

DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 8

EPISODE 11

"Dark Water"

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 6)

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1 EXT. STREET - DAY

1

A busy street. DANNY PINK, striding along. We can hear his phone ringing, and he's pulling it from his jacket.

DANNY

Clara?

CUT TO:

2 INT. CLARA'S FLAT - DAY

2

CLARA, pacing her living room. Agitated, determined, on a mission - and it's this phone call.

CLARA

Shut up.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

3

DANNY just smiles - *CLARA!*

DANNY

Is that how we communicate now?

CUT TO:

4 INT. CLARA'S FLAT - DAY

4

CLARA

Shut up, shut up! I need to talk to you!

CUT TO:

5 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

5

DANNY

Well I'll be there in two minutes,
so -

CUT TO:

6 INT. CLARA'S FLAT - DAY

6

CLARA

Not while you're in the *room*!

CUT TO:

7 **EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY** 7

DANNY
Stupid me. The very idea!

CUT TO:

8 **INT. CLARA'S FLAT - DAY** 8

CLARA
Shut up!!

CUT TO:

9 **EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY** 9

DANNY
(Suppressing a laugh)
Okay.

CUT TO:

10 **INT. CLARA'S FLAT - DAY** 10

CLARA
Stay shut up!
(Deep breath; prepared
speech)
Things to say. Not all of them
good.

CUT TO:

10A **EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY** 10A

DANNY, hesitating to a halt at this new, more serious tone.

DANNY
Wouldn't it be better if I was
actually there?

CUT TO:

10B **INT. CLARA'S FLAT - DAY** 10B

CLARA
Everything is better when you're
here, but maybe not this.

She has paced to a place where we can see a wall covered in
Post It notes. Her prep for this phone call.

One of them just says:

Lying.

Eyes flick to:

Another Post It. Which reads:

The Doctor.

Another one:

Three months.

(There are others, scattered over the wall. *The Moon. Orient Express. Boneless.* She's going to tell him the whole story!

Her eyes now flick to the Post It at the very top -

Just SAY it.

She locks on this one for a moment. *Oh God, get on with it!!*

CLARA (cont'd)
Okay. Before all that. Before all
the stuff I've got wrong ... I love
you.

CUT TO:

10C **EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY**

10C

DANNY
I love you.

CUT TO:

10D **INT. CLARA'S FLAT - DAY**

10D

CLARA
No, not like that. Not like it's
automatic. Just how you end the
phone call, the sign off, the pat
on the head.

CUT TO:

10E **EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY**

10E

DANNY
Clara?

CUT TO:

10F INT. CLARA'S FLAT - DAY

10F

CLARA
I'll never say those words again.
Not to anyone one else ever. Those
words, from me, are yours now.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

11

On DANNY. That's brought him to a halt.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CLARA'S FLAT - DAY

12

CLARA, waiting.

CLARA
So. That's a thing.

Silence. Just traffic noise from the phone.

CLARA (cont'd)
Okay? Danny?

Silence. Traffic.

CLARA (cont'd)
There's more -
(A glance at the Post Its)
- but that's kind of the headline.

Traffic.

CLARA (cont'd)
Danny? Speak to me, Danny, this is
killing.

Traffic.

CLARA (cont'd)
Danny, I love you, and you are the
last person who is ever going to
hear me say that.

And then a tremulous voice. Sounds like a middle-aged woman -
frightened, shaken.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Hello? Hello, is someone there?

CLARA
Hello, who is this?

WOMAN (O.S.)
... I just picked up the phone, I'm
sorry. I found it.

CLARA: mounting confusion: what the hell is going on?

CLARA
I was talking to Danny Pink. Who
are you? Could you give this phone
back to Danny Pink, please?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Were you talking to the young man?

CLARA
I was talking to Danny.

WOMAN (O.S.)
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry -

CLARA
What are you sorry about, could you
just give the phone -

WOMAN (O.S.)
He was crossing the road. I found
the phone, it must have got ...
thrown ...

On CLARA: what? What?? Dawning dread on her face.

CUT TO:

13 **EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY**

13

Close on the MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN - tears streaming down her
face, DANNY's phone at her ear.

WOMAN
The car, it just came out of
nowhere. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

*
*

Craning up from her, turning round.

The traffic has jammed to a halt, there are a couple of
swerved cars in the road. A knot of people gathered round
someone lying there, trying to help. Shouts, cries - dismal,
ordinary, terrible.

CUT TO:

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

14

On CLARA, listening, shell-shocked, getting it. *Oh my God!*
Now lunging for the door -

Now, a fast, jarring series of cuts -

CUT TO:

15 **OMITTED**

15

16 **EXT. STREET - DAY** 16

- CLARA running, running. Crashing past people, not stopping,
not apologising, frantic -

CUT TO:

17 **EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY** 17

- the knot of people, the swerved cars, a police car drawing
up, an ambulance -

- panning fast round to -

- CLARA comes skidding round the corner -

Now slamming close on her face. Staring in horror. No! No!!

CLARA's POV:

The street - but not busy now. Back to normal. No swerved
cars, no crowd of people. Like it never happened at all.

Homing in now on the railings along the side of the road.
Flowers. Bouquets of flowers tied everywhere. Like there
always are when someone's died on the road...

Back to CLARA. Still standing, staring. But it's several days
later. The horror has dulled to shock.

She stands. She stares. No expression on her face.
Emotionless. Broken.

Craning up from her now, up and up ...

A phone ringing ...

DISSOLVE TO:

18 **EXT. PLANET - DAY** 18

A rocky, lunar world. Panning across rocks and mountains, as
the phone keeps ringing.

Now discovering - the TARDIS. Just parked there.

Closing on the panel on the door -

ADVICE and ASSISTANCE
Obtainable immediately.

CUT TO:

19 **INT. CLARA'S FLAT/KITCHEN - DAY** 19

CLARA - just standing there, leaning against one of the
units. Her phone lies on the counter next to her.

We can hear a murmur of voices from elsewhere in the flat - people are here to look after her.

Closer on the phone: Calling The Doctor.

CLARA's GRAN appears at the kitchen door, looking worriedly through.

GRAN
Hello, love. You all right?

CLARA looks at her. There's a dullness in her face, an eerie calm. Shock. Like she's not quite comprehending.

GRAN (cont'd)
Of course you're not.
(Coming to her, taking her hands)
Sorry, of course you're not all right.

CLARA: just staring at her. That slight puzzled frown.

GRAN (cont'd)
You know what you should do? You should cry. Let go.

CLARA
.... of what?

GRAN
It's a terrible thing. Just a terrible, terrible thing.

CLARA
It wasn't terrible.

GRAN
Clara?

CLARA
It was boring.

GRAN
... boring?

CLARA
It was ordinary. People just kept walking. With their ipods and their shopping bags. He was alive, then he was dead, and it was nothing. Like stepping off a bus.

GRAN
... He deserved better. And so did you.

CLARA
I don't deserve anything. Nobody deserves anything. But I am owed better. I am owed.

GRAN staring at her now. Slightly worried.

GRAN
... Who owes you?

And now a familiar voice, coming from the phone.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)
Clara?

CLARA glances at the phone, snatches it up.

CLARA
Hey!

CUT TO:

20 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

20

THE DOCTOR, entering the TARDIS, with the phone at his ear, the cord extending from the outside of the door.

THE DOCTOR
Sorry, I was busy. What's happening?

CUT TO:

21 **INT. CLARA'S FLAT/KITCHEN - DAY**

21

We now intercut as required.

CLARA - manner has changed. Brisk and bright, putting it on flawlessly.

CLARA
Oh, nothing. Same old, same old.

THE DOCTOR
Well, you're only human. So what I can do for you, Clara?

On CLARA's face. There is something new in her eye. Fixed and calculating ...

OPENING TITLES

22 **EXT. VOLCANO - NIGHT**

22

On the TARDIS, close on the police box windows.

Fiery light, reflected in the panes. We are somewhere terrible and hellish. Falling ash in the air, sparks are flying.

Panning down, to a prostrated figure on the ground just outside the doors.

Closer on his eyes - glimmering open.

THE DOCTOR's POV.

Outlined against flame and smoke, a WOMAN standing a few feet from him.

THE DOCTOR, blinking, focussing.

Who is that.

On the WOMAN: it's CLARA.

She's stepping forward, extending one hand, palm up.
Something glittering in her hand...

*

Closer: TARDIS keys. A handful of TARDIS keys, all identical.

THE DOCTOR, staring at her, what? What??

Now on CLARA's face, revealed by the shifting, fire-light -
dulled with grief, but not a single tear. Resolved,
implacable purpose.

THE DOCTOR
... Clara?

He's looking round - how the hell did he get here?

CUT TO:

23 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

23

FLASHBACK.

CLARA bounding through the TARDIS doors, her old self, not a trace of what just happened. THE DOCTOR is at the console.

CLARA
Start her up!

THE DOCTOR
Where are we going?

CLARA
Away.

THE DOCTOR
From?

CLARA
Just away.

THE DOCTOR
(Eyebrows)
Normally you say work, kids,
dishes, or dullness. What's
happened?

The question wrong-foots her - God, he's so quick. She's heading down the steps, avoiding his gaze.

CLARA
A volcano.

THE DOCTOR
I'm sorry?

CLARA
I've never seen an active volcano,
do you know one?

THE DOCTOR
What's good about seeing a volcano.
It's just a sort of leaky mountain.

CLARA carries on down the steps - as she goes, she passes THE DOCTOR's workbench -

- slides open a drawer, her hand flashes inside -
- close on her hand as she retrieves a TARDIS key -

CLARA
I've never seen lava.

THE DOCTOR
It's rubbish.

As she speaks, she's passing one of THE DOCTOR's spare coats, hanging on a hook(?).

CLARA
Prove it.

She's slipping her hand in THE DOCTOR's coat pocket.

CUT TO:

24

EXT. VOLCANO - NIGHT

24

CLARA's outstretched hand in the fiery light, the seven keys glittering.

Panning up to her face - eyes blazing, flame and ash storming behind her.

THE DOCTOR, sitting up, groggily. Where? What?

CLARA
It's on your neck.

THE DOCTOR, now reaching to touch his neck ...

CUT TO:

25 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

25

CLARA at one of the bookcases on the upper level - she has a copy of *The Time Traveller's Wife* by Audrey Niffenegger, and is flipping it open to reveal another key, preserved in the pages. Takes it, pockets.

CLARA
(During above)
Do you still have those sleep patch things?

THE DOCTOR, flying the TARDIS now, slamming controls.

THE DOCTOR
You can't have one.

CLARA
I'm having trouble sleeping.

THE DOCTOR
You still can't have one.

CLARA
Can I have one?

THE DOCTOR
No, you can't have one.

She's now rooting through a cupboard. She's found a little pack of what look like futuristic sticking plasters.

THE DOCTOR slams the final controls, with a flourish.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Okay, volcano, lava. What's so good about lava?

And CLARA slaps her hand against his neck.

THE DOCTOR startles at this. A frown of confusion in his eyes
...

CUT TO:

26 **EXT. VOLCANO - DAY**

26

THE DOCTOR, slowly getting to his feet.

Dazed disbelief. No words, just staring at her. What? *What??*

On CLARA. Deep breath. Been building to this. The hardest conversation of her life.

CLARA
You told me once what it would take to destroy a TARDIS key. *That's* what's so good about lava.
(Extends her hand again)
(MORE)

CLARA (cont'd)

All seven. From all your hiding places.

THE DOCTOR: staring at her. More measured now, trying to calculate what's going on.

THE DOCTOR

You've been paying attention.

CLARA takes one of the keys from her other hand, holds it up.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Clara? What are you ... don't -

A sudden movement - CLARA throws the key.

The key arcs through the air, spins glittering down, down into the hellish flow of the lava.

A terrible silence. THE DOCTOR, just staring at CLARA. Never thought she'd do that. Never, ever.

CLARA - never thought she'd do it either.

The line, crossed.

THE DOCTOR's stare, terrifying.

CLARA: steeling herself. Now it begins.

CLARA

Do I have your attention?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

CLARA

Good.

THE DOCTOR

No, Clara. Not good.

THE DOCTOR, cold, focussed. Those eyes, burning.

CLARA

Danny Pink.

THE DOCTOR

Yes?

CLARA

Is dead.

There. She said it.

A silence. Waiting for him to respond. Seems like an age.

THE DOCTOR

And?

CLARA: can he really be that cold.

CLARA
Seriously?

THE DOCTOR
And?

CLARA
And *fix it*.

Silence.

CLARA (cont'd)
Change it. Change what happened,
save him. Bring him back.

THE DOCTOR
No.

A beat. Then CLARA throws the second key into the lava.

This time THE DOCTOR doesn't even watch it fall.

CLARA
Five left. Every time you say no to
me, I will throw another key down
there. Do we understand each other?

THE DOCTOR
Well. *I* understand you. Let's not
get carried away.

CLARA
Time can be rewritten.

THE DOCTOR
With precision. With great care.
And not today. You already know
that, or you wouldn't be
threatening me.

CLARA
Did you just say no?

THE DOCTOR
If I change the events that brought
you here, you will never come here
and ask me to change those events.
Paradox loop, the time line
disintegrates - your time line. And
yes.

*
*
*

CLARA
Yes?

THE DOCTOR
Yes, I just said no. Throw the key.

CLARA
I have seen you change time, I have
seen you break any rule you want -

THE DOCTOR

I know when I can, and I know when
I can't. Throw the key.

CLARA

I know what you're doing. You're
trying to take control.

THE DOCTOR

I *am* taking control - throw the
key, do as you're told.

CLARA

No!

THE DOCTOR

Either you throw it, or you don't
throw it. Either you do as you're
told, or you stop threatening me.
There really isn't a third option.

Stony silence.

CLARA

You know what, Doctor? When it
comes to taking control, you are
out of your depth.

CLARA takes her other hand - the one with the four keys - and
throws all four down in to the lava stream.

THE DOCTOR, now stepped forward, shocked, didn't expect that.

CLARA (cont'd)

One last chance. I don't care about
rules, I don't give a damn about
paradoxes. Save Danny, bring him
back - or I will cut you off
forever from the one thing in your
life you have ever loved. Bring my
Danny back or, I swear, you will
never step inside your TARDIS
again. *Do as you are told.*

A long, terrible silence.

THE DOCTOR

No.

CLARA

Say it again so I know you mean it.

THE DOCTOR

No.

CLARA

I'm not kidding, Doctor.

*

THE DOCTOR

(Stepping forward)

Neither am I.

*

CLARA
(Faltering back - too
close to the edge)
Stay back, I mean it, I really do.
I'm going to do it.

THE DOCTOR
(Another step)
No, Clara. My Clara. I really don't
think you are ...

He's now reaching for the key in her hand -

- and in that wild terrible moment, CLARA spins and throws
the key as hard as she can.

The last TARDIS key spins and tumbles towards the lava flow,
lost forever.

A stunned and terrible moment.

CLARA, shocked and horrified at what she just did.

THE DOCTOR - grave, sombre, unreadable.

CLARA
I'd say sorry ... but I'd do it
again ...
(Sobbing now, lost)
I'd do it again.

THE DOCTOR, contemplating her. Cold, evaluating.

CLARA (cont'd)
Well. What are you doing, are you
just going to stand there? *Do you
understand what I just did??*

THE DOCTOR
Look in your hand.

CLARA
They're all gone. All the keys,
down there, gone.

THE DOCTOR
Clara, look in your hand.

CLARA
There's nothing in my hand.

THE DOCTOR
Yes. There is.

Confused, CLARA looks in her hand. Stares. What??

In the palm, sticking there, is the Sleep Patch. Exactly
where we saw her put it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
 Seriously. Did you really think
 that would work on *me*?

CUT TO:

27 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

27

FLASHBACK: Very fast, a cut to what really happened. The TARDIS, CLARA is slapping the sleep patch on THE DOCTOR's neck -

- THE DOCTOR looks confused for a moment. Then simply reaches back, grasps her hand, and detaches it from his neck.

Still gripping her wrist, he turns to face her -

- and shows where the sleep patch is still sticking to her palm.

CLARA's eyes are already flickering shut ...

CUT TO:

28 **EXT. VOLCANO - DAY**

28

Back at the volcano: THE DOCTOR reaches over, now peeling off the patch from CLARA's palm.

THE DOCTOR
 They're not sleep patches - they
 induce a dream state.

And as the patch comes off, she realises she's in -

CUT TO:

29 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

29

- THE DOCTOR and CLARA, in the exact same positions - but now in the TARDIS, where they've really been all along.

CLARA, looking round, astonished.

There are all the keys scattered on the floor.

THE DOCTOR
 Makes you very suggestible. Allowed
 the whole scenario to play out just
 as you planned. I was curious -
 about how far you would go.

*

He tosses the patch away, goes back to the controls.

CLARA
 Well. Now you know.

THE DOCTOR
Now I know.

CLARA
I love him.

THE DOCTOR
(Scans her briefly with
the sonic)
Yes, you're quite the mess of
chemicals, aren't you?

CLARA just stares at him - dulled with grief.

CLARA
So. What now?

No answer. He's busy slamming levers, flicking switches.

CLARA (cont'd)
What do we do now? You and me, what
happens now?

No answer. Slam, slam! The grind of landing. The TARDIS
engines power down.

CLARA (cont'd)
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR turns to face her. Solemn, grave. Eyes her for a
moment. Then:

THE DOCTOR
Go to hell.

On CLARA: even after all this, the words wound her. Wind her.

But she keeps it together. Gives a little nod. Okay. Can't
quite meet that burning stare, but she gets to her feet ...

CLARA
Fair enough. Absolutely fair
enough.

She starts moving towards the door.

THE DOCTOR looks cross, faintly puzzled.

THE DOCTOR
Clara ...

She turns to look at him. What?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
You asked me what we're going to do
- I told you. We're going to hell.

She stares at him. *What??*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Or wherever people go when they
die. If there is anywhere. Wherever
it is, we're going there, and we're
going to find Danny, and if it is
in any way possible, we are going
to bring him home.

She's still staring. He's back to the console, preparing it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Almost every culture in the
universe has some concept of an
afterlife - always meant to have a
look around, see if I can find one -

CLARA
You're going to *help* me?

THE DOCTOR
Why wouldn't I help you?

CLARA
But what I did - I just ... I tried
to -

THE DOCTOR
You betrayed me. You betrayed my
trust, our friendship, and
everything I've ever stood for. You
let me down.

CLARA
Then why are you helping me?

Takes a step towards her. The severity of that gaze ...

THE DOCTOR
Do you think I care for you so
little, betraying me would make a
difference?

*

And she just stares at him. Cannot speak.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Oh, stop it with the eyes. How do
you do that, it's like they
inflate!
(Tosses her a hankie)
And cut out the whining while
you're at it, we've got work to do.
This is it, Clara, one of those
moments.

*

CLARA
What moments?

THE DOCTOR
The darkest day, the blackest hour.
Chin up, shoulders back - let's see
what we're made of, you and I.

He's yanking at the controls.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Switching off the safeguards,
turning off the nav-com. Remember
we did this before? Plugged you
into the TARDIS telepathic
interface?

CLARA
We ended up all over Danny's time
stream.

THE DOCTOR
Because you and he are linked.
Strongly linked, your time-streams
intertwined. If he's anywhere at
all, that link will hold. Give me
your hands.

He's taken her to the organic interface panel of the console.
About to plunge her hands into it.

CLARA
Doctor -

THE DOCTOR
We're in a hurry.

CLARA
I don't deserve a friend like you.

He looks at her, grave.

THE DOCTOR
Clara, I'm terribly sorry about
this - but I am *exactly* what you
deserve.

He plunges her hands in.

The lights in the room change, darken. The TARDIS linking to
CLARA.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Think about Danny. Think about the
man you lost. Let it hurt. Let it
burn. But don't *bleat*. Don't ask,
why him? Why me? Forget all that.
Ask one question. Just one.

The TARDIS now juddering, heaving.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Ask, where is Danny Pink now? *Where
is he now??*

On CLARA's face - anguished, concentrating.

And now the engines start up. The disks above beginning to rotate. A terrible grinding roar from the engines - like a dreadful forbidden journey about to begin ...

THE DOCTOR looks up, fascinated.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Well! The TARDIS thinks he's
somewhere.

CUT TO:

30 **INT. NETHERSPHERE/OFFICE - NIGHT**

30

Close on DANNY PINK. His eyes, blinking, opening.

He sits back, with a start, and finds himself - where?

- he looks round.

Such an ordinary office. A table that he's sitting at, an unoccupied chair opposite.

How the hell did he get here?? There's a very simple poster on the wall. Just a circle - with another much tinier circle attached to the lower left side.

He stares at it in bemusement. He shivers, rubs his arms - cold in here.

The door is opening. A pleasant young man - SEB.

SEB
Has anyone offered you coffee?

DANNY
Um. Well, no ...

SEB
(Calling off)
Could we get some coffee along here? The good kind, we've got a new one.
(To Danny)
Five minutes, tops. Best to wait for the good coffee.

DANNY
Where am I?

SEB
Because sometimes, it's just the instant, and -

DANNY
Where am I??

SEB
Well. Big question. We try to take that one slowly.
(MORE)

SEB (cont'd)

We've been trying to contact family members, but there's so much admin...

DANNY

I wasn't here, I was -

Frowns. Remembering.

SEB

Yeah. That last thing that happened to you. It really happened, I'm afraid. But that's life. Well! Not exactly *life*, I suppose.

(Proffers some forms)

There's some forms to fill in. They might help you relax. Well, they won't, but we do need them filled in.

DANNY takes the forms. What is going on?

SEB (cont'd)

Right, important thing. Need to know. Are you being cremated? Sorry, it's a fairly urgent question.

DANNY

I don't know. Never really thought about it.

SEB

I'm putting you down as a 'yes', it's pretty much the default nowadays. God, if people only knew ...

DANNY

Knew what?

SEB

(Calling along the corridor again)

We've got a burner in No. 12 - tell them to prep.

DANNY

A burner?

SEB

Yeah, it's fine, we'll come to that.

DANNY

I don't understand where I am.

DANNY has stepped to the window. Torn back the blind -

- and *oh my God!!*

DANNY's POV. The most amazing city spread out below his window, spires and office blocks, and parks and lakes. *

Cutting closer on details. A Roman amphitheatre. Mud huts. Pyramids. Victorian slums. Steel and glass skyscrapers.

As we pan, a sickening weirdness. The city is curving up towards us, Inception style, rising up and up, until the spires and rooftops are angling to point at us.

DANNY, staring, taking it in.

Up and further up. Now distant cities, blazing grids of roads and lights and glittering rivers, like satellite photographs, but curving up and over.

As he looks and looks -

- *oh my God!!!* -

- it's like the whole surface of Earth, at night - but spread out over the *inside* of a sphere! Like a whole planet turned inside out.

DANNY - just staring and staring. SEB, joins him, still ever so polite.

SEB
Oh! Look at that!

DANNY
(Marvelling, reeling)
Yeah ...

SEB
You can see my house from here!

DANNY looks at him. *What???*

SEB (cont'd)
Yeah, sorry, probably not helpful.

DANNY
... where am I?

SEB
Um. You sort of know, don't you?
Most people kind of know, it's just hard to get traction on the concept
-

DANNY
Where am I??

SEB
... Okay. You're dead. And this is what's next.

DANNY
I'm not dead! How can I be dead??

SEB
Our sincere condolences.

DANNY
I'm standing right here!!

SEB tilts his head, sympathetically. A professional understander.

SEB
Yes, you are. Welcome to the Underworld. Also known as the Nethersphere, or the Promised Land. It's where you go when you die!

DANNY just stares. SEB understands.

SEB (cont'd)
Would you like to breathe into a bag?

And there's a sound like the greatest wheezing, groaning breath of all time, but it is of course -

CUT TO:

31 **INT. TARDIS - NIGHT**

31

- the TARDIS engines. On the rotating disks above the console, as the engines grind and heave.

Panning down, as the TARDIS crunches to a halt. The engines stop. Landed.

CLARA, stepping back from the console, pulling her hands from the sucking matter of the Interface.

CLARA
Where are we?

THE DOCTOR
Nav-com's offline - we'll have to do this old school.

He's heading for the police box doors.

CLARA
But this is where Danny is?

THE DOCTOR
Almost certainly not. It's where there's a *connection* with Danny. According to the TARDIS, this is where your time-line is most likely to re-intersect with his, and that won't do.

CLARA
What won't?

THE DOCTOR

You won't, look at you. I need skeptical, clever, critical. I don't need *mopey*. It adds *years* to your face - what if people see us together? You look like you've been *melted*.

CLARA

Are you forgetting why we're here??

THE DOCTOR

Because your boyfriend's dead, and we're going to get him back. Now buck up and give me some attitude.

A moment on CLARA - she knows he's trying to help her, in his brusque Doctory way. Plays along.

CLARA

... "re-intersect"??

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, I was under pressure.
(Cracks door)
It's dark, we'll need the torches.

CLARA

That isn't a word.

THE DOCTOR

(Handing her a torch)
See, that's great, you're being critical.

CLARA

Were you trying to sound clever or something?

THE DOCTOR

Great, much better, be critical of something else now.

They are clicking on their torches, stepping out of the TARDIS ...

CUT TO:

32

INT. 3W VAULT - NIGHT

32

Glimpsed in two shafts of flickering torch light -

- a huge, marbled chamber. Pillars and walls rising into darkness. Could be Roman. Or a lobby of a huge bank. Can't tell, too dark.

CLARA

(Looking up)
Fish tanks?

THE DOCTOR follows her look.

Extending up above, an atrium ascending into shadow. Walkways encircle it, and lining the walkways, just out of sight, there seem to be glowing tanks of water, light rippling from within - eerie, shifting.

THE DOCTOR directs his torch to one of the walls.

THE DOCTOR
In a mausoleum?

She looks:

Picked out in the beam of light, words carved into the stone walls.

REST IN PEACE.

Now panning down to words carved below.

WE PROMISE.

(The words are carved inside a large circle, exactly like the one we saw in the Nethersphere) -

CLARA
We *promise*? What does that mean?

THE DOCTOR
It means those are definitely not fish tanks.

THE DOCTOR is heading towards a set of stairs. He now runs up them to the second level.

Stops and stares at one of the tanks, the eerie, watery light rippling over his face.

Now CLARA joining him. Staring, wide-eyed.

CLARA
Why??

THE DOCTOR
I don't know.

Now, their POV.

The nearest of the tanks, set into the marble wall.

In the dim glow inside, an underwater room ... an armchair, an occasional table next to it. A pile of books, a table lamp, a scatter of every day items -

- and sitting in the armchair apparently, staring at them -

- a human skeleton.

CLARA

Okay. I'm assuming they didn't actually drown in there.

He moves to the next tank. Another underwater room. A skeleton sitting in a cane chair.

THE DOCTOR

No. They were placed, after death. These are tombs. Water tombs. Some kind of fluid, anyway.

CLARA

With chairs? Books?? Why?

THE DOCTOR

I'm open to theories.

He turns, looks across the well of atrium. Rows of water tanks. Skeletons staring back through the sickly gloom of the fluid.

CLARA

Ancient Egypt. They used to bury people with things they might need in the next life. Something like that?

THE DOCTOR

Yes, good, very good.

CLARA

You thought of that already. Stop being kind.

THE DOCTOR

No.

CLARA looking along the eerie ranks of the dead, all those hollow-eyed stares.

CLARA

Oh God, am I going to find Danny now? Is that why the TARDIS brought us here? I don't want to see him like that.

THE DOCTOR

Good point.

CLARA

What is?

THE DOCTOR

Tombs with windows! Who wants to watch their loved ones rot?

He moves on to the next tank, CLARA following him.

We hold on the skeleton in the cane chair. As THE DOCTOR and CLARA move away, it seems to move its head very slightly, as if watching them go...

Another tank. Another skeleton, in another chair.

*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
Why has someone gone to so much
trouble ... just to keep watch on
the dead?

THE DOCTOR has turned, now crosses to a little table, where a leather bound book has been placed.

As CLARA follows him - also turning her back on the tank - we cut closer on the skeleton, as it watches them go.

*

THE DOCTOR has taken the book, now opens it at random.

Blank pages. THE DOCTOR simply taps the page -

- and it illuminates, like an iPad screen.

Now four black lines forming a simple square materialise on the page.

THE DOCTOR - clearly knowing what to do - does the iPad style reverse pinch on the square.

- and the square rises from the page, a glowing cube of light. Just the tiniest flicker tells us this isn't real, it's a hologram.

It hovers in the air in front of THE DOCTOR -

- and he swipes through it with his finger.

The cube scatters into millions of tiny cubes - a silent, digital explosion.

The cubes form almost instantly a hologramatic image hovering in the air in front of them.

A large 3W symbol.

Now a (perhaps familiar) female voice.

MISSY
3W.

Words now hang in the air.

DEATH IS NOT AN END.

As the words appear, the voice again.

MISSY (cont'd)
Death is not an end.

Now the voice continues, words scrolling across in time with it.

MISSY (cont'd)
But we can we help with that.

THE DOCTOR and CLARA exchange a glance. *Help??*

MISSY (cont'd)
Ever since 3W encountered the truth
about the death experience, we have
been working towards a better life
for the deceased. At 3W, afterlife
means aftercare.

CLARA
Okay. Bit strange?

THE DOCTOR
Very. Why have the words scrolling
and a voice?
(Slightly louder)
Is it difficult?

CLARA
Is what difficult?

But THE DOCTOR isn't talking to her. He seems to be talking
to the floating hologram.

THE DOCTOR
Reading all those words back to
front?

CLARA's eyes go to the holograms. And she sees:

CLARA's POV. On the words, floating in the semi-transparent
hologram. Rolling focus, so we can see a pair of gleaming
eyes staring right at us through the hologram.

*

Someone is standing on the other side of the projection!!

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
We've come a long way. Don't be
shy.

Now, she's stepping through the hologram as it disperses
around her -

- MISSY. The woman we've seen before, suddenly right in front
of THE DOCTOR, beaming into his face.

She looks as dotty as ever. Now dressed a little like Mary
Poppins - a Victorian nanny, old fashioned, sensible,
reassuring. A clutched umbrella, a hat, and that mad, smiling
face. If Stepford made nannies this would be her. When she
speaks there is a flight-announcement, sing-song quality to
her voice, maintained throughout her conversation.

MISSY
Hello. I hope you are well. How may
I assist you with your death?

CLARA and THE DOCTOR look at each other. *Okay ...*

THE DOCTOR

Well. No immediate hurry, in fact,
we're just ... um - Clara?

CLARA

Browsing.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, browsing.

MISSY

Please take all the time you need.
At 3W, you always have the rest of
your life.

THE DOCTOR

Good. Good, good, that's good.
Isn't that good, Clara?

CLARA

Yeah. Great.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly what is 3W?

MISSY

Apologies. Clearly you have not
received the official 3W greetings
package.

THE DOCTOR

Well, no, unexpected visit -

And she steps forward to THE DOCTOR, grabs hold of him
roughly -

- *and snogs his face off!!*

It's practically assault. She slams him back against the
wall, and it goes on and on.

CLARA: staring, as only she can.

MISSY steps back, serene.

MISSY

Welcome to the 3W institute.

THE DOCTOR: not so serene, clenched up, eyes shut - the man
who doesn't like hugs has just had the ride of his life.

THE DOCTOR

Clara, is it over now?

CLARA

I think it's over, yeah.

MISSY

(Turns to Clara)

You also have not received the
official welcome package -

CLARA

I'm fine, I'm good, no worries!

THE DOCTOR

(Still recovering)

Who are you?

MISSY turns her glassy, serene stare on THE DOCTOR.

MISSY

I am Missy.

CLARA

Missy?

MISSY

Mobile Intelligent Systems
Interface. I am a multi-function,
interactive, welcome-droid -
helping you, to help me, to help
you.

THE DOCTOR

(Dabbing his mouth with a
hankie)

You're very ... realistic.

CLARA

Tongues?

THE DOCTOR

Shut up.

MISSY

I am fully programmed with social
interaction norms appropriate to a
range of visitors. Please indicate
if you'd like me to adjust my
intimacy settings.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, God, please, yes, please, do
that, do that now, yes.

CLARA

(To Missy)

Maybe just a tad, yeah.

THE DOCTOR

I need to speak to whoever's in
charge here.

MISSY

I am in charge.

THE DOCTOR

Who's in charge of you?

MISSY

I am in charge of me.

THE DOCTOR
Who ... *repairs* you? Who does your
maintenance?

MISSY
I am programmed for self-repair. I
am maintained by my heart.

She takes THE DOCTOR's hand (ohh!!) and, quite serenely
places his hand against the centre of her chest (arg!!)

Missy (cont'd)
Is everything in order?

THE DOCTOR struggles to find his voice - he's having a bad
day. *This is not a good day!!*

THE DOCTOR
... who maintains your heart?

On MISSY. Such a level, glassy stare.

MISSY
My heart is maintained by the
Doctor.

On THE DOCTOR: what?? What?? *What??* His voice, barely a
whisper now.

THE DOCTOR
... Doctor who?

MISSY: is that the ghost of a smile? When she speaks, it's
suddenly loud - like she's calling to someone.

MISSY
Dr. Chang!

A voice, from somewhere down the darkened corridor.

DR. CHANG
... who's there?

THE DOCTOR and CLARA turn to look towards the voice.

Now, emerging from a side corridor:

DR. CHANG. He's Asian, wears a smart suit. Young, geeky.

DR. CHANG (cont'd)
Hello?

*

THE DOCTOR and CLARA, looking bemusedly at him. (We don't
particularly feature it, but MISSY steps from view at this
point.)

CLARA
Um, hello.

THE DOCTOR
Hello.

CLARA
(to the Doctor)
You can probably put your hand down
now.

THE DOCTOR realises his hand is still extended in front of
him, in chest touching position, as if frozen.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah.

Quickly drops it.

DR. CHANG
So. Hey. Condolences.

CLARA
Condolences?

DR. CHANG
It's a mausoleum. It's our hello.

They just look at him.

DR. CHANG (cont'd)
Sorry. Mausoleum humour is in its
infancy. My office is this way.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, we were just talking to - um -

Looks round. No one.

DR. CHANG
Yeah, I was going to ask - is there
someone in particular?

CLARA
I'm sorry?

DR. CHANG
Is there a particular dead person
you want to talk to?

On CLARA: this impacts. Exchanges a glance with THE DOCTOR.
The mood has now completely changed. She takes THE DOCTOR's
hand - for once he doesn't resist.

CLARA
Yes. Yes, there is.

DR. CHANG
This way then?

He starts down the side corridor, through the watery,
rippling shadows.

CLARA, not making to follow, still gripping THE DOCTOR's
hand.

THE DOCTOR

You okay?

CLARA

No.

THE DOCTOR

Good. There would be something very wrong with you if you were.

He starts leading her along the walkway.

Now panning along the tanks of skeletons -

- as they all turn their heads to watch them go!!

Panning now to MISSY, also watching from the shadows.

Closer on her now:

Not the glassy-eyed stare now - ferocious concentration as she stares at THE DOCTOR, watching him go. Now she's grinning in triumph.

She looks up -

*

Panning with her look.

In the upper reaches of the darkened chamber, there's a globe hanging from the ceiling. Black, glossy, covered in millions of tiny winking lights, like endless computer displays.

Zooming in on this now, dissolving to become:

DISSOLVE TO:

33

INT. NETHERSPHERE/BALCONY - NIGHT

33

The sphere becomes another circle, with tiny circle attached - only this time it's a window cut in that shape, in a door.

SEB's face appears at the window, as he opens the door:

Wider: SEB is leading DANNY out on to a balcony - a fairly typical, brick, city centre balcony. There are a couple of weathered chairs, a wrought iron table. So far, so normal.

*

A little dazedly, DANNY - now clutching a coffee - goes to the edge of the balcony, looks out.

DANNY's POV: the weird, disorientating spectacle, the upward curving city scape, the horizons meeting overhead, where the sky should be.

SEB watches him, amiable as ever, and now clutching an iPad.

SEB

Bit of fresh air. Do you good.

DANNY
(Rubbing his arms again)
Why's everywhere so cold?

SEB
And the Wi-Fi's better out here.
Don't know why.

DANNY just looks at him. Trying to get his head round this.

DANNY
Wi-Fi?

SEB
Still a bit spotty, but basically -

DANNY
You have Wi-Fi here?? You have
iPads in the afterlife??

SEB
iPads?? We've got *Steve Jobs*!
Listen, another big question. Have
you ever killed anyone?

DANNY, struggling to take this all in - ignores that question. Goes to the little wall, looks out over the impossible vista.

DANNY
This is surreal.

Sympathetic, SEB goes to stand next to him. Puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

SEB
Imagine embryos had telephones.

DANNY
Really not helping.

SEB
No, go with me. Imagine babies in
wombs could talk to other babies in
other wombs. What would they say?
What would they think about life,
if they talked among themselves.

DANNY
I really don't know.

SEB
They'd think life was nine months
long. And then *boom*, a trapdoor
opens, out you fall, gone forever.
Never hear from those guys again.
Nothing at the end of the cord.

DANNY
... Okay.

SEB
It's not really an afterlife, this.
It's just more life than you were
expecting.

SEB has stepped over to the circular window in the door,
points to it. *

SEB (cont'd)
You see these everywhere, yeah?

DANNY
Yeah.

SEB
The circles of life. You thought
life was just this big -
(Points to the tiny
circle)
- but really it's *this* big.

DANNY
But what *is* it? What is this place -
where did it come from, what's it
for?? What are we inside?

He looks up and around at the insane, eye-twisting worldscape
all around him.

SEB
Don't know. Nobody knows that.

DANNY
How can nobody know??

SEB
The last universe you lived in -
where did that come from? What was
that for? What were you inside back
then?

DANNY
... I don't understand.

SEB
Nobody does. All I can tell you is
that life goes on. It's longer than
you think, and there still isn't a
manual.

DANNY
... Why did you ask me if I'd
killed anyone?

SEB
Before you were a teacher, you
spent some time as a soldier.

DANNY
Yes. So?

SEB

Any regrets? Bad memories?

And we've seen that look on DANNY's face before -

FLASHBACK: EP 2. Fleming, his hand up, asking a question:

FLEMING

Ever killed anyone who wasn't a soldier?

DANNY blinks, like the memory impacts on him. Turns away.

DANNY

Any of your business?

SEB

Yes.

FLASHBACK: Now we're in some ruined, middle-eastern town in the blazing sun. Three soldiers racing through the rubble, firing, being fired on.

Close on one of them: it's DANNY. Younger - right now, terrified.

Again, DANNY seems winded by the memory. Like it physically hurts.

SEB (cont'd)

Sorry if I've triggered something.
Memory flashes can be very
impactful in the early stages -

DANNY

Why?

SEB

Why what?

FLASHBACK: The three soldiers racing through the rubble-strewn streets. From all around, gunfire.

*
*

On DANNY: swinging round with his gun, frightened -

*

- where are they coming from next?? -

- a noise from behind him -

*

- he spins round, there's a hut -

*

- now he's yelling, lunging towards it with his gun -

Again, DANNY has felt the impact.

DANNY

Why is it any of your business?

SEB

We've had a request to meet you.
Any idea who that would be from?

FLASHBACK: DANNY comes crashing through the door into the hut, yelling, spraying the room with machine gun fire -

*
*

SEB (cont'd)
It's been given a priority - that usually means -

DANNY
Means what?

FLASHBACK: DANNY, not firing, just staring. In horror. In terrible horror at what he's done!

SEB
Well, anyway - we've arranged a meet-up.

DANNY finally finds his voice.

DANNY
When?

SEB turns, calls to the door.

SEB
Come in.

The door starts to open ...

On DANNY, staring at the door.

FLASHBACK: DANNY staring. Horror.

DANNY staring. Almost the same expression. Looking at the same person.

SEB (cont'd)
So. I guess you remember him, yeah?

Wider: a brown skinned BOY of about ten or eleven is looking up at DANNY. Solemn. Maybe even a little afraid.

And DANNY is just staring at the BOY. A tear starts to trickle from the corner of his eye, just as in ep 2.

Close on his eye, the tear trickling from the corner of his eye -

- which becomes -

DISSOLVE TO:

- the circle and the tiny circle, this time on a pair of lift doors (roughly, the eye becomes the circle, the tear becomes the tiny circle.) -

- as the doors split open, to reveal -

Another water-filled tank. This time, a skeleton enthroned on a big chair, just staring right at us.

DR. CHANG leading THE DOCTOR and CLARA from a lift, into:

*

DR. CHANG's office. It's large and opulent, no windows. Sleek, hi-tech, lots of equipment, humming and beeping. Apart from the skeleton, centrally placed in the tank, this is where you might impress rich clients with your wealth and technology.

DR. CHANG
Come in, come in.
(To Clara)
Going to need to take a reading off
you.

CLARA
A reading?

He's pressed a switch on his desk. On the wall a little camera-like device, swivels to point at CLARA - the lens glows.

CLARA doesn't notice.

DR. CHANG
It won't hurt.

CLARA
What won't?

THE DOCTOR
(Examining the skeleton in
the tank)
How does the body keep its
integrity - why isn't it just a lot
of bones, floating about?

DR. CHANG
Well that's interesting actually.

As we continue to hear DR. CHANG's voice we:

CUT TO:

35

INT. 3W VAULT - DAY

35

DR. CHANG's voice now echoing round the vast dark chamber, as if someone is listening in on him.

*

*

We are panning along the tanks of skeletons.

DR. CHANG
(V.O.)
Each body is encased in a support
exoskeleton.

THE DOCTOR
(V.O.)
Why can't I see the exoskeleton?

CLARA
(V.O.)
An *invisible* exoskeleton?

DR. CHANG
(V.O.)
It's only invisible in the water -
there's a specially engineered
refraction index in the fluid, so
we can see the tank resident,
unimpeded by the support
mechanisms.

THE DOCTOR
(V.O.)
So each of those skeletons is
inside something.

During the above, we have now panned along the tanks to
MISSY, listening, amused and grinning.

She absently extends a hand, and places it flat against the
glass of the tank next to her.

Close on her hand, flattened against the tank - as a skeletal *
hand matches her on the other side of the glass.

CLARA
(V.O.)
Are you serious? X-Ray water??

DR. CHANG
(V.O.)
It's so cool! Look at this!!

CUT TO:

36 **INT. DR. CHANG'S OFFICE - DAY**

36

DR. CHANG has grabbed a small tank of water - about the size
of a small fish tank - and placed it on the coffee table
between them. It is open-topped.

DR. CHANG
We call it dark water.

He pushes his sleeved arm into the water. And an impossible
thing happens. Below the water his arm appears naked - even
his watch disappears. But above he's wearing a jacket and
shirt.

He now withdraws his arm - his sleeve, now soaking, is
visible again.

DR. CHANG (cont'd)
Only living organic matter can be
seen through it.

THE DOCTOR
Living organic matter?

THE DOCTOR glances at the skeleton in the tank.

DR. CHANG
(Leering)
I keep saying, they should put this
stuff in swimming pools.

When THE DOCTOR looks back to CHANG, we notice the Skeleton
turn its head very slightly to look at him - no one registers
this.

THE DOCTOR
Why?

DR. CHANG
Think about it.

THE DOCTOR
I am thinking about it. Why?

CLARA
Doesn't matter.
(To Chang)
3W. What kind of name is that -
what does it mean?

DR. CHANG
Well. You know, don't you? You're
here on business, or they wouldn't
have let you in ...

CHANG tails off, starting to realise he maybe should have
been more careful.

DR. CHANG (cont'd)
(Tails off - oh!)
Sorry. Should have checked. Who are
you?

THE DOCTOR
Thought you'd never ask. Sort out
your security protocols, they're a
disgrace.

THE DOCTOR proffers the psychic paper. DR. CHANG takes it,
studies it.

THE DOCTOR now seats himself on a low sofa - taking charge.

DR. CHANG
Another government inspection? So
soon?
(Closer look at the paper)
Why is there all this swearing?

*

THE DOCTOR
(Snatching the paper back)
I have a lot of internalised anger.
What does 3W stand for?

DR. CHANG
Well. The three words.

CLARA, joining THE DOCTOR on the sofa. Also taking charge.

CLARA
What three words?

DR. CHANG
Seriously? You don't know?

THE DOCTOR
Never mind what we know, and what
we don't - just answer our
questions.

DR. CHANG
Because people who don't know, when
they hear about this, they can
freak out.

THE DOCTOR
We won't freak out.

DR. CHANG, still hesitating. He looks at CLARA - manner so
different - a man about to impart the worst of news.

DR. CHANG
If you've had a recent loss. This
might be - this *will* be disturbing -

On CLARA: haunted.

THE DOCTOR
She's fine.

CLARA
(To the Doctor)
Speak for me again, and I'll detach
something from you.
(To Chang)
I'm fine.

CHANG gives a little nod. Turns to the desk, presses a
control.

A television screen rising out of the desk. It is switched
on, but just playing white noise.

DR. CHANG
You know how people are scared of
dying. Like, *everybody*.

THE DOCTOR
Of course they are. It's the most
fundamental fear in the universe.

DR. CHANG
They'd be a lot more scared. If
they knew what it was really like
...

CUT TO:

37 **INT. NETHERSPHERE/BALCONY - NIGHT**

37

DANNY and the BOY, sitting opposite each other on the chairs,
the table between them. SEB hovers. Awkward silence, to say
the least.

The BOY silent and scared. DANNY traumatised, not sure what
he can say.

DANNY
.... So. You okay?

The BOY. Silent.

DANNY (cont'd)
I don't know what to say to you, I
don't ...

The BOY - just silent.

*

DANNY (cont'd)
I'm sorry.

Nothing.

DANNY (cont'd)
That's not enough. I know that's
not enough, I just -

He reaches for the BOY's hand, which rests on the table top -
- and the BOY snatches his hand away, so fast. So frightened.

DANNY (cont'd)
It's okay. I won't hurt you - I
really won't hurt you.

But the BOY just stares, visibly alarmed, breathing hard.

Instinctively, DANNY gets up to go to him -

- and the BOY leaps back, over-toppling the chair, lunging
for the door -

DANNY (cont'd)
No, please, *listen!!*

The BOY stops, looks up at him.

DANNY (cont'd)
Why would you think I'd hurt you?

The BOY stares at him. Seriously???

DANNY, realising the foolishness of what he just said, takes another step forward -

- and the BOY takes off, battering through the door, racing down a long, long corridor.

DANNY, now lunging to follow.

SEB, grabbing his arm, stopping him.

SEB
Probably best not, eh?

DANNY, almost about to throw him off - relents.

DANNY
What's his name? I never knew his name.

SEB
We don't know. Doesn't talk much.

DANNY
... Why did he want to see me?

SEB
Well. You would, wouldn't you?

DANNY considers. Moves away from SEB, lost in his own thoughts. Looking out over the impossible vista.

And from somewhere, a terrible screaming. It goes on and on.

DANNY
What the hell is that?

SEB
Sounds like somebody left their body to science.

DANNY stares incredulously at him. *What??*

SEB (cont'd)
Okay. So it's probably time to explain why you're always feeling cold...

CUT TO:

The television playing out white noise...

DR. CHANG
Okay. White noise off the telly. We've all heard it. A few years ago, Dr. Skarosa, our founder -
(He nods to the skeleton in the tank)
- did something unexpected.
(MORE)

DR. CHANG (cont'd)

He played that noise through a translation matrix of his own devising. This is a recording of what he heard.

He flicks a switch. Now the white noise, becomes a babble of voices. Too many to make out distinctly.

CLARA

Okay. People, voices.

THE DOCTOR

So what?

DR. CHANG

Over time, Dr. Skarosa became convinced these were the voices of the recently departed - in the ether - or something - he believed it was a telepathic communication from the dead.

THE DOCTOR

Why? Was he an idiot?

DR. CHANG

He was able to isolate some of the voices - hear what they were saying -

THE DOCTOR

So. An idiot then.

CLARA

Shut up, Doctor.

DR. CHANG has paused the recording.

DR. CHANG

What I'm about to play you, will change your life and not for the better. These are the three words which caused Dr Skarosa to set up institutes, like this one, all over the world, to protect the dead. If you'd rather not hear these words, there's still time.

CLARA's face haunted.

THE DOCTOR: dismissive.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, hurry up or I'll hit you with my shoe.

DR. CHANG nods, solemn. Presses the switch. We now hear three words, on a loop, round and round and round - an anguished voice:

MAN'S VOICE

*Don't cremate me ... Don't cremate
me ... Don't cremate me ...*

CLARA staring, starting to get it. Oh my God!

DR. CHANG

There is one simple, horrible
possibility that has never occurred
to anyone, throughout human
history.

CLARA

Don't say it!

DR. CHANG

The dead remain conscious.

The voice still looping. *Don't cremate me ... Don't cremate
me ... Don't cremate me ...*

DR. CHANG (cont'd)

The dead are fully aware of
everything that is happening to
them. They can't move or speak, but
they can still *feel*. As we bury
them. Cremate them. As they lie on
the autopsy table...

CLARA

Oh, my God!

THE DOCTOR

Clara, no!

He leaps to his feet, confronts DR. CHANG.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

This - all of this - is a *fake*!

CUT TO:

39 **INT. NETHERSPHERE/BALCONY - NIGHT**

39

SEB and DANNY seated. SEB is filling in DANNY on the grim
truth.

SEB

You see your mind is here - your
soul, whatever you want to call it -
and you're in your new body, in
your new world. But you're still
connected to your old body in the
old world. You're still going to
feel what it feels.

DANNY

That's why I'm cold.

SEB
They're keeping you in a cold
place, yeah, but that's not the
headline.

(A beat: hesitant)
You did say you were being
cremated?

On DANNY's face: *what??*

Now, a beeping from SEB's iPad.

SEB (cont'd)
Hang on, sorry, let me get this.

DANNY
Sorry. Sorry, you're trying to tell
me -

But SEB is staring at his iPad.

SEB
Oh, wow! That's rare. This *never*
happens.

DANNY
What now? What never happens??

SEB
You've got a call.

DANNY
A call??

SEB
From the other side.

DANNY
Meaning??

SEB
Do you know someone called Clara
Oswald?

CUT TO:

40 **INT. DR. CHANG'S OFFICE - DAY**

40

On the camera like unit we saw focussed on CLARA earlier. It
is beeping, exactly like SEB's iPad.

THE DOCTOR, striding up and down furious.

THE DOCTOR
Fakery. All of it, a con, a racket.

DR. CHANG
I promise you, this is not a con.

CLARA
What's that beeping?

DR. CHANG looks round - sees the beeping camera-like gadget.
Steps towards it, a little eagerly.

THE DOCTOR
Never mind the beeping, who cares
about beeping -

CUT TO:

41 **INT. 3W VAULT - DAY**

41

Again, we hear The Doctor's voice echoing round the vault,
see MISSY listening. Grinning, because The Doctor is making
such a huge mistake!!

THE DOCTOR
(V.O.)
The dead are dead! They're not
talking out of your televisions,
they're just gone. All these poor
souls, in those tanks down there,
I'm sorry, but they're *just dead!!*

MISSY claps her hands.

Cutting round the tanks.

The skeletons stand!!

Each walks to the front, stands at the glass, as if waiting.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)
(V.O.)
And they're not coming back!!

MISSY
(Laughs)
And now we *begin!!*

CUT TO:

42 **INT. DR. CHANG'S OFFICE - DAY**

42

CLARA has rounded on THE DOCTOR - angry, tearful.

CLARA
Why are you saying that!! You
brought me here. The *TARDIS* brought
me here.

THE DOCTOR
I was trying to show you. I'm
sorry, but I needed you to know.
When we lose people, we just lose
them. They don't come back.

And suddenly, impossibly, Danny's voice. Crackling, like a bad Skype connection.

DANNY

(V.O.)

Clara? Clara, is that you??

CLARA spins, looks at the camera-like device - the voice is coming from here.

THE DOCTOR's face. *What???*

CLARA

Danny??

CUT TO:

43

INT. NETHERSPHERE/BALCONY - NIGHT

43

DANNY, standing with the iPad, from which Clara seems to be speaking.

CLARA

(V.O.)

Danny, I can hear you. Is that you,
please say that's you ...

Her voice now fading into static.

DANNY

That was her!! That was Clara!!

SEB

Yeah, you're really lucky - it
hardly ever happens.

DANNY

Where did she go??

CUT TO:

44

INT. DR. CHANG'S OFFICE - DAY

44

DR. CHANG, working at the camera device.

DR. CHANG

Just lost the signal, but I can
track it back, I'm pretty sure ...

CLARA

I don't understand. What's
happening?

DR. CHANG

(To Clara)

We've been scanning you
telepathically since you came in -
you said you wanted to speak to
someone who'd passed.

(MORE)

44 CONTINUED:

44

DR. CHANG (cont'd)
And we've found you a match in the
Nethersphere.

*

THE DOCTOR unsure now ...

THE DOCTOR
But this isn't possible. The dead
don't come back.

And behind them - unseen by any of them, as they concentrate
on the camera device - the skeleton in the tank is getting to
its feet. Moving to the glass, just like the others
downstairs.

CUT TO:

45 **INT. NETHERSPHERE/BALCONY - NIGHT**

45

DANNY
Get her back!!

SEB
(Scrolling on the iPad)
I'm trying!!

CUT TO:

46 **INT. 3W VAULT - NIGHT**

46

Close on MISSY's hand as she raises it in the air. Snaps her
fingers.

MISSY
Human kind! Bring out your dead!

Wider: all the skeletons in the tanks raise their right hands
-

- they seem to be reaching for something high inside the
tank.

Close on a skeletal hand, clicking a switch.

Close on a small panel in the floor of the tank, sliding
open.

Cutting round the tanks -

- *bubbles streaming as the tanks start to drain!!*

CUT TO:

47 **INT. DR. CHANG'S OFFICE - DAY**

47

CLARA and THE DOCTOR.

CLARA
It was him, it was his voice.

THE DOCTOR, unsure.

THE DOCTOR
If they scanned you telepathically,
they could've lifted a voice print,
it could still be fake.

DR. CHANG still working at the camera-like device.

DR. CHANG
Getting him back - very nearly!!

DANNY
(V.O.)
Clara? Clara?

DR. CHANG
Here he comes.

DANNY
(V.O.)
Can you hear me?

CLARA
I can hear you. Danny? Can you hear
me?

DANNY
(V.O.)
Clara! Oh, my God, *Clara!!*

CLARA
(Quietly: to the Doctor)
What do I do?

DANNY
(V.O.)
Who are you talking to?

CLARA
Hang on, just a moment.

THE DOCTOR
(Quietly to Clara)
Question him. Ask him questions
only he'd know the answer to - be
sure..
(Point to Chang)
You - with me.

He's striding towards the lift.

DANNY
(V.O.)
Who's that? Who's that talking?

CLARA
Where are you going?

THE DOCTOR
I need to check those tanks. I'm
missing something.

DANNY
(V.O.)
Clara?

THE DOCTOR
Skeptical and critical, remember?
Be strong - even if it breaks your
heart.

CLARA nods - on the case!!

DR. CHANG
(Getting into the lift)
Connection's stabilised - should be
okay.

CHANG and THE DOCTOR now in the lift.

THE DOCTOR
Who would harvest dead bodies - I
feel like I'm missing something
obvious.

And the lift doors slide shut on the two of them.

Reveal moment!! The circle symbols are on both doors of the
lift, mirror images of each other - the large circles with
the smaller circles attached, on the lower, outer sides.

And now we see what they resemble the most!!

The teardrop eyes of CYBERMAN!!

From off we can hear CLARA's voice.

CLARA
Danny? Are you there?

DANNY
(V.O.)
Yeah. I'm here.

Panning from the lift doors with their Cyber eyes, to the
tank. The skeleton in the tank also it's hand raised to the
internal switch, and bubbles stream as the water drains.

Cutting inside the tank. The water level has dropped a few
inches, so that the hand on the switch is above the water ...

... below the water we see a skeletal arm ...

... above the water see the steel gauntlet of a CYBERMAN!!

CUT TO:

48 **INT. NETHERSPHERE/BALCONY - NIGHT**

48

DANNY with SEB. He's talking on the iPad. We hear Clara's voice.

 CLARA
 (V.O.)
 Danny ... I'm sorry ... but I'm
 going to have to ask you some
 questions.

 DANNY
 Questions??

CUT TO:

49 **INT. 3W VAULT - NIGHT**

49

DR. CHANG and THE DOCTOR emerging from the lift in to the 3W *

Vault.

 DR. CHANG
 Oh my God! The tanks, they're
 draining. They're not supposed to
 do that.

Panning round: the tanks are draining, but not far enough to
reveal the CYBERMEN - they still look like skeletons.

 THE DOCTOR
 And all your dead people are
 standing - don't you think you
 skipped the headline?

THE DOCTOR, not stepping forward to the tanks -
- but then stepping from the shadows, is MISSY.

She levels a small, ornate device at the two of them. By the
way she holds it, it's clearly a weapon.

 MISSY
 Now, now, children. Naughty,
 naughty!

 THE DOCTOR
 ... Dr. Chang, I think your welcome
 droid has developed a fault.

 DR. CHANG
 That's not a droid. That's my boss.

 MISSY
 (Coquettes at the Doctor)
 You know - I might have been guilty
 of a teensy, little fibette.

CUT TO:

50 INT. NETHERSPHERE/BALCONY - NIGHT / INT. DR. CHANG'S OFFICE -50
DAY

Intercutting.

DANNY pacing, agitated.

DANNY
Clara, it's me. I swear. I swear on
anything it's me.

CLARA: grim, determined.

CLARA
The very first restaurant you took
me to - that first date. What was
it called?

DANNY
Clara, it's *me*!!

CLARA
Then tell me the name of the
restaurant.

On DANNY: oh!

DANNY
Oh God!

CLARA
What was it?

DANNY
... I can't remember.

CUT TO:

51 INT. 3W VAULT - DAY 51

The tanks, the water level dropping. We can just see the tops
of the silver heads.

MISSY has her weapon levelled at DR. CHANG.

MISSY
Dr. Chang, I really liked working
with you. Honestly. I've enjoyed
every day of it.

DR. CHANG
I'm sorry?

MISSY
I've even got a little photograph
of you looking so sweet, and I'm
always going to keep it.

DR. CHANG
... Are you going to kill me?

MISSY

Let's not dwell on horrid things.
This is going to be our last
conversation, and I'm the one who's
going to have to live with that.

DR. CHANG

Please don't kill me.

MISSY

Say something nice.

DR. CHANG

Please, please, please. I don't
want to die. You're going to kill
me, aren't you?

MISSY

Say something *nice!*

DR. CHANG

Please ...

MISSY

Dr. Chang, I've got all day, and
I'm not going to kill you until you
say something nice!

DR. CHANG summons all his reserves. One last chance.

DR. CHANG

It has been an absolute pleasure
working with you on this project,
and I truly believe that you will
never be able to find it in your
heart to murder me.

MISSY

(Thrilled)

Oh, that was lovely. That was
perfect. Big kisses.

She fires. DR. CHANG explodes into ash and flame, and
disintegrates.

MISSY now levels the gun at THE DOCTOR.

MISSY (cont'd)

Be with you in a moment - I'm
feeling a bit emotional.

But THE DOCTOR isn't even looking at her. He's looking round
the room, at the tanks -

- because revealed by the descending water are the heads of -

THE DOCTOR

Cybermen!!

CUT TO:

52 INT. NETHERSPHERE/BALCONY - NIGHT / INT. DR. CHANG'S OFFICE -52
DAY

Behind CLARA, unseen by her, another CYBERMAN is being slowly revealed in the tank.

CLARA
My mother's name.

DANNY
I don't know, I never met her.

CLARA
She's dead.

DANNY
I know she's dead.

CLARA
But I told you her name.

DANNY
I don't remember!!

CUT TO:

53 INT. 3W VAULT - DAY 53

THE DOCTOR, racing from tank to tank, as the skeletons reveal their true Cyber-form.

THE DOCTOR
They're Cybermen - all of them!
We've got to stop them getting out!

MISSY
Now who's missing the headline?

She's pointing up. THE DOCTOR follows her look.

The black globe, hanging from the ceiling, the lights racing and flickering across its surface.

MISSY (cont'd)
The Nethersphere. It's ever so funny - the people living inside that think they've gone to heaven.

CUT TO:

54 INT. NETHERSPHERE/BALCONY - NIGHT / INT. DR. CHANG'S OFFICE -54
DAY

CLARA
My birthday. When is it?

DANNY
November the 23rd. There, I got
something right. That's right,
isn't it?

CLARA
Pretty basic information.
Tell me something only you could
tell me. Say something only you
could say.

On DANNY - what the hell does he say!!

CUT TO:

55

INT. 3W VAULT - DAY

55

THE DOCTOR, staring up at the globe, recognising it.

THE DOCTOR
That's a matrix data-slice. A
Gallifreyan hard drive.
(Looks at her, thunder-
struck)
Time Lord technology.

MISSY
Imagine you could upload dying
minds to that? Edit them. Rearrange
them. Get rid of all those boring
emotions. Ready to be re-
downloaded. Meanwhile, you upgrade
the bodies.

She gestures round to the all the CYBERMEN, now half-
revealed, starting to move.

MISSY (cont'd)
Upload the mind, upgrade the body.
Instant army. Cybermen from
cyberspace - why has no one thought
of this before??

He's looking at her in mounting horror - and suspicion.

THE DOCTOR
How did you get hold of Time Lord
technology? Who are you?

MISSY
You know who I am. I told you. You
felt it. Surely you did.

She places a hand on her chest.

*

FLASHBACK: MISSY, placing THE DOCTOR's hand on her chest.

*

THE DOCTOR, remembering what he should have noticed before.

THE DOCTOR
Two hearts.

MISSY
And both of them yours.

THE DOCTOR
You're a Time Lord.

MISSY
Time Lady - I'm old fashioned.

THE DOCTOR
Which Time Lady?

MISSY
The one you abandoned, Doctor. The
one you left for dead. Didn't you
ever think I'd find a way back?

THE DOCTOR looking round at the CYBERS again.

THE DOCTOR
Clara! I've got to get Clara!

MISSY
Oh, Clara, Clara, Clara! I might
shoot you in a jealous rage -
wouldn't that be sexy?

He's raced round the corner to the lift, but the door won't
open. *

MISSY (cont'd)
I've turned the lift off, though.

THE DOCTOR
I presume you have stairs.

He's racing around, looking for another exit. There's a door
right next to the lift - emergency stairs?? *

MISSY
Well I'm not a Dalek!

THE DOCTOR, sonicizing the door. Now crashing through it - *

CUT TO:

56 **EXT. CITY - DAY**

56

Close on THE DOCTOR, stepping - astonished - into broad
daylight.

What?? MISSY now joining him.

MISSY
Oh dear, Doctor. Didn't you realise
where you were?

Super fast zoom out from THE DOCTOR -
- he's standing in the heart of modern day London!
And the building he just exited is St Paul's Cathedral!!

CUT TO:

57 INT. NETHERSPHERE/BALCONY - NIGHT / INT. DR. CHANG'S OFFICE -57
DAY

DANNY, despairing. No idea what to say.

DANNY
I love you.

CLARA
No. Sorry, but no. Anyone could say
that. Anyone would *know* to say
that. Prove to me that you're
Danny.

DANNY
How??

CLARA
"I love you" means nothing right
now. Not till I know who's talking.
Say something only Danny could say
...

DANNY
Clara ...

Such despair in his voice. It's getting to her now, but she
must be strong, like THE DOCTOR said.

CLARA
Danny, if that's you, wherever you
are, I will come for you. Whatever
it takes, I will be with you again,
I swear.

DANNY
No, you won't. You're not coming
here.

CLARA
Nothing will stop me, Danny -
nothing in the world. Soon as I
know it's you.

DANNY
There's only one way to come here,
and you're not doing that.

CLARA
I'll do anything, Danny, anything.
Just prove it's really you.

On DANNY. The horror crashing in. The impossibility of this.

DANNY

... You have a life, Clara. You have a whole life to live. You have to stay where you are.

CLARA

No. I have to be with Danny Pink.

DANNY

I love you.

CLARA

Don't say that. Say that again, and I swear, I'll switch this thing off.

DANNY

You can't come here. You have to live. That's the way it has to be.

CLARA

Say something only Danny could say. Say something *true*.

On DANNY - the full sickening impact of what he has to do now. Holding back the tears. Bracing himself.

DANNY

Clara?

CLARA

Yes?

Has to say it. No choice. The truth - but the very thing that will send her away forever.

*
*

DANNY

I love you.

On CLARA. Her face hardens. He's a fake!! She slams a switch on the device and the light goes out.

CUT TO:

DANNY sobbing, face in his hands. Lost her. Lost her forever.

On SEB, watching. There's something new in his face - calculation. He takes the iPad from DANNY, starts scrolling to new page.

SEB

These emotions - they're terribly difficult. But, you know, we've got a thing for that. We can help with all those difficult feelings.

He slides the iPad back over to DANNY.

SEB (cont'd)
Just press this.

The iPad page. A button with the word DELETE on it. Blinking.

SEB, now standing.

SEB (cont'd)
I'll leave you to make a decision.

We hear SEB leaving -

- and DANNY stares at the blinking word. His hand hesitates towards it ...

CUT TO:

59 **INT. DR. CHANG'S OFFICE - DAY**

59

CLARA, sobbing her heart out. Collects herself. Turns -

- and stares!!

A CYBERMAN now fully revealed in the tank, almost ready to emerge.

She launches herself at the lift doors, hammers on them.

CLARA
Doctor! Doctor!!

CUT TO:

60 **EXT. ST. PAUL'S - DAY**

60

THE DOCTOR, racing around, yelling at people.

THE DOCTOR
Get away from here! All of you,
now, just run!!

MISSY is seated on a low wall, watching him with amusement.

MISSY
Sorry everyone, another ranting
Scotsman in the streets. I didn't
even know there was a match on.

*
*
*

THE DOCTOR
You, all of you, go, run!!

She joins him, takes his arm.

MISSY
Stop shouting, love. Stop making a
fuss, it's too late.
(MORE)

MISSY (cont'd)

All the graves of planet earth are
about to give birth!

Now gales of laughter, people cheering.

Emerging from St Paul's, the CYBERMEN!! Now advancing towards
us (like in that famous sixties photograph, from The
Invasion.)

People are videoing them on their iPhones. Clapping,
cheering.

THE DOCTOR, staring in horror.

MISSY steps up behind him, wraps her arms around him, nuzzles
at his neck.

MISSY (cont'd)

Do you know the key strategic
weakness of the human race? The
dead outnumber the living!

THE DOCTOR

Who are you?

MISSY

You know who I am. I'm Missy.

THE DOCTOR

Who's Missy?

MISSY

Oh, come on, keep up. Short for
Mistress, obviously. Well! I
couldn't go on calling myself the
Master, now could I?

On THE DOCTOR, as that impacts!!

Now on the CYBERMEN, marching towards us.

Cutting closer and closer.

Now super-close-up on the CYBERMAN eye, with its tear drop,
and we hear the cliffhanger scream -

- and by all that's rational, that should be the end of the
episode.

But then we cut to black. And silence. And then a child's
voice.

BOY

No. No, don't!

Fading back on ...

CUT TO:

61 **INT. NETHERSPHERE/BALCONY - NIGHT**

61

DANNY, looking up from the iPad. To see:

The little BOY from earlier, standing just inside the doors.
Staring at him, tearful, afraid.

DANNY stares at him. Not quite understanding, but aware that
he's being offered a second chance.

He reaches to take the BOY's hand.

On the hands linking, we cut to black, and the words thumping
in.

TO BE CONTINUED.