

# **DOCTOR WHO**

**SERIES 9**

**EPISODE 5**

**"The Girl Who Died"**

by

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## **SHOOTING SCRIPT**

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(SHOOTING BLOCK 3)

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1                    **EXT. SPACE**                    1

Close on Clara's eyes - staring, wild, terrified -

                         CLARA  
Doctor!!

CUT TO:

2

**INT. TARDIS**

2

- the Doctor, racing round the console. Explosions rocking the TARDIS, the console banging and sparking. He has the console phone at his ear.

THE DOCTOR  
With you in a minute!

CUT TO:

3

**EXT. SPACE**

3

- spiralling back from Clara - we're seeing her face through the glass plate of a space helmet, as she drifts, helpless in space -

CLARA  
Doctor, help me!

CUT TO:

4

**INT. TARDIS**

4

- the Doctor, clinging to the console, stabbing at switches and buttons -

THE DOCTOR  
You're the very next thing on the  
list!

Now an alien voice, booming through the TARDIS.

ALIEN VOICE  
(V.O.)  
Doctor, you cannot escape.

CLARA  
(V.O.)  
Doctor!!

THE DOCTOR  
Could everybody *stop shouting!*

CLARA  
(V.O.)  
Doctor -

CUT TO:

5

**EXT. SPACE**

5

Spiralling further back from us, Clara, spinning in space in a space suit.

CLARA

- I think there's something in my space suit.

Closer on her leg - something shifts under the fabric.

CUT TO:

6

**INT. TARDIS**

6

The Doctor grimly clinging to the console, hauling at the controls.

THE DOCTOR  
Yes, that's possible, actually -  
you were too long in the spider  
mines.

CLARA  
(V.O.)  
Okay, explain!

The TARDIS bucks and reels as more explosions impact.

THE DOCTOR  
Clara, I'm under attack from four  
and a bit battle fleets, in case  
you think I'm slacking.

Now a booming alien voice round the TARDIS.

ALIEN VOICE  
(V.O.)  
You are surrounded and powerless -

THE DOCTOR  
Yes, I *know*, you don't have to keep  
harping on!

CLARA  
(V.O.)  
Doctor, what's in my suit??

ALIEN VOICE  
(V.O.)  
Surrender is the only option.

THE DOCTOR  
Fine, I accept. Go in peace, we'll  
say no more about it.

Another set of explosions rock the TARDIS.

CUT TO:

7

**OMITTED**

7



8

**EXT. SPACE**

8

Clara, spinning, falling

CLARA  
It's half way up my leg.

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
Yeah, it's a probably a Love  
Sprite. Sucks your brain out  
through your mouth, hence the name.

\*  
\*

CLARA  
*Hence the name??*

THE DOCTOR  
(V.O.)  
Possibly I'm being cynical.

\*

CUT TO:

9

**INT. TARDIS**

9

The Doctor, frantic at the controls.

ALIEN VOICE

(V.O.)

We do not surrender. *You* surrender.

THE DOCTOR

Think about it - it's my best offer.

CLARA

(V.O.)

*It's moving!*

THE DOCTOR

Oh, it's just hungry. Don't worry, it'll never get as far as your mouth.

CLARA

(V.O.)

Why not?

THE DOCTOR

You'll be out of oxygen by then! So stop wasting it.

ALIEN VOICE

(V.O.)

*Doctor!!*

THE DOCTOR

Hush, busy!

ALIEN VOICE

(V.O.)

Your ship will be destroyed in four units.

THE DOCTOR

That's almost twenty seconds. Remind me nearer the time, I'll probably forget.

(Into phone)

Describe the four most interesting stars you can see.

CUT TO:

10                    **EXT. SPACE**                    10

Close on Clara's face in the helmet.

                         CLARA  
Sorry, what??

                         THE DOCTOR  
                         (V.O.)  
You fell through a wormhole, you  
could be anywhere in time and  
space. Four best stars, now,  
quickly!

                         CLARA  
There's a kind of blue one, quite  
big. Tiny little reddish one near  
it. Two little yellow-ish ones just  
below.

                         THE DOCTOR  
                         (V.O.)  
Colour of whiskey, smaller one  
blinking?

                         CLARA  
Yes! Doctor, it's on the back of my  
neck, I can feel it.

CUT TO:

11      **INT. TARDIS**

11

The Doctor, still slamming and hauling.

THE DOCTOR  
Great, I thought asphyxiation would  
kill you first. Can you see a  
nebula in a sort of wing-shape, bit  
green at the end?

ALIEN VOICE  
Doctor, your destruction commences.

THE DOCTOR  
"Commences"!! Why can't you talk  
properly??

More explosions, rocking the TARDIS.

CLARA  
(V.O.)  
Yes! Yes, I can.

The TARDIS reeling, spinning.

THE DOCTOR  
Yeah, I've seen that too - wonder  
where it was.

CUT TO:

12      **EXT. SPACE**

12

Closer on Clara's face, frantic, begging -

                 CLARA  
         Doctor! *Doctor!!*

- faintly there is the grinding of the TARDIS engines.

And then, impossibly, the helmet is whipped from her head,  
and she finds herself -

CUT TO:

13      **INT. TARDIS**

13

- sitting on the TARDIS - coughing spluttering, confused.

Next to her, the Doctor is emptying out her space helmet. Something falls from it with a wet slap (we don't get a proper look at it) and he stamps hard on it, several times.

He looks at the sole of his boot.

THE DOCTOR

Ew!

Clara, recovering - a beat later, straight to business.

CLARA

How did we do?

THE DOCTOR

Not a word about my spot-on  
materialisation skills?

CLARA

Where are all the battle fleets?

THE DOCTOR

Wondering where I went, and  
swearing in slightly biblical  
language.

The Doctor is at the controls, working them. He hops there, like someone with dog shit on their shoe.

CLARA

So the Velosians are safe?

The slam of materialisation.

THE DOCTOR

Well I lured their attackers half  
way across the universe, and  
drained their weapon banks. Not to  
mention I saved a school teacher  
from having her brains devoured  
while asphyxiating in deep space.  
And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm  
going to go outside and wipe my  
boot on the grass.

The Doctor now hopping to the door.

He goes out, Clara following.

CUT TO:

14      **EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**      14

Clara (still in her spacesuit) finds the Doctor wiping the sole of his boot on some grass. \*

CLARA  
What's to stop them re-arming and trying again?

THE DOCTOR  
Nothing. But the Velosians will be ready for them this time. It's the best I could do, Clara. I'm not actually the police - that's just what it says on the box.

CLARA  
You're always talking about what you can and can't do. But you never tell me the rules.

THE DOCTOR  
We're time travellers - we tread softly. It's okay to make ripples, not tidal waves.

CLARA  
You are a tidal wave.

She's smiling - she means it lightly. But the Doctor's response is haunted, serious. She just hit a nerve.

THE DOCTOR  
Don't say that.

- and suddenly a sword point is pressing against his neck -

CLARA  
Doctor!

- and now against Clara's!

Looking round: the clearing is suddenly full of Vikings.

They have leather armour, woad facial decorations, blonde beards and plaits, some in horned helmets. They are muscle bound, glistening in torchlight. Some hold torches. \*

They advance slowly in a closing circle.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, no, no! Not Vikings. I just stopped an invasion, I'm not in the mood for Vikings.

Hasten - burly, intimidating warrior - now faces the Doctor, looking at him with disdain.

HASTEN

What is this scrawny old man?

THE DOCTOR

This scrawny old man just faced  
down four and a bit battle fleets.  
And for the record, I've fought  
people with real horns.

\*

HASTEN

A warrior then? You are coming with  
us.

THE DOCTOR

You know why I'm not? See these.

(Raises his sunglasses)

(Pops them on)

On my face, right now, is more  
advanced technology than your  
species will manage in the next 9  
million years.

A beat -

- and Hasten takes the Doctor's glasses off, snaps them in  
two and tosses them away.

The Doctor's face: *oh!*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Clara?

CLARA

Yeah?

THE DOCTOR

We're going with the Vikings.

**OPENING TITLES**

CUT TO:



15 **EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

15

Wide on a small peaceful village, nestled in a valley leading down to a harbour. Thatch roofed stone walled cottages, smoking chimneys. Idyllic.

The village is centred on a square, one of our main locations. Surrounding it we have; a blacksmith's forge, a carpenters, a great hall, several smaller dwellings.

Close on a platform atop the great hall, the highest point in the village. Attached to the platform, a huge carved horn. Dozing at his station next to the horn, a jock-like villager the Doctor will come to nickname LIMPY.

He blearily awakes and glances out over the bay, then double takes. He looks shocked and immediately leans across to blow into the horn. The sound echoes across the village. \*

We can see a longboat in the distance. The mass of VIKINGS seen pre-credits march into the village with THE DOCTOR and CLARA. Not in neat ranks. \*  
\*  
\*

The VILLAGE comes alive, VILLAGERS running everywhere. \*

Emerging from the carpenters comes ASHILDR, (18) tomboyish, dressed in tattered trousers, fleece and leather apron - but under that, there's something so fragile. So delicate. Like she doesn't belong in this village of brutes. She drops her wooden hammer and chisel and runs. Faster than the others, so excited. She's the *most pleased* in the whole village.

But she runs directly *toward* the VIKINGS with a sudden grin and falls into step beside the first VIKING, the battle-scarred HASTEN. He's wearing half of the sonic shades, held onto his face with twine like an eyepatch.

ASHILDR  
You're back!

HASTEN  
Of course we're back!

ASHILDR  
All of you?

HASTEN  
I suppose so - I haven't counted.

Nollarr - another Viking pops up. \*

NOLLARR  
*I'm back!*

Ashildr hugs him - it's becoming clear that she's the team mascot.

ASHILDR

I had a dream you all died. It was  
so real I thought I'd made it  
happen.

HASTEN

Well if it ever does, I'm sure  
you'll find a way to blame  
yourself.

HASTEN grins fondly at her, takes off his sonic shades  
'eyepatch' and tosses it to her.

ASHILDR

I wish none of you ever had to go!

As she says this, she's putting on the sonic 'eyepatch' and  
turning to see:

THE DOCTOR and CLARA, hands manacled in front of them. A  
little more bedraggled, and squabbling amiably. ASHILDR just  
stares at them.

THE DOCTOR

It's okay. I *do* have a plan.

CLARA

So you've been saying, for two days  
on a Long Boat.

THE DOCTOR

Only because you were looking  
worried.

CLARA

Only because you kept saying "I *do*  
have a plan."

THE DOCTOR

I *do* have a plan.

\*

CLARA

There you go!

The Doctor is about to retort but breaks off staring at -

Ashildr, regarding them curiously. She turns away - but the  
Doctor keeps staring. A "someone walked over my grave"  
moment.

CLARA (cont'd)

You okay? Do you know her?

THE DOCTOR

Never seen her before in my life.

CLARA

Then why are you staring?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know. Nothing, probably.  
Too much time travel, it happens.

CLARA

What happens?

THE DOCTOR

(His eyes find Ashildr  
again - still a bit  
haunted)

People talk about premonition like  
it's something strange. But it's  
not. It's just remembering in the  
wrong direction...

The VIKING behind THE DOCTOR shoves him in the back and he  
stumbles forward, cutting short his reverie.

Now villagers crowding round them.

We have glimpses of characters we will come to know well  
later, including the surly fisherman that THE DOCTOR will  
nickname CHUCKLES (40) and the looming blacksmith he will  
nickname LOFTY, his wife Tola and their BABY. We also have a  
small CHILD playing with a carved puppet on strings. \*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(Sotto)

Okay. Plan. Need to meet the boss  
and do the usual.

CLARA

(Sotto)

Which is?

THE DOCTOR

(Sotto)

Replace him.

CLARA

(Sotto)

How?

THE DOCTOR

(Sotto)

To the primitive mind, advanced  
technology can seem like magic.

CLARA

(Sotto)

It's going to be the yo-yo again,  
isn't it?

THE DOCTOR

(Sotto)

It's in my pocket somewhere.

And Clara realises, as the Doctor searches his pockets, that  
he's free of his manacles, and is now just carrying them.

CLARA

(Sotto)

*How did you do that??*

THE DOCTOR

(Sotto)

Magic.

The GROUP is slowly but surely leading toward the surly CHIEF, leader of the village, given away by his robes and ornate helmet and his flanking spear-holding HONOUR GUARD. They are emerging from the main hall at the other end of the square.

\*

The Chief now approaching, raising his arms to greet the returning warrior -

- and a pair of manacles hit him in the chest.

Shock! Everyone staring at the Doctor, who has now freed himself. Swords unsheathed, battle stations. And the Doctor at his most thunderous.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I am very, very cross with you! I am very disappointed!

The Vikings: momentarily disconcerted - the Doctor, carrying the moment on sheer force of personality.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

I have taken human form to walk among you. I have *tested* you - and I am displeased. Kneel! Kneel, all of you, before me.

Hasten, not impressed, stepping forward, levelling his sword.

HASTEN

Who are you, old man?

The Doctor raises his yo-yo, like a talisman.

THE DOCTOR

Do you recognise the sign of Odin?

On Clara: oh Christ, is this going to work?

HASTEN

You are not Odin and that is not his sign.

The Doctor takes a sudden step forward, still brandishing the yo-yo - causing Hasten to take an involuntary step back.

THE DOCTOR

(Still thundering)

And you would know that *how??* Have you met Odin before?

(MORE)

15 CONTINUED:

15

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Do you know what Odin looks like in  
earthly form?

Hasten's face. A flicker of doubt.

Ashildr's face. Transfixed by the Doctor. Can this be true?

For a moment the Doctor is going to carry the day -

- then -

A deafening trumpet blast sounds. The ground shakes. The  
clouds over the bay rumble and part. The huge image of a head  
and shoulders appears floating above the village. A bearded  
man wearing a winged helmet with an eyepatch over one eye.  
There is a red laser dot visible on the eyepatch. This is  
ODIN.

\*  
\*  
\*

Everywhere, VIKINGS are looking shocked and falling to their  
knees. This plainly doesn't happen every day. Other VIKINGS  
look confused, scared or defiant.

ODIN

Oh my people. Long has been your  
wait. *I am Odin!*

The Doctor, looks up at the apparition above him. *Oh for  
fuck's sake!*

\*

ODIN (cont'd)

You toil and fight and die in my  
name. Now your day of reward has  
finally dawned.

The Doctor rounds on the villagers.

THE DOCTOR

Do not be fooled by this cheap  
trickery!

His yo-yo slips from his hand and dangles hapless on the  
string.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

It's supposed to do that.

From a gap in the clouds a heavenly beam of light shines  
down. Suddenly there are five heavily armoured MIRE warriors  
striding through the village square. They all have blasters  
built into their arms and wear industrial helmets which  
completely cover their heads. Each visor has a red dot just  
like ODIN'S eyepatch. They bear glass vials of clear liquid.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Stay still, stay very, very still.

The MIRE WARRIORS begin working their way around the VIKINGS.  
We cut to the MIRE helmet POV: we see, as they do, technical  
readouts overlayed as the MIRE scan each VIKING in turn.

\*  
\*

15 CONTINUED:

15

ASHILDR is on her knees, pocketing the sonic 'eyepatch', eyes wide with wonder. She's beside a kneeling LIMPY and a standing Viking with a double plaited beard that THE DOCTOR will later nickname HEIDI.

CLARA  
What are they? Aliens?

THE DOCTOR  
Shh!

THE DOCTOR just nods slowly. This is serious. They both freeze as the MIRE stare straight across at them.

\*

Nearby, LOFTY. The MIRE warrior moves towards him, then shoves him aside to reveal he was standing in front of his wife Tola holding their newborn BABY. They look terrified. What does it mean?

\*

\*

\*

ODIN  
You are blessed. My chosen few.  
Upon you I will bestow a great  
honour. Your mightiest warriors  
will feast tonight at my right  
hand... in the halls of Valhalla!

At this several of the strapping VIKINGS from the ship meet each other's eyes and straighten up. So it's a competition, is it? As the MIRE scan them they're puffing out their chests, staring into the middle distance proudly.

CLARA  
That's not really Odin, right?

THE DOCTOR  
He doesn't even have a yo-yo.

CLARA  
So this is an invasion.

THE DOCTOR  
No - this is a harvest.

We track along two muscle bound CONAN-LIKE VIKINGS doing this, then comically reach CHUCKLES, who is behaving in exactly the same way, but is two foot shorter, twenty years older, skinny and balding. But from the expression on his face, he clearly believes he's in with a chance. The two CONAN-LIKE VIKINGS share a look. Seriously?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
The strongest, fittest...

CLARA  
We have to help them.

THE DOCTOR  
We have to not get chosen.

Clara flashes him an impatient look - not good enough.

15 CONTINUED:

15

The Mire moving among the Vikings, choosing.

Clara, looking round.

Ashildr, kneeling, terrified.

Clara: an idea. She hurries over to Ashildr, kneels by her.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(Hissing at her)  
Clara ... !

CLARA  
That eyepatch thing, have you got  
it? Don't be scared, just tell me.

Ashildr, terrified, nods. Now fumbling in her pocket.

THE DOCTOR  
No, listen -

He looks, frantically worried, over at the Mire and the Vikings. *Don't let them notice, don't let them notice!*

Ashildr has plucked the half sonic from her pocket.

CLARA  
Point it at my chains, think the  
word "open" ...

The Mire - press a button on their blaster arms. They beam away the twenty VIKINGS they've chosen in a few seconds, mostly obvious WARRIORS from the ship. \*

CHUCKLES is left behind. He looks bitter, cursing under his breath.

All that are left in the village are; THE DOCTOR, CLARA, other WOMEN, CHILDREN, the ELDERLY and a few who are clearly TRADESMEN.

ODIN's image fades, the clouds closing. He's gone.

The MIRE begin to glow, readying to beam out. A building whine of energy.

On Ashildr: she using the sonic lens, concentrating -

THE DOCTOR  
Clara, no!!

CLARA  
Open - say it in your mind. \*

And lens buzzes, the manacles spring it open -

- *and the whining cuts dead!!*

The Mire stop glowing, and all snap round -

15 CONTINUED:

15

- and look directly at Ashildr and Clara.

Another flash of the MIRE's view of the world. The 'eyepatch' half sonic shades now outlined in red and flashing.

A moment to process -

- then CLARA and ASHILDR start glowing exactly like the Mire, the whine, builds again, and they beam away.

All that is left are the remaining VILLAGERS and THE DOCTOR. He looks to the sky, horrified.

CUT TO:



16      **INT. MIRE SPACESHIP - CORRIDOR - DAY**      16

CLARA and ASHILDR rematerialise in a room already containing a crowd of twenty VIKINGS. It's a narrow grimy metal-walled corridor with no doors or windows. Rusting and industrial. Lights flicker. Feels like an abattoir.

NOLLARR meets their eye. He looks worried.

NOLLARR  
(hollow)  
Welcome to Valhalla my ladies.

HASTEN is at the other end of the corridor straining as he attempts to force his axe blade into a thin slit in the middle of the wall. A double door?

HASTEN  
You'll see - through this door -  
all the food you can... UNFFFF...  
eat - wine you can drink.

A second later the doors that HASTEN is struggling with slide open suddenly. HASTEN backs away in shock. We reveal:

About forty feet more corridor, leading to another set of double doors. The only difference appears to be a thin layer of dust on the floor and dome like lights set into the walls at regular intervals.

A white line on the floor delineates this new section.

HASTEN laughs at his own fear and strides over the line into the new section.

Close on HASTEN's foot stepping into the dust.

CLARA  
Wait!

HASTEN turns and snorts a laugh.

HASTEN  
There is nothing to fear strange  
maiden. We are Odin's chosen.

But there is a rising whine. The domes on the walls are glowing brighter - and then flash with a crack of electricity.

HASTEN is vaporized in a billow of dust.      \*

The VIKINGS shout with shock and back away.

Close on HASTEN's helmet spinning to a stop like a pan lid in the dust.

16 CONTINUED:

16

The VIKINGS exchange worried looks. Then a yelp of alarm from the VIKINGS nearest the facing wall at the other end of the corridor. It's started to slowly move, pushing the VIKINGS inexorably toward the domes.

NOLLARR

The wall! It moves!

CLARA

Your blades! Try to jam it!

Several VIKINGS try just that. But it's futile. Close on wooden axe handles splintering, snapping. Sword blades bending.

The VIKINGS and CLARA are all pushing the wall with all their might. It's still moving. Shades of trash compactor.

The gap between them, the white line on the floor and the domed area of the corridor is ten feet and closing.

Close on their feet skidding, sliding along the floor toward the line.

Closer, closer toward the line and domes. VIKINGS are screaming. Shouting with rage.

NOLLARR

Let us out!

ASHILDR

Odin! Odin!

This is it. They are out of room. They are all pushed sprawling across the line. Some of them, including CLARA, run to the other end of the corridor and begin struggling with the door there.

There is a rising whine. The domes begin to glow brighter, the light now blinding, everyone squinting.

We cut to darkness as we hear a crack of electricity as the VIKINGS' cries are cut off. Then silence.

CUT TO:

17 **EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY**

17

The Doctor, pacing, angry.

Across the square, the VILLAGERS are taking stock.

LOFTY  
They took half the village.

LIMPY  
Yeah. And it was the *good* half.

CHUCKLES  
They went willingly to Valhalla. As  
would we all.

HEIDI  
I wouldn't.  
(off reactions)  
Well I wouldn't. I'm not good with  
heights. You know I'm not.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, stop it! All of you, just stop  
it, *now!*

They all look at him. He's furious.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Homo Sapiens, you're an intelligent  
species. Stop lying to yourselves.

CHUCKLES  
Choose your words carefully, False  
Odin.

THE DOCTOR  
Yes, I am a false Odin - exactly  
right, I lied. The big man in the  
sky, he lied too. And you *know*  
that. You *all* know it. Because  
what's the one thing that Gods  
never do? Never ever?

He rakes them with a look. Blank faces.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Like ghosts in ghost stories ...  
like fairies in fairy tales ...  
Gods never actually show up. Not in  
the real world.

LIMPY  
... then what did we see?

17 CONTINUED:

17

THE DOCTOR

You lot. When you raid some little town - when you burn all those houses, and everybody runs and screams ... how do the Vikings seem to those poor people?

CHUCKLES

(Proudly)

We seem like ...

(Breaks off, realising what he's about to say)

... Gods.

THE DOCTOR

Guess what ... you got raided!  
Guess what else - *I lost someone who matters to me!*

And now, a surprise - words ripped out of Chuckles like a great cry of pain.

CHUCKLES

*So did I!!*

CUT TO:

18      **INT. MIRE SPACESHIP - PROCESSING - DAY**      18

Close on the unconscious ASHILDR. A hand shakes her shoulder and she blearily awakes. CLARA is crouching beside her, a finger to her lips. They're both on a bare metal floor in gloomy factory like setting. ASHILDR shakily stands and gets her bearings.

The only light comes from a nearby open hatchway leading into the 'death corridor'. Familiar viking clothing and helmets are sprawled on the floor in piles of dust. It looks like CLARA and ASHILDR are the only survivors.

Clear tubes lead from the backs of the dome 'lights'. As they watch, clear liquid runs down the pipes to decant into a machine.

A pneumatic hiss and a new liquid emerges beneath the machine, fed into clear vials, last seen on the helmets of the MIRE. It's distilling the bodies into something.

CLARA and ASHILDR share a look and wince.

                 ASHILDR  
                 (sotto)  
                 Why are we still alive?

                 ODIN  
                 (o.s.)  
                 Because of this.

CLARA and ASHILDR spin in shock.

Ten feet away in a spotlight, stands ODIN. He isn't even looking at them, instead toying with the broken half sonic shades in his hands.      \*

                 ODIN (cont'd (cont'd))  
                 Explain.

CLARA motions to ASHILDR. I've got this. She attempts to front it out. Faking confidence.

                 CLARA  
                 I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make  
                 you afraid.

                 ODIN  
                 I have no reason to fear you.

                 CLARA  
                 (Points to half glasses)  
                 Except you've already analysed that  
                 and you know it's technology from a  
                 civilisation vastly more powerful  
                 than your own -

ODIN

And yet you are my prisoner.

CLARA

You'll also have noticed that the lens is an eyesight corrective.

ODIN

... what of it?

CLARA

I suppose we have to forgive Odin, of all people, for missing this particular headline. Look at me - two eyes.

(Points to the glasses)

So where's the rest of that?

ODIN

It would be child's play to use this half to track the other. You have endangered your allies.

CLARA

It's child's play to track that half too. You've endangered yourself.

ODIN

Who are you, and what are you doing here?

CLARA

Excellent question. Why don't you answer it?

ODIN

Why would I answer you?

CLARA

Because you have no reason to fear me - or have you changed your mind about that? What do you want here?

ODIN

Adrenalin... Testosterone. From the finest warriors. Extracted... distilled.

ODIN gestures to a MIRE WARRIOR who brings forward a vial from the machine. ODIN promptly drinks the liquid inside. He shivers with pleasure.

\*  
\*

ODIN (cont'd)

Nec-taar.

CLARA

Okay, so you mash up Vikings to make warrior juice, nice.

ASHILDR

They what?? They mash them up??

CLARA

Shh!

(To Odin)

But why play God?

ODIN

What is a God, but the cattle's  
name for farmer? What is heaven but  
the gilded door of the abattoir?

CLARA

What are you?

\*

CLARA (cont'd)

Not a farmer. Just a thief, caught  
in the act.

ASHILDR

(Tear-streaked, breathing  
hard)

I don't understand. Mashed up, what  
are you saying??

CLARA

Hush!

(To Odin)

Go now. Go and find vikings on  
other planets. The universe is full  
of testosterone - trust me, it's  
unbearable. We won't follow you. We  
don't have to fight.

ODIN

War is our way.

CLARA

Ask yourself: is this a war you  
really want?

A moment, hanging in the balance. Odin - a flicker of doubt.  
She has a point. Then -

ASHILDR

Yes!!

Clara spins - Ashildr, enraged, beyond emotional.

ASHILDR (cont'd)

You will pay for what you have done  
here today.

CLARA

No! No, no, no!

ASHILDR

I am a *Viking*. Ashildr, daughter of  
Einarr. You have mocked our Gods.  
Killed our warriors. We will crush  
you on the field of battle.

Odin stares at her - then smiles!

ODIN

Now that's more like it!

CLARA

You were about to leave.

ODIN

You almost had me talking! Talk is  
for cowards - war is the only  
conversation!

CLARA

No, no, listen to me - !!

ODIN

(To Ashildr)

I accept your challenge.

CLARA

She doesn't know what she's saying.

ASHILDR

We will crush you!

CLARA

Please shut up!

ODIN

Shall we say, this time tomorrow?  
Ten of my warriors. Versus the best  
of your village?

ASHILDR

You will beg for mercy!

ODIN

I will send you back. You can  
inform your people of their  
impending destruction.

CLARA

(To Odin)

You don't have to do this.

ODIN

I know.

CLARA

*Then why are you doing it??*

ODIN

Why else. Joy! The joy of war!

ASHILDR and CLARA share a look.

ODIN presses a button on his wrist. We see a shimmer begin to  
pass across his face, removing the hologram of the human face  
and revealing the true alien face beneath. We have a glimpse  
of slimy green skin but don't see the full reveal.

\*



18 CONTINUED:

18

CLARA and ASHILDR stare in horror.

ODIN (cont'd)  
Can't you see it on my face??

CUT TO:

19                    **EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY**                    19

THE DOCTOR with the VILLAGERS, much as we left them -

- except the Doctor is frantically leafing through his two-thousand year diary. A familiar blast of trumpets. The clouds part and a beam of light shines down - depositing Ashildr and Clara on the ground

                         THE DOCTOR  
Clara!

ASHILDR is already running towards CHUCKLES. The biggest hug ever.

                         CHUCKLES  
My child. My child. He said you  
were dead. Where are the others?

                         ASHILDR  
... I'm sorry, father.

The Doctor has raced towards Clara, hugs her hard.

                         THE DOCTOR  
(sotto)  
I'm not a hugger. This is not a  
hug. This is not a hug.

                         CLARA  
Doctor ... listen ...

THE DOCTOR breaks the hug, brandishes his diary.

                         THE DOCTOR  
Two-thousand year diary - I looked  
them up. They're called the Mire.  
One of the deadliest warrior races  
in the galaxy.

                         CLARA  
Okay. Well -

                         THE DOCTOR  
But they're *practical*. They get  
what they want and go. You  
persuaded them to go, didn't you? I  
*knew* you would!

                         CLARA  
The deadliest warrior race in the  
galaxy?

                         THE DOCTOR  
One of them, yes, why?

19 CONTINUED:

19

Clara takes a moment. Swallows hard. Has to tell him some time.

CLARA  
Because I think this village just  
declared war on them ...

The Doctor's face: *what????*

CUT TO:

20

**INT. GREAT HALL - DAY**

20

A huge banquet hall. All the remaining VILLAGERS are in there, scattered around, sitting on stools and chairs but not around the long table, which is pushed to one side. It feels like an informal meeting. CLARA (now out of her spacesuit) and ASHILDR are the focus, sitting telling their tale. THE DOCTOR is pacing, thinking as they talk.

\*

CLARA  
They're coming back tomorrow. Ten of them. To kill everyone in the village.

CHUCKLES  
Ashildr, is this true?

ASHILDR just nods. She's staring at the floor.

THE DOCTOR  
But they've got what they came for. No offence, but the raid's over, there's nothing else for them here. They've killed all the good ones, why come back for the left-overs?  
(A beat, considers.)  
I meant that in a good way.

ASHILDR  
It's my fault.

They all look at her. What??

ASHILDR (cont'd)  
All of it, my fault, I did this. I brought this down on us all.

CHUCKLES  
That's my daughter. Always blaming herself.

ASHILDR  
But it's *true*!

CHUCKLES  
(Arm round her)  
Not every misfortune that befalls this village, is down to you!

She clings to her father sobbing. Chuckles looks to the Doctor, explaining.

CHUCKLES (cont'd)  
She thinks she brings us bad luck.

The Doctor looks at Ashildr again - that haunted look. He shakes off the feeling - back to business!

THE DOCTOR

What bad luck? You haven't had any bad luck, you're fine.

LIMPY

We are about to be attacked by -

THE DOCTOR

With a whole day's warning. So leave. Hop it, take off! Into the woods, split up, hide. The Mire will never have the patience to look for you. Give it a week, come back home, make babies and puddings - that's basically what you do, isn't it?

CHUCKLES

We cannot leave this village.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, you can. Pick a direction - fly like a bird, run like a nose. That's probably a Viking saying, I haven't checked.

LIMPY

No. We will fight!

Nods and grunts of agreement around the hall.

THE DOCTOR

They took all your fighters, remember? What are you? Farmers, fishermen? Web designers? Maybe not that last one.

CHUCKLES defiantly throws down a sheepskin bundle at THE DOCTOR's feet. It spills open with swords and axes. CHUCKLES picks up a sword from the bundle and holds it aloft.

CHUCKLES

We are *Vikings*.

This gets a cheer from the room.

THE DOCTOR

Really? How many of you have actually held a sword in battle? By show of hands.

THE DOCTOR puts up his hand. He's the only one that does.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The Mire are coming for each and every one of you - what are you going to do? Raise crops at them?

LIMPY  
(Slamming the table with  
his fist)  
If necessary.

HEIDI  
I think he was being sarcastic.

CHUCKLES  
We are not cowards. We do not *run*.  
And a death in battle is a death  
with *honour*.

Nods and shouts of "AYE" echo around the hall. As the shouts  
roars die down -

- we hear from somewhere else, a baby crying somewhere in the  
village.

THE DOCTOR  
Do babies die with honour?

CHUCKLES  
They do not live on their knees.

HEIDI  
Not *Viking* babies.

The baby cries louder, and now the Doctor is intoning -  
translating.

THE DOCTOR  
I am afraid, mother. Hold me,  
mother, I am afraid, I am afraid.

The Vikings stare at him in confusion.

CLARA  
He speaks baby.

THE DOCTOR  
Turn your face towards me, mother,  
for you are beautiful and I will  
sing for you. I am afraid, but I  
will sing. I will sing.  
(Breaks from translating)  
Babies think laughing is singing -  
did you know that? Personally, I  
think they're right.

He gestures to Clara, starts heading towards the door.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I applaud your courage, I deplore  
your stupidity, I will mourn your  
deaths, which will be painful,  
terrifying and without honour.  
Don't be afraid to change your  
minds - it's called thinking.

20

CONTINUED:

20

He's about to step out, but someone grabs his arm.  
Unexpectedly, it's Ashildr.

ASHILDR

Stay. You could help us, I know you  
could.

THE DOCTOR

How do you know that?

ASHILDR

I just do.

THE DOCTOR

If you want to be safe, run. Take  
off on your own. Your choice.

ASHILDR

I don't care about myself, I care  
about the others.

THE DOCTOR

Then quite possibly you are the  
only person here worth saving.

CLARA

Save her then.

The Doctor just shoots her a look - and steps out. A beat -  
and Clara follows.

CUT TO:

21 **EXT. OUTSIDE GREAT HALL - DAY**

21

The Doctor, pacing, agitated. Clara just looks at him. Quiet reproof, but saying nothing.

THE DOCTOR  
The earth is safe, humanity is not  
in danger. It's just one village  
...

CLARA  
"Just one village."

THE DOCTOR  
Suppose I saved it - by some  
miracle, no TARDIS, no sonic. "Just  
one village" defeats the Mire. What  
then? Word get around, Earth  
becomes a target of strategic value  
and the Mire come back, and God  
knows what else. Ripple into tidal  
wave into everybody's dead.

CLARA  
Do something clever.

THE DOCTOR  
Clever is leaving.

CLARA  
Not for you.

The baby is crying, keening away.

CLARA (cont'd)  
What's it saying?

THE DOCTOR  
She. She's afraid. Babies sense  
danger, they have to.

CLARA  
Tell me.

THE DOCTOR  
(concentrates)  
Mother, I hear thunder. Mother, I  
hear shouting. You are my world but  
I hear other worlds now.  
(Frowns, like this next  
bit is difficult to put  
into words)  
Beyond the ... enfolding of your  
smile ... is there other kindness?  
Will they be kind, mother. I am  
afraid, will they be kind? The sky  
is crying now, mother. Fire in the  
water. Fire in the water...



21 CONTINUED:

21

He stops, moved. And the baby tails off into silence.

CLARA

You just decided to stay.

\*

The Doctor shoots her a look. How the hell did she know that?

CLARA (cont'd)

The baby stopped crying.

CUT TO:

22      **EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY**      22

Wide on ten male VILLAGERS assembled in a line like recruits on a parade ground. These 'SOLDIERS' are all holding wooden practice swords, battered looking shields and look slightly pathetic. Amongst them; LOFTY and HEIDI. \*

A knot of WOMEN watch from the sidelines. No ASHILDR.

In the background are some battered straw practice dummies wearing Roman helmets.

THE DOCTOR appears, walking along the line, sergeant major style, sword tucked under his arm like a baton, with delivery to match.

THE DOCTOR  
So when I say move, you move. When  
I say jump, you say 'How high?'  
(Considers)  
Unless it's across a *gap* of some  
kind, in which case you will jump  
*horizontally*. Do we *understand* each  
other?

The 'SOLDIERS' look amongst each other. After a beat they give a shrugging, halting, overlapping response. No two answers are the same.

VIKINGS  
Aye/Suppose/Sir, sir/Yep/Yes  
Sergeant Greyhead.

THE DOCTOR rolls his eyes, then carries on walking.

THE DOCTOR  
Now I'm not going to lie to you. We  
are facing a force with vastly  
superior weaponry, training,  
armour, posture and personal  
hygiene. But we have a secret  
weapon. Me. Think of me as... a  
potter. You are my clay. And over  
the next twenty four hours I will  
shape this lumpen mass I see before  
me into a slightly differently  
shaped mass. Possibly a vase, or a  
jug, maybe a paperweight. This  
metaphor is derailing, forget the  
metaphor. What is it Lofty?

This is because LOFTY has his hand up.

LOFTY  
Er, my name's not actually Lofty,  
sir, it's Bro-

THE DOCTOR

No it's not. It's Lofty. I've got far too much to think about without everybody having their own names.

So you're Lofty -

(WARRIOR with square beard)

- he's ZZ Top and you're -

(considers HEIDI's double plaited beard)

Heidi. So, I'll ask you again:

Lofty, what is it?

LOFTY

Sorry, sir, it's just - why aren't we practising with real swords?

THE DOCTOR

You want to field this one, Limpy?

We reveal LIMPY, now wincing and sitting to one side bandaging his wounded leg. Blood is seeping through.

LIMPY

Because we can't be trusted with them.

LIMPY limps back to join the end of the line.

THE DOCTOR

That's right. You'll get them back when you've proved you can wave them around without lopping bits off each other. Heidi - why have you got your eyes closed?

HEIDI does indeed have his eyes closed. He gestures vaguely at the bleeding LIMPY.

HEIDI

Sorry. Sir. Doctor... Potter. Sir. I'm just not very good with the sight of blood.

THE DOCTOR

Of course you're not.

A voice from the sidelines.

CHUCKLES

(o.s.)

This is not the Viking way.

THE DOCTOR turns to face CHUCKLES, revealed sitting off to one side, arms folded.

THE DOCTOR

You have something to say, Chuckles?

CHUCKLES

My name is not Chuck-

THE DOCTOR

Your name is Chuckles until I say so. Or until you actually start chuckling, when it won't be half as funny. Why isn't this the Viking way?

CHUCKLES

Our warriors do not march in lines like that Roman scum.

\*

LIMPY

He's quite right. You know what else they don't do? Sit around on their backsides while others risk their lives.

CHUCKLES stands, enraged.

CHUCKLES

Are you calling me a coward?

LIMPY turns to face off against CHUCKLES.

LIMPY

I don't see a sword in your hand.

THE DOCTOR

Hey! Hey! Chuckles? You want to fight? You join the line. Limpy? Eyes front.

LIMPY turns to face the front once more. CHUCKLES turns away.

THE DOCTOR notices a very YOUNG VIKING in the line is visibly shaking. He looks terrified. He's probably no more than fifteen. THE DOCTOR considers.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

And when you finally *do* get your weapons they need to be sharp and clean. You!

(points at YOUNG VIKING)

You are hereby volunteered. I want those swords shining so much the enemy stop fighting to admire them. Off you pop.

YOUNG VIKING

Yes sir. Will do, sir.

The YOUNG VIKING runs off. CHUCKLES catches THE DOCTOR's eye. He thinks, realising what THE DOCTOR just did. CHUCKLES softens.

Wordlessly, he plucks a wooden sword from a barrel and joins the end of the line.

22 CONTINUED:

22

THE DOCTOR watches him for a beat, then holds up his sword.

THE DOCTOR  
Now. Your sword should become... an  
extension of your arm -

CUT TO:

23      **EXT. OUTSIDE GREAT HALL - DAY**      23 \*

CLARA is standing watching the training go on across the square. Ashildr stands just behind her, Clara unaware of her presence. \*

                 ASHILDR  
Swords against those creatures -  
that won't work, will it.

                 CLARA  
                 (Glances round, sees her)  
He's just warming up. He hasn't got  
a plan yet.

                 ASHILDR  
When will he?

                 CLARA  
You'll know.

Ashildr now stepping forward, nervous.

                 ASHILDR  
I found something. I think you  
should see.

CUT TO:      \*

24      **INT. ASHILDR'S HUT - DAY**

24

Sunlight beams into a dingy hut walled with hanging maps with a few books in piles and scrolls in racks. Stolen bibles from monasteries. ASHILDR enter and walks over to a crude wooden table bearing a few rolled up scrolls. CLARA in her wake.

CLARA  
Is this the library?

CLARA picks a scroll from the table and begins to unroll it. We see a brief flash of the image of a ship. ASHILDR looks embarrassed and takes the scroll from CLARA's hands, rolling it back up.

ASHILDR  
Not that one. That's just a..  
story.

CLARA  
About a ship?

ASHILDR considers, then unrolls the scroll on the table. Coy but enthused.

ASHILDR  
A *magic* ship.

ASHILDR unrolls another scroll. Warming to her topic. We see a stylised image of a sea serpent.

ASHILDR (cont'd)  
And this is the Midgard Serpent. So large it can circle the world and eat it's own tail. Some sailors swore blind they'd seen it in the bay.

CLARA  
Do you believe that?

ASHILDR  
The world is full of dangers.

ASHILDR selects another scroll on the table.

ASHILDR (cont'd)  
It's what I wanted you to see. An old story of Odin. In most stories he rewards the dead - but this one's different. This one's like today. This is when he rewarded the living.

ASHILDR unrolls the scroll.

ASHILDR (cont'd)  
Or seemed to.

24 CONTINUED:

24

It's faded and crumbling but shows a stylised but recognizable depiction of the Mire Odin and the Mire warriors beaming up villagers, surrounded by runic script. CLARA looks impressed.

CLARA  
They've been here before.

CUT TO:



25      **EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY**      25

Close on the rolled up scroll. It's in ASHILDR's hand. She's walking beside CLARA over to where THE DOCTOR and his SOLDIERS are training.

CLARA  
Doctor? Ashildr found something  
that I think you need to -

THE DOCTOR turns and looks ASHILDR up and down. ASHILDR holds out the scroll.

THE DOCTOR  
Wonderful. Just what I needed.

But THE DOCTOR takes the scroll from her hand and tosses it.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
More bodies. Here. Take this.

THE DOCTOR picks up a wooden sword.

CLARA  
Doctor, this isn't *exactly* why we  
came over.

THE DOCTOR hands the sword to ASHILDR. The moment she's holding it, the MEN all gasp.

THE DOCTOR looks intrigued and takes the sword away. The MEN sigh with relief. THE DOCTOR gives it back. They gasp again.

THE DOCTOR  
That *is* impressive. Synchronised  
sexism.

HEIDI  
She's... a girl.

THE DOCTOR  
Yes she is, Heidi.

LOFTY  
She's not... a man.

THE DOCTOR  
You're on fire today.

CLARA rolls her eyes, picks up the scroll and unrolls it atop a barrel, weighing down the corners with stones.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Look at you all. Did Emily  
Pankhurst fight for noth- well,  
*will* Emily Pankhurst fight for -  
look, frankly we don't have time  
for this to be a problem.  
(MORE)

25

CONTINUED:

25

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

The women of this village will be just as much of a target as anyone else. So do whatever mental gymnastics you have to do to accept this and move on.

THE DOCTOR hands ASHILDR a shield and pushes her gently towards LIMPY.

ASHILDR looks down at the sword in her hand uncertainly. Deer in headlights. LIMPY sees her indecision and smiles with a half sneer. He looks to the others to share the joke.

ASHILDR sees this. It is a pivotal moment. Something in her face breaks through, is set free. She launches into a furious attack with a flurry of blows. LIMPY isn't prepared at all and is beaten back, shocked.

He stumbles, loses his sword and ends up on his back.

THE DOCTOR raises an eyebrow.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

(sotto)

Oh I like you. You can stay.

(Louder)

Look. A girl is swinging a sword. And the sky didn't fall. Okay, back to sparring.

THE DOCTOR hands wooden swords and shields to other WOMEN, who uncertainly join the group.

CLARA is waiting by the scroll, arms folded.

CLARA

Any time you're ready.

Jump cut to THE DOCTOR holding up the scroll and peering at it. He licks a section. CLARA grimaces.

CLARA (cont'd)

Could they have left something behind?

THE DOCTOR

They did. This story. A few generations ago, judging by the decay.

CLARA

Long enough to be forgotten.

THE DOCTOR

Or to start a religion. Influence one, anyway. You're doing a look.

CLARA

What look?

THE DOCTOR

Side-ways, head-tilt, semi-mouth  
purse. I've been writing them down,  
but I haven't translated that one.  
Have you got a question or a neck-  
malfunction?

CLARA

(Shrugs, looks over the  
Vikings still practising)  
Just watching you with your little  
army. Danny Pink would be proud.

THE DOCTOR

Danny Pink would laugh his head  
off.

CLARA

I hope so.

THE DOCTOR

So do I.

A smile between them - a fond memory. Then business.

CLARA

So tell me about them. The Mire -  
what's in your little black book.

THE DOCTOR shrugs. Where to start?

THE DOCTOR

They're mercenaries. An army for  
hire to the highest bidder. They  
augment their abilities with stolen  
tech. The best from every race they  
conquer; plasma cannons,  
holographic heads up displays,  
scanners. Most of it crammed into  
their helmets.

CLARA

So removing their helmets -

THE DOCTOR

Good idea, if you can get close  
enough. They process the bodies of  
those they capture into performance  
enhancing drugs. 'Performance'  
usually meaning 'battle'.

CLARA

And what's their Achilles Heel? Are  
we talking something obvious, like  
a Sontaran vent, or something more  
conceptual like 'hubris'. How did  
you beat them before?

THE DOCTOR

I've never *fought* them before.

CLARA

Other people then. Other races. How  
did *they* beat them?

THE DOCTOR

There are no records of *anyone*  
beating them.

CLARA

So how will you do it?

THE DOCTOR

Give me twenty good soldiers and I  
can win *any* battle.

CLARA

Who said that?

THE DOCTOR

I did. How did I sound?

CLARA looks incredulous. She looks from THE DOCTOR across to  
the sparring SOLDIERS. LOFTY is shaking his hand as if he's  
hurt it and examining his thumb, wincing. Other SOLDIERS are  
bickering or staring at the sky.

CLARA

We don't have twenty good soldiers.  
You have *them*.

FADE TO:

26

**EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY**

26

Blue sky. A loud whistle through two fingers. A sword in a scabbard held up into shot.

The Doctor's 'SOLDIERS' stop fighting and look over.

Reveal THE DOCTOR holding up the sword in a scabbard.

THE DOCTOR  
Enough theory. I think it's time to  
take off the stablisers.

The SOLDIERS look confused as they approach.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(to himself)  
Of course. No bikes.  
It's time to move up from...  
rowboats to longboats? No? I'm  
basically handing out the real  
swords.

VILLAGERS  
(murmurs of understanding)  
Ahhh.

CHUCKLES drops his wooden sword and trots eagerly toward THE DOCTOR hand outstretched. He suddenly looks like a child.

LOFTY  
You really think we're ready?

THE DOCTOR  
Nope. But it's either that or hope  
the Mire are allergic to splinters.

CHUCKLES is reaching for the sword a little too eagerly. THE DOCTOR looks suddenly apprehensive. He pulls the sword away, then finally relents, handing it over.

CHUCKLES unsheathes the sword, looks at the blade and grins. He suddenly looks a little unhinged.

CUT TO:

27

**EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY**

27

Comic cut to THE DOCTOR sitting in the same location, now surrounded by loose livestock; chickens, pigs, goats. Smoke is billowing across the frame. A chain of VIKINGS are crossing frame behind, carrying buckets of water in the direction of the smoke. On either side of him are two unconscious VILLAGERS; LOFTY and HEIDI. Other VILLAGERS are chasing livestock.

Clara stands at the Doctor's shoulder making a visible effort not to pass comment.

THE DOCTOR  
Well *that* could have gone better.

HEIDI sits bolt upright in a daze.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Good morning.

HEIDI  
What happened?

THE DOCTOR  
Well, The Big Bang, dinosaurs,  
bipeds, a mounting sense of  
futility ...

CLARA  
More *recently*, Chuckles hit Lofty  
on the helmet with his sword  
knocking him out. There was a  
little blood, which you saw -

HEIDI looks over at the blood on the unconscious LOFTY's head and passes out again.

CLARA (cont'd)  
- and did that. Only the first time  
you did it you knocked a torch onto  
some hay, spooking a horse, who  
kicked open a gate. I'm sure you  
can fill in the rest.

Amongst it all, Ashildr, swinging her sword. She's clearly good.

THE DOCTOR  
You were good though. Top marks.  
Girl One.

ASHILDR  
My name is *Ashildr*.

THE DOCTOR  
No. Your name is Only Hope.

27 CONTINUED:

27

LOFTY sits upright in a daze.

LOFTY  
What happened?

THE DOCTOR  
I have absolutely no idea.

FADE TO:

28      **EXT. SUNSET - DAY**

28

The sun is setting on the sea's horizon. Golden hour. Folk  
music fades in...

CUT TO:



29

**INT. GREAT HALL - EVENING**

29

The long table has been set for a typical Viking feast; piled with food and drink, most of our VILLAGERS are seated around it, along with CLARA and THE DOCTOR. But pointedly, half the chairs are empty, including a large chair at the head of the table, for the chief.

HEIDI is playing his mandolin and another VILLAGER is hitting a small tom tom drum. The VILLAGERS laugh, swig ale and eat.

But there is the odd expression that gives away the truth. We catch LIMPY looking at an empty chair with a thousand yard stare, before he catches himself and snaps on a smile. LOFTY is staring at his metal sword in scabbard on the table in front of him. He's thinking. We can guess what.

CLARA is sitting opposite THE DOCTOR, who is picking at the food in front of him. He's looking irritated.

A wider shot reveals why. ASHILDR is sitting next to him, but she's side on, facing him. Staring at the side of his head. He doesn't even look at her as he speaks.

THE DOCTOR

What?

ASHILDR

Why am I good at fighting?

THE DOCTOR

Everyone's good at something.

ASHILDR

But I am so afraid. All the time,  
I'm always afraid.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly. Fighting is fear in  
action.

ASHILDR

So fear is a good thing?

THE DOCTOR

Fear is a terrible thing.

ASHILDR

I don't understand.

THE DOCTOR

Just because something's terrible,  
doesn't mean you don't need it.

ASHILDR

... I think you frighten me most of  
all.

THE DOCTOR  
Congratulations.

ASHILDR  
Why?

THE DOCTOR  
You're a fast learner.

He gets up, heads away.

CLARA, sitting across the table, observing this exchange. She gets up...

ASHILDR also watches him go, confused, then shrugs and slides his plate over in front of her and begins to eat.

FADE TO:

30      **EXT. OUTSIDE GREAT HALL - EVENING**      30 \*

The DOCTOR is sitting outside the hall, staring out across the bay at the sunset. Clara doesn't speak. Just waits. Finally, the Doctor sighs. \*

THE DOCTOR  
Heidi faints at the *mention* of blood. Not just the sight anymore. He's actually *upgraded* his phobia. Chuckles questions every order he gets, which might be a *teensy* problem in the heat of battle. Our only half decent fighter is a woman, and that freaks out all the men, and makes a few of boys very shy, which is ever so helpful in the combat zone.

CLARA  
I keep waiting to hear what your real plan is.

THE DOCTOR  
Teaching them to fight. Only plan I've got.

CLARA  
Turning people into fighters isn't very you.

THE DOCTOR  
Yeah, I used to believe that!

CLARA  
What happened?

THE DOCTOR  
You. Oh, look at you now.

A beat between - Clara not getting caught in that conversation.

CLARA  
How ever well you train them, it won't make any difference. Not against those things.

THE DOCTOR  
They'll die fighting, with honour. To a Viking, that's all the difference in the world.

CLARA  
A good death is the best they can hope for?

THE DOCTOR

A good death is the best anyone can  
hope for. Unless you happen to be  
immortal.

On the word "immortal" the door opens, Ashildr coming out.  
She sees the Doctor and Clara - shyly embarrassed.

ASHILDR

Sorry.

CLARA

No problem.

THE DOCTOR

Good night.

Ashildr heads off into the gathering darkness. She glances  
back at the Doctor.

CLARA

You've made an impact there.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, stop it.

CLARA

She's nice. Fight you for her.

THE DOCTOR

The human race, you're obsessed.  
You all need a hobby.

CLARA

I've got a hobby. It's you, by the  
way.

THE DOCTOR

Well get a new one.

There's unexpected edge to his words. She looks at him  
sharply. The old argument flares up again -

CLARA

No, not this -

THE DOCTOR

Tomorrow is going to be a bloodbath  
-

CLARA

Don't even ask!

THE DOCTOR

These people all died hundreds of  
years before you were even born -

CLARA

I'm not running!

THE DOCTOR

I have a duty of care -

CLARA

No, you don't, because I never asked for that -

THE DOCTOR

Every time we do this, I keep thinking, what if something happens to you -

CLARA

What if *nothing* happens to me? What if nothing ever happened to me, ever, ever again? As long as I'm safe from *that*, Doctor, I'm fine.

THE DOCTOR

No. You're compulsive.

CLARA

Takes one to know one.

She's storming back into the hall ...

THE DOCTOR

Clara -

CLARA

And by the way, you're missing something.

THE DOCTOR

... what?

CLARA

How you'll win. You always miss it till the last minute - so put away your sword, stop playing soldier, and *look* for it.

She goes into the hall.

The Doctor: considering her words.

DISSOLVE TO:

31      **INT. ASHILDR'S HUT - EVENING**      31 \*

A flickering shadow on the wall of a figure wearing a winged helmet. Approaching the figure, ASHILDR, sword poised, Conan style. She's in ass-kicking hero mode. Over the top. \*

                 ASHILDR  
We meet again, Fake Odin. Valhalla  
burns around you, your army is  
destroyed and now it's time for you  
to die -

ASHILDR gives a battle cry and lunges with a flurry of sword strikes. We hear a barrage of thudding chipping noises and reveal she's actually attacking a wooden dummy. It's wearing a horned helmet with a crude cloth eyepatch and a reasonable caricature of Odin drawn on the face.

                 THE DOCTOR  
                 (o.s.)  
Ahem.

ASHILDR spins and pales. THE DOCTOR is standing in the open doorway. ASHILDR tries to hide her sword behind her back.

                 ASHILDR  
How long have you been there?

THE DOCTOR enters and begins peering at the carvings.

                 THE DOCTOR  
What was that? The saga?

                 ASHILDR  
The what?

                 THE DOCTOR  
The legend of tomorrow. I assume  
that's what you were doing. Working  
on the saga of tomorrow's battle?

                 ASHILDR  
We will crush our enemies.

                 THE DOCTOR  
Will we?  
(Examines the Odin dummy)  
What is this? A puppet?

                 ASHILDR  
I make puppets sometimes. When I'm -

                 THE DOCTOR  
Frightened?

31 CONTINUED:

31

ASHILDR

When the raiding parties go out, I  
make up stories about their  
battles.

THE DOCTOR

Because if you make up the right  
story, it feels like you're keeping  
them safe, and they'll come home.

Ashildr drops her head, embarrassed.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

It's okay. You're not the only  
person who's ever done that.

ASHILDR

Why are you here?

THE DOCTOR

I'm looking for something I keep  
missing.

ASHILDR

What?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know, I keep missing it.  
You're the best fighter we have. So  
tell me - how will we fare  
tomorrow? Forget the legend. What  
are our chances? The truth.

ASHILDR

We will be cut down. Like corn. By  
this time tomorrow, every single  
one of us will be dead.

The Doctor looks at her for a beat - then a simple, chilling  
word.

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

On Ashildr - just a hint of tears forming.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

You could run.

ASHILDR

We don't do that.

THE DOCTOR

No, you. You, personally, you could  
leave.

ASHILDR

There is nowhere for me, except  
here.

THE DOCTOR

There's everywhere. A whole world.

ASHILDR

I fit here. This is my place. The sky, the hills, the sea, the people. All of it. Is there nowhere like that for you?

THE DOCTOR

(Shrugs)

I like a nice view as much as anybody ...

ASHILDR

But ...

THE DOCTOR

Can't wait for the next one.

ASHILDR

I pity you.

THE DOCTOR

And I will mourn for you. I know which I'd prefer.

Sadly, he's turning for the door.

ASHILDR

You think they're all idiots, don't you?

THE DOCTOR

Do you mean the entire universe? Because the answer is yes.

ASHILDR

But they're kind and brave and strong. And I love them.

THE DOCTOR

Well. That's good, but it won't save you -

ASHILDR

I have always been different. All my life, I've known that. The girls all thought I was a boy, the boys all said I was just a girl. My head is always full of stories, I'm always worried, by everything. I know I'm strange, everyone knows I'm strange - but here I am forgiven. I am loved. You tell me to run, to save my life. I tell you, leaving this place would be death itself.

The Doctor - struck dumb by this.



31 CONTINUED:

31

A movement from behind him. Chuckles is in the room - he's been listening, tears in his eyes. Puts his arm out for her. Ashildr now hugging him.

CHUCKLES

I cannot keep you safe. I do not have the strength or the skill. But I will try to until the last beat of my heart.

ASHILDR

Then I am home, father. And that is all I have ever asked.

Chuckles glares at the Doctor, over Ashildr's shoulder.

CHUCKLES

If you seek to mock me in this moment ...

THE DOCTOR

Not at all, no, no, you cry all you like.

(Frowns)

Speaking of crying ...

Distantly we hear the baby crying again ...

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

... is that baby closer? She is, she's getting closer.

He steps to the window.

The Doctor's POV. Lofty is heading through the town, carrying his baby.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Why's Lofty stolen a baby?

Ashildr, joining him at the window.

ASHILDR

His name is Brot. And that's his child.

THE DOCTOR

But where's he taking her?

ASHILDR

The boat house. He often takes her to the boat house when she won't settle, she likes it there.

The Doctor, frowning so fiercely. Something, *something*, he's missed *something*!

THE DOCTOR

But why would she -

31 CONTINUED:

31

The baby's cries reach him, he translates almost automatically.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Fire in the water. Fire in the  
water.

(Eyes widen - *oh my God!*)  
*Fire in the water!!*

Ashildr and Chuckles startle. What??

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
That's it! That's what I missed.  
I've got it now!

He races for the door, yelling.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(As he races out)  
Clara!! Clara, I've found it!

Ashildr and Chuckles at each other. Wha-?? They make to follow.

CUT TO:

32      **INT. BOATHOUSE - EVENING**      32 \*

A shed containing a large rowboat up on blocks. Around the walls, barrels of writhing eels.      \*

Lofty is comforting his baby, showing her the tanks -  
- when the Doctor comes bursting through the door.

THE DOCTOR  
Hello, Lofty, I had no idea that  
was your baby. Hello, baby I had no  
idea this was your junior parent.

LOFTY  
I'm trying to settle her. She likes  
all the fish -

THE DOCTOR  
I know exactly what she likes.

Clara, now coming through the door. Ashildr and Chuckles  
following.

CLARA  
Okay, so you're shouting a lot. Did  
you trap your finger in something  
again?

THE DOCTOR  
Chuckles, bedtime is cancelled.  
Everybody off the hard stuff, we've  
got a long night's work ahead of  
us. I'm going to need a blacksmith.  
Who's the blacksmith?

LOFTY  
I'm the blacksmith.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, he's the blacksmith *and* he's  
got a baby - he's at it hammer and  
tongs.

CLARA  
Doctor, explain, what's happening?

Other Vikings are piling through the door, all attracted by  
the noise.

THE DOCTOR  
Look at you, all your faces  
flapping open. You make the fish  
look clever.

CLARA  
*Doctor!*

THE DOCTOR

There's going to be a war tomorrow.  
And here's some news, this just in -  
*we are going to win the hell out*  
*it!*

CLARA

How?

THE DOCTOR

Ashildr, this is your village, and  
you will never have to leave it. I  
*swear.*

CLARA

Seriously, *how??*

THE DOCTOR

I *told* you all we were in danger. I  
*told* you we were basically doomed.  
Did no one in this two-horn town  
think to mention that you had ...  
(Gestures dramatically)  
... eels!

A disappointed silence.

CLARA

... eels?

THE DOCTOR

Listen. Promise one - nobody dies  
tomorrow. Promise two - the Mire  
will never set foot on this world  
again. You want to know how we're  
going to do this? I give you  
*puppets!* I give you the scariest  
girl in town. And I give you *fire*  
*in the water!*

The fishtank suddenly flashes with light. An electric eel  
sinuously curls in on itself.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Electric eels.

The Doctor turns to study the eel in sheer joy. The baby  
gurgles.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

Yeah, I feel exactly the same. Well  
not *exactly.*  
(To Lofty)  
She needs changing.

Clara joins him at the tank.

CLARA

Plan then?

32 CONTINUED:

32

THE DOCTOR  
And it's a doozy!

CUT TO:

33

**INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT**

33

A chaos of activity. VILLAGERS hammering, sawing, hoisting in all directions. Something big is happening, but it's not clear what. At the centre of it all, THE DOCTOR, pointing VILLAGERS with supplies off in various directions. He also has a knot of other VILLAGERS hanging off his every word like pupils.

THE DOCTOR  
Always walk briskly, it makes you a moving target...  
(inspects delivery)  
Okay, that goes to Lofty.  
(talks to GROUP)  
And talk with confidence, even if you're terrified...  
(inspects cargo)  
That goes to Ashldr....  
(talks to GROUP)  
Act as if you know their plan and sometimes if you're lucky they'll tell you it.

CLARA  
(Passing by)  
Actually, always - it's his only tactic.

THE DOCTOR  
And if you find yourself getting your limbs hacked off, or possibly organs, try not be upsetting to the people around you, or splash them. It's not all about you.

DISSOLVE TO:

34

**INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT**

34

Same location. Slightly later. An area of the wall bears a plan of the hall sketched out in charcoal. A group of VILLAGERS has gathered including LOFTY, CHUCKLES, LIMPY, ASHILDR and HEIDI. THE DOCTOR begins pointing at the plan.

THE DOCTOR  
Now they're sending down ten  
soldiers. With a bit of luck Lofty  
and Chuckles will be able to take  
out... let's be optimistic and say  
five.

LOFTY and CHUCKLES nod seriously.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Then we deploy the anvil. Now at  
this stage, getting me one of their  
helmets is key. We get a helmet and  
this is over. And then we can mop  
up the rest with Ashildr's  
monstrosity.

ASHILDR nods wisely.

CHUCKLES  
Is the monstrosity ready?

ASHILDR moves to remove a tarpaulin off something. It takes a little while.

ASHILDR finally whips back the tarpaulin but we don't reveal what's under it.

They stare at it in something that isn't quite awe.

CLARA  
That is *rubbish*.

THE DOCTOR  
(Delighted)  
I *know*!

FADE TO:

35      **EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT/DAY**

35

We view a time lapse of the village square moving from night to day. The sun rising above the village.

CUT TO:



36      **EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY**      36

Wind whistles through the empty village. No sign of life. A wooden bucket on it's side rocks back and forth.

The clouds billow and rumble. A deafening trumpet blast sounds. A beam of light comes down out of the clouds. Ten MIRE warriors appear in the square. Their blasters are already charging, ready for battle. But there's no-one to fight.

\*  
\*

A beat, then ODIN himself appears at their head. Unarmed. Hanging from his armour, like a trophy, the broken half of the sonic shades. It's in a row with tech fragments from other races. These are his 'medals'.

ODIN gestures and the MIRE begin to spread out, looking carefully around this ghost town. Where is everybody? But then a noise intrudes. Is that... music? It seems to be coming from the great hall.

The MIRE march to the front doors and kick them open to reveal -

CUT TO:

37

**INT. GREAT HALL - DAY**

37

- a loud party in full swing, the hall heaving with VILLAGERS. It feels like a C  ilidh, some VILLAGERS play instruments in the corner and there are partners dancing back and forth the length of the hall. LOFTY is playing a game of wicker hoop toss, with a horned helmet as the target. THE DOCTOR and CLARA are in the middle of it, dancing, whirling, whooping and laughing. ASHILDR is also dancing.

\*

ODIN and the MIRE warriors look confused. They are all lined up now, blasters pointed at the VILLAGERS, who are totally ignoring them.

\*

THE DOCTOR notices them and 'dosey does' in their direction. He grabs ODIN's hand to shake it, but he snatches it away.

THE DOCTOR  
Hey! It's you! I'm the Doctor. Nice to finally meet you face to... convincing hologram. You could always -  
(mimes hologram shimmer off)  
On second thoughts, don't. It suits you.

ODIN  
It is time to fight.

THE DOCTOR  
Nah. We decided not to. We thought we'd have a party instead.

This causes a cheer. A laughing LOFTY begins throwing his wicker rings at the MIRE. They land without fail over their antennae. Soon three of the warriors have rings on their antennae.

\*  
\*

As LOFTY turns away to pick up more wicker rings, we see his hands are shaking. Sweat drips from his nose. The facade cracking.

ODIN  
Let me put this another way: you fight or you die.

THE DOCTOR spreads wide his hands.

THE DOCTOR  
We're unarmed. There isn't a weapon in the room, which I'm sure your systems are telling you.

We see the point of view through one of the MIRE helmets. Wireframes appear around various objects in the room. Flashing above it all: 'TACTICAL THREAT: ZERO.'

37 CONTINUED:

37

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Are you really going to fire on  
civilians?

ODIN grins.

ODIN  
It wouldn't be the first time.

LOFTY throws another wicker ring at the MIRE - and misses. He cringes and we move to slow motion. The wicker ring falls, but then... hangs impossibly in midair, swinging. THE MIRE it was intended for holds it up, curiously. We see a very thin wire, attached to the ring, leading across the room... the moment hangs. THE DOCTOR senses the deception cracking.

THE DOCTOR  
NOW!

Several things happen at once;

CUT TO:

38                    **INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY**                    38 \*

In another room a barrel is revealed filled with writhing electric eels. CHUCKLES lowers a metal rod into it, which is connected to a dozen wires. CHUCKLES kicks the barrel and we see the eels light up with electricity which moves along the wires through a hole in the wall -

CUT TO:

39      INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

39

- which are connected to the hoops on four of the MIRE's helmets. The MIRE convulse as they are electrocuted and fall, their helmets sparking. Six MIRE and ODIN are still standing.

VILLAGERS everywhere are leaving at speed, either through obvious doors, or through trapdoors in walls and the floor which were presumably installed last night. THE DOCTOR and CLARA leap for cover behind a bar.

Three of the MIRE advance on the hiding DOCTOR and CLARA. The remaining three MIRE fire at the doors through which some VILLAGERS ran.

                         THE DOCTOR  
                 Chuckles - switch!

CUT TO:

40      **INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY**      40 \*

Using wooden tongs, CHUCKLES plucks the original metal bar from the eel barrel and plunges in a new one connected to a thicker wire. He kicks the barrel and the eels light up again.

CUT TO:

41                    **INT. GREAT HALL - DAY**                    41

Three of the MIRE round the bar and level their blasters at THE DOCTOR and CLARA. They are about to fire, then they begin struggling with their blasters, as their arms are pulled upwards. What's happening? \*

Components from the blasters fly from their arms and stick with a clang to an anvil wrapped in wire strapped to the ceiling. A crude electromagnet. The MIRE look bewildered, then their helmets begin to rise from their heads. \*

Close on one of the MIRE's helmets hitting the anvil. \*

We reveal the MIRE without a helmet. It's face like a lamprey with concentric circles of teeth. It lunges as if to attack, but removing the helmet has left it totally blind. It staggers, mouth chittering. The other two MIRE nearby also lose their helmets to the magnet and stagger about aimlessly. \*

                                 THE DOCTOR  
                                 Chuckles. OFF!

The helmets and blaster components fall clattering from the anvil. \*

THE DOCTOR catches a helmet as it falls and immediately begins pulling out components.

CLARA points a weapon at the staggering MIRE. \*

                                 CLARA  
                                 Don't move.

The remaining three MIRE and ODIN are across the room directing blasts at a door. It's charred and collapsing. Behind it VILLAGERS are screaming. The MIRE are almost through.

                                 CLARA (cont'd)  
                                 How's it coming?

THE DOCTOR still fiddling with the helmet, pulls out some wires.

                                 THE DOCTOR  
                                 Just reversing the polarity of the  
                                 neutron flow - bet that means  
                                 something, it sounds *great*!  
                                 Ashildr, are you ready?

He turns. Ashildr sits in a chair, against the wall - oddly formal. She looks terrified.

                                 ASHILDR  
                                 I'm scared.

THE DOCTOR

Good - scared is what we need. You  
need to put this on.

He's stepped towards her with the helmet.

ASHILDR

Can I do this?

THE DOCTOR

You were *born* for this.

She gulps. Nods. Smiles nervously.

The Doctor slips the helmet over her head.

Then a bellowing roar fills the hall. Deafening. Bestial.  
Torches blow out in a sudden draft. The hall is suddenly in  
half-light. Everything stops. Sudden silence.

The MIRE look confused. What is this?

Then an entire wall of the hall is ripped off, beams and dust  
falling and a DRAGON's head looms in, roaring. It swallows  
THE DOCTOR in one gulp and lunges toward the MIRE, roaring,  
claws scrabbling for purchase.

The MIRE gasp, terrified. They begin running, firing behind  
themselves at the DRAGON, but already beaming out as they go.  
The MIRE leave their fallen comrades behind.

ODIN

Wait! Cowards! Stand and fight.

ODIN is left alone with four unconscious MIRE.

A beat of silence. Then CLARA and a totally unharmed DOCTOR  
stand.

THE DOCTOR

That's enough, Ashildr. Story's  
over, happy ending.

On Ashildr, just sitting there, motionless. Her head flops  
forward.

CLARA

It worked.

VILLAGERS are emerging all over, relighting torches, laughing  
in disbelief? It worked? Have they won? VILLAGERS pick up  
abandoned swords and cover ODIN. He looks bewildered.

ODIN

What trickery is this?

THE DOCTOR

Says the man wearing a fake face.  
You see that's the problem with  
viewing reality through technology.

(MORE)



41 CONTINUED:

41

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

All too easy to feed in a new  
reality.

We reveal the 'dragon' which is actually made up of;  
ASHILDR's carving for a ship's prow and the strutwork of two  
rowing boats, all covered in canvas. It's laughable and  
wouldn't fool anyone.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

A story to save a town. And a  
puppet from a nightmare.

HEIDI

Not even a *good* puppet...

HEIDI is saying this sticking his head in from the roof,  
holding puppetry lines connected to the 'dragon's' head. He  
was apparently the puppeteer.

The wall of the hall begins to hinge back on, adapted in the  
night. We reveal teams of VILLAGERS pulling ropes and pulleys  
from another section of the hall. (Clara darts away to fetch  
something.)

THE DOCTOR

You just saw the world through the  
eyes of a story-teller. You saw a  
legend born of terror, from a girl  
born for this moment.

Again, on Ashildr, her head flopped forward, motionless.

CLARA returns carrying her cellphone. She hands it to THE  
DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

It's a beautiful noise.

We hear the dragon roar again, followed with a laugh, and  
reveal LIMPY positioned behind the huge horn used to welcome  
in the boats, now hidden behind the bar.

ODIN is pressing a button on his wrist.

ODIN

You think this is over? You should  
have killed me when you had the  
chance.

HEIDI sticks his head in again.

HEIDI

Doctor. They're back.

THE DOCTOR

How many?

41 CONTINUED:

41

HEIDI

I think... all of them.

CUT TO:

\*

42      **EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

42

We see scores of MIRE warriors beaming in all over the village. There are already fifty, then a hundred. The number keeps rising.

CUT TO:      \*

43

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

43

ODIN is grinning.

ODIN  
Today will live in infamy. The  
indignities we will heap upon your  
corpses will become legend.

THE DOCTOR  
Ooh. You are scary.

CLARA  
I've seen worse.

THE DOCTOR  
And your PR department really  
deserves a raise: 'The mighty  
armies of the Mire'. Brutal.  
Sadistic. Undefeated. Even I  
believed the stories - but after  
today, no one will again.

ODIN  
Today is not over.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh but it is. You see an army like  
yours, it lives or dies on it's  
reputation. It's *story*. And today  
you were sent packing by a handful  
of fisherman and farmers. Not to  
mention the whole 'wetting your  
pants and running away from a  
puppet' debacle.

CLARA is doing something on her phone.

CLARA  
Now *that* was funny.

THE DOCTOR  
Yeah. Good job no-one was recording  
that. Oh wait a minute, we were.

CLARA waggles her phone.

CLARA  
All it needed was the Benny Hill  
theme.

THE DOCTOR  
Now we *could* keep this all between  
us as a funny film we play at the  
Christmas party or -

CLARA holds her phone aloft like a bomb detonator, thumb  
about to press the button.

\*

43

CONTINUED:

43

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
We could just upload it to the  
galactic hub and get a second  
opinion.

THE DOCTOR draws in close to ODIN. Turning the screw.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
So the question you need to ask  
yourself is this: exactly how much  
is your reputation worth to you?  
Here's a little preview. Piped  
straight into your helmets. Free of  
charge.

THE DOCTOR nods at CLARA, who pushes a button on her phone.  
ODIN's eyepatch lights up. We can tell from his posture that  
he's watching something.

\*

CUT TO:

\*

44      **EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

44 \*

We move to view the MIRE outside. The eyes of their helmets light up. We can vaguely hear tinny shouts and the blasts of Mire weapons on the recording.

Then very faintly, we hear the Benny Hill theme kick in.

Wide on the warriors of the MIRE standing stationary as the tinny Benny Hill theme echoes around the town.

CUT TO:      \*

45      **INT. GREAT HALL - DAY**

45

Inside, the tune finally dies away. ODIN bows his head. He presses a button on his wrist. The unconscious MIRE beside him beam away.

CUT TO:      \*

46      **EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

46 \*

Outside, MIRE warriors begin to beam away. In seconds the town is empty.

CUT TO:      \*



47

**INT. GREAT HALL - DAY**

47

ODIN looks coldly furious.

ODIN  
This humiliation will not go  
unpunished. We will meet again. And  
when we do -

THE DOCTOR smoothly yanks his half broken sonic shades from  
Odin's armour then presses a button within a helmet. ODIN  
beams away.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh and I hacked your teleporter.  
Sorry. I was bored.

The Doctor: an afterthought. He sonics, and a startled Odin  
reappears.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Oh, and by the way, I lied. I  
already sent the video. So I *think*  
your battles could be a little  
*tougher* from now on.

He zaps Odin away again.

The VILLAGERS begin cheering and hugging again.

CUT TO:

48

**EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

48

High above the bay, a massive cloud shimmers and disappears, revealed as a hologram hiding the MIRE spacecraft, an ugly industrial looking shard, hundreds of feet long. We can hear the engines powering up as it moves to leave. The engines pulse and it accelerates away with a massive visible sonic boom.

CUT TO:

49      INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

49

Chuckles is hurrying over to Ashildr, still motionless in her chair.

                         CHUCKLES  
                         (Hugging)  
                         You did it, Ashildr, you did it,  
                         you saved us all.

But something is wrong. Ashildr is slack in his grip.

                         CHUCKLES (cont'd)  
                         Ashildr?

He loosens his grip slightly - and something awful happens.

Ashildr just falls sideways off the chair, a dead weight crashing to the floor. The room now struck into dread silence in a moment.

The Doctor: seemingly frozen.

Clara, moving.

                         CLARA  
                         Get the helmet off her. Get it off,  
                         now.

Chuckles and Clara remove the helmet. Ashildr is clearly dead. Clara, now checking the pulse in her neck. She looks round at the Doctor, who is still frozen.

                         CLARA (cont'd)  
                         No pulse, I think she's ... Doctor,  
                         is she dead?

The dread silence continues. Then:

                         THE DOCTOR  
                         I'm sorry. I really am most  
                         terribly sorry.

And in the terrible silence of the room, he just turns and walks out.

A beat, then:

                         CLARA  
                         I'll talk to him.

She moves to follow.

Chuckles now hugging Ashildr's limp form.

CHUCKLES

Tell him, my life for hers. If it  
can be done - my life for  
Ashildr's.

CLARA

I don't think it works like that.

LOFTY

Or mine.

LIMPY

Or my life.

HEIDI

Any of us. Any of us for Ashildr.

Clara looks round their pleading faces - oh dear God!

CUT TO:

50                    **INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY**                    50

The Doctor, cold and alone, among the tanks and nets.

The door now opening: Clara.

                  THE DOCTOR  
... how did you find me?

                  CLARA  
This is where you made the plan.  
Now you're trying to rewind. Heart  
failure, yeah?

                  THE DOCTOR  
Yeah. I plugged her into the  
machinery, used her up like a  
battery. Oh, Clara, I am so sick of  
losing.

                  CLARA  
You didn't lose, you saved the  
town.

                  THE DOCTOR  
I don't mean the war. I'll lose any  
war you like. I'm sick of losing  
*people*.

Clara: no answer for that.

                  THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Look at you, right now, standing  
there. With your eyes, and your  
never-giving-up, and your anger,  
and your kindness. One day the  
memory of that will hurt so much I  
won't be able to breath. And I'll  
do what I always do. I'll get in my  
box and I'll run and I'll run, in  
case all the pain ever catches up.  
And every place I go, it will be  
there, waiting for me. Every time.  
Every time.

Desolate, he stares into one of the tanks, the water,  
rippling below him. His face reflected, wavering.

                  CLARA  
You did your best. She died,  
there's nothing you can do.

                  THE DOCTOR  
You don't get it. I could do  
*anything*. We're only a few thousand  
years from full resurrection. There  
are hospitals out there, right now,  
who could pop a new heart in her,  
no problem.

(MORE)

50

CONTINUED:

50

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
There's nothing I can't do,  
nothing. But I'm not *supposed* to.  
Ripples, tidal waves, *rules*. I'm  
not *supposed* to.

He's still staring at his reflected face - and it makes him  
break off.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
... oh.

CLARA  
What's wrong?

THE DOCTOR  
My face.

**FLASHBACK - DEEP BREATH**

The Doctor in the alleyway, staring at his brand new face in  
the mirror.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Who frowned me this face?

CLARA  
Doctor?

**FLASHBACK - DEEP BREATH**

THE DOCTOR  
Why this one? Why this face. It's  
like I'm trying to tell myself  
something.

CLARA  
What's wrong with your face.

THE DOCTOR  
I think I know why I chose it...

**FLASHBACK - DEEP BREATH**

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
It's like I'm trying to tell myself  
something. But what's so important  
I can't just tell myself what it  
is?

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
I know what I'm trying to say.

**FLASHBACK - FIRES OF POMPEII**

A grief-stricken Donna is talking to the Tenth Doctor over  
the TARDIS console.

DONNA  
Someone. Just someone, please. Not  
the whole town, just save someone.

**The Tenth Doctor looks at her, reluctant...**

**FLASHBACK - FIRES OF POMPEII**

**The TARDIS doors swinging open, the tenth reaching out his hand.**

**THE TENTH DOCTOR**

**Come with me.**

**And we cut to: Caecilius (as played by Peter Capaldi) reaching his hand back. The man with the Twelfth Doctor's face!**

The Doctor steps back from his reflection, resolved.

THE DOCTOR

I know where I got this face, and I know what it's for.

CLARA

(Eyeing him nervously -  
has he lost it)  
Okay. What's it for?

THE DOCTOR

To remind me. To hold me to the mark. I'm the Doctor - and I save people.

He starts striding for the door. And now he spins, looking as if addressing the heavens.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)

And if anyone happens to be listening, and if you've got any kind of a problem with that, to hell with you!!

CUT TO:

51 **INT. GREAT HALL - DAY**

51

The Vikings and Clara, gathered round, watching.

In the centre of them is Ashildr, lifeless on the table. And the Doctor, working at her. He is pulling some more technology from the Mire helmet

CHUCKLES  
(Sotto - to Clara)  
What's he doing?

CLARA  
Saving her. I think.

THE DOCTOR  
Chuckles! Come over here, take her hand.

A little nervously, Chuckles joins them, takes his daughter's limp hand.

The Doctor shows him something - a small white tile in the palm of his hand. It gleams like porcelain.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
From the Mire's helmet. Battlefield medical kit. I've reprogrammed it for human beings.

He presses the tile against her forehead. When he takes his hand away, the tile is gone.

CHUCKLES  
It's inside her.

THE DOCTOR  
It's repairing her. It will never stop repairing her -  
(Frowns)  
If it works. Come on Ashildr - story's not over yet.

Nothing. Silence.

CHUCKLES  
Ashildr. Daughter, listen to me. This town has lost so much. If we lose you too, there will be nothing left. Nothing worth living for.

On Ashildr, silent -

- then a great whooping breath.

CHUCKLES (cont'd)  
Ashildr!



51 CONTINUED:

51

THE DOCTOR  
(Suddenly all business -  
like he can't wait to get  
away)

She'll be conscious in a day, up  
and about in three, no swimming for  
a week. I'll need a long boat and  
some of your best rowers, we're two  
day's sail from the TARDIS. Clara,  
come on!

He's already heading for the door.

CHUCKLES  
But wait, no. She'll want to see  
you when she wakes.

THE DOCTOR  
She'll see me often enough. Once  
she understands.

CHUCKLES  
Understands what?

The Doctor chucks something to him. Another of the white  
tiles.

THE DOCTOR  
Second dose.

CHUCKLES  
Will she need to take this?

THE DOCTOR  
It's not for her.

CLARA  
Then who's it for?

THE DOCTOR  
That's up to her.

ASHILDR  
(Weakly)  
Doctor ...

Ashildr, prone and blearily awake, she reaches a trembling  
hard towards the Doctor.

ASHILDR (cont'd)  
Thankyou ...

The Doctor doesn't reach for her hand. It's like he didn't  
want to speak to her, is anxious to get the hell out of  
there...

THE DOCTOR  
Don't thank me yet, Ashildr. Not  
yet.

51 CONTINUED:

51

And he turns and strides from the room.

On Clara's bewildered expression, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

52

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

52

The Doctor and Clara making their way through the forest where they were first captured by the Vikings. In silence, for a moment.

CLARA  
Okay, it's official. Silence is even worse in a Scottish accent. Are you ever going to tell me what you're brooding about?

THE DOCTOR  
It won't stop working. Not ever.

CLARA  
What won't?

THE DOCTOR  
The repair kit I put inside Ashildr. It'll just keep fixing her.

CLARA  
Well. Good.

THE DOCTOR  
She won't ever get sick. She won't age.

CLARA  
Can I have some?

THE DOCTOR  
I'm not sure, but it's entirely possible she has lost the ability to die.

CLARA  
The *ability*?

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, believe me, dying is an ability. Barring accidents, she may now be functionally immortal.

As Clara digests this, they have arrived at the TARDIS. The Doctor is searching for his key...

CLARA  
If the repair kit never stops working, why did you give her two?

THE DOCTOR  
Immortality isn't living forever, that's not what it feels like.  
(MORE)

52 CONTINUED:

52

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Immortality is everybody else  
dying. She might meet someone she  
can't bear to lose.

As he says this, he looks at Clara - and for a moment, gives  
everything away. He looks quickly away from her.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
That happens, I believe.

He steps into the TARDIS. She follows.

CUT TO:

53      INT. TARDIS

53

The Doctor, crossing to the controls. Slamming levers.

THE DOCTOR  
I was angry, I was emotional. Just  
possibly, I have made a terrible  
mistake. Maybe even a tidal wave.  
Time will tell - it always does.

The engines grind, the TARDIS takes off.

CLARA  
Whatever you did, I think Ashildr  
deserved it.

THE DOCTOR  
She did. But Ashildr isn't just  
human any more. There's a little  
piece of alien inside her. In a way  
she's -

What he's about to say cuts him off for a moment. A new  
thought. A scary one.

THE DOCTOR (cont'd)  
In a way, she's a hybrid.

On his haunted face, we

DISSOLVE TO:

54                    **EXT. SHORELINE - DAY**                    54

On Ashildr, well again, staring out to sea. Her eyes  
sparkling and alive. We are slowly tracking in on her -

- and all around the world goes into time lapse. The clouds  
streaking past, the sun and moon arcing through the sky, day  
and night flickering past, faster and faster.

All the time she stands there, staring. Unchanging. But her  
smile slowly fades.

A look of growing panic. Of fear. So haunted. All the losses,  
carved on her face.

And now, as we close on her eyes, those emotions fade too.  
She becomes colder, fiercer.

Just her eyes staring at us now; cold and clear; the eyes of  
someone else entirely ...

END TITLES

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