

DOCTOR WHO

SERIES 8

EPISODE 7

"Return To Sarn"

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 4)

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1 **EXT. LUNAR ORBIT - DAY** 1

The Moon, half in sunlight, half in shadow, hanging in space.

CAPTION: The Moon, 2049. *

Travel down on to the surface, faster and faster, past crags, mountains, dark shapes:

CUT TO:

2 **INT. INTERNATIONAL MOONBASE - DAY** 2

Tight on CLARA - she looks up at us. She's wearing a space-suit (without a helmet). She's scared.

CLARA
Hello, Earth.

She is sitting at a control panel in a dusty, cobwebbed Moonbase. Two space-suited bodies are propped up against a wall.

CLARA (CONT'D)
We have a terrible decision to make. It's an uncertain decision and we don't have a lot of time. The man... who normally helps - he's gone. Maybe he's not coming back. In fact, I really don't think he is. We're on our own.

She looks up at COURTNEY, who stands there, afraid. Looking anxiously at CLARA. *

CLARA looks at COURTNEY for a long moment, then looks back to the screen.

CLARA (CONT'D)
So - an innocent life versus the future of all mankind.

A tear drops from CLARA's eye.

CLARA (CONT'D)
...We have forty-five minutes to decide.

Tight on a computer display, the countdown timer ticking down:

00:44:58 - 57 - 56...

OPENING TITLES *

3 **OMITTED** 3 *

4

INT. COAL HILL SCHOOL. CORRIDOR - DAY

4

THE DOCTOR hurries down the corridor with his usual urgency, alongside CLARA, who is trying to get him to listen.

CLARA

Courtney Woods. She's just gone -
crazy - she's uncontrollable.
Doctor - she took your psychic
paper. She's been using it as fake
ID.

THE DOCTOR

To get into museums?

*

CLARA

No, to buy White Lightning or
alcopops or whatever -

THE DOCTOR

I've no idea what you're talking
about. What *is* Courtney Woods?

CLARA

One of my year tens. She was in the
TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR

Doing what?!

CLARA

Throwing up.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, her. Oh, that was ages ago.

CLARA

She says you told her she wasn't
special.

THE DOCTOR

Rubbish.

*

CLARA

She says that's what sent her off
the rails -

THE DOCTOR frowns.

*

CRASH CUT TO:

*

4A

INT. COAL HILL. STORE CUPBOARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

4A *

Tight on THE DOCTOR, leaning protectively against the TARDIS
door.

*

*

4A CONTINUED:

4A

THE DOCTOR
No, Courtney, you may *not* come in!
Only very special people allowed in
here!

*
*
*
*

CRASH BACK TO:

*

4B

INT. COAL HILL. CORRIDOR - DAY

4B *

THE DOCTOR and CLARA as before.

*

THE DOCTOR
Pfph!

CLARA
I know - but you say something like
that to someone - it *hurts*.
Specially someone of her age.
Specially if you're *you*. Doctor -
it can effect her whole life -

CUT TO:

5

INT. THE TARDIS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

5

THE DOCTOR and CLARA enter. COURTNEY stands there by the
console, standing defensively. She's nervous, but she's not
going anywhere.

THE DOCTOR
Oi!

CLARA
Oi!

COURTNEY
I got stuff to clean up with!

She lifts her arms. She holds some cleaning fluid in two
squirty bottles. And on her wrists are two little black
bands, which she demonstrates with a flick.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
I got these from the chemist.

THE DOCTOR
Vortex manipulators!

COURTNEY
Travel sickness.

THE DOCTOR
Oh... Good. Because I don't like
people being sick in my TARDIS. No
being sick. And no hanky-panky.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

Doctor -!

THE DOCTOR

Sorry, those are the rules.

CLARA

You're not going to need those,
Courtney. You're not going to be
doing any travelling. Will you just
tell her, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Tell her what?

CLARA

That she's special.

THE DOCTOR

...I'm sorry, have you gone
bananas?

COURTNEY

D'you really not think I'm special?

THE DOCTOR rolls his eyes, exasperated.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

You can't just take me away like
that, then - y'know, 's like you
kicked a big hole in the side of my
life - d'you really think it? I'm
nothing? Not special?

THE DOCTOR

Oh, for God's sake!

(to COURTNEY)

You wanna be the First Woman on The
Moon? Special enough?

COURTNEY

...Yeah, all right.

THE DOCTOR

Okay -

THE DOCTOR casually pulls a lever. The TARDIS dematerialises -

CLARA

Doctor -!

THE DOCTOR

- then we can do something
interesting -

CUT TO:

6

INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - STORAGE BAY - DAY

6

Close on the TARDIS. The door opens. COURTNEY, space-suited and helmeted, stands there. Frowns.

COURTNEY
This isn't the Moon.

THE DOCTOR peers out from the TARDIS, comes out. CLARA follows him. They both wear space-suits.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Where are we?

THE DOCTOR
A decrepit space shuttle.

*

They're in the storage bay of a clapped-out space-shuttle, surrounded by an eclectic mix of nuclear bombs of different ages, nationalities and sizes - some full-size, some just warheads - strapped up to the walls. The Shuttle is bumping rapidly into its descent. A small observation panel in the side of the bay, a door panel at the far end. COURTNEY, CLARA and THE DOCTOR look around, removing their helmets.

*

CLARA
What are *they*?

THE DOCTOR
About a hundred nuclear bombs.

He goes and peers out of the porthole.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Ah. We're on the way to the Moon.

Suddenly, the shuttle judders and banks sharply - a couple of loose bits of kit hurtle past them.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Check that - we're about to crash into it.

*

The g-force hits them and the shuttle bumps and shudders like mad. A warning alarm sounds.

*

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Hold on!

*

They grab onto some of the webbing that holds the bombs in place.

*

CLARA
Why didn't you just tell her you didn't mean it?!

CUT TO:

7 **EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - DAY**

7

The grey expanse of Moon. Silently, in the distance, a space-shuttle barrels out of the sky, whizzes along the horizon, and crash lands on the other side of a ridge with a puff of Moondust.

CUT TO:

8 **INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - STORAGE BAY - DAY**

8

Darkness. A door panel opens, and three people in space suits are there - LUNDVIK (55), HENRY (67) and DUKE (70). *

LUNDVIK
Who the hell do you think you are?

THE DOCTOR, CLARA and COURTNEY lie blinking on the floor, dazed, and surrounded by stray bombs.

THE DOCTOR
Hang on - I've got some psychic
paper - uh - *

CLARA
(handing it over)
Here.

LUNDVIK
(reading)
This just says that you're over
eighteen.

THE DOCTOR
(to COURTNEY)
You've broken it!

COURTNEY
I didn't!

THE DOCTOR
(snatching it back)
You've spilt stuff all over it!
It's all sticky!
(to LUNDVIK) *
Why have you got all these nuclear *
bombs? *

THE DOCTOR springs up, takes a yo-yo out of his pocket, starts whirling it up and down. *

LUNDVIK *
I'm not gonna give you another *
chance - *

THE DOCTOR

Okay, then - well - you'd better
shoot us. Shoot the little girl
first.

*
*

COURTNEY

What?

THE DOCTOR

She doesn't want to stand around
watching us being shot, she'd be
terrified. Plus she steals things.

(to COURTNEY)

D'you take one of my spares?

*

COURTNEY, abashed, returns a spare TARDIS key. THE DOCTOR
takes it, puts it behind the phone panel on the front of the
TARDIS. Then returns to his yo-yoing.

*
*
*

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(to LUNDVIK)

Y'see? The girl first, then her
teacher, then me. You'll have to
spend a long time shooting me. I'll
keep regenerating. 'fact, I'm not
entirely sure that I won't keep on
regenerating forever, so it'll be
time-consuming and messy, and
rather wasteful considering that I
can probably help you. I'm a super-
intelligent alien being who travels
in space and time. Gonna shoot us?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

LUNDVIK

No.

THE DOCTOR

Why have you got all these nuclear
bombs?

(peering out of the
window)

Okay, I'll ask an easy one: what's
the matter with my yo-yo?

*

THE DOCTOR holds it up. It dangles at the end of its thread.

LUNDVIK

There's nothing wrong with your yo-
yo.

THE DOCTOR

(winding it up)

Of course there's something wrong
with my yo-yo - look at it -

*

CLARA

Doctor - it goes up and down.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR
...Bingo.

CLARA
(realising)
...Oh.

THE DOCTOR
(pocketing the yo-yo)
We're on the Moon. You, me, her -
this bunch -

LUNDVIK
Captain Lundvik. Henry. Duke.

THE DOCTOR
How d'ye do - we should be bouncing
about this cabin like little fluffy
clouds. We're not.
(to LUNDVIK, gravely)
What's the matter with the Moon?

LUNDVIK
Nobody knows.

DUKE
Its orbit's gone crazy.

LUNDVIK
That's why we're here. There was a
mining survey - Mexicans -
something happened to them up here.
Nobody knows what. Not long
afterwards, the trouble started
down on Earth.

HENRY
It's really *bad*.

CLARA
D'you know what's the matter with
the Moon?

THE DOCTOR
It's put on weight.

LUNDVIK
...How much?

THE DOCTOR
About 1.3 Billion tonnes.

CLARA
That's a hell of a heavy Christmas.

LUNDVIK
How can the Moon put on weight?

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

Why have you got all these nuclear bombs?

*

LUNDVIK

They were all we could get. Doctor - how can the Moon put on weight -?

*

*

THE DOCTOR

(shrugs)

Lots of ways. Gravity bombs. Axis alignment systems. Planet shelling.

*

LUNDVIK

So it's alien? Is it anything to do with you?

*

THE DOCTOR suddenly realises something:

THE DOCTOR

1.3 billion tonnes?! ...That's an additional pull on the Earth of - the tides'll be so high they'll drown whole cities!

LUNDVIK

...Yeah.

THE DOCTOR

Every day. Twice.

LUNDVIK

...Yeah.

*

*

THE DOCTOR

Where are we? 2049? Totally globalised, technology-addicted culture. Satellites dropping from the sky. Communications failure, no finance, no transport. No food. People starving, drowning - millions of people! Hundreds of millions of people!

*

*

*

*

*

*

LUNDVIK

...Yeah.

*

THE DOCTOR

So what are you doing about it?

LUNDVIK picks up an orange, briefcase-sized thing, clipped to the wall. A nuclear detonator.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

...This?

LUNDVIK
...That's what you do with aliens,
isn't it? Blow them up?

CUT TO:

9 INT. SHUTTLE - FIVE MINUTES LATER - DAY / EXT. LUNAR SURFACE -9 *
FIVE MINUTES LATER - DAY *

A beautiful, stark sight. The Moon, in all its twilit glory. *

The shuttle door swings down. The six travellers stand at the *
door of the space-shuttle, looking down on it. All of them,
even THE DOCTOR, awed. *

COURTNEY
...Wow.

She shoulders her school-bag, goes to move down the ramp. *

LUNDVIK
Hold on - sorry - *

COURTNEY
What?

LUNDVIK
...D'you mind if - we swap places?

COURTNEY *
What? No - *
(to THE DOCTOR) *
Hey, Doctor - *

LUNDVIK *
I'd really like to be the first *
woman to set foot on the Moon. It's *
- I've been waiting for this for - *
I'd given up hope that - *

COURTNEY
Yeah, whatever. I don't need your
life story -

LUNDVIK
Thanks. It means a lot to -

She steps forward. Turns back to COURTNEY. *

LUNDVIK (CONT'D) *
Hey - why don't we do it together? *
Yeah - we do it together - a woman, *
a girl - that's important, that's - *

COURTNEY leaps past her off the ramp and on to the lunar *
surface with a whoop and gales of laughter.

(CONTINUED)

COURTNEY

One small thing for a thing - one enormous thing for thingything!

LUNDVIK watches her.

LUNDVIK

...So much for history.

*

Then they all start to climb down the ramp, wielding torches. LUNDVIK carrying her orange briefcase.

*

CLARA

Sorry. She's a disruptive influence.

THE DOCTOR

Nothing ever changes without a disruptive influence. Come on.

CLARA looks at him. Clambers down.

Behind a rock, *something* scuttles. A shadowy, crabbed something.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - HILLSIDE/PLAIN - DAY

10

The party climb over the brow of a hill and pick their way down. It's hard going. Walking on the Moon is tough work, especially for the older astronauts. Their suits are claustrophobic and hissy. COURTNEY seems to be okay - she is periodically snapping photos on her phone. Below them, at the bottom of the hill, is the International Moonbase.

*

*

THE DOCTOR

I was here a hundred years ago. You were *desperate* to get to the Moon. You were so excited. I occasionally find you rather charming when you're like that. Doing picture books and - collecting stickers, and - Remember once, everybody went completely mad about tulips. I liked that! And a hundred years ago, it was the Moon, the Moon, the Moon! Now look at you - what happened?!

*

*

*

*

*

LUNDVIK

(to Courtney)

Who was the first man on the Moon?

COURTNEY

Dunno. Buzz Lightyear?

(CONTINUED)

LUNDVIK

That's what happened.

THE DOCTOR

...I blame the teachers.

CLARA

Thanks.

LUNDVIK

They just stopped. They got up
here. Stayed a few days. Went back.
Forgot about trying to discover
things. Invented the iPad instead.
Married their telephones. People
stopped looking up, just started
looking down.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

DUKE

It's why we're on a rickety old
space shuttle. We don't build new
ones any more. Lost interest! If it
can't make any money -

THE DOCTOR

You're the only astronauts left?
That's why you're all so terribly
old?

*

LUNDVIK

I'm only forty-seven!

*

HENRY

I'm not even an astronaut. Cabin
crew on Virgin Galactic. Thirty
years since. I used to work for
Richard Branson.

LUNDVIK

How old are you?!

*

COURTNEY

What version iPad is it now then?

*
*

A severe ground tremor. They each stagger, fall, and stumble
down the hillside, holding on as best they can.

*

The tremor stops. They've made it to the bottom of the hill.
In front of them, silent and dark, is The International
Moonbase.

*

CLARA

(to COURTNEY)

Y'okay -?

COURTNEY

I'm okay. Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDVIK

I'm not. I'm gonna need another hip replacement.

CLARA

(to THE DOCTOR)

I thought the Moon was dead!

THE DOCTOR extends his hand. Helps her to her feet.

*

CUT TO:

11

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - OUTSIDE MOONBASE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

11

They arrive at the entrance hatch of a pre-fabricated base, sitting gathering moondust, with evidence of a few collapses in the structure. It's wide open. But covered by cobwebby stuff.

CLARA

Cobwebs?

THE DOCTOR pulls it aside, tests its strength. Unclips a torch from his belt - switches it on and off a couple of times - it doesn't work.

LUNDVIK unclips her torch. Shines it into the doorway.

They peer in. The web extends into the Moonbase. It's a dark, scary, cavernous-looking place.

LUNDVIK

Henry, go back and prime the bombs.

HENRY

Right. Is there any instructions?

LUNDVIK

There's a switch on each of them.
The light goes red.

HENRY

They won't go off?

LUNDVIK

(holding up detonator)
Not till I've fiddled with this -

HENRY

...Okay.

HENRY heads off. LUNDVIK looks at the others.

LUNDVIK

...Shall we-?

CUT TO:

12

INT. MOONBASE - ASSOCIATION ROOM - DAY

12

The party enters the room, shining their torches around. Everything is vaguely webbed. It's very dark - most of the windows have their screens firmly down.

THE DOCTOR
How many people here?

LUNDVIK
Four. *Minera Luna San Pedro*.
Privately financed. Doing mineral
surveys.

*

Plants are withered and dead in small solaria. Meals gather dust on a table. Bunk beds. Family photos.

THE DOCTOR
Messages? Maydays? SOS?

DUKE
Pretty much all the satellites had
been whacked out of orbit. They
managed to send back some -
screams...

THE DOCTOR
So you came up here to rescue them
with your bombs?

DUKE
Not quite.

LUNDVIK
They disappeared ten years ago.

THE DOCTOR
Nobody came?

LUNDVIK
We didn't have any shuttles -

THE DOCTOR
You had *one*!

LUNDVIK
It's been in a museum! It had its
back cut off so kids could ride in
it! This was a private mission -
nobody cared - not until -

THE DOCTOR glances at the family photos.

THE DOCTOR
On the whole, I prefer human beings
when they're obsessed with tulips.

An exclamation of shock from COURTNEY, O.C.

CLARA

Courtney!

The hurry to her.

She's standing in front of an empty spacesuit. It's been ripped open. It resembles a dismembered deer, desiccated by webs, strung up by two strong threads of web, like something in a redneck's barn.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Tell me there wasn't anyone inside that thing.

THE DOCTOR

I could, but it wouldn't make it true.

CLARA's torch fails. She shakes it a little and can't get it to work. Puts it aside.

DUKE

...I'll get some power back on.

DUKE walks off. THE DOCTOR starts examining the spacesuit. Peering in, tootling with his sonic.

CLARA

You all right, Courtney?

COURTNEY

I'm okay.

CLARA

It's all right if you're not.

THE DOCTOR cuts through the web that holds up the suit. It drops heavily to the floor. Makes COURTNEY jump. He folds it up again, respectfully.

COURTNEY

I'm FINE!

(to THE DOCTOR)

What did it?

And then he's off again - taking readings, measurements.

THE DOCTOR

Maybe something trying to find out how you're put together. Maybe something wondering what you taste like.

COURTNEY

We got any guns?

*

LUNDVIK

Not unless you brought some.

(CONTINUED)

COURTNEY
(patting her bag)
Just stuff to clean up with.

*

THE DOCTOR
...Chicken, apparently.
(checking his sonic)
I'm getting a satellite reading -
he said they'd been knocked out -

*

LUNDVIK
Still some TV ones left. Low orbit.
Mostly repeats of *QI*.

*

THE DOCTOR
Only three things in life are
certain: death, taxes and Stephen
Fry.

*

*

The lights come on, flickering one-by-one. Air starts to hiss
in through the vents.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(taking off his helmet)
Save the air.

THE DOCTOR sits at the control panel, switches a few things.
Finding his way around. The others remove their helmets.

CLARA notices something - she starts lifting her feet up and
down -

CLARA
My boots are sticky -

THE DOCTOR
They're magnetised -

HE demonstrates with his own boots. Lifts them up and down.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Help you stay put in low gravity.
If we happened to be in low
gravity.

*

COURTNEY tries - she can lift her feet up and down easily.

COURTNEY
Mine are fine -

THE DOCTOR
Yeah, I think yours are broken.
(suddenly looking up,
shocked)
...They didn't find anything.

*

LUNDVIK
Eh?

(CONTINUED)

He is scrolling through the records that the survey crew took.

THE DOCTOR

The Mexicans. They didn't find any
minerals on the Moon at all. Nada.
(seeing something)
Oh...

*
*

CLARA

(joining him)
Oh?

THE DOCTOR has brought up some of the survey pictures that the crew took. They show parts of the Moon's surface from space - there are black lines snaking across the whole thing.

The others come to look.

THE DOCTOR

Lines of tectonic stress.

*

LUNDVIK

That's the *Mare Fecunditatis*.
They've been there since the Apollo
days. They've always been there.

THE DOCTOR

No, they haven't. These are much,
much bigger.

He scrolls through different orbital pictures. Different parts of the Moon, each scored with black lines.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Sea of Tranquility. Sea of Nectar.
Sea of Ingenuity. Sea of Crises.

*

A light flickers. Everyone glances up.

*

CLARA

Meaning -?

THE DOCTOR

(sitting back)
...Meaning that the Moon, Clara -
this little planetoid that's been
tagging along beside you for a
hundred million years, which gives
you light at night and seas to sail
- is in the process of falling to
bits.

*

*
*

A ground tremor. All the lights go off in rapid succession.

*

CUT TO:

13 **EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - DAY**

13

HENRY walks back to the shuttle by the shade of a ridge of crags, singing softly to himself under his breath.

He keeps glancing to his side. Maybe there's something there, beside him in the shadows.

He unclips his torch, shines it into the shadows. Nothing doing.

His battery fails.

He peers into the darkness for a moment.

Then the ground trembles. He falls.

Recovers himself, flustered. Gets up. Heads away from the shadows.

Stops.

A crack snakes across the surface in front of him. It's just opened up.

He thinks for a moment, then goes to the crack, kneels down, looks into the deep.

DOWN IN THE CRACK POV: HENRY's face, peering down.

He tries his radio -

HENRY
Captain... Hello...

Nothing doing. He doesn't really know how to work it. He presses a couple of buttons hopefully.

Then *something* comes for him.

CUT TO:

14 **INT. MOONBASE - ASSOCIATION AREA / PASSAGEWAY - DAY**

14

Darkness. A scuttling sound.

COURTNEY's phone illuminates. She holds it up to her face.

COURTNEY scans the room. Nothing there.

That scuttling sound getting faster, nearer.

COURTNEY
What the hell is that?

LUNDVIK presses her communicator.

LUNDVIK

Duke - is that you?

DUKE (ON WALKIE TALKIE)

I don't sound anything like that.

LUNDVIK

Try and get the lights on -

DUKE (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)

That's what I am doing -

The sound again. COURTNEY tries to follow it with her phone.

THE DOCTOR

Whatever it is, it's in here.

(to LUNDVIK)

Give us your torch.

He takes her torch - leads them through the room. Stops dead.

At the end of the tunnel through which they came, shadowed by the light from the torch -

Several spindly, SPIDERY legs, crawling forward. Rising up, as if scenting the air.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

...I think we've found your alien.

Back - back...

Follow them as they hurry through the association room, looking over their shoulders. The scuttling sound is following them -

But as THE DOCTOR shines his light back, he can't pinpoint where THE CREATURE is -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Anyone see any doors we can close?

CLARA

Here -

They hurry to a door leading to a passageway, off - THE DOCTOR chucks CLARA the torch - she scans behind them - the noise is scuttling around - still can't find what's making it.

THE DOCTOR tries the door - it's bolted across - the bolt's very stiff -

THE DOCTOR

Come on, help me -

LUNDVIK helps him slide it across. The door itself is cobwebbed and very hard to open - THE DOCTOR drags it as hard as he can -

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

C'mon, c'mon -

CLARA picks up some legs creeping towards them, climbing up the side of a storage locker -

CLARA

Doctor -

THE DOCTOR

Yes. Move round, move round -

They abandon the door, press themselves against the walls, and try to move carefully around the room, away from the CREATURE -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

When I say run - run.

LUNDVIK

Who made you the boss?

THE DOCTOR

Okay, you say run.

More legs. Everyone tenses themselves back against the walls.

DUKE

(entering)

Need to get to the solar stack -

CLARA's torch gets him. He's entering from the other side of the room.

LUNDVIK

Duke!

A flurry of movement as the CREATURE hurtles towards DUKE.

LUNDVIK (CONT'D)

DUKE!

But he's a gonner by the looks of it. The CREATURE knocks him out of sight, round a corner. The terrible sound of DUKE screaming, his space-suit being ripped open, his flesh and bone devoured.

One of the lights flickers back into life with a buzz. (It continues flickering on and off intermittently for the rest of the scene.) The door's electronic system cuts in - it swings open automatically and starts closing again.

THE DOCTOR

RUN!

THE DOCTOR, CLARA, COURTNEY and LUNDVIK turn.

(CONTINUED)

They run towards the closing door. THE DOCTOR, CLARA and LUNDVIK get through.

But behind them, before she can reach the door, COURTNEY rises into the air, slowing, her legs kicking against nothing.

COURTNEY

MISS!

They turn - the door has closed. THE DOCTOR and CLARA peer through the window in the door.

COURTNEY is floating slowly up to the ceiling. Her bag floating beside her.

The others are held tightly to the floor by their boots.

CLARA

Courtney -!

THE DOCTOR

(trying to lift his boots
clear of the floor)

The gravity's shifted!

CLARA

(trying to open the door)

The power's gone again -

THE DOCTOR looks around - looks up - nothing.

With COURTNEY, floating up towards the ceiling, shining her phone towards where DUKE was. The noises of the killing have subsided. The scuttling has begun again.

COURTNEY

It's killed him... Doctor - it's
coming! It's coming in here -

On the other side of the wall, THE DOCTOR takes out his sonic, starts unscrewing the screws on the window in the door. Peers through. Peers up. COURTNEY is floating in mid-air, getting higher -

THE DOCTOR

You'll be okay -

THE DOCTOR half-glimpses the SPIDER CREATURE entering the room beyond, wielding its front legs.

LUNDVIK

(on her walkie-talkie)

Henry - come in - Henry -!

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

Look at me, Courtney, look at me -
see if you can get yourself to the
wall, pull yourself down - LOOK AT
ME!

The SPIDER CREATURE scales the opposite wall, starts slowly
crawling towards the ceiling, upside down. (We still only see
this in flashes of flickering light.) COURTNEY starts
desperately trying to swim towards the door and THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR works away, freeing the window panel.

COURTNEY

Doctor, my bum's not going to fit
through there -

THE DOCTOR

Oh - stop talking about your bum.
Humans and bums - if you think your
bum's too big why aren't you thin
then, like me - I'm so thin I'm not
entirely sure I've even got a bum.

The SPIDER CREATURE is in position above COURTNEY's head -
despite her struggling, she's still rising higher, and higher
- it scents her -

COURTNEY

You stop talking about bums!

THE DOCTOR

You started it.

He's detached the grille cover.

The SPIDER CREATURE starts grabbing for her -

THE DOCTOR flings out his hand, and his yo-yo bowls perfectly
out up to her -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Grab my yo-yo -

She grabs it - THE DOCTOR starts pulling her down -

Suddenly, the gravity shifts again. COURTNEY falls heavily -
pulls the yo-yo out of THE DOCTOR's hand -

THE DOCTOR peers desperately through the window -

And in the association room COURTNEY is plonked down onto the
floor in a heap with her bag. Cornered.

The SPIDER CREATURE lands in front of her, in a dark mass of
spindly legs. Then recovers itself. Out of the shadows it
comes: a hideous, crabbed, spider-like thing, eyeless,
scenting her. Our first proper sight of it in all its glory.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR, CLARA and LUNDVIK try desperately to open the door.

COURTNEY
Miss! MISS!

The CREATURE turns to COURTNEY. Bares some very sharp and dangerous-looking teeth.

The lights die.

CLARA
COURTNEY!

HISSSSSS!

A terrible, screaming, screeching sound.

The light flickers back on again. The door powers up and opens.

LUNDVIK, CLARA and THE DOCTOR break through.

COURTNEY has taken a couple of bottles of cleaning fluid out of her bag and is giving the monster a hell of a blast with them.

It is squealing, smouldering, falling belly-up, kicking its legs.

And then it dies.

THE DOCTOR
Well -

COURTNEY
...Kills ninety nine per cent of
all known germs.

THE DOCTOR
Good stuff, Courtney. ...Don't try
that at home, okay?

COURTNEY breathes out. She's very shaken.

CLARA
Y'all right?

COURTNEY looks at her. Not really. THE DOCTOR retrieves his yo-yo, scans the SPIDER CREATURE with his sonic.

COURTNEY
Why did I just fly? This is nuts.

LUNDVIK goes off to see what is left of DUKE. The space-suit has been ripped open, and shelled. Steam rises from it in the gloom - it's been picked clean.

THE DOCTOR
(checking his sonic)
Did you say "germs"? Oh my God! OH
MY GOD - look at it! It's
incredible - it's the size of a
badger!

CLARA
Doctor -

THE DOCTOR
It's a prokaryotic, uni-cellular
life-form with non-chromosomal DNA.
And as you and me both know - no,
maybe not you -
(to COURTNEY)
You - no -
(going over to LUNDVIK,
who glances up at him)
You. Yeah. Scientist. As you and me
know - that means - THIS-IS-A-GERM!
(to COURTNEY)
You flew because that 1.3 billion
tonnes moved. It shifted. It's an
unstable mass.

*
*

COURTNEY
(to CLARA)
...I'm scared, Miss.

*

CLARA
Okay.

LUNDVIK
(to THE DOCTOR)
...He'd just had a grand-daughter.
Elina. She was his first. He
trained me. Taught me to fly. We
both got sacked on the same day.

*
*
*

THE DOCTOR
(to LUNDVIK)
Which way to the *Mare Fecunditatis*?

COURTNEY
Please can I go home now? ...I'm
really sorry. I'd like to go home.

THE DOCTOR and LUNDVIK look at her, irritated.

CUT TO:

15 **EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - DAY**

15

THE DOCTOR, CLARA, COURTNEY and LUNDVIK are out on the
surface again, walking back to the shuttle.

LUNDAVIK is on her radio. She still carries the orange briefcase. The others carry cleaning spray.

LUNDAVIK

Henry? ...Come in, if you don't mind ...Henry!

CLARA

Doctor - this is dangerous now.

*

THE DOCTOR

It was dangerous before. Come on - everything's dangerous if you want it to be. Eating chips is dangerous. Crossing the road. 'S no way to live your life. Tell her - you're supposed to be teaching her!

CLARA

Doctor - I have a duty of care, okay - you know what that is?

THE DOCTOR

Course I know what a duty of care is, what are you suggesting! She's fine - what are y', thirty-five?

COURTNEY

Fifteen!

THE DOCTOR

Don't talk to me about a duty of care, love. I have a duty of care to the whole universe. I take care of things - that's what I do. Unpaid.

CLARA

She wants to go back to the TARDIS.

CUT TO:

16

INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - STORAGE BAY - DAY

16

Outside the TARDIS. THE DOCTOR opens the door, escorts COURTNEY in. CLARA and LUNDAVIK enter, too, taking off their helmets.

THE DOCTOR

Don't touch anything, okay?

COURTNEY

You got any games? Can I get reception up here?

*

*

THE DOCTOR slams the door. LUNDAVIK is checking the bombs.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDVIK

He didn't come back...

She starts priming them herself.

CLARA

Why are you shutting her in? We don't need to stay, do we?

THE DOCTOR

Eh?

CLARA

It's obvious, isn't it -? The Moon doesn't break up.

THE DOCTOR

How do you know that?

CLARA

I've been in the future. The Moon's still there. ...I think. You know the Moon's still there. Right?

THE DOCTOR

(shrug)

Maybe it isn't the Moon. Maybe it's a hologram or a big painting. Or a special effect. Maybe it's a completely different Moon.

CLARA

But you would know.

THE DOCTOR

I would?

CLARA

If the Moon fell to bits in 2049, someone would've mentioned it. It would've come up in conversation. So, it doesn't break up - so the world doesn't end. So let's just get in the TARDIS and go!

*

She turns to open the door again. THE DOCTOR stops her.

THE DOCTOR

...There are moments of Time, Clara, little eye-blinks, that I simply can't see. They don't look the same as other things. They're not clear - they're fuzzy, they're grey. Little moments in which big things are decided. And this is one of them.

*

CLARA turns, looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 ...Just now, I can't tell what
 happens to the Moon - because
 whatever happens to the Moon hasn't
 been decided yet. It's going to be
 decided here and now. Which very
 much sounds as though it's up to
 us.

*
 *
 *
 *

LUNDVIK
 Neither of you's going anywhere.

CLARA and THE DOCTOR turn and look at her. She's finishing up
 priming the bombs. Each of them glows with a little red
 light.

LUNDVIK (CONT'D)
 I've lost my crew. We were the last
 astronauts, this is the last
 shuttle, those are the last nuclear
 bombs. We're the last chance for
 the Earth and you're staying to
 help me.

*
 *

THE DOCTOR
 (beams)
 Decision made.

CLARA
 Yeah.

CUT TO:

17 **INT. TARDIS - DAY**

17

COURTNEY comes in, sits down. She exhales. Looks around for a
 minute.

Thinks. Goes to the door. Almost opens it and goes back out.

But then returns to the seat. Takes her phone out of her bag,
 starts browsing.

CUT TO:

18 **EXT. VANTAGE POINT/EXCAVATION SITE/LUNAR SURFACE - DAY**

18

Some minutes later. THE DOCTOR, CLARA and LUNDVIK have
 reached a vantage point over the Mexican excavation site. THE
 DOCTOR is first on the scene.

THE DOCTOR
 Ladies. 2049. ...The year the Moon
 dies...

*
 *

(CONTINUED)

The wreckage of an excavation site - arc lamps, drills, stuff with logos - is strewn around the edges of:

A huge, deep, chasm stretching across the lunar surface as far as the eye can see. It looks like the Moon is nearly split in half.

They take this in. LUNDVIK is especially horrified by it - she knows the implications.

*
*

CLARA

How can the Moon die, though?

THE DOCTOR

Everything does. Sooner or later.

*

LUNDVIK

...Can we save it?

*

THE DOCTOR

Depends what's killing it.

*

They take the sight in for a few moments.

LUNDVIK

...There's the other three.

*
*

Below them, amongst the wreckage, are three spacesuits. Two of them are ripped apart, and spreadeagled on the surface.

The third is hanging on to the edge of the crack by its gauntlets - drag marks on the surface seem to indicate that it was pulled there, and whoever was inside it was hanging on to the ground for dear life.

THE DOCTOR, CLARA and LUNDVIK climb down towards the crack. They are in the shadow cast by a large rock.

CLARA

Is it those germ things, then? Are they like cockroaches? Is it an infestation?

*
*
*

THE DOCTOR checks the first couple of spacesuits.

LUNDVIK

Is it?

He heads for the last one - the one clinging on to the edge of the crack. Kneels down, peers at it. Lifts the visor.

THE DOCTOR

...I've only seen one of them so far. There'd have to be an awful lot more to cause the Moon to put on 1.3 billion tonnes.

*

Suddenly, the space suit jumps. THE DOCTOR recoils.

(CONTINUED)

A SPIDER-GERM appears in the head.

It scuttles out and onto THE DOCTOR, trying to get in at him through his visor, like a face-sucker.

CLARA tries to spray the SPIDER-GERM, but nothing comes out - *

LUNDVIK

It's a vacuum - it won't work -!

*

They try to drag the SPIDER-GERM away from THE DOCTOR's head. They tumble over in their effort, and fall out of the shadowed area and into direct sunlight again.

The SPIDER-GERM smoulders a little, detaches itself, and scuttles back into the shade.

THE DOCTOR leans back. Exhales.

THE DOCTOR

Well. That makes two of them.

CLARA

Sunlight.

LUNDVIK

Sunlight?

CLARA

If they're germs. My Nan says it's the best disinfectant there is.

*

He walks up to the edge of the crack, peers down.

THE DOCTOR

Shine your torch down there -

LUNDVIK unclips her torch. Shines it in.

Down there, the sides of the crack seethes with SPIDER-GERMS, scuttling up at them - stopping as they come to the light.

LUNDVIK

Where have they come from?

THE DOCTOR

They've probably been down there all this time. It's warm. Ish. They've been multiplying, feeding. Evolving.

He peers down into the crack. Stamps on the ground a couple of times. Thinks. Lays flat against the surface, feels it - bats away a couple of SPIDER-GERM legs -

(CONTINUED)

LUNDVIK
(cradling the briefcase)
So we drop the bombs down there?
Set them off?

*

THE DOCTOR
(knocking the SPIDERS off)
Uh - get off -!

He stands. Finds his yo-yo again. Reels it down into the chasm.

LUNDVIK
Doctor - I know you don't like it,
but if the Moon falls to bits it'll
kill us all in about three quarters
of an hour -

*
*
*
*

THE DOCTOR
(bringing his yo-yo back
up)
I agree. ...If the Moon was what
you'd always thought it was.

*

THE DOCTOR holds up the yo-yo. It's covered in some viscous fluid it's picked up down in the crack -

*

LUNDVIK
...There's no water on the Moon.

The gloop drips in a mozzarella-string onto the surface.

*

THE DOCTOR
It's not water. ...It's amniotic
fluid. It's the stuff that *life*
comes from -

*

He looks at them.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I need to go down there.

CLARA
Doctor -!

THE DOCTOR takes LUNDVIK's torch, switches it on full-beam.
Grabs a bottle of bleach from CLARA.

THE DOCTOR
Back to the shuttle. Get your bombs
ready. You go to the TARDIS. Get
safe. Get Courtney safe.
(to LUNDVIK)
I'll be back.

THE DOCTOR beams at them. Turns, takes a running jump - and plunges into the fissure.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA
Doctor! DOCTOR!

He's gone. CLARA turns to LUNDVIK.

LUNDVIK
Will he?

CLARA
... If he says so - I suppose he will.

CUT TO:

19 **EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - DAY / INT. TARDIS - DAY (INTERCUT)** 19

CLARA and LUNDVIK, lugging the nuclear detonator back to the TARDIS. They're following the tracks of their own footprints back by the side of a rocky ridge.

COURTNEY (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
Miss. Come in, Miss. I'm bored.
When you coming back?

CLARA
We're on our way. What you doing?

COURTNEY (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
Putting some photos on Tumblr.

With COURTNEY, still in space-suit but minus helmet, in the TARDIS, scrolling through her phone screen, clicking some photos she's taken of THE DOCTOR and others walking across the Lunar Surface.

CLARA
Courtney - no, don't put any photos on Tumblr -

LUNDVIK
(laughs)
My granny used to put stuff on Tumblr.

COURTNEY
You been in space a lot, yeah, Captain?

LUNDVIK
Twice. When they still thought it was worth sending real people up to do real jobs. I caught the tail-end of it. Should've been born fifty years before.

COURTNEY
Why'd they stop going?

*

LUNDVIK

I think that's what they're asking themselves at the moment. Maybe they just couldn't be bothered. Maybe they were scared. Maybe they just preferred to take pictures of things rather than doing them.

*
*
*
*

COURTNEY thinks for a moment.

*

COURTNEY

...What's it like when you go back down?

LUNDVIK

To Earth?

COURTNEY brings up an image of her phone, of the Earth, peeping over the lunar horizon, rising. Considers it.

COURTNEY

Yeah. I mean, after you've been up here. I mean - it changes stuff, yeah? Like - that there is *everything*. Every moment of my life, my Mum and Dad's life - every moment that led up to me - being who I am - and, like, I can hold it in my hand. Doesn't going back there - just make you feel like - nothing?

*

LUNDVIK

No. It's *being* back down there makes you feel like nothing. Makes you feel like nothing that there've been eighteen men up here and no women.

*
*
*
*
*

COURTNEY

But, like - yeah, this is what I mean - see I've done this before, okay... And I went back, and everything's still the same. Home. School. Whatever trouble I was in. I mean - I've only been away from school about an hour. They're having double geography now in 2014. And when I get back, it'll all be the same - I'll just be nothing special -

*
*
*

LUNDVIK

Yeah. Well, no-one said life's easy, did they? It's not anybody's right to be special just like that. If I were you, I'd stop whinging and do something about it.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

A ground tremor. We stop cutting back to the TARDIS.

CLARA

Hey -!

(to COURTNEY)

We're coming over to see you, okay?

You know - you'll work all these things out. All right?

(no reply)

Courtney?

Static from the walkie-talkie. Another, bigger ground tremor.

HENRY's deserted space-suit rolls down the rocky ridge beside them and lands at their feet.

LUNDVIK

Oh... There he is...

CLARA

Courtney -?!

CLARA hurries up to the edge of the ridge, where their footprints lead.

CLARA (CONT'D)

This *is* the way we came?

LUNDVIK

They aren't anyone else's footprints, are they?

CLARA

That wasn't there before. Was it?

LUNDVIK comes to join her.

Down ahead of them, where their footprints lead, a large chasm has emerged on the lunar surface. Steam rises vaguely from it.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Was that where we landed?!

(jabbing her walkie-talkie)

Courtney?! COURTNEY!

CUT TO:

20

EXT. LANDING SPOT - DAY

20

LUNDVIK and CLARA hurry to the landing spot.

In the chasm in front of them, the tip of the tail-fin of the space shuttle is sinking in what looks to be clear, thick liquid, bubbling underneath the surface.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDVIK tries to make her way to it, stepping gingerly on fragile pieces of rock.

LUNDVIK
It's going!

CLARA
COURTNEY!

A ground tremor. LUNDVIK stumbles. CLARA manages to grab her before she falls in after the shuttle.

CLARA peers down into the crack, desperate.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Oh, God -
(trying her walkie-talkie)
Doctor - DOCTOR -

LUNDVIK kneels, opens the detonator case. Starts tapping stuff into it.

LUNDVIK
We need to get under cover. Our
oxygen's running out.

With LUNDVIK - the detonator screen flashes. SEARCHING...

CLARA
Doctor -!

LUNDVIK's display reads - FOUND DEVICES - 100 - IN RANGE...

LUNDVIK
Oh, thank God for that -!

CLARA
(turning)
Thank God for what?

LUNDVIK
I'm gonna have to detonate those
bombs.

Something bursts out of the chasm nearby them with a groan.

They look up.

It's THE DOCTOR. He stands there, dripping with albumen.
Looks at them.

THE DOCTOR
...I think it's make-your-mind-up
time.

*
*

CUT TO:

21

INT. INTERNATIONAL MOONBASE - DAY

21

THE DOCTOR, CLARA and LUNDVIK enter. THE DOCTOR locks the door carefully after them. The others start taking off their helmets.

CLARA
Where's the TARDIS?

THE DOCTOR
In the shuttle, isn't she? She'll turn up.

*

CLARA
Last time she did that, she turned up on the wrong side of the planet!

THE DOCTOR
You two have never gotten on, have you?

CLARA
We need to know where Courtney is!

THE DOCTOR
Courtney's safe.
(tuts)
You got her phone number?

CLARA
Of course I haven't got her phone number!

THE DOCTOR
Can you call the school - will the secretary have it?

CLARA
The secretary hates me - she thinks I gave her a packet of Tena-Lady for secret Santa. Courtney's posting stuff on Tumblr - doesn't that know where you are?

LUNDVIK
I don't know, I'm not an historian -

THE DOCTOR
(to CLARA)
Phone -

He sonics it -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I know what the problem is -
(checking CLARA's phone)
Why is she posting that? She can't put pictures of me online -!

(CONTINUED)

He turns, clicks his sonic at a screen on the wall. A FACE-TIME screen, or some such. COURTNEY appears, fit and well, as seen through her phone camera (and stays there) -

COURTNEY

Yeah?

THE DOCTOR

(to COURTNEY)

You can't put pictures of me online!

CLARA

Are you okay?

COURTNEY

I'm fine. What's up?

*

LUNDVIK

You said you know what the problem is -

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

He looks out across the lunar surface. There are several new cracks appearing.

Then turns. Looks at them for a few moments.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

It's rather - a big problem.

CLARA

...D'you want to share it with the class?

THE DOCTOR

I had a wee hypothesis. Seismic activity - the surface breaking up - the variable mass, increased gravity - fluid - I scanned what's down there...

*
*
*
*

THE DOCTOR switches his sonic, starts projecting something holographically into the centre of the room - it starts swimming into focus, something round, planet-shaped...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

...The Moon is not breaking apart. Or rather, it *is* breaking apart - quickly - in fact, it's got about an hour and a half left - but it's not been infested. That isn't the problem.

*
*

COURTNEY

What are they, then, those things?

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

Tiny, tiny bacteria. Living on something very, very big. Something which weighs about 1.3 billion tonnes. Something alive. Something growing.

*

CLARA

Growing?

THE DOCTOR

That.

COURTNEY peers out of the screen. The others gather round the projection, which has focused. It shows an ultrasound scan of the area beneath them. Indistinct bumps and lines, then something coming into perspective: a large something hanging there, moving, flexing. Something like a curled-up snake - something that doesn't look particularly cuddly.

COURTNEY

That lives under the Moon?

THE DOCTOR

No.

CLARA

What?

THE DOCTOR

It doesn't *live* under the Moon. It *is* the Moon.

LUNDVIK

What the hell are you talking about?

*

THE DOCTOR

The Moon isn't breaking apart.
(looks up at them)
...It's hatching.

CLARA

Eh?

THE DOCTOR

...The Moon is an *egg*.

Pause. CLARA, COURTNEY and LUNDVIK stare at him for a moment. Then look at each other. Then look back to the projection, awestruck.

CLARA

...Has it - has this *always* been here?

THE DOCTOR

For a hundred million years or so.
Growing. Getting ready to be born.

CLARA

The Moon's never been the Moon?

THE DOCTOR

It's never been dead. It's just
been taking its time to come alive.

COURTNEY

...Is it a chicken?

THE DOCTOR

No.

COURTNEY

I was gonna say. Cause for a
chicken to have laid an egg that
big -

THE DOCTOR

It's not a chicken, Courtney, don't
spoil the moment.

CLARA

What is it?

THE DOCTOR

...I think it might be unique. I
think it might be the only one of its
kind in the universe. I think it's
rather beautiful.

LUNDVIK, who has been standing behind them, pipes up gravely:

LUNDVIK

...How do we kill it?

They turn to look at her. Pause.

CLARA

Why d'you want to kill it?

COURTNEY

It's a little baby.

LUNDVIK

Doctor. How do we kill it?

They look at the projection again. Pause.

THE DOCTOR

Kill the Moon?

He switches off the sonic. The ultrasound picture fades and
dies. He thinks for a second. Turns.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

... Well - you've got a hundred of the best man-made nuclear bombs. If they still work. If that's what you want.

CLARA

Doctor -!

LUNDVIK

You think they'll do it?

THE DOCTOR

If you set off a hundred nuclear bombs right where they are - right on top of a living, vulnerable creature - it's never gonna feel the sun on its back.

LUNDVIK

Then what? ...Would the Moon still break up? You said we've got an hour and a half -

THE DOCTOR

There'd be nothing to make it break up. Nothing trying to force its way out. The gravity of the dead little baby'd pull all the pieces back again. 'Course, it wouldn't be so pretty to look at. You'd have an enormous corpse floating in the sky. You'd have to have some pretty difficult conversations with your kids.

LUNDVIK

(lifting the detonator,
powering it up)
I don't have any kids -

CLARA

Stop. Come on - this is a *life* - this must be the biggest life in the universe -

COURTNEY

It's not even been born!

LUNDVIK

It's killing people! It's destroying the Earth!

The detonator's display - 100 DEVICES IN RANGE - LUNDVIK taps in some numbers - BEGIN DETONATION PROTOCOL -

CLARA

You can't blame a baby for kicking!

(CONTINUED)

LUNDVIK

Let me tell you something.

(to COURTNEY)

You wanna know what I took back
from being in space -

(turns them to the window)

Look! You see the edge of the
Earth? The atmosphere? That's *paper
thin* - that's the only thing that
keeps us all from death. Everything
around it - all the stars, the
blackness - that's dead. Sadly,
that is the only life that any of
us will ever know. Okay?

*
*
*

COURTNEY

But there's life *here*. There's life
just next door.

LUNDVIK

...When you've grown up a bit,
you'll realise that life doesn't
have to be nice. Some things are
just bad. Besides, it's none of
your business. You ran away.

The display on the detonator - ENTER ACCESS CODE -

LUNDVIK keys in the numbers. CODE ACCEPTED - SET COUNTDOWN -

COURTNEY

Doctor - I wanna come back -

CLARA

Courtney - you'll be safer where
you are -

COURTNEY

Doctor - I'm sorry. This is
important. I wanna come back, okay.
I wanna help.

THE DOCTOR

...Box of DVDs on the blue
bookshelf. Shove one in the
console. They'll bring you to me.

COURTNEY

Right.

THE DOCTOR

Well done. Hold on to the console,
though, or the TARDIS'll leave you
behind.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. TARDIS - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

22

COURTNEY hurries up to the upper level - finds a pile of blank DVD cases on one of the bookshelves. Opens one. It glows.

A HOLOGRAM of THE DOCTOR appears nearby:

THE DOCTOR
*This is security protocol 712. This
time capsule has detected the
presence of an authorised control
disc. Please insert the disc and
prepare for departure.*

COURTNEY finds a DVD slot in the console. Shoves the disk in.

COURTNEY
Okay -

She holds on to the console very tight. The TARDIS dematerialises.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. INTERNATIONAL MOONBASE - SAME TIME - DAY**

23

CLARA turns to THE DOCTOR.

CLARA
...So what do we do?

A long pause.

THE DOCTOR looks at her. LUNDAVIK glances up from the detonator, hesitating.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Doctor, what do we do?

THE DOCTOR
...Nothing.

CLARA
What?

THE DOCTOR
...'We' are going to do nothing.
Sorry, Clara. ...I can't help you.

CLARA
'Course you can!

THE DOCTOR
...The Earth isn't my home. The
Moon's not my moon. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

Come on - hey!

THE DOCTOR

...There are moments in the history of every civilisation which define the whole path that civilisation will take. Whatever future humanity might have depends on the choice that is made here, now. ...You've got the tools to kill it. You made them and you brought them here all by yourselves by your own ingenuity. You don't need a Time Lord. Kill it or let it live. I can't make this decision for you.

CLARA

I can't make it!

THE DOCTOR

There's two of you here.

CLARA

A schoolteacher and an astronaut!

THE DOCTOR

Who's better qualified?

CLARA

The President of America?!

THE DOCTOR

Oh, take something off his plate. He makes far too many decisions anyway.

*
*

LUNDVIK

She.

*

THE DOCTOR

She. Sorry. She's never even been to another planet. How'd she know what to do?

*

CLARA

I'm asking you for help!

THE DOCTOR

Listen, you and me went for dinner in Berlin, 1937. We didn't nip out after pudding and kill Hitler. I've never killed Hitler. You wouldn't expect me to kill Hitler. The future isn't any more malleable than the past.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

Don't do this to make some kind of point -

THE DOCTOR

Sorry. ...Actually, I'm not sorry. It's time to take the stabilisers off your bike. Your moon, womankind. Your choice.

CLARA

What, are you just going to stand there -?!

The TARDIS arrives, materialising in the corner of the room. They look up at it. COURTNEY hurries out.

THE DOCTOR

Absolutely not.

THE DOCTOR goes to the TARDIS.

CLARA

Doctor! DOCTOR!

THE DOCTOR

...A schoolteacher, an astronaut, and a teenager.

LUNDVIK

Hang on - we can come in there, can't we? You can sort it out with *that* thing -

*

THE DOCTOR

No. Some decisions are too important not to make on your own.

*

THE DOCTOR looks at COURTNEY. Winks. Closes the TARDIS door.

CLARA

DOCTOR! DOCTOR!!!

The TARDIS dematerialises. LUNDVIK, COURTNEY and CLARA stand there, looking at one another. Silence for a moment. Then:

LUNDVIK

What a prat.

A jolt and a judder. The three of them hurry to the window.

CUT TO:

24 **EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - SAME TIME - DAY** 24

CLARA's POV: a crack opens up in front of the Moonbase.
Spreads. Dozens of smaller cracks snake off from it.

CUT TO:

25 **INT. MOONBASE - SAME TIME - DAY** 25

LUNDVIK comes up behind CLARA. Watches for a moment. CLARA
feels like she's been kicked in the stomach.

 LUNDVIK
 We're detonating those bombs,
 agreed?

*
*

The other two don't move.

 LUNDVIK (CONT'D)
 Agreed?

Suddenly, a vast new tremor.

Outside, the crack opens wider, and the end of some SPIDERY
feelers creep out and begin flailing around.

As it snakes further out, it sends a crack snaking out
towards the Moonbase.

 LUNDVIK (CONT'D)
 Get your helmets on!

The chasm hits. One of the corridors buckles and the air
hisses out. LUNDVIK, COURTNEY and CLARA are sucked down
towards the breach along with other debris.

A table flies past them and wedges in the breach, stopping
the air escaping.

Gaping and gasping for air, they stagger back to the main
room, helping one another to get past the door.

The table is cracking and buckling.

LUNDVIK collapses on the floor. COURTNEY and CLARA manage to
get the door.

The table breaks and shoots out through the breach.

COURTNEY and CLARA close the door, lock it tight. Air starts
returning. They sink to the floor, relieved.

LUNDVIK looks up at them. CLARA gets up, moves. New energy -
new focus.

*
*

CLARA

...If we let it live... what would happen if the Moon wasn't there?

*
*
*

LUNDVIK

We haven't got *time* for this!

*
*

CLARA

...We're discussing it! What would happen if the Moon wasn't there?

*
*

COURTNEY takes something out of her schoolbag.

COURTNEY

I've got my physics book... There's a thing about gravity -

LUNDVIK

Super. Is there a wordsearch?!

CLARA

...There wouldn't be any tides. We'd survive that, right? It's knocked the satellites out. No internet, no mobiles. I'm fine with that.

*
*
*

LUNDVIK

It's not gonna just - stop being there! ...Because inside the Moon, Miss, is a gigantic creature, forcing its way out. And when it gets out, which is gonna be pretty damn soon, there'll be huge chunks of Moon heading right for us, like whatever killed the dinosaurs, only about ten thousand times bigger -

CLARA

The Moon isn't rock and stone, though - it's eggshell -

LUNDVIK

Come on! ...Okay, fine. If by some miracle the shell isn't too thick, if it disperses or goes into orbit round us, or whatever - we're still left with a massive *thing* there, that's just popped out! And what the hell d'you imagine it is?

COURTNEY

Loads of things lay eggs.

LUNDVIK

It's *not* a chicken!

COURTNEY

I'm not saying it's a chicken - I'm not completely stupid -

*

LUNDVIK

It's an exo-parasite!

COURTNEY

A what?

LUNDVIK

Like a flea. Or a head-louse. Think about it. Whatever laid it - its Mum - laid it in the temperate zone of the Sun. The Goldilocks zone. Not too warm, not too cold. Next to a planet with lots of life. That could feed it once it hatched. That's how nature works, sweetheart. And I don't want to be food for the Moon!

CLARA

I'm gonna have to be a lot more certain than that if I'm going to kill a baby.

LUNDVIK

You wanna talk about babies? You must have babies down there, right now. You wanna have babies?

CLARA

What? Well - I - yeah -

COURTNEY

Mr Pi-ink.

CLARA

Ssh.

LUNDVIK

Imagine you've got children down there on the Earth now. Grandchildren, maybe. You want this thing to get out? Kill your whole family? You want today to be the day life on Earth stopped because you couldn't make an unfair decision? I don't want to do this. My whole life I've dreamed about coming here. But this is how it has to end.

*

*

*

*

*

LUNDVIK hits the countdown button. It starts, blares into life with a screeching siren.

(CONTINUED)

COURTNEY

Oi!

LUNDVIK

I've given us an hour. There's a cut-out here. If anyone has any bright ideas - if he comes back - that stops it. Once it's pressed, though - it stays pressed.

*

CLARA

(softly)

If he doesn't come back...?

LUNDVIK

...I wasn't expecting to survive anyway.

COURTNEY and CLARA look at one another.

COURTNEY

He's gonna come back, though, isn't he, Miss?

CLARA

Why don't you call me Clara?

COURTNEY

...Prefer to call you Miss, Miss. We just have to make up our minds, that's all.

*

*

CLARA looks at her. She isn't so sure.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Well - you know him.

CLARA

...I think he really might just be leaving it to us.

A murmur of static from the control panel. A voice splutters through:

MCKEAN (ON SPEAKER)

Come in. Anyone hear me? Come in please...

LUNDVIK goes to answer. MCKEAN's face in a white fog of interference on the screen. He's about 45. He's LUNDVIK's mission-controller.

LUNDVIK

Lundvik.

MCKEAN

This is ground control.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDVIK
Yeah, I can tell by your hair-cut.
...How are things down there?

MCKEAN
...Pretty bad.
(glancing around)
Yeah. Pretty bad. We're patched in
to one of the TV satellites. We
haven't got long. How are things up
there?

LUNDVIK
The Moon is a gigantic egg for some
enormous snakey-looking creature.
And it's hatching.

MCKEAN
...Uh. Have you - are you mixing
your oxygen properly?

LUNDVIK
We've seen it. It's there. The
question is what we do about it.

CLARA comes to LUNDVIK's side. COURTNEY, too.

CLARA
Can we broadcast on this?

MCKEAN
...Who are you?

CLARA
School trip. Can we broadcast on
this?

CUT TO:

25A INT. QI STUDIO - DAY (FOOTAGE) 25A *

A brief, disquieting, channel jump to some innocuous moment *
of the quiz show. Then - *

CUT TO: *

26 OMITTED 26 *

27 INT. INTERNATIONAL MOONBASE - DAY 27

CLARA's face breaks through, looking directly at us:

CLARA
Hello, Earth.

CUT TO:

28 **EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - DAY**

28

Earth turns in the sky. The surface of the Moon is now scored with cracks and fissures. Another tremor of the ground.

CLARA (V.O.)
We have a terrible decision to make. It's an uncertain decision and we don't have a lot of time. The man... who normally helps - he's gone. Maybe he's not coming back. In fact, I really don't think he is. We're on our own. ...So - an innocent life versus the future of all mankind. ...And we have forty-five minutes to choose.

And the SPIDER-CREATURES start to swarm up from the cracks, gingerly feeling their way...

CUT TO:

29 **INT. INTERNATIONAL MOONBASE - DAY / EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - DAY** 29
/ CGI - THE EARTH IN SPACE - DAY/NIGHT

The Countdown. 43.43 seconds and counting. CLARA broadcasting to the world. COURTNEY and LUNDAVIK watching.

CLARA
We can kill this creature. Or we can let it live. We don't know what it's going to do. We don't know what's going to happen when it hatches. If it'll hurt us, or help us, or just leave us alone. We have to decide together. This is the last time we'll be able to speak to you. But you can send us a message... If you think we should kill the creature, turn your lights off. If you think we should take the chance - let it live - leave your lights on. We'll be able to see. Goodnight Earth.

The reception bars slowly dwindle away to nothing. The screen fuzzes over. CLARA switches it off.

Looks up at COURTNEY.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (CONT'D)

That okay?

COURTNEY

Yeah.

The ground shakes.

CLARA

Come on, then. Let's see.

COURTNEY, LUNDVIK (carrying the detonator) and CLARA walk through the Moonbase, through the tremors and the explosions and the falling debris, to the observation bay, grabbing binoculars from a rack on the wall.

Across the lunar surface, Earth rotates in space. The lights of its continents twinkling orange.

Silence for a moment. The Moon seems to calm. They stand there, watching, each holding their binoculars.

Across the continents, the lights go off, block by block, country by country, continent by continent.

As the Earth turns, the countdown continues, merging with the planet, showing us the time it takes for the world to make its decision. 40 mins. 32 mins. 18mins. 5mins.

The last country turns its lights out.

Slowly, Earth disappears behind the horizon. The surface dims.

COURTNEY

Night, night.

SPIDER GERMS begin to crawl out of the cracks in the Moon's surface.

COURTNEY, CLARA and LUNDVIK look down to the instrument panel.

12 SECONDS.

They look up to one another.

CLARA

Doctor, where have you gone -?

LUNDVIK

We can't risk it all, just to be nice.

CLARA

...Okay.

(CONTINUED)

COURTNEY

Miss!

LUNDVIK

Five seconds.

COURTNEY

You can't!

LUNDVIK

Sorry girls. See you on the other
side -

They look at one another.

SPIDERS swarm up to the observation windows.

LUNDVIK (CONT'D)

Two -

COURTNEY and CLARA, independently of one another, dive
forward and press the cut-out button. The countdown stops.
ABORTED.

LUNDVIK (CONT'D)

Oi!

An enormous shudder and a groaning, tearing of rock, outside.

The TARDIS appears. THE DOCTOR opens the door.

THE DOCTOR

One, two, three of you, into the
TARDIS.

LUNDVIK

What's happening?!

THE DOCTOR

Let's away and have a look.

CUT TO:

30

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - DAY

30

The lunar surface cracks and fragments. The final phase of
breaking apart.

Bits of creature start becoming visible through the cracks.
It's hatching.

CUT TO:

31 **INT. THE TARDIS - DAY**

31

The TARDIS in flight. THE DOCTOR, CLARA, COURTNEY and a protesting LUNDVIK:

 LUNDVIK
Bloody idiots! Bloody irresponsible
idiots!

 THE DOCTOR
Watch your language - children
present.

 LUNDVIK
You should've left me there! Let me
die! I wanted to die up there with
the universe in front of me, not
crushed to bits on the Earth!

 THE DOCTOR
Nobody's going to die.

 LUNDVIK
Can we please see what's
happening?!

*

CUT TO:

32 **EXT. BEACH - DAWN**

32

The TARDIS materialises in some sand-dunes.

THE DOCTOR, CLARA, COURTNEY and LUNDVIK scramble out.

Up there in the broad sky, the Moon is fracturing.

Then the CREATURE bursts out in all directions at once -
fragmenting the Moon into tiny pieces, turning the surface
into a whirling cloud of Moondust.

Which slowly clears.

The CREATURE lies there, hanging in space for a few moments,
curled around itself.

Then begins to unfurl.

It spreads huge wings. Huge, raggedy, black wings.

For a moment, it hangs there. A dark silhouette, forbidding,
worrying.

Then the rising sun strikes its wings, and they begin to
glint with iridescent colour, like the surface of oil.
Beautiful, darkly colourful.

(CONTINUED)

COURTNEY

What's it doing?

THE DOCTOR

Feeling the sun on itself. Getting warm.

Slowly, the wings begin to beat. A flurry of confusion and colour, filling the whole sky. Then it's gone, overhead.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Now it's flying away.

CLARA

Did you *know*?

THE DOCTOR

You made the decision. Humanity made its choice.

LUNDVIK

We *ignored* humanity!

THE DOCTOR

Well, there y'go.

LUNDVIK

What happens now? Tell me what happens now!

THE DOCTOR closes his eyes, steps forward towards the sea. Frowns - twitches - expressions flit across his face. He's reading the future.

THE DOCTOR

It warms itself by the sun for couple of years, then tootles off. ...Does whatever it needs to do. The bits of Moon disperse, just being eggshell - and - everything is generally fine.

LUNDVIK

I honestly don't know why you couldn't've said that an hour ago!

THE DOCTOR

I didn't know an hour ago.

He starts looking further and further, seeing Time join up, re-connect.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

...In the mid-twenty-first century, humankind started creeping off into the stars.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Spread its way through the galaxy,
to the very edges of the universe -
and humankind endured until the end
of time. And it did that because
one day, in the year 2049, when
it'd stopped thinking of going to
the stars, something occurred to
make it look up. Not down. It
looked out there, into the
blackness, and it saw something
beautiful. Something wonderful.
That for once, it didn't destroy.
And in that one moment, the whole
course of history changed.

*

(to Courtney)

Not bad for a girl from Coal Hill
School. And her teacher.

He turns back to them. Opens his eyes. Moves aside.

Behind him, light strikes an object in the sky.

Slowly, creeping over its surface, bringing it into
brightness.

It's a perfect disc - unblemished, like polished white
marble, gleaming brightly. It radiates new aurae off itself.
It's like a small, white sun.

COURTNEY

It laid a new egg! ...Oh my God -
it's beautiful. Doctor - it's
beautiful.

THE DOCTOR

It's what's known as a new moon.

COURTNEY

(to LUNDVIK)

You can be the first Woman on that.

*

*

THE DOCTOR

...I think someone deserves a thank
you.

*

*

LUNDVIK

...Yeah. Probably.

*

LUNDVIK thinks for a moment. Her cynicism eases. She turns to
COURTNEY and CLARA.

*

*

LUNDVIK (CONT'D)

...Thank you. Thank you for
stopping me. Thank you for giving
me the Moon back.

*

*

*

*

THE DOCTOR

Okay, Captain. You've got a whole new space programme to set up. NASA is that way. About two and half thousand miles.

(to COURTNEY)

Got your vortex manipulators?

COURTNEY holds up her wrists.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'll run you home.

CUT TO:

33 INT. COAL HILL. STORE CUPBOARD - DAY

33

The TARDIS materialises.

CUT TO:

34 INT. TARDIS - SAME TIME - DAY

34

COURTNEY is gathering her stuff. CLARA is putting on her coat after vacating her Moon suit. He watches as she takes her coat.

THE DOCTOR

Not that it's any of my business.
...I think you did the right thing.

CLARA

...You're right. It isn't any of your business.

CLARA walks past him. He watches her.

THE DOCTOR

Clara -

CLARA

(to Courtney)

Out you go, Courtney. You're late for Geography.

COURTNEY

Can we do it again?

CLARA

GO!

COURTNEY flinches. Leaves. THE DOCTOR pulls the lever - the TARDIS starts to dematerialise. CLARA goes to the console - stops it. Rounds on THE DOCTOR.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (CONT'D)

Tell me what you knew!

THE DOCTOR

...Nothing. I told you - I have grey areas.

CLARA

Yeah, I noticed. Tell me what you knew, Doctor, else I'll smack you so hard you'll regenerate!

THE DOCTOR

...I knew that eggs are not bombs. I know they don't usually destroy their nests. Essentially, what I knew is that you'd always make the best choice. I had faith you'd always make the right choice.

*
*

CLARA

Honestly, do you have music playing in your head when you say rubbish like that?

THE DOCTOR

It wasn't my decision to make. I told you.

CLARA

D'you do it for Courtney, was that it? Did you know she'd -

THE DOCTOR

She *is* pretty damn special now. First woman on the Moon - saved the Earth from itself - rather bizarrely, she also becomes President of the United States - y'see, she marries a feller called Blinovitch -

CLARA

Oh, shut up. I'm sick of listening to you.

THE DOCTOR

I didn't do it for her. I didn't know what was going to happen. You think I'm lying?

CLARA

...I dunno. I mean - if you *didn't* do it for her - uh - either way, it was pathetic. It was *cheap*. ...No - it was patronising.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (CONT'D)

That was you patting us on the head and saying, "Oh, you're big enough to go to the shops by yourself now - well done - toddle along..."

THE DOCTOR

That was me allowing you to make a choice about your own future. That was me *respecting* you -

CLARA

My God, was it? Well, that's - respected is really not how I feel -

THE DOCTOR

Right, okay -

CLARA

I nearly didn't press that button - I nearly got it wrong - that was you, my friend, making *me* scared, making me feel like a bloody idiot -

THE DOCTOR

Language -

CLARA

Don't you ever tell me to mind my language! Don't you ever say I need the stabilisers taking off my bike! And don't lump me in with the rest of all the little human beings that you think are so tiny and silly and predictable -

THE DOCTOR

Well, they are predictable. I did a course in Advanced Human Psychology once. It took me a *day*.

CLARA

Well, we must be doing something right because you never damn well leave us alone, apart from this afternoon. You walk our Earth, Doctor, you breathe our air, you make us your friends - then that's your Moon too - and you can damn well help us when we need it.

THE DOCTOR

I was helping.

CLARA

By clearing off?

THE DOCTOR

Yes!

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

Clear off, then! Do us a favour.
Get in your bloody lonely little
TARDIS and don't come back!

THE DOCTOR

Clara - CLARA -

She turns, walks out.

CLARA

Go away. Okay? Go a long way away.

She's gone. THE DOCTOR thinks for a moment. Then turns to the
console.

CUT TO:

35 INT. COAL HILL. STORE CUPBOARD - SAME TIME - DAY 35

The TARDIS dematerialises.

CLARA turns, watches it go.

CUT TO:

36 INT. COAL HILL. CLARA'S CLASSROOM - DAY 36

CLARA returns to her desk. Afternoon breaktime is happening
outside. She picks up some papers that blew off her desk.

DANNY arrives at the door.

DANNY

Hello.

CLARA

Now then.

DANNY

What've you been up to?

CLARA

...The usual.

Danny looks at her. Questioningly.

DANNY

It happened, didn't it?

*

CLARA

...He - didn't do anything.
Nothing.

DANNY
...You don't have to obey a man you
don't agree with, Clara. Leave the
army. Be a teacher instead.

*
*
*

CLARA
Danny -

*
*

DANNY
Think about it. Tell me.

*
*

DANNY leaves. CLARA considers this.

*

CUT TO:

37

INT. CLARA'S FLAT - NIGHT

37

CLARA lets herself in. She carries shopping bags. Dumps them
in the kitchen.

Opens a bottle of wine, pours herself a glass. Takes her
marking out of her schoolbag. Leafs through it.

Goes to the window. Looks out. The Moon is in the sky.

She looks at it for a long moment.

She draws the curtains. Sits down.

CREDITS

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