

THE BRIDGE

Christmas 2024

By

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**Yellow Amends**

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1 EXT. BLITZ MANCHESTER - NIGHT

1

The skies over Manchester - an inferno. The whine and thunder of bombs, the drone of bombers overhead.

CHYRON: **MANCHESTER 1940.**

Panning round the majestic horror, settling on one grand old building. Even blacked out, it is obviously a hotel. The MAITLAND Hotel. Homing in on it. A man standing on the balcony, scanning with binoculars.

Lowers the binoculars - an old man in tweeds, a Colonel Blimp type. This is BASIL. A disdainful look at the horror around him - he doesn't think much of *that!* - then he turns and heads back into his room through the blacked-out French windows.

CUT TO:

2 INT. BLITZ MANCHESTER HOTEL - NIGHT

2

BASIL steps into the large room. It's a rather grand suite. His wife, HILDA, is playing patience. Christmas decorations everywhere.

HILDA  
Close the window, Basil, there's a war on.

BASIL  
The Cathedral's been hit. Don't think there will be much left. Used to know someone who lived up that way. Long time ago.

HILDA  
Woman, was it?

BASIL  
Two women, in fact.

Hilda gives a little *hmphh!* of disapproval.

HILDA  
Well *that* doesn't surprise me.

BASIL  
I hope they're both all right.

HILDA  
Well you're not going over there to check in the middle of an air raid - I know your ways, Basil Flockhart.

More bombs outside, more explosions.

Two half full wine glasses on the table rattle together. A little sadly, Basil moves them apart.

BASIL  
It's the end of everything, you  
know. Everything we hold dear.  
Democracy itself will fall.

She hears him. Moved. Goes to him, hugs him hard. He hugs  
her back.

HILDA  
You're still not going to see  
those women.

BASIL  
I know.

And in this tender moment, a door opens.

Not the main door to the room - one of those mysterious  
locked doors you always find in hotel rooms - and in steps  
THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR  
Ham and cheese toastie and a  
pumpkin latte?

Hilda and Basil stare at him. What??

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
No? Okay!

He darts back out, the door closes behind him.

Basil and Hilda: a moment of incomprehension. Basil now  
strides over to the door, tries to open it. Locked.

BASIL  
It's locked.

HILDA  
That door's *always* been locked.

Basil stares at the door. New thought.

BASIL  
What *is* that door?

Now, on the door. Pushing in slightly - dramatic emphasis,  
this door *matters*.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

3

Panning across a majestic sweep of snowy hills and frozen  
lakes in the gathering dusk.

CHYRON: **ITALY 1962.**

The steel gallop of a train, now pounding along a curve of railway track - The Orient Express!

CUT TO:

4 OMITTED 4

5 INT. SYLVIA'S COMPARTMENT - EVENING 5

A typically narrow train compartment. It is still made up in the bench seat configuration, rather than as a bed.

SYLVIA - poised, beautiful, a little sad - now enters. She goes to the window, picks up a book lying on the table. *Murder On The Orient Express*. She opens it - and extracts some folded sheets of notepaper, covered in handwriting -

- a glimpse: it's clearly a letter. She takes a breath - like she has to brace herself to read this again - and -

- another door in the compartment opens, and THE DOCTOR steps through, identically to the last time. Again he has a tray bearing a sandwich and a drink.

THE DOCTOR  
Ham and cheese toastie and a  
pumpkin latte?

SYLVIA  
Who are you?

THE DOCTOR  
Wrong room, never mind!

The Doctor is already stepping back out - again the door closes automatically. Sylvia goes to the door, tries it. But as before it's already locked.

On Sylvia: what the hell was that? Who the hell was that??

On the door - pushing in, lingering on it. It's not the same as the previous door (in 1940), it looks like it belongs in the train carriage. *But what is it??*

CUT TO:

6 INT./EXT. MOUNT EVEREST/BASE CAMP - EVENING 6

Establisher: aerial shot of Mount Everest in the dying rays of the sun.

**CHYRON: MOUNT EVEREST 1953.**

The same mountain now framed by a held open tent flap. TWO MEN, in climbing gear, look out. EDMUND HILLARY and TENZING NORGAY. There are other MOUNTAINEERS in the tent, and climbing gear everywhere.

EDMUND HILLARY  
Tomorrow ... Everest!

THE DOCTOR  
(From off)  
Ooh, that's a big mountain, isn't it?

They all look round. There's THE DOCTOR with his tray - there is a tent flap open behind, looking out on the Time Hotel.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Ham and cheese toastie and a pumpkin latte?

CUT TO:

7 EXT. MODERN LONDON - NIGHT 7

Modern London. Panning along the Christmas lights, to discover - The Sandringham Hotel. A narrow, shabby hotel. A few drifting snowflakes.

CHYRON: **LONDON 2024.**

A taxi is drawing up. In the back, a WOMAN. This is JOY.

CUT TO:

8 INT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/RECEPTION - NIGHT 8

Close on a small case being set down in front of the reception desk.

Wider: a typical, perfunctory, characterless lobby. ANITA - gloomy, phlegmatic - is at the reception desk. Behind her a sad little Christmas tree. JOY - who has set down the case - has one of the smiles you can only call determined.

JOY  
Do you have a room, please? Just for the week.

ANITA  
Single?

JOY  
Oh, does it show?

ANITA  
... room, I mean?

CUT TO:

9 INT. JOY'S ROOM - NIGHT 9

A small, dreary hotel room, of the most basic, perfunctory kind. ANITA shows in JOY.

With the vaguest wave of her hand, Anita indicates the room. Joy looks round, nods vigorously, resolutely looking on the bright side.

JOY  
Oh, it's quite - well it's not big,  
but it's the size it needs to be.  
It's focussed. It knows what it's  
doing.

ANITA  
(Opening bathroom)  
Bathroom's through here.

JOY  
Oh, there it is. The en-suite.  
Lovely. Bath, shower, basin ...  
that. Do you think there might be,  
over time, towels?

ANITA  
I'll ask.

JOY  
What's in here?

She's stepped towards another door, tries it - locked.

JOY (CONT'D)  
Oh, it's just *that* door, isn't it?  
There's always a door like that in  
a hotel room, isn't there? The  
funny locked one.

ANITA  
Anyway, I'll go and get you some  
towels.

She withdraws, closes the door. With the greatest effort, Joy keeps her smile in place. Sits. Looks round. What now? This is it, all the way to Christmas. A fly swoops past her. She gives it a cheery little wave.

JOY  
Oh, hello, merry Christmas, I'm  
Joy, welcome to my room. And I  
thought I was going to be lonely!

She picks up the TV remote, tries to click on the TV.  
Nothing. Doesn't work.

She opens a drawer. Inside there is a hair dryer. She looks at it, considers it. Clicks the button (it's not plugged in so there's no blast of air.) Nods approving, nice action -

- and at the moment - the other door suddenly flies open, and  
stumbling into the room -

- Oh! This time it's *not* the Doctor! It's a MAN with a  
REPTILE HEAD!

(In fact a SILURIAN - as previously seen in The Hungry Earth.) He's dressed in a smart dinner suit and mostly seems humanoid - but above the gleaming shirt collar, is a sleek scaly head, with wide black eyes which blink sideways. In one scaly hand he's clutching a jet black case, cuffed to his wrist with a jet black chain. There's a badge on his jacket that reads: MANAGER. A moment as they stare at one another, frozen.

Joy's eyes flicking to the gleaming, silver world beyond the Manager - she seems to be looking out over a balcony into a vast, space-age atrium. *What??* The door slowly falls shut, blocking the view.

But now the Manager is behaving rather oddly. His eyes fixed on Joy, he's slowly straightening, now raising his hands in the air, as if at gunpoint. His sideways blinking eyes go to ... the hair dryer in Joy's hand. It happens to be pointing right at him. He's behaving exactly as if he thinks it's a gun.

JOY (CONT'D)

... what ... what ...

HOTEL MANAGER

The star seed will bloom and the  
flesh will rise.

JOY

What ... *What is going on????*

And now the door slams open again. It's THE DOCTOR, with his tray and his toastie and drink.

THE DOCTOR

Ham and cheese toastie and a  
pumpkin latte?

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

10

EXT. FUTURE LONDON - DAY

10

TOWERS and SPIRES. Now cliff faces of gleaming windows. Scenic elevators going up and down. Now, panning right to left across the structure, giant neon letters start to come into view ... **THE TIME HOTEL.**

The words are glittering above the giant door which forms the entrance. Pulling back to a hero shot of the whole extraordinary building - it's like some Byzantine extravagance in Dubai, in the middle of a dazzling, futuristic city. A few preserved landmarks suggest that this might be London in the far future. And it's Christmas and it's snowing!

CUT TO:

11 INT. THE TIME HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY

11

Looking down at - the lobby: a giant round atrium: door-lined corridors, stacked on top of each other, winding round this space.

Far below, there's a huge circular desk in the middle. Everywhere, people milling about, in period clothing from every era.

There's a Christmas tree in the centre of the atrium, the walls are festooned with decorations. Christmas muzak.

Descending: the TARDIS engines now, louder and louder. Down and down. Now reaching ground level, where the TARDIS is grinding into existence. Closing in on the doors.

The doors open - and, oh! THE DOCTOR, but he's not usually seen like this. Certainly not *this* Doctor. He has a dressing gown thrown over his clothes, a newspaper tucked under his arm, and he's clutching two coffee mugs. A sigh, a yawn, and he makes his way over to the free coffee station he's materialised next to. He pours some milk into his coffees - this is Sunday Morning Doctor, he takes an idle glance around.

The Doctor's POV. (This should be incidental - like an accidentally gleaned detail.) A man is waiting patiently at the reception desk. This is MR. SINGLE. A fairly ordinary man, in a dark business suit. As the camera arrives on him, he's standing, waiting - and chained to his wrist an identical case to the one earlier seen being held by the MANAGER.

- as a young woman (the RECEPTIONIST) comes over to him, standing the other side of the desk.

RECEPTIONIST  
First visit?

MR. SINGLE  
It is, yes.

The Doctor pockets a couple of biscuits from a tray - and becomes aware a uniformed SECURITY MAN has just arrived next to him. This is TREV. Amiable, a little gormless.

TREV  
Excuse me, the refreshments are for guests only. Are you a guest at the hotel?

THE DOCTOR  
Nah, not me, I bring my own room.  
Just need some milk.  
(Starts heading back to  
the TARDIS)  
I have a nav-com algorithm, it  
homes on fresh milk. I mean, I  
could just get a fridge.



TREV  
(Of the TARDIS)  
Is that a toilet?

THE DOCTOR  
Is it a *what*?

TREV  
Well you've got a newspaper.

THE DOCTOR  
And a *coffee*. Who takes a coffee to  
the loo??

TREV  
(Embarrassed, caught out)  
Each to their own. Is there someone  
else in there?

He nods at the two coffees cups the Doctor is clutching, and  
so does the Doctor. A pang.

THE DOCTOR  
Ah. Yes. Habit. I never get used to  
them leaving.  
(Hands one to Trev)  
Here. Keep the mug, it's bigger on  
the inside.

The Doctor disappears inside.

CUT TO:

12 INT. TARDIS - DAY

12

THE DOCTOR, entering. Instantly, he's discarding his robe and  
his newspaper - he pops his coffee on the console, grabs a  
coat, starts pulling it on - and freezes: what?

THE DOCTOR  
Okay, so I just put my coat on. Why  
did I do that?  
(Grabs the sonic from the  
console)  
Oh, and now I'm getting the sonic.  
What did I see?

CUT TO:

13 INT. THE TIME HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY

13

THE DOCTOR pops his head back out the TARDIS. TREV is still  
examining the TARDIS.

The Doctor's POV. The lobby as before. His eyes settle on:

MR. SINGLE, still waiting at Reception. Oh! Gets it now.  
*That's* who he noticed.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh! Yeah, of course, you.  
Mysterious Mr. You.

TREV  
This box wasn't here a moment ago.  
How did it get here?

THE DOCTOR  
(Flashes psychic paper)  
Special Agent Clint Rock, I've been  
sent by head office, this goes all  
the way to the top. Look, I've got  
my own toilet. What's your name?

TREV  
Trev, sir.

THE DOCTOR  
You're working for me now, Trev.  
(Taking his arm)  
Stroll with me - keep it casual,  
like you haven't noticed anything  
dangerous.

TREV  
I haven't noticed anything  
dangerous.

THE DOCTOR  
Then why aren't you strolling  
better?

TREV  
I'm pretending not to notice  
something that I really haven't  
noticed. I haven't perfected a  
stroll for that.

THE DOCTOR  
(Nods at Mr. Single)  
That guy. Mr. Suit Guy. What do we  
think?

TREV  
He's not doing anything.

THE DOCTOR  
And he keeps not doing it. And  
again. And again. You see?

TREV  
No.

THE DOCTOR  
He's not looking up. He hasn't  
looked up, not once. And he said it  
was his first visit.

TREV  
So?

THE DOCTOR

The Atrium. I mean check out the Atrium up there, anyone would look up at that on their first visit.

TREV

We're not looking up.

THE DOCTOR

Because we're on a top secret, dangerous mission. So what kind of mission is he on? With a briefcase chained to his wrist.

The Doctor starts strolling over to the desk. Trev follows. As they approach, the Doctor notices the words above the desk. **The Time Hotel**. He grabs a leaflet from the counter.

RECEPTIONIST

... I'm sorry, sir, we can't make the room available until the contemporaneous guests vacate. The bar is open, if you'd care to have a drink while you're waiting.

MR. SINGLE

Thank you.

Mr. Single heads away, towards the bar - a sign over the door says DeTamble's.

TREV

Okay, are we going to follow him?

THE DOCTOR

I hate following people, you have to stay at the back.

On the Doctor's leaflet, which he's flicking through. We briefly glimpse suggested excursions. Pompeii, Storming Of The Winter Palace, Presidential Assassination Special: Lincoln & Kennedy. Mammoth Hunt.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

The Time Hotel ... What's that then? Time Hotel, what does that mean?

He's looking round now, taking it all in. The guests are all human - many of them in different period costumes. There are Hotel shops and attractions lining the lobby walls (though no rooms, because they're all on the higher levels.) There's a clothes store called *Mr Benn's*, boasting "any era clothes." There's a shopfront advertising "London Blitz Walking Tours - all the fun, none of the danger." There's a fast food outlet selling Dodo Burgers.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

All of human history - now available as minibreaks. Is that how it works?

TREV

You said you were from head office.  
Don't you *know* how it works?

THE DOCTOR

I like to enter investigations with  
my mind completely blank - I fit in  
better.

TREV

Should I make my mind blank too,  
sir?

THE DOCTOR

It may not be necessary in your  
case, Trev. Okay, so a hotel. But  
instead of rooms, time portals,  
yeah? That stone door up there,  
that's actual stone, live from the  
stone age.

(Points at the round  
door with the spin  
wheel)

Live from a submarine.

(Points at another door)

Venice, early 1700s.

(Points to another door)

Mesopotamia, going by the  
carving.

(Points at a door that  
slants at an angle)

Come on, gotta be Pisa.

TREV

Yeah, Pisa.

THE DOCTOR

Ancient Rome, the fall of Troy,  
your favourite assassination.  
Package deals for all of  
history's biggest hits. No wonder  
there was no room at the Inn.

(To the Receptionist)

Is the room service menu  
available in the lobby?

RECEPTIONIST

Of course, sir. Just a moment.

THE DOCTOR

You know what? This solves the  
biggest mystery in the known  
universe. Why is there always an  
extra door in your hotel room and  
why is it always locked? Because  
that's the way to the Time Hotel!  
That means your room is a time  
share - with the future.

(Looking around)

Speaking of no room at the inn -  
is this Christmas?

TREV

Yes, sir. We're running a special  
on Christmas Days throughout  
history - "Christmas Everywhere  
All At Once."

The Receptionist now hands the Doctor a laminated menu.

RECEPTIONIST

There you go - you pay on the blue  
strip.

THE DOCTOR

(Reading off the menu)

Okay, what do you think. Trev?? Ham  
and cheese toastie and a pumpkin  
latte?

He sonics the blue strip on the menu - and instantly a SERVER  
steps into shot, with a tray, loaded with a drink and  
sandwich.

SERVER

Ham and cheese toastie and a  
pumpkin latte, sir. Enjoy your  
light snack.

The Server sets down the tray next to the Doctor, heads off.

TREV

The kitchens are thirty minutes in  
the future - they start preparing  
your food before you order it to  
save time.

THE DOCTOR

(Inspecting it)

Still microwaved though.

TREV

Well you can't expect miracles.

THE DOCTOR

Right, I'm going undercover -  
you're going to be my point man  
down here, okay? Do you have a  
radio or something.

Trev taps his cheekbone (just like in Boom.)

TREV

It's implanted, sir - psychic  
graft. It's very efficient - it  
still calls my Mum if I forget to  
flush.

The Doctor taps Trev's cheekbone with his sonic.

THE DOCTOR

My code name is the Doctor. Just  
say Doctor and it will put you  
through to me.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Tell me the moment Mr. Briefcase  
leaves the bar - I'm going to take  
a look at those time portals.

TREV

Why?

THE DOCTOR

Because that's where Mr. Briefcase  
wants to go. Lesson one, Trev - the  
only meaningful way to follow  
someone is to get there first.

(Picks up the tray again)

There! Look at me, undercover - now  
I'm room service.

He starts heading towards the lifts.

TREV

I won't let you down, sir!

THE DOCTOR

I'm sure you won't.

TREV

No, sir, seriously, I'm on this.  
This is going to be the least I've  
ever let anyone down.

CUT TO:

14

INT. DETAMBLE'S BAR - DAY

14

Mr. Single's POV - the bar is a breathtakingly accurate  
recreation of a 21st Century Bar. It's currently almost empty  
- like, well, a hotel bar. Just the BARMAN, polishing some  
glasses. He glances up at MR. SINGLE who is standing a few  
feet from the bar, smiles briefly, looks away.

On Mr. Single's eerily blank face: that strange sideways  
blink seen before on the Silurian Manager Reptile Man, he now  
steps towards the bar.

Cutaway: on Mr. Single's hand, gripping the case. The cuff  
springs apart, hangs down the side of the case.

MR. SINGLE

The star seed will bloom and the  
flesh will rise.

He says this casually, conversationally, but it still  
startles the BARMAN.

BARMAN

Excuse me?

Mr. Single just smiles - a little coldly - and raises the  
case.

MR. SINGLE  
Could you put my case behind the  
bar, please.

The Barman reaches to take it - and the case's cuff and chain  
now lashes like a snake, snapping round the Barman's wrist.  
He startles -

- and then something odd happens.

Mr. Single slumps slightly - like a puppet with a couple of  
strings cut. His grave demeanour is gone. He looks  
bewildered, frightened, defeated. His eyes - no longer dark  
and calm - are bright and tearful.

And the Barman - attached to the case - now stiffens,  
straightens slightly. His eyes darken, his friendly manner  
chills.

A beat. Close on his eyes. The strange sideways blink.

MR. SINGLE (CONT'D)  
What do I do now?

His voice is fearful now, cracking with emotion. When the  
Barman speaks he has the grave manner of Mr. Single a moment  
ago. He retains his oily smoothness.

BARMAN  
Make yourself comfortable and don't  
attract attention - you should be  
dead quite shortly.

Mr. Single nods wearily.

BARMAN (CONT'D)  
(Like a toast)  
The star seed will bloom and the  
flesh will rise.

CUT TO:

15-16 OMITTED

15-16

17 INT. THE TIME HOTEL/THIRD FLOOR - DAY

17

THE DOCTOR has stopped at one of the doors - a very ordinary  
looking one, wooden. He checks a screen by the door. There is  
a little panel next to the door with a red X on it.

He tries pressing the panel, but there is a discordant note,  
then a soothing computer voice.

COMPUTER VOICE  
This room is not available. While  
guests local to the time period are  
still in residence, the room is not  
available to the Time Hotel.

The Doctor sonics the panel. The red cross becomes a green tick and there is a welcoming chime. The door now opens ...

CUT TO:

18                    INT. BLITZ MANCHESTER HOTEL - NIGHT                    18

Basically this is a repeat of the opening scene, but from the Doctor's POV. The hotel room as before, BASIL and HILDA, staring at THE DOCTOR with his ham and cheese toastie.

                         THE DOCTOR  
                         Ham and cheese toastie and a  
                         pumpkin latte?

Hilda and Basil: what??

CUT TO:

19                    INT. THE TIME HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY                    19

On TREV. He's waiting outside. The BARMAN pops his head out the door to talk to him. (Discreetly, he keeps one hand out of sight - the hand clutching the briefcase.)

                         BARMAN  
                         Trev, you give me a hand in here?  
                         Somebody left a case.

Trev follows the Barman into the bar -

CUT TO:

19A                   INT. DETAMBLE'S BAR - DAY                    19A

As TREV steps into the bar, the BARMAN promptly hands him the case - and the cuff snaps round Trev's wrist. The Barman seems to sag slightly.

                         BARMAN  
                         Sorry.

                         TREV  
                         Oh!

Trev looks round the bar, trying to get his bearings -

And there's MR SINGLE sitting alone in his booth, looking sadly at him. He's sparkling with tiny points of light - and now starts to disintegrate, to disappear.

                         TREV (CONT'D)  
                         This isn't good, is it?

On the Barman. Tiny points are appearing all over him.

Trev's eyes are already starting to dim, losing control, his voice struggling a bit ...



TREV (CONT'D)  
Oh no ... I was on a *mission* ...

CUT TO:

20                    INT. SYLVIA'S COMPARTMENT - EVENING                    20

THE DOCTOR popping through a door.

THE DOCTOR  
Ham and cheese toastie and a  
pumpkin latte?

Wider: again a repeat of the earlier scene, now from the Doctor's POV (this is when he appears on the Orient Express.) SYLVIA is staring at him.

CUT TO:

21                    INT. THE TIME HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY                    21

On the HOTEL MANAGER. This is the dinner suited Silurian seen earlier. He's busy at a console.

TREV  
(From off)  
The star seed will bloom and the  
flesh will rise.

The Hotel Manager glances over, bemused - to see a fully possessed TREV.

TREV (CONT'D)  
Can I just check, sir. You've got  
priority access to all the time  
portals, haven't you?

MANAGER  
Yes, Trev, I'm the *manager*.

Cutaway: the cuff springs apart on Trev's wrist.

CUT TO:

22                    OMITTED                    22

23                    INT. THE TIME HOTEL/THIRD FLOOR - DAY                    23

THE DOCTOR steps back into the corridor from the tent flap mounted in one of the portals - through it we briefly glimpse the Everest Expedition. He's more troubled than ever. He sets down the tray on a table, whips out his sonic. He's now examining the panel beside the door.

Someone passes him, he barely glances at them - then glances again. It's the Silurian HOTEL MANAGER - now clutching the chained-on briefcase. He's heading along the corridor.

The Doctor: his eyes go to the briefcase, recognising it.  
*Oh!!* A moment's hesitation - then he starts to follow. As he does, his screwdriver buzzes. He lifts it to his ear, like he's answering a phone.

THE DOCTOR

Trev?

CUT TO:

24 INT. DETAMBLE'S BAR - DAY

24

And there's TREV, sitting blankly at a table. He's got his finger pressed to his cheekbone, but it's like it's so hard to keep it there. He blinks, sleepily. It's like he's just too tired. His hand flops to the table.

CUT TO:

25 INT. THE TIME HOTEL/THIRD FLOOR - DAY

25

The connection breaks in THE DOCTOR's ear.

THE DOCTOR

Trev??

But ahead of him he sees the HOTEL MANAGER disappearing into a room - speeds ahead, distracted by this.

CUT TO:

26 INT. DETAMBLE'S BAR - DAY

26

On Trev's flopped hand. A fiery glow - and the hand just disintegrates into tiny, drifting points of light ...

TREV

Oh dear. I went and let him down.

CUT TO:

27 INT. JOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

27

As before - the door slams open again. It's THE DOCTOR, with his tray and his toastie and drink. He sees JOY holding the MANAGER at hair dryer point.

THE DOCTOR

Ham and cheese toastie and a  
pumpkin latte? - ooh, hello!

(To Joy)

Okay, you, yes, good work - keep  
him covered. So who are you then?

JOY

I'm Joy.

THE DOCTOR  
Joy! Top name, Joy!

JOY  
Could someone please - could  
someone just -

A scream from the door. They look round. ANITA, in the doorway, clutching a little pile of towels. She's staring at the Reptile Man. Shocked, shaking - what??

JOY (CONT'D)  
*Could someone tell me what's going on??*

THE DOCTOR  
Well -

JOY  
*Why is there a lizard man in my room??*

ANITA  
I'm so sorry, this has never happened before.

THE DOCTOR  
Question: what's in that case? Can I see?

The Hotel Manager stares at the Doctor. That strange sideways blink - like the Manager is detecting something from the Doctor.

ANITA  
Look, I'm just going to put these towels in the bathroom ...

She pops into the bathroom -

Cutaway to the hand clutching the case: the cuff springs apart, chain falls free.

HOTEL MANAGER  
Take it.

THE DOCTOR  
And then what happens?

HOTEL MANAGER  
Take it - and all will be explained.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, I do like an explanation.

JOY  
I'd like an explanation too!

The Manager and the Doctor, both ignoring her now, eyes fixed on each other. Joy frustrated by this.

HOTEL MANAGER  
(Proffering the case)  
Take it. And understand.

JOY  
Excuse me, hello, I'd also like to  
understand and it's *my room*.

Anita pops her head momentarily out the bathroom.

ANITA  
It is actually her room.

THE DOCTOR  
(To Joy, eyes still on the  
Manager)  
Could you just leave this with us  
for a moment?

JOY  
Oh, am I getting in the way in *my*  
*own actual room??*

HOTEL MANAGER  
(Eyes fixed on the Doctor)  
Take the case. We detect power in  
you.

JOY  
Excuse me, hello?

THE DOCTOR  
Well you got that right. But who's  
"we"?

JOY  
Am I even in this conversation??

THE DOCTOR  
(To Joy, getting  
irritated)  
Look, could you just let me get on  
with this, please.

JOY  
Sorry, am I in the way? Oh, this is  
just *men* all over, isn't it? And  
lizard men.

ANITA  
(Popping her head out the  
bathroom)  
Oh, I know.

THE DOCTOR  
He's a Silurian. Don't call him a  
lizard man.

JOY  
Yeah, but it's just a mask, isn't  
it?

(MORE)

JOY (CONT'D)

Are you two having a sort of game?  
I know all about these hotels.

HOTEL MANAGER

The star seed will bloom and the  
flesh will rise.

JOY

Oh, don't be filthy!

THE DOCTOR

Okay, funny thing. I saw someone  
else with that case, and now you've  
got it, and that doesn't make any  
sense. He was a guest, you're the  
manager according to your badge - I  
mean, pardon my French, but what  
the French is going on?

The Hotel Manager looks at the Doctor: studying him, scanning  
him. The sideways blink.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

What happened to the first guy who  
had it. Feeling peaky, is he?

HOTEL MANAGER

Take the case. And you will know.

THE DOCTOR

Got to be honest ... tempted.

HOTEL MANAGER

Take the case.

And the standoff is ended by ...

JOY

Oh, shut up, both of you - *I'm*  
taking the case.

And just like that, she reaches out and takes the case in her  
free hand (she still has the hair dryer levelled at the  
Manager so he acquiesces.)

THE DOCTOR

No, wait, no, no -

As she takes the case, the chain and cuff lash into life, the  
cuff snapping round Joy's wrist (the shock causes her to drop  
the hair dryer) and the Hotel Manager staggers back against  
the wall, slumping, released from his terrible burden -

JOY

Oh! Oh, what's that, what's that on  
my wrist, look at that.

THE DOCTOR

Stay very still, let me see.

The Doctor, frantically sonic-ing the cuff now round Joy's wrist. Joy looks down at him - and her eyes do the weird, sideways blink - just as Anita re-emerges from the bathroom.

ANITA

Well, that's your towels all sorted. Just phone down to reception if you want anything else.

JOY

Oh, thank you, you've been very kind, the star seed will bloom and the flesh will rise.

She says this so casually - like "have a nice day."

ANITA

... Oh, I *know*.

She hurries out, closing the door. The Hotel Manager still leaning, seemingly exhausted, against the wall.

HOTEL MANAGER

What do I do now?

JOY

Your motor functions will shut down and you'll be dead in two shakes of a lamb's tail. Pop yourself on the bed before you have a nasty fall.

Hotel Manager plods wearily towards the bed.

THE DOCTOR

What do you mean, dead? What are you talking about, dead?

JOY

(Still to the Manager)  
Shoes off, love, you'll scuff the counterpane.

She steps over to the Hotel Manager, pulls his lanyard plus key from around his neck and puts it round her own. The Doctor spins to the prone Hotel Manager, grabs his hand. Talks rapidly, passionately.

THE DOCTOR

Listen to me, you need to focus, you need to hold on. No dying, I'm not having that. You're a Silurian, proudest race I know. The original inhabitants of Earth, and here you are, millions of years later, running the Time Hotel. I mean, wow, how did that that happen?? Tell me your story. Cling on to your story.

HOTEL MANAGER

I was lost. In the caves. There was a door ... this place. They were so kind.

THE DOCTOR

Those guys, they helped you, I love those guys. Stay alive for those guys.

HOTEL MANAGER

It was so ... exciting.

The last word sort of sighs out of him - and the Hotel Manager glows and disintegrates, like Trev before him.

JOY

Well that was a bit sad, really, wasn't it?

All that's left of the Hotel Manager is a sparkly residue on the Doctor's hand - yet another loss. He pulls himself together.

THE DOCTOR

Joy ... what happened to him ... will happen to you.

JOY

The star seed will bloom and the flesh will rise.

THE DOCTOR

That's not you speaking. That's just an implanted idea you think you're not allowed to question. You're being mansplained by a briefcase.

JOY

I thought I was being mansplained by you.

THE DOCTOR

Honey, the Doctor is in the room, it's mansplain central.

JOY

Oh, I'm getting that.

THE DOCTOR

Do you even know what a star seed is?

JOY

Yes, do you?

THE DOCTOR

Okay, no, you've got me there. So let's have a look.

He's grabbed the case, and now takes it - Joy in tow - to the bed, where he sonics the lock on the case.

JOY  
No, don't do that, don't open it!

THE DOCTOR  
You don't even know why you're saying that. So let's find out.

The lock springs open, the Doctor opens the case on the bed.

Inside, an exotic maze of super-advanced circuitry - embedded in the centre of it a shiny chrome sphere, about the size of a melon. There is a boiling glow inside the sphere.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Well! What are you then, gorgeous?

Now a computer voice:

COMPUTER VOICE  
Please reseal the star seed containment unit within 20 seconds or the current case-holder will be disintegrated with extreme prejudice.

A little digital counter illuminates, starts counting down from 20. Joy looks anxiously at the Doctor - who is raptly studying the sphere.

19. 18.

JOY  
Hello? Excuse me?

THE DOCTOR  
Shh, I'm thinking.

17. 16.

JOY  
Could you close the case and think?

THE DOCTOR  
I'm a very visual person.

15. 14. 13.

JOY  
It's going to disintegrate me.

THE DOCTOR  
Good, you care about dying again, that means the control has loosened.

12. 11. 10.



JOY

*But I'm actually going to die!!!*

THE DOCTOR

Oh, not for several seconds, live in the moment.

9. 8. 7.

JOY

Please just close the case!

THE DOCTOR

Now what is it, what's it for, why bring it to the Time Hotel ...

7. 6. 5.

JOY

Close it!

THE DOCTOR

I feel like I'm missing something obvious.

4. 3.

JOY

Close the case!!

THE DOCTOR

Quiet, please, I don't like being rushed.

2. 1.

JOY

*Close it!!!!*

And calm as anything, the Doctor just reaches up and closes the case.

THE DOCTOR

There, closed, bags of time.

But! A warning chime from the case, and a little panel on the side shoots open, revealing a keypad and an LED display.

COMPUTER VOICE

To complete closure of the star seed containment unit please enter your four digit security code or the current case holder will be disintegrated.

The countdown begins. 15. 14.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, I didn't see that coming. Did you see that coming?

13. 12.

JOY  
Do you know the code?

THE DOCTOR  
No, do you?

JOY  
*No!!*

11. 10. 9.

THE DOCTOR  
I mean, four digits, that narrows  
it down to ten thousand possible  
numbers - feeling lucky?

JOY  
*Really not!!*

8. 7. 6.

THE DOCTOR  
But the variables are never equally  
weighted, I could figure it out if  
I just had -  
(Breaks off, inspiration)

JOY  
What??

THE DOCTOR  
Time!!

5. 4.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
The Time Hotel.

JOY  
The what?

THE DOCTOR  
I mean, I couldn't use the TARDIS,  
it would re-engage the causal nexus  
-

3. 2.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
- but in this hotel the time zones  
are physically connected, already  
interacting - so, in theory -

He looks round, to the secret door to the Time Hotel and  
says:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Come in!

And now stepping through that door - *another identical Doctor!!* This is FUTURE DOCTOR.

FUTURE DOCTOR

7214!

As Joy boggles at this, the Doctor taps in the code.

THE DOCTOR

7214!

JOY

Who are you??

THE DOCTOR

FUTURE DOCTOR

Me!

Him!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(Of the case)

Okay, good, it's stabilising,  
you're safe.

JOY

How can there be two of you?

THE DOCTOR

There aren't. He's the future. He's  
me after I got the code.

FUTURE DOCTOR

I'm not the future, he's the past -  
the future's this way.

(Grabs her hand)

Come on!

He starts pulling her through the door to the Time Hotel.

THE DOCTOR

How does this work? How do I get to  
be you?

FUTURE DOCTOR

The long way round.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, but how long?

FUTURE DOCTOR

You'll find out.

THE DOCTOR

What do I do, where do I go?

FUTURE DOCTOR

You'll find out.

THE DOCTOR

You see, this is why nobody likes  
you. You have to be *mysterious* all  
the time.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

That's why everybody leaves you,  
that's why you're always *alone*.

As he speaks, the Doctor has stepped forward, as if to follow his Future self out the door.

The Future Doctor squares himself in the doorway.

FUTURE DOCTOR

You have to stay here, complete the loop, it's the only way to get the code. I'm going to break the connection.

JOY

How *did* you get the code?

FUTURE DOCTOR

It's a long story but basically -

As he says this he's stepping back into the Time Hotel. He now closes the door, cutting off his explanation in mid sentence. The Doctor grabs the handle, tries to open it. Locked!! As he does this, he's yelling through the door.

THE DOCTOR

You know how alone you are? You live in a great big giant space ship and there aren't any chairs and you haven't even noticed *because no one ever comes round!*

(Revelation)

Oh, my God, I don't have any chairs.

This impacts on him for a moment - then he grabs his sonic, zaps, the door beeps, opens - to reveal a blank, brick wall. He's furious, raging - slams his fist on the wall, kicks it.

CUT TO:

28

INT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/RECEPTION - NIGHT

28

ANITA, doodling on a pad. She hears footsteps, looks up. THE DOCTOR (our contemporary Doctor) is descending the stairs. He's absorbed in a leaflet.

Closer: it's the leaflet from the Time Hotel.

THE DOCTOR

This is Christmas 2024, yeah?

ANITA

Yeah.

THE DOCTOR

Okay.

On the leaflet: there's a little advert. "Rooms Available, Christmas Eve 2025, Exeter Hotel, New York."

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
(To himself)  
Okay. So there's no way back to the  
Time Hotel for a whole year.

ANITA  
What you on about?

THE DOCTOR  
Joy's gone, so's Mr Silurian - can  
I have that room for, well, a year.

ANITA  
A year?

THE DOCTOR  
And I'm going to need money, aren't  
I? Remind me, where do you get  
money. What's your name?

ANITA  
Anita.

THE DOCTOR  
Anita, do you need anything doing  
around here?

CUT TO:

29-30 OMITTED

29-30

30A INT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY

30A

On the doors to the kitchen: THE DOCTOR, in a pinny, comes  
bursting though, carrying a bunch of loaded plates. He heads  
across the room to the only occupied table. A FAMILY - MUM,  
DAD, SON, DAUGHTER - waiting to be served. He starts banging  
the plates down in front of them.

THE DOCTOR  
Here we are! Sorry about the delay.

DAD  
We haven't ordered yet.

THE DOCTOR  
(Flashes his little  
wallet)  
Psychic paper.

He sets a plate down in front of Mum.

MUM  
Why have I got jelly and biscuits?

THE DOCTOR  
Like I said, psychic.

MUM  
I'm on a *diet*.

THE DOCTOR  
(Looking at the paper)  
Ah! That's what it's picking up.

31 INT. JOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

31

Joy's room has been "Doctored" - there are pages and pages of Gallifreyan calculations pinned all over the wall. THE DOCTOR is working at the desk, sketching something - not clear what yet. He takes a sip of his coffee, sets it down -

- next to a little toy police box. *Where did he get that??*

CUT TO:

31A INT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/LOUNGE - DAY

31A

THE DOCTOR leaning against the wall, sipping a coffee, reading a paper. Passing behind him a SELF-ANIMATING mop (like in THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE) is sweeping the floor. As it swishes back and forth it makes the exact sound of the Doctor's sonic screwdriver. It passes ANITA as she arrives in shot. She watches the mop go, bemused.

THE DOCTOR  
Okay?

ANITA  
... yeah.

CUT TO:

31B INT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/RECEPTION - NIGHT

31B

Close on a little television. One of those awful New Year Shows. The studio guests are all singing "For Auld Lang Syne." ANITA is idly watching, while working on a puzzle book. THE DOCTOR is rewiring a light switch with his sonic. Both have coffees.

ANITA  
What does it mean, Auld Lang Syne?

THE DOCTOR  
Time's long past, that's all. Not forgetting old friends.

He glances briefly at the phone on the desk, goes back to work - the lights go briefly disco ball.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

ANITA

Who are you not phoning?  
(Off his surprised look)  
You keep looking at the phone, it's  
very obvious.

THE DOCTOR

... Nobody.

ANITA

Name?

THE DOCTOR

Ruby. Ruby Sunday.

ANITA

What's the problem with Ruby?

On the Doctor: the memory lands like a tiny impact. A  
FLASHBACK shot of the two of them laughing ...

THE DOCTOR

No problem. Just ... got to let  
people get on with their lives,  
yeah?

ANITA

Yeah, you and me. Letting people  
get on with their lives.  
(Toasts him her coffee)  
For Auld Lang Syne.

THE DOCTOR

(Toasts her back)  
Old friends.

CUT TO:

31C

INT. RUBY & CARLA'S FLAT - NIGHT

31C

A New Year's Party - laughing, singing. Among the people,  
there's RUBY SUNDAY, with her family and friends. Panning  
round them - CARLA, CHERRY, LOUISE, TRUDY. She's back in her  
old life, so happy. They're singing, just reaching the end of  
Auld Lang Syne. As the song dissolves into laughter and  
hugging ...

... there's the buzzing of a phone. Hearing this, Ruby looks  
round - her phone is glowing on the table. She steps towards  
it, picks it up -

- NUMBER WITHHELD -

- and the phone abruptly cuts off.

As everyone else carries on laughing and hugging, Ruby stares  
at the screen. She has the strangest feeling. Was that ...  
him?

CUT TO:

31D INT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/RECEPTION - NIGHT

31D

THE DOCTOR, standing there, having just hung up the phone. He thinks he's alone but -

ANITA  
(From off)  
Lose your nerve?

He startles, looks round. ANITA has just arrived. He's embarrassed - not used to being caught this vulnerable. But Anita just holds up her phone, and smiles.



ANITA (CONT'D)

Me too.

They share a smile - complicity.

CUT TO:

32-36 SCENES 32-36 OMITTED

32-36

37 INT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/KITCHEN - DAY

37

THE DOCTOR is enjoying another cuppa. ANITA is bemusedly examining a microwave.

THE DOCTOR  
Should be working fine now.

ANITA  
(Peering inside)  
Yes. But it seems to be bigger on  
the inside.

THE DOCTOR  
Is it not supposed to be?

CUT TO:

37A EXT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/BACK YARD - DAY

37A

THE DOCTOR is on the fire escape stairs at the back,  
repairing a junction box on the wall. A sunny day.

A car door slams below. He looks down to see a slightly  
indignant ANITA climbing out of her little blue car. She  
calls up to the Doctor.

ANITA  
You said you'd fix my satnav.

THE DOCTOR  
I did.

ANITA  
It doesn't take me where I want to  
go.

THE DOCTOR  
Ah. But it takes you where you *need*  
to go.

ANITA  
And why's my car blue now?

CUT TO:

38-39 OMITTED

38-39

40 INT. JOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

40

Close on the tiny blue police box toy standing on the Doctor's desk as THE DOCTOR works away, sketching. He glances up at the little box, grins. Gives him a moment of joy. He picks it up, kisses it - and sets it down on the shelf above this desk - where there are two or three other little toy police boxes of various sizes.

On the Doctor's drawing: it's a beautifully rendered sketch of the interior of the briefcase.

CUT TO:

40A INT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/LANDING - DAY

40A

THE DOCTOR is up a stepladder, replacing a light bulb. ANITA walks past, tosses him a toilet plunger.

ANITA  
Blockage in 28.

The Doctor looks in alarm at the plunger.

THE DOCTOR  
Is this armed?

CUT TO:

41 OMITTED

41

42 INT. JOY'S ROOM - EVENING

42

- the blue police box toy, sitting on the Doctor's desk.

Wider: the Doctor's room is now covered in pages of Gallifreyan scrawl and pictures and diagrams of the briefly glimpsed case interior. THE DOCTOR is toiling away at his desk. A glimpse of what he's working at: another schematic of the case interior. At the window - evening sunshine, golden, like early summer.

ANITA is there too - she's doing some basic room maintenance (changing towels etc) and sort of loitering, hoping for a chat. A longing glance at the sunshine.

ANITA  
Look at that, all lovely and  
golden. I love it when the clocks  
go forward, don't you.

His eyes flick to the little phone box on his desk. A tiny pang. He takes the box and puts it on the shelf above his desk - where (new reveal) there is a whole row of model police telephone boxes, different sizes and shapes.

THE DOCTOR  
I always have.

ANITA  
What are all these?

THE DOCTOR  
Reminders. Of home.

ANITA  
Where do you get them?

THE DOCTOR  
Online, mostly. For some reason,  
there's loads of them.

ANITA  
I like them.

THE DOCTOR  
They like you too - I can tell.

Anita snorts a little laugh - *silly!* The Doctor looks beyond Anita to the ratty old armchair next to the bed. New thought.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Anita. Have a chair.

ANITA  
You what?

THE DOCTOR  
(Delighted at his idea)  
Sit down. With me. Have a chair.

He says "chair" like it's the newest, best idea in the world.

CUT TO:

42A INT. JOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

42A

A different evening. THE DOCTOR and ANITA, roaring with laughter, as they eat a Chinese together.

ANITA  
That makes no sense!

THE DOCTOR  
I'm not kidding. Can't move if  
you're looking at them!

ANITA  
But that's rubbish.

42B OMITTED

42B

42C INT. JOY'S ROOM - EVENING

42C

- a different evening - this time they're playing snakes and ladders. They're laughing as THE DOCTOR has to slide all the way down a snake.

ANITA  
You know what? This is my favourite  
night of the week.

THE DOCTOR  
Yeah. Chair night.

ANITA  
Chair night!

Pushing between them now, closing on the window - early  
evening darkness ...

CUT TO:

42D INT. JOY'S ROOM - EVENING

42D

... identical, another evening. Now it's brighter outside,  
springtime. There's a window box, something is starting to  
peep through the soil. We hear the laughing voices of THE  
DOCTOR and ANITA.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
On the yellow, put your foot on the  
yellow.

ANITA  
(V.O.)  
I can't, I'm all twisted.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
It's *called* Twister.

CUT TO:

42E INT. JOY'S ROOM - EVENING

42E

... identical shot, another evening. Sunshine streaming now,  
daffodils in the box. Again the voices of THE DOCTOR and  
ANITA.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
Miss Scarlett??

ANITA  
(V.O.)  
Yeah. In the kitchen with the lead  
piping.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
Nah, look at her - she's got lovely  
hair.

CUT TO:

42F INT. JOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

42F

Another night, rainy. ANITA and THE DOCTOR are playing Connect 4. Anita has made her move - the Doctor is out of his chair, contemplating the spare door. He's munching an Easter egg as he does so.

ANITA  
Your go.

THE DOCTOR  
Anita, this door ... do any other rooms here have doors like this?

ANITA  
They're mostly cupboards.  
(Frowns)  
Well ... Except one ...

THE DOCTOR  
Show me! Right now! Come with me - you can be my assistant.

ANITA  
Your what??

THE DOCTOR  
Okay, my companion.

ANITA  
What's wrong with mate?

THE DOCTOR  
It raises expectations.

CUT TO:

43 OMITTED

43

44 INT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/ANOTHER ROOM - NIGHT

44

One shot wonder: THE DOCTOR has opened the spare door, exposing brickwork. He's now sonic-ing away at it. He chats as he works.

THE DOCTOR  
You see? The connection to the Time Hotel isn't active, I can't get through.

Panning not to the other side of the room.

A YOUNG COUPLE are sitting up in bed. Around them are many flowers and Congratulations cards. There's champagne in an ice bucket, with a **Just Married** sign hung jauntily round the neck of the bottle. They are looking resentfully at the Doctor.

ANITA is watching from a chair next to the bed, helping herself to some chocolate.

ANITA  
Not a clue what he's talking about.  
You guys?

THE DOCTOR  
I guess I just have to wait. I hate waiting, don't you?

HUSBAND  
Yes.

WIFE  
Yes.

Just the faintest flicker on Anita's face. What's the Doctor waiting for?

CUT TO:

44A OMITTED 44A

44B EXT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/BACK YARD - DAY 44B

Another evening: outside now. THE DOCTOR and ANITA are sitting on cushions on the fire escape. They're sunning themselves - sunglasses, tequila sunrises, a radio playing. A lovely summer moment.

ANITA  
What are you waiting *for*?

THE DOCTOR  
Sorry, what?

ANITA  
You always say you're waiting. What for?

THE DOCTOR  
Oh. Nothing.

44C INT. JOY'S ROOM - NIGHT 44C

Close on the Time Hotel leaflet with its circled date:  
**Christmas Eve 2025, Exeter Hotel, New York.**

Wider: Anita is looking sadly out the window at a darker sky, sipping a drink. It's clearly Chair Night. The Doctor is at his desk, making some notes.

ANITA  
I don't like it when the clocks go back, do you?

The Doctor glances at the Time Hotel leaflet on his desk. He turns it over, like it's a guilty secret.

THE DOCTOR

No.

CUT TO:

44D

EXT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/BACK YARD - NIGHT

44D

Another evening, darker. On the fire escape again, THE DOCTOR and ANITA, watching the fireworks.

THE DOCTOR

He'd have loved this, you know.

ANITA

Who?

THE DOCTOR

Guy.

Anita digests this.

ANITA

Who's Guy?

THE DOCTOR

Guy Fawkes. The guy who tried to blow up parliament, the fireworks are for him. This is basically the fourth of July for a more politically cynical nation.

ANITA

He's not your boyfriend then.

THE DOCTOR

(Laughs)

I don't have a boyfriend.

ANITA

Yeah. Boyfriends. Who needs them, right?

THE DOCTOR

Right.

And they stand there, and suddenly it's one of those quiet, happy little moments you know you're always going to remember ...

On the fireworks in the sky ... dissolving into snow. Panning down to a shot of ...

CUT TO:

45 EXT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL - NIGHT

45

It's snowing again.

CUT TO:

46 INT. SANDRINGHAM HOTEL/RECEPTION - NIGHT

46

THE DOCTOR coming down the stairs - but there's a difference. He's back in his big coat, back to being the man who blew into this hotel a year ago. Back in Doctor Mode. He has a wrapped Christmas present in hand, which he sets down rather sadly on the reception desk. From the shape of it, it is almost certainly a police telephone box.

ANITA

So you're not going to be here for Christmas then?

He turns. There she is, watching him. Sad but amused.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Sneaking off without saying goodbye?

THE DOCTOR

Just ... off for a few days.

ANITA

I've heard that one before. You're off forever, aren't you?

The Doctor hesitates. Never likes goodbyes. He goes to her, takes her hands.

THE DOCTOR

Anita ... I have a slightly complicated life.

ANITA

Oh, God, you're married aren't you.

THE DOCTOR

No, it's not that. It's just ... I don't normally live like this. One day after the other, in the right order. Always wondered what it would be like. You know what it was like? Amazing. You know why it was amazing? You.

That hits her. Too much emotion, right there. Not used to that, struggling to control it.

ANITA

Oh, don't ... don't ...

THE DOCTOR

A whole year of you. Wow!  
(Now hugs her)  
(MORE)



THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Everyone who knows you is so lucky.  
I bet they tell you that all the  
time.

ANITA

(Crying now)

Just the once actually. Just the  
one guy.

THE DOCTOR

But I've got things to do. Promises  
to keep.

ANITA

I always knew you were going. I  
always knew that, I did.

THE DOCTOR

I know.

ANITA

(Hugging tighter)

You look after yourself, okay? And  
never be alone at Christmas. You  
don't have to be, because I'll be  
right here. Anita at the  
Sandringham. Think of me sometimes.  
For Auld Lang Syne.

THE DOCTOR

For Auld Lang Syne.

And the hug goes on and on ...

CUT TO:

46A EXT. EXETER HOTEL, NEW YORK - NIGHT

46A

The circled date in the dog-eared Time Hotel leaflet.  
**Christmas Eve 2025, Exeter Hotel, New York.** Panning up to the  
EXETER HOTEL itself, set against the New York skyline.

THE DOCTOR smiles.

CUT TO:

47 INT. EXETER HOTEL, NEW YORK - NIGHT

47

... and THE DOCTOR's sitting patiently on the end of the bed.

A click, a buzz. The spare door in the hotel room: light  
briefly shines round the frame. The Doctor snatches up his  
sonic, strides over to the door, opens it with his sonic, and

-

CUT TO:

48                    INT. THE TIME HOTEL/THIRD FLOOR - DAY                    48

- races out into the Time Hotel. He runs round to the very next door, listens at it for a moment - from inside -

                         THE PAST DOCTOR  
                         (V.O.)  
                         Come in!

CUT TO:

49                    INT. JOY'S ROOM - NIGHT                    49

- and same scene again, this time from the other DOCTOR's POV. There's the PAST DOCTOR, with JOY still attached to the case and the countdown in progress. (Same scene again, but from the POV of the year-older Doctor. This time THE DOCTOR refers to the current one, and PAST DOCTOR to the Doctor as he was the previous time we saw a version of this scene.)

                         THE DOCTOR  
7214!

As Joy boggles at the new arrival, the Past Doctor taps in the code to the case.

                         THE PAST DOCTOR  
                         (As entering the code)  
7214!

                         JOY  
Who are you??

Me!                    THE PAST DOCTOR                    Him!                    THE DOCTOR

                         THE PAST DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
                         (Of the case)  
Okay, good, it's stabilising,  
you're safe.

                         JOY  
How can there be two of you?

                         THE PAST DOCTOR  
There aren't. He's the future. He's  
me after I got the code.

                         THE DOCTOR  
I'm not the future, he's the past -  
the future's this way.  
                         (Grabs her hand)  
Come on!

He starts pulling her through the door to the Time Hotel.

                         THE PAST DOCTOR  
How does this work? How do I get to  
be you?

THE DOCTOR  
The long way round.

THE PAST DOCTOR  
Yeah, but how long?

THE DOCTOR  
You'll find out.

THE PAST DOCTOR  
What do I do, where do I go?

THE DOCTOR  
You'll find out.

THE PAST DOCTOR  
You see, this is why nobody likes  
you. You have to be *mysterious* all  
the time. That's why everybody  
leaves you, that's why you're  
always *alone*.

As his Past self speaks, the Doctor's eyes flick to - the  
ratty armchair in the corner - the one that was/will become  
Anita's chair. Oh, that year!

CUT TO:

50

INT. THE TIME HOTEL/THIRD FLOOR - DAY

50

Same scene, now from the perspective of the Time Hotel  
corridor. THE DOCTOR squares himself against his previous  
self, blocking the doorway as his Past self attempts to  
follow.

THE DOCTOR  
You have to stay here, complete the  
loop, it's the only way to get the  
code. I'm going to break the  
connection.

JOY  
How *did* you get the code?

THE DOCTOR  
It's a long story but basically -  
He closes the door on his Past self's face -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
- I heard myself say it a year ago  
and remembered it.

Now the door-handle is rattling and the other Doctor's voice  
is doing his chair rant on the other side.

JOY  
But I don't ... I can't ...

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, bootstrapping, it's weird, I know. I mean basically the code came out of nowhere. But then so did the universe and no one complains about that.

JOY

But you never got the code! When did you get the code?? What, you just time travelled and told yourself?

THE DOCTOR

No time travel involved - that would cause a paradox. In this hotel the time zones are already physically linked. Paradox proof.

The Doctor sonics the panel at the side of the door - a soft popping sound.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Just breaking the connection.

JOY

When you explain things, do people feel any better?

THE DOCTOR

Not usually, no.  
(Places his hand on the door, like he's sending a psychic message)  
Take care, you. Be kind - you're going to miss her.

JOY

The star seed ...

THE DOCTOR

Yes, the star seed. I've had a long time to think about it - several seconds, in fact - and I'm pretty sure I've figured it out. I even know why they need the Time Hotel.

JOY

The star seed will bloom and the flesh will rise ...

He looks at her! Oh! That misty look is back in her eyes.

Joy starts heading along the corridor, clutching the case.

THE DOCTOR

Ah! I resealed the case - now it's reasserting control. You need to fight it, Joy.

She stops by a door (ancient world, pillared) tries her keycard on it, checks result.

JOY

The assassination of Julius Caesar.  
Well that won't do, will it?

THE DOCTOR

So you're scouting for the right  
time zone.

JOY

My room wasn't far enough back in  
time. Neither is this. I think  
we'll need the top floor.

She turns, starts heading towards the lifts.

THE DOCTOR

For what? Do you even understand  
what you're trying to accomplish?

JOY

Yes!

THE DOCTOR

Okay. Here's what I worked out.  
Inside that case, in some kind of  
quantum sealed container, is a  
single atom, and inside that atom a  
chain reaction has already begun.  
Do you know what that chain  
reaction will lead to?

JOY

The star seed will bloom.

THE DOCTOR

A star will be born, yeah. Big  
burny bang. In theory. But no one's  
ever been able to test that theory  
because it would take too long.  
Thousands of years, maybe more, no  
one knows.

JOY

You do like to talk, don't you?

THE DOCTOR

So if you were some big old  
corporation in a big old hurry, and  
you wanted a custom built, made to  
measure star for your own personal  
energy source, you'd need one  
thing, yeah ... time.

She stops. She turns. Yep, he's got it.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

And here we are. In the Time Hotel.  
Pop your case in one time zone,  
walk along the corridor, pick it up  
in another time zone thousands of  
years later, and ding ding ding -  
you just microwaved a star.

Joy is now stepping into the lift.

JOY  
Going up.

The Doctor follows her in, stands next to her.

THE DOCTOR  
You know what else I worked out,  
Joy. You!

CUT TO:

50A      INT. TIME HOTEL/LIFT - DAY

50A

As the lift goes up ...

THE DOCTOR  
I just spent a year in the hotel  
room you chose. Do you know what  
you can tell about a person from  
the hotel room they choose, even if  
they only just checked in?

JOY  
Nothing.

On THE DOCTOR: this is gonna be tough but he needs to do it.

THE DOCTOR  
Everything. *Everything*. You see, a  
house, that's a fortress. That's a  
disguise. You can hide yourself  
away, with pictures and tables and  
flowers. But a hotel room? That's  
you without make up. Just what you  
think you need. Just what you're  
willing to accept. Not a selfie you  
posed for - more like catching  
yourself in the mirror. What's your  
mirror telling you, Joy? Because  
your hotel room is the worst, the  
saddest, the loneliest hotel room  
in the world. What kind of person  
... what kind of sad sack, human  
trainwreck ... puts themselves in a  
room like that ... at Christmas.

JOY: frowning now, a little perturbed. The lift dings, top  
floor. She heads out.

CUT TO:

50B      INT. THE TIME HOTEL/TOP FLOOR - DAY

50B

JOY now heading along the corridor, THE DOCTOR pursuing her  
from the lift.

THE DOCTOR

Question for you. Seriously. When you tell people your name ... do they laugh?

JOY

Excuse me?

THE DOCTOR

When you come in, all smiles and apologies, and don't-mind-me, and you say "I'm Joy," does everybody just burst out laughing? When your mother looked into your squishy little baby face and named you Joy, was it a joke, do you think? Was she having a laugh?

JOY

(Anger building now)

*Don't you dare talk about my mother.*

THE DOCTOR

I'd love to meet her, she sounds like a riot.

JOY

(Building, bursting)

*She's dead.* She died in hospital, and I couldn't even visit, I had to talk to her on an iPad! Because of the rules.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, the *rules*.

She's just opened a door with her lanyard.

JOY

Yes, the rules!

THE DOCTOR

Oh, I bet you're good at obeying rules, aren't you. Funny, smiley, I'll-be-no-trouble little you -

JOY

Don't you say that, *don't you say that!!*

She storms into the room.

CUT TO:

51

INT. JUNGLE ROOM - DAY

51

It's not so much a room as a raised platform among jungle treetops. The air is steamy, the sky a doomy, gorgeous red, and there are strange cries and screeches everywhere.

The platform is wooden, about 20 feet square, safety rails along each side, a stand with binoculars, a table and chairs, a drinks cabinet. This is a place for an evening sundowner.

JOY goes straight to the front edge - breathing hard, upset, THE DOCTOR is getting to her. She steadies herself on the rail, looks out over the jungle treetops. From behind her:

THE DOCTOR  
Never mind poor old Mum, right?  
Long as her good little girl is  
obeying all the rules.

The dam breaks. In fury, she hurls herself at the Doctor, grabbing him by the lapels throwing him against the wall

JOY  
She died on Christmas Day. *On Christmas Day!* And I said good-bye on an iPad! She died *alone*. Because of the *rules*. And those awful people, with their wine fridges, and their dancing and their parties and I *listened to them* and I *let my mother die alone!* So I can never be home on Christmas Day and I can never be with anyone on Christmas Day - because I let her down. I let her down on the last day of her life, on *Christmas Day*, and I can't ever change that! I can't ever change it.

She's sobbing now, into the Doctor's chest. The Doctor, also crying, hugs her hard.

THE DOCTOR  
Well done, Mum. You got her out.  
She's safe now.

She pulls free of him, stares at him in confusion.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Mums, eh? Even when they're gone, they never stop saving us. Look, Joy. Look!

Joy: what??

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Look what's *not* in your hand.

And oh my God. The briefcase is no longer attached! What??

She looks round. There's the briefcase. Lying on its side; the chain and the opened cuff. The chain flexes, the cuff snaps a couple of times.

The Doctor, eyes on the case, approaching it cautiously - takes his sonic, scans the case. From behind, Joy watches.



JOY

Why ... why did you do that?

THE DOCTOR

Sorry, yeah, made you angry to wake you up. It's kind of like post hypnotic suggestion. You can break it down with strong emotion.

JOY

Had to be anger, did it?

THE DOCTOR

With you, definitely - all that rage, bubbling away, just below the surface. Have you seen your smile? Like the lid on a boiling pot.

JOY

... Thank you.

The Doctor registers the pain in her voice, the bitterness. He straightens up from the case, and just gives her the biggest hug.

THE DOCTOR

You're thinking maybe that wasn't a good way to save your life. But let me tell you something. There's no such thing as a *bad* way. I'm sorry - but I'm very glad there's someone to say that to.

On Joy's face, flopped over the Doctor's shoulder. Sad.

JOY

It was beautiful. I was a star.

THE DOCTOR

That's the conditioning talking. It will pass.

Still on Joy's face. And for a moment - so quickly you're not quite sure if you saw it - her eyes do the strange, sideways blink. He releases her from the hug, looks at her.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm not the bad guy here, Joy. Let's meet the bad guys.

He turns back to the case, squats down in front of it, sonics it.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Where there's a corporation - there's PR. They can't stop themselves. Evil must logo.

Something activates in the case - a hologram projects up from it, forming a semi-transparent screen in front of them. A giant V. Lettering animates round the V - **CONFLICT SOLUTIONS.**

JOY  
Conflict solutions??

THE DOCTOR  
Villengard. Biggest arms  
manufacturer in recorded history.  
Very old enemies of mine.

JOY  
Why would a weapons manufacturer  
want to make a star?

VOICE  
(Which may sound a little  
familiar)  
Villengard Q&A activated.  
Villengard is engaged in the  
creation of a customisable energy  
source, which is functionally  
infinite.

THE DOCTOR  
And definitionally insane. No one  
can control a star.

JOY  
Doctor ... that voice ... I know  
that voice.

The Logo shimmers - and a pixelated simulation of the  
Manager's reptile face appears.

HOTEL MANAGER  
Hello, again. My consciousness has  
been uploaded to the communication  
interface for user convenience.

THE DOCTOR  
If a star seed goes boom anywhere  
on Earth, at any point in history,  
it will burn every living thing.  
Tell that to your users.

HOTEL MANAGER  
Villengard respects the collateral  
sacrifice made by all participating  
innocent life forms, regardless of  
race, species or belief system.  
Diversity is at the heart of  
Villengard.

And suddenly, in the distance, a huge STOMP. Joy looks up,  
noticing it. The Doctor is too involved in checking the  
readings on his sonic.

THE DOCTOR  
Thing is, you got your sums all  
wrong.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Been scanning your star seed, you  
don't have enough time. Nowhere  
near enough time to grow a star!

STOMP!

JOY

(Plucking at his sleeve)  
Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR

I mean, clever idea, the time  
hotel. But human history is only a  
few thousand years long - you'd  
need a lot longer than that. Like  
way longer.

**STOMP!!** As Joy looks around

- the tree tops are swaying - the bottles in the drinks  
cabinet are tinkling - whatever is approaching is concealed  
by the hologram projection, but a shadow is sliding over the  
platform -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

According to my calculations, you'd  
need to check into a hotel 65  
million years ago.

And **CHOMP!!!!**

The Doctor's POV: the hologram just disappears as two,  
terrifying rows of gigantic teeth slam together, filling the  
frame.

*Whoa!* The Doctor, scooting backwards, Joy trying to help pull  
him free from danger. They stare up in horror. A terrible  
grinding and splintering - a huge bite has been munched right  
out of the platform - and roaring and twisting above them,  
against that red, red sky ...

A gigantic TYRANNOSAURUS REX. The chain and cuff is hanging  
down from its mouth. It sways its head, like its swallowing  
the case.

Panning up from the mouth to the eyes - and they do the weird  
sideways blink.

On The Doctor and Joy, watching this, slack-jawed.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh French!

The dinosaur, now lunging its head down at them both, the  
jaws stretching open -

CUT TO:

52

INT. THE TIME HOTEL/TOP FLOOR - DAY

52

- JOY and THE DOCTOR come scrambling out of the jungle shack door, slam it shut on the roaring dinosaur's mouth. The wall shakes for a moment as the beast collides with the other side.

A moment. Then we can hear it start to stomp away. The Doctor and Joy, panting, thousand yard stares, recovering. Finally:

THE DOCTOR

Okay. Many things about this are suboptimal.

JOY

So. Dinosaurs. They were about 65 million years ago, yeah?

THE DOCTOR

Fine, bring that up, why don't you? That speech was going really well!

JOY

So that means ... about now, about my time ... the whole world is going to burn?

THE DOCTOR

But that wouldn't have been the plan. Villengard would have to pick up the case again, just before detonation. But how would they find it - 65 million years to choose from, anywhere on the planet. They'd have to send a signal.

JOY

Where to?

THE DOCTOR

To you! The last case carrier, they'd send a telepathic message to you.

JOY

But I'm not getting a message.

THE DOCTOR

Because the link got severed - I forced a break, I damaged the connection. I screwed up, Joy.

As he paces - stressed, frantic - he doesn't hear his sonic screwdriver buzzing - again it's buzzing like a phone.

JOY

What's that buzzing noise? Doctor, your thing is buzzing.

THE DOCTOR

Listen, *all* of me is pretty stressed.

JOY

No, your zappy thing.

THE DOCTOR

It's a sonic screwdriver -  
actually, zappy thing makes more  
sense -

He clicks the screwdriver - a beam shoots out to project a  
3D image of a smiling face. It's TREV.

HOLOGRAM TREV

Hello, sir, Trev Simpkins reporting  
for duty.

THE DOCTOR

Trev?

HOLOGRAM TREV

Hello again, sir, I hope it's all  
going well. My mission is  
proceeding broadly as planned and I  
have exceeded my personal  
expectations, which is giving me  
considerable satisfaction and  
renewed hope for the future.  
However, I'm dead.

THE DOCTOR

... you're what? Sorry, what,  
you're *what*?

HOLOGRAM TREV

I'm part of the star now, sir. My  
consciousness has been uploaded to  
the Villengard communication  
interface.

THE DOCTOR

You're inside the star?

HOLOGRAM TREV

Yes, sir.

THE DOCTOR

Inside the star, inside the  
briefcase, inside the dinosaur?

HOLOGRAM TREV

The afterlife has not been without  
incident, sir.

THE DOCTOR

How are you even talking to me?

HOLOGRAM TREV

The psychic graft has been  
duplicated virtually - I was able  
to connect it to the briefcase  
communication software.

THE DOCTOR

That was clever of you.

HOLOGRAM TREV

Well I had several million years to work it out. Sir, the star seed is about to detonate - we have to get it off world.

THE DOCTOR

Why would you be helping me? You're part of Villengard now.

HOLOGRAM TREV

Sir. As I told you a very long time ago. I will not let you down.

THE DOCTOR

Trev! I love you. I actually, really, physically love you -

HOLOGRAM TREV

Thanks.

THE DOCTOR

- but you need to tell me exactly where and when you are. I know you're stuck inside there, but the case will have sensors - can you access air density, humidity, temperature, rotational mavity - anything I can use to narrow it down.

HOLOGRAM TREV

I'll run those numbers straight away, sir.

THE DOCTOR

Great, Trev, brilliant.

HOLOGRAM TREV

But in the meantime, if it helps, we're in Room 48.

Oh!

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, that helps really quite a lot, thank you!

The Doctor and Joy start racing round to the lift.

HOLOGRAM TREV

It's one of the tomb visit rooms, sir. On level 3.

THE DOCTOR

What do you lot need tomb visits  
for - aren't your life spans short  
enough? No offence, Trev.

CUT TO:

53

INT. BURIAL MOUND - NIGHT

53

An underground cave, a primitive tomb - like one from Indiana Jones. In the centre is a crumbling, ancient stone structure, about ten feet square. There is a sort of door on the front - really just a huge stone block, with an iron ring hanging from a chain bolted into the centre of it. It is lit by some flaming torches (emblazoned with PROPERTY OF THE TIME HOTEL.)

THE DOCTOR and JOY now entering from the Time Hotel. They stare at the central structure. The HOLOGRAM OF TREV is still projecting from his sonic.

THE DOCTOR

Okay, I think we've located you.  
Stand by, Trev, I'm on the case.  
(A beat)  
Again, no offence.

HOLOGRAM TREV

Standing by, sir.

The hologram winks off as the Doctor and Joy approach the stone structure.

JOY

The case is inside that? How did it  
get there?

THE DOCTOR

Eventually the dinosaur would have  
thrown it up or ... deposited it.  
Either way the case would have lain  
around for millions of years,  
hijacking any living thing that  
passed by.

(Sonicing the shrine)

This structure is man-made - so  
we're a long time later.

JOY

But it's a shrine.

The Doctor pulls at the iron ring. The stone doesn't budge -

THE DOCTOR

The case emits a psychic field - it  
possesses people. That's basically  
how you start a religion.

As the Doctor prattles away, unseen by him ... Joy does the sideways blink - but this time, in the blink, there is a moment of fiery glow. Like the boiling surface of a sun.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
(Places hand on structure)  
It's getting warm. Trev, how long  
till star detonation?

The TREV hologram pops out the screwdriver.

HOLOGRAM TREV  
Four and a half millennia, sir.

THE DOCTOR  
Want to run those numbers again,  
Trev?

HOLOGRAM TREV  
Four and a half *minutes*, sir.

THE DOCTOR  
Great, bags of time, thanks for  
that.

The Doctor is frantically yanking at the iron ring, making no  
impression at all.

JOY  
But what are you going to do,  
what's the plan? How can you stop a  
star blooming?

THE DOCTOR  
(Inspiration)  
Rope!

JOY  
Rope?

THE DOCTOR  
I need rope, I saw rope, *where did*  
*I see rope??*

He's now racing for the door ...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Just wait, just wait right there.  
I'm very, very good with rope!!

As he disappears out the door, Joy turns to the shrine. The  
sideways blink and now her eyes blaze constantly. She lays a  
hand on the stone of the shrine - and smiles. It's a gentle  
smile though.

CUT TO:

53A EXT. MOUNT EVEREST/BASE CAMP - EVENING

53A

EDMUND HILLARY, TENZING NORGAY and various MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS,  
are grouped round a table, examining a map. Then Tenzing  
looks up and sees -



- THE DOCTOR is helping himself to some coils of rope and a grappling hook.

TENZING NORGAY  
You! What are you doing?

The Doctor freezing: *awks!*

EDMUND HILLARY  
What the devil are you doing. Why  
are you taking that equipment.

THE DOCTOR  
Because it was there!

He darts off through the secret tent flap.

CUT TO:

54-56     SCENES 54-56 OMITTED     54-56

57     EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT     57

The Orient Express thunders along ...

CUT TO:

58     INT. SYLVIA'S COMPARTMENT/CARRIAGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT     58

SYLVIA is contemplating her letter when THE DOCTOR comes bursting out of the extra door. He's got the grappling hook and the rope, which he's uncoiling behind him as he goes.

THE DOCTOR  
Sorry, hello again, coming through  
...

He's heading out the compartment, into the corridor, where he races along to the rear of the train -

At the end of the carriage, he reaches a door - this is the rear carriage - he sonics the door open -

CUT TO:

59     EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - NIGHT     59

The grappling hook whirling round and round in the air.

Wider. THE DOCTOR, now on top of the carriage, whirling the rope and grappling hook above his head, like a lasso - he now hurls it out into the dark behind the train -

- the hook lands, catches on a sleeper -

- the Orient Express lurches, strains, stops, the wheels screaming on the tracks -

- the Doctor, now clinging for dear life to the bucking carriage -

- the rope now tight along the length of the corridor -

CUT TO:

60      INT. SYLVIA'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT      60

- the rope now tight through Sylvia's compartment, stretching out through the door to the Time Hotel -

CUT TO:

61      INT. THE TIME HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY      61

- the rope stretches out of the door to the Orient Express, across the atrium and through the door of Room 348 -

CUT TO:

62      INT. BURIAL MOUND/ORIENT EXPRESS - NIGHT      62

- the rope stretches through the door, to where it is tied to the iron ring hanging from the stone block entrance to the shrine -

- as JOY watches, the stone block shifts, grinds -

- the Orient Express wheels spin and scream, the whole train shudders and strains - and -

- in the corridor a WAITER and a PASSENGER are thrown to the floor -

- in Sylvia's compartment, her letter scatters to the floor -

**WHAM!!!**

- like a cork out of a bottle, the stone block shoots out the shrine, across the floor, and slams to a halt against the too-narrow Time Hotel door - the rope finally snaps -

CUT TO:

63      INT. TIME HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY      63

- the rope lashes across the atrium, whips through the door to the Orient Express -

CUT TO:

63A      OMITTED - CONTENTS MOVED TO 66A      63A

64 INT. SYLVIA'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

64

A slightly shocked SYLVIA is just gathering herself together, when THE DOCTOR comes crashing through her compartment. He notices her letter, scattered on the floor. He snatches it up, glances briefly at it, hands it back to her.

THE DOCTOR  
You're better off without him, his  
sentence structure is appalling.

SYLVIA  
I wrote this letter.

THE DOCTOR  
Great letter, you should send it to  
him.

SYLVIA  
To *her*.

THE DOCTOR  
... Glad I could help.

He ducks out the door.

CUT TO:

65 OMITTED

65

66 INT. THE TIME HOTEL/THIRD FLOOR - DAY

66

THE DOCTOR racing round the corridor, towards the Shrine room. A number of bemused HOTEL GUESTS are, in evidence, clearly a bit puzzled about what's been going on.

THE DOCTOR  
Trev, how long have I got? *Trev??*

Trev's voice only this time - crackling and distorted, like he's having trouble getting through.

HOLOGRAM TREV (O.S.)  
Sorry, sir, very sorry, too late -  
I think we're about to -

The Doctor is now skidding to a halt at the door to the shrine room - it is blocked by the stone!

CUT TO:

66A INT. BURIAL MOUND - NIGHT

66A

Slowly, sombre, JOY approaches the now opened shrine. Inside the shrine, the now ancient briefcase. It is opening. A strange golden light spreads over her. She smiles. She speaks calmly, comfortingly.

JOY  
It's okay. Don't worry. We're going  
to be fine. We can do this, you and  
I.

CUT TO:

67 INT. BURIAL MOUND - NIGHT

67

THE DOCTOR now scrambling into the room, round the stone  
block, almost filling the doorway.

He looks round. Oh! Where's Joy! And oh!! The briefcase lies  
on the floor. Opened, defunct ... the sphere has cracked.

THE DOCTOR  
Joy! Joy!!

He runs round the shrine, desperate to find her - and sees  
that there is now another exit from this place. A stone has  
been pushed aside, and through the gap he can see a starlit  
sky. Full of dread, he heads towards it.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

68

As the Doctor emerges on to the hillside, a tranquil night -  
a sky full of stars - and a few yards up the slope from him,  
is JOY. She is glowing faintly, and staring up at the stars.

She has her back to the Doctor, seems to be embracing  
something - as if cuddling it into her.

THE DOCTOR  
Joy?

She looks round, looks directly at him. The warmest smile.

JOY  
I hoped you'd come back to say  
goodbye. You're very lovely, you  
know.

THE DOCTOR  
Joy ... the star seed ...

JOY  
Is in me now. It's in all of us.

She shimmers - and for a moment she's MR SINGLE, then THE  
BARMAN, then TREV (who gives a big thumbs-up) and:

TREV  
Mission complete, sir.

- then the HOTEL MANAGER, then finally Joy again.

JOY

The star seed will bloom, but don't worry - it will be far from here, deep into the sky. No one will be hurt. You know what? I think I'm saving the world.

THE DOCTOR

I'm supposed to be saving you. I will not allow Villengard to do this, not to any of you!

JOY

Villengard are nothing. We're far beyond them now.

THE DOCTOR

No, listen, you don't understand. You will burn, you will die.

JOY

Don't be silly, of course I won't. The star needs living DNA to actualise - we have to join together. I'm not dying, I'm changing - I'm saving something beautiful. The flesh will rise and the star will shine. I will shine - everywhere and forever. And sometimes, my funny little Doctor ... on you. Because you need to change too.

THE DOCTOR

Excuse me?

JOY

My hotel room ... all those things you said about me ...

THE DOCTOR

I just had to make you angry, I told you.

JOY

Everything you said was true, all of it. But Doctor ... you stayed in that room for a year.

On the Doctor, as this truth lands.

THE DOCTOR

... wasn't so bad. Nice chairs.

JOY

You need to find a friend. Do that - go and find one, now. I'll be watching.

She takes a deep sighing breath ... and just lifts off the ground, as if she's slipping a robe from her shoulders.

Now twenty feet in the air. She hangs there a moment, so happy. She looks down at the stricken-face Doctor.

JOY (CONT'D)

You see, Doctor, you see? My mum was right, wasn't she? She was right all along ... I'm Joy.

(ADR)

And I'm gonna see her again. And she's going to be with me. For every Christmas!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

And FATOOM. She streaks into the sky, and away and away.

The Doctor, watching - appalled and thrilled.

Over the distant horizon, a flash, an explosion, and then ... a twinkle. A new star, just hanging, brighter than all the others.

Holding on the Doctor, staring at this ... and slowly building, the sound of sirens ... in fact, the all clear.

CUT TO:

69

EXT. BLITZ MANCHESTER - NIGHT

69

Now both BASIL and HILDA stand on the balcony, looking up at the sky, as the all clear sounds around them.

CHYRON: **MANCHESTER 1940.**

Basil is looking up at something. It makes him smile a little.

BASIL

There's hope, you know. We've got to cling on to that, there's still hope.

Now on what they're looking up at ... a bright star hanging in the sky. Over this the clattering of a train ...

CUT TO:

70

INT. SYLVIA'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

70

Now on SYLVIA, sitting at the window, pondering her letter.

CHYRON: **ITALY 1962**

She finds herself looking out of the window, up at the night sky. And there's a star hanging there. Somehow, she's starting to smile. And now, almost unaware of what she's doing, she's starting to tear up the letter ...

CUT TO:

70A

INT. MOUNT EVEREST/BASE CAMP - NIGHT

70A

EDMUND HILLARY and TENZING NORGAY standing at the open tent flap again, looking at the mountain.

CHYRON: **MOUNT EVEREST 1953**

Shining above the mountain, a bright new star.

TENZING NORGAY

I think the weather will hold, my friend.

EDMUND HILLARY

Of course it will. It's in the stars.

CUT TO:

70B

INT. JOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

70B

ANITA is vacuuming the Doctor's room, getting it ready for a new guest - most of the Doctor's gear has been cleared away, just one police box remains on a shelf.

CHYRON: **LONDON 2025**

Anita pauses in her vacuuming for a moment, looks sadly at the police box. She misses her strange and funny friend - she straightens the box - then glances out the window -

- and there's a bright new star in the sky ... and she finds herself smiling. And then, a voice from behind her.

ANGELA

(From off)

You come highly recommended.

Anita startles, turns. A KINDLY WOMAN - ANGELA - in the livery of the Time Hotel, is standing next to the now opened spare door. Her badge says ANGELA GRACE, Manager.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

By an old friend of yours, I believe.

She is passing Anita a very ordinary Christmas Card.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(Gestures to the dazzling atrium behind her)

Would you be interested in working at the Time Hotel?

Anita stares in astonishment at the revealed hotel. What?

She opens the card. Inside, handwritten: *For Auld Lang Syne*.

CUT TO:



70C

INT. RUBY & CARLA'S FLAT - NIGHT

70C

Ruby, in a quiet moment (not New Year's anymore, this is some time later.) She's at the window, looking at the stars. And that bright one in particular. She smiles -

- and now her phone, lying on the window ledge, is buzzing. Could it be?

She snatches it up. Reads the screen, smiles. Answers.

RUBY

Hey, Mum.

She moves away from the window, ready for a chat.

JOY

(Pre-lap; distort)

Mum, I'll see you soon.

CUT TO:

71

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

71

A bleak, lonely hospital ward, at night. An OLD LADY is lying down, breathing stertorously through an oxygen mask. In her frail hands, there is an iPad and we can see a slightly younger Joy's face on it, talking tearfully but bravely to her mother.

CHYRON: LONDON 2020

JOY  
(On iPad)  
I promise I'll see you very soon.  
I'll be right in there, as soon as  
this nonsense is over. Now you be  
brave, merry Christmas, and I can't  
wait to see you properly. Bye.

She gives a wave and switches her screen off. The iPad goes limp in the Old Lady's hand. And she looks up, out of the window next to her bed - and sees something.

Her POV. High in the sky, the brightest star. She stares at it. She understands. Tears fill her eyes, she may even try to mouth the word "Joy". She raises a hand in joyful greeting. \*

The star starts to grow brighter, pulsing, like a summons. \*

On Joy's Mum. She's starting to glow - just like Joy as she ascended. \*

On the star. Now tendrils of glowing energy spiraling toward the distant star. Mum is going home for Christmas. \*

NB. This must resemble Joy's ascension and NOT the briefcase induced disintegrations of earlier. \*

CUT TO: \*

72

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

72

Back with THE DOCTOR, staring up at the new star. Fighting the tears - almost succeeding. A little nod *goodbye*.

He turns, goes to duck into the opening - and pauses as a thought hits him. He looks back at the star. He looks at his surroundings - and laughs.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, of course. Joy. Of course you  
are, you're Joy.  
(A laugh, happy now, it  
all makes sense)  
Joy to the world

And still laughing, he ducks into the hole in the hillside and is gone. Now panning round to -

The star hanging in the sky. As it happens, there is a little town below. And just as you're thinking that seems a little familiar ...

CHYRON: **BETHLEHEM 0001**

END CREDITS