say??

GREGSON

GO ON!

CUT TO:

**10:58:54 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY**

Jenny, Vastra, Strax, fighting for their lives. They surround the unarmed Clara, protecting her.

Strax is straight to Clara's side, handing her a hand weapon.

VASTRA (OS)

How many do you estimate, my dear?

JENNY

More than upstairs, about twenty, thirty?

**10.59.00**

VASTRA

The ones upstairs were mere decoys -  
these are battle-ready.

(Big grin)

I anticipate a challenge.

A blasted Droid is slowly getting to its feet.

STRAX

Don't worry my boy, we will die in glory!

CLARA

Okay...Good-o!

CUT TO:

**10:59:12 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANCINI'S - DAY**

Now, lifting out of the top the building - the metal pod containing the interior structure of the restaurant! It is slung below the giant balloon, like the cabin of a airship. Rising, rising over London.

***MUSIC DW8 1M24 ENDS***

CUT TO:

**10:59:18 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY**

***MUSIC DW8 1M25 IN***

Close on the Doctor examining some data wafers he has extracted from the controls.

THE DOCTOR

SS Marie Antoinette. Out of control  
repair Droids, cannibalizing human  
beings. I know that this is familiar,  
but I just can't seem to place it.

The Half-Face Man responds -

HALF-FACE MAN

How would you kill me?

**10.59.35**

THE DOCTOR  
Sister Ship of ...  
(Squints closer, writing is  
a bit faded)  
... the Madame De Pompadour.  
(Considers, reflects)  
Nope, not getting it.

HALF-FACE MAN  
How would you kill me?

The Doctor turns to look at him. Sad, but smiling.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, why don't you have a drink first.  
It's only human.

HALF-FACE MAN  
I am not human.

THE DOCTOR  
Neither am I.

CUT TO:

**10:59:53 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY**

STRAX  
Why can't you stay dead?? Coward!

Jenny and Vastra back to back, each fighting multiple Droids.

CUT TO:

**11:00:02 EXT. SKY OVER LONDON - DAY**

The balloon flies through the sky, past St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE DOCTOR (OS)  
What do you think of the view?

CUT TO:

**11:00:11 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY**

The Doctor and the Half-Face Man. Now sitting at a table.

HALF-FACE MAN

I do not think of it.

THE DOCTOR

I *don't* think of it. I *don't*. Droids and apostrophes, I could write a book. Except you are barely a Droid any more. There's more human in you than machine. So tell me what do you think of the view.

A silence as he goes to look out.

HALF-FACE MAN

It is beautiful.

THE DOCTOR

No it isn't. It's just faraway. Everything looks too small. I prefer it down there. Everything is huge. Everything is so important. Every detail, every moment. Every life clung to.

HALF-FACE MAN

... How could you kill me?

THE DOCTOR

For the same reason you're asking me that question. Because you don't really want to carry on. What happens to the other Droids, when you die? You're the control node, aren't you. Presumably they'll deactivate.

HALF-FACE MAN

I will not die. I will reach the promised land.

THE DOCTOR

There isn't any promised land. This is just, it's a superstition that you picked up from all the humanity you've stuffed inside yourself.

**11.01.32**

HALF-FACE MAN

I am not dead.

THE DOCTOR

You are a broom.

The Half-Face Man: cocks its head. What?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Question: if you take a broom you replace the handle, and then later you replace the brush - and you do that over and over again - is it still the same broom. Answer: no, of course it isn't. But you can still sweep the floor. Which is not strictly relevant, skip that last part.

The Half-Face Man doesn't want to hear this.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You have replaced every piece of yourself, mechanical and organic, time and time again - there's not a trace of the original you left -

And the Doctor breaks off at this point, holding up a tray to the Half-Face Man - staring -

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You probably can't even remember where you got that face from.

The Doctor now finds himself staring into the reflective surface - his unfamiliar new face. A plunging moment as he realises - everything he just said applies equally to him. Now he stares, haunted, into his own haunted face.

HALF-FACE MAN

It cannot end.

THE DOCTOR

It has to. You know it does.

The Doctor crosses to the door. He opens it, looks at London swaying far beneath his feet.

11.02.22

THE DOCTOR (OS) (CONT'D)

And there's only one way out.

HALF-FACE MAN (OS)

Self-destruction is against my basic  
programming.

The Doctor staring sadly out the door - the Half-Face slowly approaching him. To push him out?

THE DOCTOR

Murder is against mine.

The Half-Face Man lashes out with his weapon arm, to throw the Doctor from the door -

- the Doctor spins, fast, catches the arm -

Now the two of them, braced in the swaying doorway, practically nose to nose.

CUT TO:

**11:02:32 EXT. SKY OVER LONDON - DAY**

The Doctor and Half-Faced man struggle in the doorway.

CUT TO:

**11:02:35 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY**

Jenny being grabbed in the crowd by Droids.

Vastra and Jenny fighting a losing battle, the Droids pressing closer!

VASTRA

*Jenny!*

Vastra lunges after her -

CLARA

Hold your breath!! They're stupid,  
everybody hold their breath.

**11.02.45** And they all inhale.

Our four heroes, standing, breath held.

The Droids around them are turning, looking, detecting.

On Jenny. Clearly struggling.

On Clara. Moving, stepping so carefully round the Droids.

Clara, now bending to pick up the screwdriver...

JENNY (VO)

I can't do it. I can't.

VASTRA (VO)

Be brave my love. I can store oxygen in  
my lungs. Share with me!

On Jenny. She's shaking. This is hard, so hard. Vastra extends her hand to hold Jenny's and breaths air into Jenny.

Clara, screwdriver in hand, now moving towards the door.  
Sonicking.

CUT TO:

**11:03:19 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY**

The Doctor and the Half-Face Man still braced in the doorway.

HALF-FACE MAN

You are stronger than you look.

THE DOCTOR

I'm hoping you are too...this is over,  
are you capable of admitting that?

HALF-FACE MAN

Do you have it in you to murder me?

THE DOCTOR

Those people down there. They are never small to me. Don't make assumptions about how far I will go to protect them, because I've already come a very long way. And unlike you I don't expect to reach the promised land.

**11.03.51** The Half-faced man extinguishes his fire-arm.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
You realise of course, one of us is lying  
about his basic programming.

HALF-FACE MAN

Yes.

THE DOCTOR  
And I think we both know who that is.

CUT TO:

**11:04:12 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY**

On Strax -

- and for the first time we see that the great warrior is in trouble.  
Eyes tight shut, teeth bared. Don't breath, don't breath.

Can't do it, can't do it!!

He is taking his blaster from his belt, turning it around to aim  
at himself ...

Vastra, sharing oxygen with Jenny, glances over Jenny's shoulder  
-

- sees what Strax is about to do -

VASTRA

*Stop!!*

And they're all whooping for breath - because the game is up!!

All the Droids turn to look at them. *Oh God!!*

The Droids turning on our heroes. Detected!

Clara, still trying to sonic the door, the Droids closing round  
her, and - *Crack!*

**11.04.33 MUSIC DW8 1M25 ENDS**

They all freeze. The Droids just *stop!* A few of them topple over.

**11.04.36 MUSIC DW8 1M26 IN**

CUT TO:

**11:04:37 EXT. STREET BIG BEN - DAY**

Close up of Big Ben's face - The Half-Faced Man's hat falls past the clock face.

CUT TO:

**11:04:39 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY**

The Droids still frozen. A few of them topple over.

CUT TO:

**11:04:43 EXT. STREET BIG BEN - DAY**

Craning up Big Ben to see - the Half-Face Man lies on the roof, speared by the spire, clearly dead.

*MUSIC DW8 2M26 ENDS AT CUT*

DISSOLVE TO:

**11:04:49 INT. MANCINI'S RESTAURANT - DAY**

Close on the Doctor's face as he stares down, sombre. He lifts his eyes direct to camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

**11:04:54 INT. VASTRA'S CARRIAGE - DAY**

*MUSIC DW8 1M27 IN*

On Clara, she looks worried.

CUT TO:

**11:04:59 EXT. YARD BEHIND VASTRA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Strax is pulling up the carriage outside the great detective's house. Clara, Vastra and Jenny climbing out.

STRAX (OS)

Whoa.

JENNY

You're sure he'd come back here?

VASTRA

There was no trace of him in the wreckage,  
they searched all Parliament Hill.  
Where else would he go.

Where the TARDIS stood, now there is simply a square marked in the dust.

VASTRA (cont'd)

I fear we have missed him.

Clara steps forward, goes to the square in the dust, stares down at it.

Devastated.

DISSOLVE TO:

**11:05:35 INT. VASTRA'S ORCHID ROOM - DAY**

Vastra, sitting alone, contemplating, her fingers steepled in the Sherlock Holmes manner.

**11.05.39 MUSIC DW8 1M27 ENDS**

A figure, moving among the plants. Clara, now back in her modern day clothes. She hesitates nervously.

VASTRA

Please come in.

CLARA

I'm not interrupting?

VASTRA

I should be glad of your company.

Clara enters. Vastra opens her eyes, smiles at her.

**11.05.46**

VASTRA (cont'd)

What can I do for you?

CLARA

Ah well, that's exactly what I was going to ask you. Seems like I'm stuck here now. Got a vacancy?

VASTRA

You would be very welcome to join our little household. But I have it on the highest authority that the Doctor will be returning for you very soon.

CLARA

Whose authority?

VASTRA

The person who knows him best in all the universe.

CLARA

And who's that?

**11.06.16 MUSIC DW8 1M28 IN**

VASTRA

Miss Clara Oswald. Who, perhaps has, by instinct, already dressed to leave.

She indicates Clara's modern apparel.

CLARA

I just wanted a change of clothes. I don't think I know who the Doctor is any more.

**11.06.36 TARDIS FX - ENDS 11.06.46**

And distantly, from behind the house, we hear the grind of the TARDIS engines.

Vastra smiles.

VASTRA

It would seem, my dear, you're very wrong about that.

**11.06.40** Clara is already racing for the door.

VASTRA (cont'd)

Clara!

She turns.

VASTRA (cont'd)

Give him hell. He will always need it.

Clara grins. Races off.

CUT TO:

**11:06:49 EXT. YARD BEHIND VASTRA'S HOUSE - DUSK 3**

Clara comes racing out the back door -

- and there it is! The TARDIS!

CUT TO:

**11:06:57 INT. TARDIS - DAY**

Clara, stepping in, looking around. Oh!!

The 12th Doctor has clearly moved in. Crammed bookshelves now line the circular corridor above. There are blackboards covered in calculations, and the calculations spread over the walls too. There are tables, a desk, a pot of tea, a gramophone. A hat-stand crammed with coats.

And old wing armchair, with someone sitting it. The Doctor, angled away from her.

***11.07.06 MUSIC DW8 1M28 ENDS***

CLARA

You've redecorated.

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

CLARA

I don't like it.

**11.07.10**

THE DOCTOR

Not entirely convinced myself. I think there should be more round things on the walls. I used to have lots of round things; I wonder where I put them.

**11.07.16 MUSIC DW8 1M29**

He stands - and there he is, in his new costume, looking great.

He goes to the console, slams the levers - take off. Turns to Clara. Oddly formal now.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I'm the Doctor. I've lived for over 2000 years and not all of them were good. I have made many mistakes, and it's about time that I did something about that. Clara, I am not your boyfriend.

CLARA

I never thought you were.

THE DOCTOR

I never said it was your mistake.

**11.07.57 TARDIS FX - ENDS 11.08.32**

A sad smile. That was almost a confession.

Now he spins, showing off his new clothes.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

What do you think?

Clara: suppressing a smile. The vanity, it's still there.

CLARA

Who put that advert in the paper?

THE DOCTOR

Who gave you my number?

Clara: what?

**11.08.17**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

A long time ago, remember. You were given the number of a computer helpline, and you ended up phoning the TARDIS. Who gave you that number?

CLARA

The woman. The woman in the shop.

THE DOCTOR

Then there is a woman out there who is very keen that we stay together.

The thump of the TARDIS landing.

Clara glances towards the doors. Where are they?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

How do you feel on the subject?

Clara glances towards the doors.

CLARA

Am I home?

THE DOCTOR

If you want to be.

She turns to look at the Doctor. Unsure.

CLARA

I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. But I don't think I know who you are any more.

Her mobile phone is ringing.

THE DOCTOR

You'd better get that. Might be your boyfriend.

CLARA

Shut up. I don't have a boyfriend.

She's stepping from the TARDIS to answer the phone.

**MUSIC DW8 1M29 ENDS AT CUT**

CUT TO:

**11:09:19 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Clara stepping from the TARDIS, answering the phone.

Clara - cross, pulling out her phone.

CLARA

Hello? Hello...

A familiar voice.

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)

... it's me.

CLARA

Yes, it's you, who's this??

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)

It's me, Clara. The Doctor.

***11.09.34 MUSIC DW8 1M30 IN***

CLARA

... what do you mean ... the Doctor?

CUT TO:

**11:09:41 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS**

Now, the Eleventh Doctor revealed. He's just about to regenerate (Matt's side shot during Christmas.)

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR

I'm phoning you from Trenzalore.

CUT TO:

**11:09:44 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

CLARA

I don't...

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)

From before I...

CUT TO:

**11:09:46 EXT. TRENZALORE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

Clara noticing the hanging phone, from the TARDIS.

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR  
... changed. I mean it's all still to  
happen for me, it's coming. Oh, it's  
a coming...

CUT TO:

**11:09:58 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS) (CONT'D)  
Not long now.

CUT TO:

**11:10:02 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS**

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I can feel it.

CUT TO:

**11:10:06 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Clara: so upset, fighting the tears, clasps the phone to her chest.

That familiar voice, gone forever, and now speaking in her ear!

CLARA  
Why? Why would you do this.

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)  
Because I think it's going to be a  
wopper.

CUT TO:

**11:10:20 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS**

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR  
And I think you might be scared.

CUT TO:

**11:10:24 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)  
And however scared you are, Clara, the  
man you are with right now ... the man  
I *hope* you are...

CUT TO:

**11:10:30 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS**

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR  
...with, believe me he is more scared than  
anything you can imagine right now...

CUT TO:

**11:10:37 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)  
...and he needs you.

THE DOCTOR  
So who is it?

Clara glances round - to see the Twelfth Doctor, leaning out of his TARDIS.

The Eleventh Doctor hears the other voice.

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)  
Is that the Doctor?

**11.10.48**

THE TWELFTH DOCTOR  
Is that the Doctor?

On Clara, caught between both of them. Has to answer.

CLARA  
(To both of them)  
Yes.

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)  
He sounds old.

CUT TO:

**11:10:54 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS**

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR  
Please tell me I didn't get old?  
Anything but old!

CUT TO:

**11:10:57 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Clara laughing - good to hear him being silly.

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)  
I was young.

CUT TO:

**11:10:59 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS**

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR  
Oh, is he grey?

CUT TO:

**11:11:03 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Clara: silent, not sure what to say.

CLARA

Yes.

CUT TO:

**11:11:06 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS**

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR

Clara please, 'ay - for me. Help him.

The Eleventh Doctor, too tired to talk now.

CUT TO:

**11:11:14 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR (OS)

Go on.

CUT TO:

**11:11:17 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS**

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR

... and don't be afraid.

CUT TO:

**11:11:22 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

The Doctor closes the TARDIS door and walks towards Clara.

CUT TO:

**11:11:30 INT. THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR'S TARDIS**

THE ELEVENTH DOCTOR

Good-bye Clara. Miss ya.

***MUSIC DW8 1M30 ENDS AT CUT***

CUT TO:

**11:11:49 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Now with the Twelfth Doctor and Clara. He's looking at her, hard.

THE DOCTOR

Well?

***11.11.51 MUSIC DW8 1M31 IN***

CLARA

Well what?

THE DOCTOR

He asked you a question. Will you help  
me?

CLARA

You shouldn't have been listening.

THE DOCTOR

I wasn't! I didn't need to! That was  
me talking!

On Clara. That thought impacting. That strange thought!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You can't see me, can you? You look at  
me, and you can't see me. Have you any  
idea what that's like? I'm not on the  
phone, I'm right here. Standing in  
front of you. Please, just...see me!

On Clara, for a long moment as she walks to The Doctor and looks

-

- then -

- smiles.

**11.13.02**

CLARA

Thank you.

THE DOCTOR

For what?

CLARA

Phoning.

And she steps forward and hugs him so hard.

And that hug just goes on and on...

THE DOCTOR

I, I, I don't think that I'm a hugging person now.

CLARA

I'm not sure you get a vote.

THE DOCTOR

Whatever you say.

CLARA

This isn't my home, by the way.

THE DOCTOR

Sorry, I'm sorry about that, I missed.

They've parted now.

CLARA

Where are we?

THE DOCTOR

Glasgow, I think.

CLARA

AH you'll fit right in. *Scottish*

THE DOCTOR

Right, shall we er...do you want to go and get some coffee or chips or something. Or chips and coffee.

CLARA

Coffee, coffee would be great. You're buying.

**11.13.53**

THE DOCTOR

I don't have any money.

CLARA

You're fetching then.

THE DOCTOR

I'm not sure that I'm the fetching sort...

CLARA

Yeah, still not sure you get a vote.

And they're two old friends heading off into town together, and all's well with the world...

FADE TO WHITE:

**11:14:06 EXT. GARDEN - DAY.**

FADE IN

On a familiar pair of eyes - one human, one implanted in machinery - flickering open.

**11.14.09**

**MUSIC DW8 1M31 ENDS**

FX SHOT: Confused, dazed. The Half-Face man now clambering to his feet, looking around.

A beautiful, garden. A truly perfect, golden day.

MISSY

(From off)

Hello!

The HALF-FACE MAN looks round. MISSY - a woman, sitting by a fountain. Looking away from us. She's dressed a little like Mary Poppins.

MISSY (cont'd)

I'm Missy, You made it. I hope my boyfriend wasn't too mean to you.

HALF-FACE MAN

Boy ... friend ... ?

**11.14.33**

MISSY

Now did he push you out of that thing, or did you fall? I couldn't really tell. He can be very mean sometimes - except to me, of course because he loves me so much. I do like his new accent, though - I think I might keep it.

HALF-FACE MAN

Where ... am I?

MISSY

Well where do you think you are? Look around you - you made it. The promised land. Paradise!

She springs up, spreads her arms joyfully. We see her face for the first time, and she gives him a smile of utter, utter madness.

MISSY (cont'd)

Welcome to heaven!!

**11.15.18 MUSIC DW8 1M32 IN - ENDS 11.15.29**

And off she goes twirling her umbrella

CUT TO:

**11:15:28 START OF NEXT TIME & MUSIC DW8 1M33 IN**

CLARA, THE DOCTOR holding coffees

CLARA

Where the hell have you been?

THE DOCTOR

So much for I got distracted

CLARA

By what?

THE DOCTOR

We can always find something - come on.

**11.15.35 THE DOCTOR presses a button**

CLARA

Where are we going?

Inside a space ship

THE DOCTOR

Into darkness

A long round tunnel

THE DOCTOR

Welcome to the most dangerous place  
in the universe

Explosion in tunnel

Darkness

CLARA

They're coming, they're coming

THE DOCTOR sonicking

Huge explosion

WOMAN PILOT

Hurry Doctor. The enemy, they're  
right on top of us!!

MALE PILOT

I'm sorry

Flames - then we see.....the DALEKS

DALEK

Exterminate dark sun..

***MUSIC DW8 1M33 ENDS AT CUT***

CUT TO:

**11:15:57 END CREDITS IN & END TITLE MUSIC IN**

**TITLE CARD 1**

The Doctor  
PETER CAPALDI

Clara  
JENNA COLEMAN

**11:15:59 TITLE CARD 2**

Madame Vastra  
NEVE McINTOSH

Strax  
DAN STARKEY

Jenny  
CATRIN STEWART

Half-Face Man  
PETER FERDINANDO

Inspector Gregson  
PAUL HICKEY

**11:16:00 TITLE CARD 3**

Alf  
TONY WAY

Elsie  
MAGGIE SERVICE

Cabbie  
MARK KEMPNER

Barney  
BRIAN MILLER

Waiter  
GRAHAM DUFF

**11:16:02 TITLE CARD 4**

Courtney  
ELLIS GEORGE

Policeman  
PETER HANNAH

Footman  
PAUL KASEY

Missy  
MICHELLE GOMEZ

And  
Matt Smith as The Doctor

11:16:04 TITLE CARD 5

Stunt Coordinator	Crispin Layfield
Stunt Performers	Gordon Seed
1 <sup>st</sup> Assistant Director	Belinda McGinley
2 <sup>nd</sup> Assistant Director	Rob Jarman
3 <sup>rd</sup> Assistant Director	Robert Pavey
Assistant Directors	Dean Forster
Location Manager	Annabel Canaven
Unit Manager	Simon Morris
Production Coordinator	James DeHaviland
Production Management Assistant	Danielle Richards
	Gareth Jones
	Chris Thomas
	Iwan Roberts
	Iestyn Hampson-Jones
	Adam Knopf
	Sandra Cosfeld

Production Assistants	Matthew Jones
Assistant Accountant	Katie Player
Art Department Accountant	Bethan Griffiths
Script Supervisor	Simon Wheeler
Camera Operators	Steve Walker
Focus Pullers	Martin Stephens
Grip	Jonathan Vidgen
Camera Assistants	Matthew Waving
Camera Trainee	John Robinson
Assistant Grip	Cai Thompson
Sound Maintenance Engineers	Katy Kardasz
Gaffer	Gethin Williams
	Sean Cronin
	Tam Shoring
	Christopher Goding
	Mark Hutchings

11:16:08 TITLE CARD 7

Best Boy	Stephen Slocombe
Electricians	Gafin Riley
Supervising Art Director	Andy Gardiner
Art Director	Bob Milton
Stand by Art Director	Gareth Sheldon
Set Decorator	Paul Spriggs
Production Buyer	Vicki Stevenson
Prop Buyers	Amy Pickwoad
Draughtsperson	Adrian Anscombe
Prop Master	Holly Thurman
Props Chargehand	Donna Shakesheff
	Helen O'Leary
	Kartik Nagar
	Paul Smith
	Kyle Belmont

11:16:08 TITLE CARD 8

Standby Props	Liam Collins
Set Dresser	Gary Leech
Storeman	Jayne Davies
Assistant Storeman	Mike Elkins
Concept Artist	Jamie Farrell
Graphic Artist	Jamie Southcott
Standby Carpenter	Ryan Milton
Standby Rigger	Chris Lees
Practical Electrician	Christina Tom
Props Makers	Paul Jones
Props Driver	Bryan Griffiths
	Christian Davies
	Alan Hardy
	Jamie Thomas
	Gareth Fox

Construction Manager	Terry Horle
Construction Chargehand	Dean Tucker
Carpenters	John Sinnott
	Chris Daniels
	Lawrie Ferry
	Matt Ferry
	Julian Tucker
	Mark Painter
	Joe Painter
Head Scenic Painter	Clive Clarke
Scenic Painters	Steve Nelms
	Matt Weston
Construction Driver	Jonathan Tylke
Costume Supervisor	Claire Lynch
Costume Assistants	Katarina Cappellazzi
	Gemma Evans
	Charlotte Bestwick

11:16:13 TITLE CARD 10

Make-up Supervisor	Emma Cowen
Make-up Artists	Alison Webb
Casting Associate	Ann Marie Williams
Assistant Editor	Alice Purser
VFX Editor	Katrina Aust
Post Production Coordinator	Carmen Sanchez-Roberts
Dubbing Mixer	Joel Skinner
ADR Editor	Samantha Price
Dialogue Editor	A
Effects Editor	Tim Ricketts
Foley Editor	Matthew Cox
	Darran Clement
	Harry Barnes
	Jamie Talbutt

Online Editor	Geraint Pari Huws
Colourist	Gareth Spensley
Conducted & Orchestrated By	Ben Foster
Mixed By	Jake Jackson
Recorded By	Gerry O Riordan
Original Theme Music	Ron Grainer

11:10:17 TITLE CARD 12

Sontarans created by Robert Holmes  
Silurians created by Malcolm Hulke

With Thanks to the BBC National Orchestra of Wales

CASTING DIRECTOR  
ANDY PRYOR CDG

PRODUCTION EXECUTIVE  
JULIE SCOTT

SCRIPT EDITOR  
DEREK RITCHIE

POST PRODUCTION SUPERVISOR  
NERYS DAVIES

PRODUCTION ACCOUNTANT  
JEFF DUNN

11:16:18 TITLE CARD 13

SOUND RECORDIST  
DEIAN LLŶR HUMPHREYS

COSTUME DESIGNER  
HOWARD BURDEN

MAKE-UP DESIGNER  
CLAIRE PRITCHARD-JONES

MUSIC  
MURRAY GOLD

11:16:20 TITLE CARD 14

VISUAL EFFECTS  
MILK  
BBC WALES VFX

SPECIAL EFFECTS  
REAL SFX

PROSTHETICS  
MILLENNIUM FX

**11:16:22 TITLE CARD 13**

EDITOR  
WILL OSWALD

PRODUCTION DESIGNER  
MICHAEL PICKWOAD

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY  
MAGNI ÁGÚSTSSON

LINE PRODUCER  
TRACIE SIMPSON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS  
STEVEN MOFFAT  
BRIAN MINCHIN

**11:16:23 TITLE CARD 14**

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS  
STEVEN MOFFAT  
BRIAN MINCHIN

A BBC Wales (animated logo form)  
Drama Production

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MMXIV

**11:16:26 END OF PROGRAMME**